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I

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

MRS. HEMANS.



SEDI: THE "ALBION" EDITION.

TTL: THE POETICAL WORKS. #

OF

M R S. H E M A N S.  
M

REPRINTED FROM THE EARLY EDITIONS.

With Memoir, Explanatory Notes, etc.

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## PREFATORY MEMOIR.

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**F**ELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE (afterwards Hemans), born at Liverpool, September 25th, 1793, was the daughter of a merchant. Her mother was of Italian descent; a woman of great intelligence and excellence. Felicia was her fifth child, and was remarkable in early childhood for precocious talent and great personal beauty.

Commercial losses obliged the family to remove from Liverpool in 1800—when Felicia was seven years of age—and to seek a new home in Wales, near Abergele, Denbighshire.

This new abode was one of great beauty, being near the sea and surrounded by the high Welsh hills.

Here the precocious child must have drunk in full draughts of beauty from the scenery around her, to be reproduced in after years in her poems, which manifest an intense appreciation and perfect knowledge of the beauties of natural scenery.

Felicia's earliest verses date from her eighth year, and were written in celebration of her mother's birthday. At the age of fifteen she made her first appearance in print, publishing a quarto volume of poems.

A severe review of these juvenile effusions so affected the girl-writer, that she was ill in consequence and confined to her bed for some days. But the love of poetry was not to be extinguished by the breath of a hostile critic. Felicia, the same year, wrote her "England and Spain," the subject being inspired by the intense interest felt by the nation at the time in the Peninsular War; and her own individual feeling on the subject from having two brothers, officers in the Welsh Fusiliers, engaged in it. Family affection was at all times strong in Felicia Hemans.

In 1809 the young poetess became acquainted with her future husband Captain Hemans, of the 4th Regiment. A mutual affection followed, and they became engaged, but as he was obliged to rejoin his regiment in Spain soon afterwards, the marriage was deferred till 1812, when she became his wife.

During the interval of the engagement the Browne family had removed to Bronwylfa, where Felicia studied languages and wrote the "Domestic Affections" and several minor poems, which were published in her maiden name previous to her marriage.

Captain and Mrs. Hemans went to live at Daventry in Northamptonshire, where in the following year their eldest son Arthur was born. Soon after they returned to Bronwylfa, and took up their abode under the roof

of her mother; her father having gone to Quebec on commercial business.

In 1816 the young wife published the "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy" and "Modern Greece," the latter marking a distinct step forward in her poetical career, though Byron at once detected in it an ignorance of the actual state of that country.

In 1818 the death of the Princess Charlotte led to the composition of the really fine ode on her death which was published in Blackwood's April number of that year.

In the following year the young poetess gained a prize for the best poem on the meeting of Wallace and Bruce.

This literary success was followed, it is to be feared, by domestic inquietude; for it was in 1818 that her husband left her, on the plea of his health requiring his residence in the south of Europe. She was at this time the mother of five sons, and already acknowledged as a promising member of the guild of literature. Her husband never returned to her; but whatever was the cause of the separation, her delicacy and womanly feeling prevented any scandal arising from it, such as blackened the name of Byron. Mrs. Hemans was a woman of true but not demonstrative Christianity. The self-righteousness of the Pharisee would have been abhorrent to her; she, who could from her popularity and promise as a writer have won the sympathy of all England for her wrongs, was silent, and let a veil of love fall over the weaknesses, wrongdoing, or incompatibility of temper and tastes which widowed her home. Contrasted with Lady Byron, Felicia Hemans shines as a perfect woman—loving, forgiving, tender, and true.

In 1820 Mrs. Hemans made her first literary friend, Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. She also became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, sending to it the only prose writings she ever published, the papers on Foreign Literature. In this year also she published the "Sceptic," and her "Stanzas to the Memory of George the Third."

The year 1821 was distinguished by her obtaining the prize of the Royal Society of Literature for "Dartmoor," a poem written of course on a given subject, and about equal to the general class of prize poems.

The "Welsh Melodies" appeared next. In 1823 the "Vespers of Palermo" was performed, unsuccessfully, at Covent Garden. In this same year it was performed, and with decided success (though only for a few successive nights), at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, a prologue being written for this tragedy by Sir Walter Scott. Another tragedy, called "The Crusaders," was composed not long after the "Vespers of Palermo," but not published till after her decease, the MS. having been unaccountably lost.

In 1826 the "Forest Sanctuary," her favourite poem, appeared. There are passages of great beauty in it. The *auto da fé* is very striking and touching, and occasional lines from it haunt us like a strain of music.

In 1827 a great grief fell on Mrs. Hemans. The mother, so long her support and shelter, died at Rhyllon, to which place the family had removed from Bronwylfa in 1824. Soon after her own health became delicate.



The intervening years had been spent in educating her boys and writing some of her best lyrics. She had become very popular as a writer in America, and had received a handsome offer from a Boston publisher to edit a periodical there, which would have been of great pecuniary benefit to her. But of all writers of whom we have heard or read, Mrs. Hemans had the most home proclivities.

Retiring, dreamy, modest, and perchance saddened by her domestic history, she nestled in the shelter of her mother's or her own home, and had no desire to see the lands whose natural features her imagination so vividly reproduced at second hand. Meantime she had made many literary friends, one of the most enthusiastic being Miss Jewsbury, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher. She corresponded with Joanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Mary Howitt, Miss Mitford, Dean Milman, and Dr. Channing.

In the year following her mother's death, Mrs. Hemans' connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine* began. That firm published also her "Records of Woman." Her "Hymns for Childhood" were published in America in 1827.

In the following year she removed with her family to Wavertree, near Liverpool, sending her two elder sons at the same time to Rome to the care of their father, who had always been consulted in all matters relating to their training and education. During her residence at Wavertree (which proved very uncongenial to her), she studied music under Zeugheer Hermann, and composed airs for some of her own lyrics. She had played on the harp and piano from her youth, and had great facility in sketching from nature; in fact, few women have ever possessed the varied gifts of Felicia Hemans—beauty, talent of all kinds, and a fine moral nature.

In 1829 she visited Scotland, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, between whom and herself a sincere liking and friendship began, which continued to the end. In 1830 she visited Wordsworth at Mount Rydal, who also yielded to the spell of her gentleness and genius, and when the grave had closed over her, paid a poetical tribute to her memory. Here (at Ambleside) she remained in a cottage called "Dove's Nest" with her boys for the summer. She revisited Scotland, and then returned to Wales for the last time.

Wavertree had proved, as we have said, uncongenial to her; the family in Wales had been broken up by the death of her mother, and Mrs. Hemans now thought of making a new home in Ireland, Major Browne, her brother, having been appointed Commissioner of Police in Dublin, and being desirous of having his gifted sister near him; so, in the spring of 1831, she embarked for the Irish capital. Here her health improved, and she formed some valuable friendships, notably with the family of Archbishop Whately.

Her "Lyrics and Songs for Music," were first published in Dublin. The "Scenes and Hymns of Life," a volume of religious poems, was the last published during her lifetime—dedicated to Wordsworth, and still copyright. Mrs. Hemans resided while in Dublin, in Upper Pembroke Street, St. Stephen's Green, and Dawson Street; and now the end of her

short and brilliant existence was drawing near. Her health failed, and she was nearly always condemned to keep on her sofa. Still she continued writing. Her illness was cheered by the presence of her brother and his wife, and her sister, Mrs. Hughes; while Charles and Henry, her two younger sons, rewarded her maternal love by their filial devotion. It was about this time that a stranger sought an interview with her, and gave her the delight of hearing that her poem "The Sceptic" had been the means of converting him to a belief in Christianity. As her mind was at this time deeply imbued with religious feeling, she probably rightly estimated this fact as the best part of her renown, the fullest reward of her efforts for good.

In the summer of 1834 Mrs. Hemans was attacked by scarlet fever, which left her extremely weak. A cold supervened, caught from having sat too long reading in the gardens of the Dublin Society. The cold was followed by ague and hectic fever attended by symptoms of dropsy. During an interval of convalescence she paid a visit to her friends the Whatelys at Redesdale, a country seat of the Archbishop's, but she returned from it much worse, having nearly lost the use of her limbs.

On the 16th of May, 1835, at the age of forty-one, she passed quietly away to the "Better Land," of which she had so touchingly written. She was interred in a vault beneath the church of St. Anne's, Dublin. She died, as she had once wished, in the spring.

"With the bright sunshine laughing around, it (death) seems more sad to think of," she says in one of her letters. "Yet, if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in the spring—the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame." ("Mémorial," pp. 66 and 68.)

Many of our readers will understand and sympathize with this feeling and recall Keble's exquisite lines:—

Well may I guess and feel  
 Why autumn should be sad,  
 But vernal hours should sorrow heal,  
 Spring should be gay and glad!  
 Yet as along this violet bank I rove,  
 The languid sweetness seems to choke my breath;  
 I sit me down beside the hazel grove,  
 And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death.

Mrs. Hemans had her greatest popularity, perhaps, in her own day. Critics—with the exception of her first foe and the theatrical public—lauded her efforts uniformly; the people loved her sweet strains, and musical young ladies rejoiced in the songs set to charming melodies by her sister. It is said that Sir Walter Scott never tired of listening to her "Captive Knight," sung to the music composed by that sister, Mrs. Hughes, who wrote the "Memoir" above cited.

Time has somewhat diminished this popularity. The spirit of the present day undoubtedly does not harmonize with the purity and softness of this poetess of the early part of the century. Nevertheless, amongst a large class of readers Mrs. Hemans is still a great favourite. Her intense

love of nature, her strong family affection, the thousand tender glimpses of home-life to be found in her poems, will have a lasting attraction for the young of her own sex; while many of her best shorter poems, as "The Treasures of the Deep," "The Dying Soldier," "The Voice of Spring," &c. &c., will live as long as the language; and perchance, when the vexed pulse of this feverish age shall have subsided into a wiser calm, and an intellectual repose, her poems will be as much loved as they were when Heber, Scott, Wordsworth, and Whately united in commending and admiring them. Lord Jeffrey bore strong testimony to her powers in an admirable critique on her poems in the *Edinburgh Review* after the publication of the "Records of Women."

"We think," he says, "the poetry of Mrs. Hemans a fine exemplification of female poetry, and we think it has much of the perfection which we have ventured to ascribe to the happier productions of female genius.

"It may not be the best imaginable poetry, and may not indicate the highest and most commanding genius, but it embraces a great deal of that which gives the very best poetry its chief power of pleasing, and would strike us, perhaps, as more impassioned and exalted if it were not regulated and harmonized by the most beautiful taste. It is infinitely sweet, elegant, and tender—touching, perhaps, and contemplative rather than vehement and overpowering; and not only finished throughout with an exquisite delicacy and even severity of execution, but informed with a purity and loftiness of feeling, and a certain sober and humble tone of indulgence and piety, which must satisfy all judgments and allay the apprehensions of those who are most afraid of the passionate exaggeration of poetry.

"The diction is always beautifully harmonious and free, and the themes, though of infinite variety, uniformly treated with a grace, originality, and judgment which mark the same master hand. . . . Though occasionally expatiating somewhat fondly and at large amongst the sweets of her own planting, there is, on the whole, a great condensation and brevity in most of her pieces, and, almost without exception, a most judicious and vigorous conclusion. The great merit, however, of her poetry is its tenderness and its beautiful imagery. . . . Almost all her poems are rich with fine descriptions, and studded over with images of visible beauty. But these are never idle ornaments. All her pomps have a meaning, and her flowers and her gems are arranged, as they are said to be among Eastern lovers, so as to speak the language of truth and passion. This is peculiarly remarkable in some little pieces which seem at first sight to be purely descriptive, but are soon found to tell upon the heart with a deep moral and pathetic impression. But it is a truth nearly as conspicuous in the greater part of her productions, where we scarcely meet with any striking sentiment that is not ushered in by some such symphony of external nature, and scarcely a lovely picture that does not serve as a foreground to some deep and lofty emotion." (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 99.)

Such is a very brief portion of the long and masterly article in which the great reviewer discussed the works of the favourite poetess of her day.



We recommend our lady readers to peruse it in its entirety, as it commences with an estimate of womanly powers which appears to us to answer many of the vexed questions of the present day.

We have heard that Mrs. Hemans regretted that circumstances and the friendly importunities of her admirers had induced her to write so fast ; but we think that, from the period which followed the publication of "Modern Greece," we could ill spare any of her productions.

A great many specimens of her juvenile poems are given in this edition—all, in fact, of any importance. They are remarkable for great smoothness of metre and some taste and fancy, but of course cannot compare with the productions of her more mature years. We believe that all her best poems will be found in the present volume, which contains some few not to be met with in any other edition.

The domestic fireside can, we believe, have no pleasanter companion than her Poems will prove ; while mothers may safely place them in the hands of their children, certain that nothing but moral good can be obtained from them, and that noble sentiments and the acquirement of a fine and correct taste are a natural consequence of the study of Mrs. Hemans' poems.

We add, in conclusion, a portion of the exquisite lines in which Wordsworth lamented her death in conjunction with those of his earlier brethren in art :—

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother.  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice that asks in whisper  
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-looking  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
Our ripe fruit seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy spirit,  
*Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,*  
For her\* who ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep !

November, 1835.

The Editor has to thank Charles Hemans, Esq.—son of the poetess—for a very kind and courteous revision of this memoir and poems, since the original publication of the work.

# THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

MRS. HEMANS.

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## JUVENILE POEMS.

SELECTED AS SPECIMENS OF MRS. HEMANS' EARLY TALENT.

### ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

CLAD in all their brightest green,  
This day the verdant fields are seen ;  
The tuneful birds begin their lay,  
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,  
And the whole scene combines to charm ;  
The flowers revive, this charming May,  
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,  
And only pleasure now is seen ;  
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,  
Combine to bless thy natal day.

---

### PITY ; AN ALLEGORY, VERSIFIED.

WRITTEN AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

IN that blest age when never care annoyed,  
Nor mortals' peace by Discord was destroyed,

A happy pair descended from above,  
And gods and mortals named them Joy  
and Love.

Together had they seen each opening day,  
Together shared each sportive infant play ;  
In riper years with glowing warmth they  
loved ; [approved.

Jove saw their passion and his nod  
Long happy did they live, when cruel fate  
From bliss to misery changed their envied  
state.

Mankind grew wicked, and the gods severe  
And Jove's dread anger shook the trem-  
bling sphere.

To Joy he sent his high behest to fly  
On silken pinions to her native sky.  
Reluctant she obeys, but Love remains,  
By Hope his nurse led to Arcadia's plains :  
When from his starry throne, the mighty

Jove  
In thunder spoke : " Let Sorrow wed to  
Love !"

The awful stern command Love trembling  
hears ;

Sorrow was haggard, pale, and worn with  
tears,

Her hollow eyes and pallid cheeks con-  
fess,

That hapless misery " knows not where 'to  
rest."

Forced to submit, Love's efforts were in  
vain ;

The Thunderer's word must ever firm  
remain.

No nymphs and swains to grace the nuptial  
day

Approach, no smiling Cupids round them  
play,

No festal dance was there, no husband's  
pride,

For Love in sadness met his joyless bride.  
One child, one tender girl, to Love she

bore,

Who all her father's pensive beauty wore,  
So soft her aspect, the Arcadian swains

Had named her Pity—and her name re-  
mains.

In early youth for others' woe she felt;  
Adversity had taught her how to melt.  
Love's myrtle, Sorrow's cypress she com-  
bined, [forehead twined.  
And formed a wreath which round her  
She oft sat musing in Arcadia's shades,  
And played her lute to charm the native  
maids.

A ringdove flew for safety to her breast ;  
A robin in her cottage built its nest.  
Her mother's steps she follows close ; to  
bind [kind,  
Those wounds her mother made : divinely  
Into each troubled heart she pours her balm,  
And brings the mind a transitory calm.  
But both are mortal ; and when fades the  
earth, [her birth ;  
The nymph shall die, with her who gave  
Then, to elysium Love shall wing his flight,  
And he and Joy for ever re-unite.

### A PRAYER.

WRITTEN AT NINE YEARS OF AGE.

O GOD, my father and my friend,  
Ever thy blessings to me send ;  
Let me have virtue for my guide,  
And wisdom always at my side ;  
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,  
Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;  
Contented with the humblest lot,  
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

### MORNING.

Now rosy morning, clad in light,  
Dispels the darkling clouds of night.  
The sun, in gold and purple drest,  
Illumines all adown the east ;  
The skylark flies on soaring wings,  
And as he mounts to heaven, thus sings :  
" Arise, ye slothful mortals, rise !  
See me ascending to the skies :  
Ye never taste the joys of dawn,  
Ye never roam the dewy lawn,  
Ye see not Phœbus rising now,  
Tinging with gold the mountain's brow ;  
Ye ne'er remark the smiling land,  
Nor see the early flowers expand,  
Then rise, ye slothful mortals, rise,  
See, I am mounting to the skies."

### ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy  
beauties been ! [are seen :  
An hour they bloomed, and now no more

So human grandeur fades, so dies away ;  
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day.  
But virtue lives for ever in the mind,  
In her alone true happiness we find :  
The perfume stays, although the rose be  
dead,  
So virtue lives, when every grace is fled.

### WRITTEN IN NORTH WALES.

OH ! happy regions of delight and joy,  
And much-loved scenes of bliss without  
alloy ; [woodlands dear,  
Hail ! to your mountains, groves, and  
Hail ! to your flowery lawns and streamlets  
clear ;  
Hail ! to your lowly cots and stately parks,  
And hail ! your meadows green and soaring-  
larks. [bowers,  
Observe yon verdant fields and shady  
Wherein I've passed so many happy hours ;  
See, too, yon rugged hill, upon whose brow  
Majestic trees and woods aspiring grow.  
There to the right, the vale of Clwyd ends,  
Here to the left, huge Penmaen Mawr  
extends : [o'er  
Look to the south, the Cambrian mountains  
Hark ! to the north, the ocean's awful roar.  
Remark those lowing herds and sportive  
sheep, [who keep.  
And watchful shepherds too, their flocks  
Behold yon ships, now on the glassy main,  
Which spread the sails, their destined port  
to gain. [soul,  
These lovely prospects, how they cheer my  
With what delight and joy I view the world  
Accept, Great GOD, thanks for these bless-  
ings giv'n,  
And may my gratitude ascend to heaven.

### TO HOPE.

FAIR enchantress, gaily kind,  
Sweet the dream inspired by thee :  
Ever bless thy poet's mind  
With thy heavenly energy.  
Thine, oh ! Hope, the magic art,  
To charm the sorrows of the heart ;  
To chase the fond, the plaintive sigh,  
With visions of felicity !  
Ah ! when real joys are o'er,  
And love and peace delight no more,  
Then thy melting syren-voice  
Bids the pensive mind rejoice.  
Ah ! thy dreams are too beguiling ;  
Ah ! thy prospect is too smiling.

Welcome still, thy dear illusions ;  
 Ever sweet thy wild effusions ;  
 Fair enchantress, gaily kind,  
 Ever bless thy poet's mind,  
 Thine the inspiring song of peace  
 Soon the plaint of woe shall cease ;  
 Soon again a brighter guest  
 Calm the mourning soul to rest.  
 Roses in thy path shall bloom ;  
 Think, oh ! think of joys to come !  
 Come, Hope, and all my steps attend,  
 Oh ! ever be my bosom friend ;  
 To me thy fairest dreams impart,  
 And whisper comfort to my heart.  
 Oh ! shed thy sweet enchanting ray,  
 To bless my wild romantic way.  
 In thy magic scene we view  
 Gay delusions, seeming true.  
 Sweet musician, gaily kind,  
 Ever bless thy poet's mind !

TO FANCY.

OH ! thou visionary queen,  
 I love thy wild and fairy scene.  
 Bid for me thy landscape glow,  
 To thee my first effusions flow.  
 I court the dreams that banish care,  
 And hail thy palace of the air.  
 Oh ! bless thy youthful poet's hours,  
 And let me cull thy sweetest flowers.  
 Ever can thy magic please,  
 And give a care to transient ease.  
 View the poor man toiling hard,  
 Of the joys of life debarred,  
 Thy power his lovely dream will bless,  
 In thy brightest rainbow dress ;  
 With flattering pleasures round him smile,  
 In soft enchantment for awhile.  
 Thy dear illusions melt away ;  
 Ye heavenly visions, why decay !  
 Oh ! thou visionary maid,  
 Formed to brighten life's dark shade,  
 Let me soar with thee on high,  
 To realms of immortality !  
 Hope, thy sister, airy queen,  
 Forms with thee her lovely scene.  
 Oh ! thou visionary maid,  
 Lend my soul thy magic aid,  
 To cheer with rain-bows every shade.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

SEE, bending to the gentle gale,  
 The modest lily of the vale ;

Hid in its leaf of tender green,  
 Mark its soft and simple mien.  
 Thus sometimes Merit blooms retired,  
 By genius, taste, and fancy fired ;  
 And thus 'tis oft the wanderer's lot,  
 To rove to Merit's peaceful cot,  
 As I have found the lily sweet,  
 That blossoms in this wild retreat.

YOUTH.

OH ! halcyon Youth, delightful hours,  
 When not a cloud of sorrow lowers ;  
 When every moment wings its flight,  
 To waft new joy and new delight.  
 Kind, unsuspecting, and sincere,  
 Youth knows no pang, no jealous fear ;  
 And sprightly Health, with cherub face  
 Enlivens ev'ry opening grace ;  
 And laughing Pleasure hovers near,  
 And tranquil Peace to youth is dear.  
 If Sorrow heave the little breast,  
 There plaintive Sorrow cannot rest ;  
 For swiftly flies the transient pain,  
 And Pleasure re-assumes her reign.  
 The tale the sons of woe impart,  
 Vibrates upon the youthful heart ;  
 The soul is open to belief,  
 And Pity flies to soften grief.  
 Hope with sweet expressive eye,  
 Mirth and gay Felicity ;  
 Fancy in her lively dress ;  
 Pity who delights to bless ;  
 Innocence, and candid Truth,  
 These and more attend on Youth.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE

AT TEN YEARS OF AGE.

HOW awful, how sublime this view,  
 Each day presenting something new !  
 Hark ! now the seas majestic roar,  
 And now the birds their warblings pour !  
 Now yonder lark's sweet notes resound,  
 And now an awful stillness reigns around

HYMN.

GREAT GOD ! at whose " creative word,"  
 Arising Nature owned her Lord ;  
 At whose behest, from gloomy night  
 The earth arose in order bright !  
 To whom the poet swells the song,  
 And cherub's loftier notes belong :



To Thee be glory, honour, praise ;  
Great GOD ! who canst depress or raise.

Say, all ye learned, all ye wise,  
What towering pillars prop the skies ?  
What massy chain suspends the earth ?  
'Tis His high power who gave it birth.  
'Tis He who sends the grateful shower ;  
'Tis He who paints the glowing flower,  
Let the loud anthem raise the strain,  
While echo murmurs it again.

And ye who wander o'er the sheaf-crowned  
fields,

Praise Him for all the plenty harvest yields ;  
Let harp and voice their swelling notes  
combine

To praise all Nature's God, the Architect  
[divine.]

### LIBERTY.

AN ODE.

WHERE the bold rock majestic towers on  
high,

Projecting to the sky ;  
Where the impetuous torrent's rapid course  
Dashes with headlong force ;

Where scenes less wild, less awful, meet  
the eye,

And cultured vales and cottages appear ;  
Where softer tints the mellow landscape  
dye,

More simply beautiful, more fondly dear ;  
There sportive Liberty delights to rove,  
To rove unseen,

In the dell or in the grove,  
'Midst woodlands green.

And when placid eve advancing,  
Faintly shadows all the ground ;

Liberty, with Hebe advancing,  
Wanders through the meads around.

Fair wreaths of brightest flowers she loves  
to twine,

Moss-rose, and bluebell wild ;  
The pink, the hyacinth with these combine,  
And azure violet, Nature's sweetest child !

When the moonbeam, silvery streaming,  
Pierces through the myrtle shade ;  
Then her eye with pleasure beaming,  
She trips along the sylvan glade.

She loves to sing in accents soft,  
When the woodlark soars aloft ;  
She loves to wake the sprightly horn,  
And swell the joyful note to celebrate the  
morn !

In the dell or in the grove,  
Liberty delights to rove ;  
By the ruined moss-grown tower,  
By the woodland, or the bower ;  
On the summit thence to view  
The landscape clad in varied hue ;  
By the hedgerow on the lawn,  
Sporting with the playful fawn :  
Where the winding river flows,  
And the pensile osier grows,  
In the cool impervious grove,  
Liberty delights to rove.

### MY BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

HAPPY soon we'll meet again,  
Free from sorrow, care, and pain ;  
Soon again we'll rise with dawn,  
To roam the verdant dewy lawn.  
Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,  
Or wander through the well-known vale  
Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers,  
And sport away the light-winged hours.  
Soon we'll run the agile race,  
Soon, dear playmates, we'll embrace ;  
Through the wheat-field or the grove,  
We'll hand in hand delighted rove,  
Or, beneath some spreading oak,  
Ponder the instructive book ;  
Or view the ships that swiftly glide,  
Floating on the peaceful tide :  
Or raise again the carolled lay ;  
Or join again in mirthful play ;  
Or listen to the humming bees,  
As their murmurs swell the breeze ;  
Or seek the primrose where it springs ;  
Or chase the fly with painted wings :  
Or talk amidst the arbour's shade ;  
Or mark the tender shooting blade ;  
Or stray beside the babbling stream,  
When Luna sheds her placid beam ;  
Or gaze upon the glassy sea ;  
Happy, happy, shall we be.

### ODE TO MIRTH.

THOU, O Mirth, with laughing eye,  
Spread thy empire o'er my soul ;  
No cares obtrude when thou art by,  
To crown the bright nectarious bowl.

Leave the rich to pomp and splendour ;  
Happiness they cannot render.  
Let the miser heap his hoard ;  
Mirth shall bless the festive board.



Friendship and the smiling muse  
Their influence all around diffuse.

Now the flute with mellow sound  
Invites thee to the feast ;  
The lively hautboy echoes round,  
We form the sprightly iest.

O'er the mantling generous wine,  
Good humour and delight combine :  
Genial Pleasure for awhile,  
Bids her votaries gaily smile.  
Pleasure twines the rosy wreath,  
And bids inspiring music breathe,  
While we lead the circling dance ;  
Oh! Mirth, to join the airy maze, advance.

Mirth has heard the festive measure,  
We devote the day to pleasure ;  
Let the miser heap his hoard,  
Mirth shall crown the social board.

### THE RUINED CASTLE.

OH! let me sigh to think this ruined pile  
Was favoured once with fortune's radiant  
smile ; [towers,  
These moss-grown battlements, these ivied  
Have seen prosperity's uncertain hours ;  
Their heroes triumphed in the scenes of war,  
While victory followed in her trophied car.  
Here, where I muse in meditation's arms,  
Perhaps the battle raged with loud alarms ;  
Here glory's crimson banner waving spread,  
While laurel crowns entwined the victor's  
head ; [tear,  
And here, perhaps, with many a plaintive  
The mourner has bedewed the soldier's bier.  
The scene of conquest pensive fancy draws,  
Where thousands fell, enthusiasts in their  
cause.  
Yon turret mouldered by the hand of time  
Shaded by silver ash and spreading lime,  
Was once, perhaps, the hall of mirth and  
joy,  
Where warriors sought no longer to destroy ;  
And where, perhaps, the hoary-headed sage,  
Would lead them o'er the animating page ;  
Where history points to glorious ages fled,  
And tells the noble actions of the dead.  
Still fancy, with a magic power recal:-  
The time when trophies graced the lofty  
walls : [art  
When with enchanting spells the minstrel's  
Could soften and inspire the melting heart ;  
Could raise the glowing elevated flame,  
And bid the youthful soldier pant for fame ;

While deeds of glory were the themes he  
sung,  
The pleasant harp in wild accordance rung.  
Ah! where is now the warrior's ardent fire?  
Where now the tuneful spirit of the lyre?  
The warrior sleeps ; the minstrel's lay is  
still ;  
No songs of triumph echo from the hill.  
Ah! yet the weeping muse shall love to sigh,  
And trace again thy fallen majesty ;  
And still shall fancy linger on the theme,  
While forms of heroes animate her dream.

### THE APRIL MORN.

Now a smile, and now a frown ;  
Brightening now, and now cast down :  
Now 'tis cheerful, now it lowers ;  
Yet sunshine in the midst of showers.

Now the sky is calm and clear ;  
Now the frowning clouds appear ;  
Evanescant soon they fly ;  
Calm and clear again the sky.

Such the face which April wears,  
Now in smiles, and now in tears ;  
Like the life we lead below,  
Full of joy, and full of woe.

Lovely prospects now arise ;  
Vanish now before our eyes :  
Yet, amid the clouds of grief,  
Still a sunbeam sheds relief.  
Like the face which April wears,  
Now in smiles, and now in tears.

### SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE to rove o'er history's page,  
Recall the hero and the sage ;  
Revive the actions of the dead,  
And memory of ages fled :  
Yet it yields me greater pleasure,  
To read the poet's pleasing measure.  
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspired,  
The bosom's energies are fired ;  
We learn to shed the generous tear,  
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier ;  
To love the merry moonlight scene,  
With fairy elves in valleys green ;  
Or borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,  
To listen while sweet Ariel sings.  
How sweet the " native wood-notes wild  
Of him, the Muse's favourite child ;  
Of him whose magic lays impart,  
Each various feeling to the heart.

## MELANCHOLY.

WHEN Autumn shadows tint the waving trees,

When fading foliage flies upon the breeze ;  
When evening mellows all the glowing scene,  
And the mild dew descends in drops of balm ;

When the sweet landscape placid and serene,  
Inspires the bosom with a pensive calm ;  
Ah ! then I love to linger in the vale,  
And hear the bird of eve's romantic tale ;  
I love the rocky sea-beach to explore,  
Where the clear wave flows murmuring to the shore ;

To hear the shepherd's plaintive music  
While Echo answers from the woods around ;  
To watch the twilight spread a gentle vale  
Of melting shadows o'er the grassy dale,  
To view the smile of evening on the sea ;  
Ah ! these are pleasures ever dear to me.  
To wander with the melancholy muse,  
Where waving trees their pensive shade diffuse.

Then by some secret charm the softened mind

Soars high in contemplation unconfined,  
To melancholy and the muse resigned.

## FAIRY SONG.

ALL my life is joy and pleasure,  
Sportive as my tuneful measure ;  
In the rose's cup I dwell,  
Balmy sweets perfume my cell :  
My food the crimson luscious cherry  
And the vine's luxurious berry ;  
The nectar of the dew is mine :  
Nectar from the flowers divine.  
And when I join the fairy band,  
Lightly tripping hand in hand,  
By the moonlight's quivering beam,  
In concert with the dashing stream ;  
Then my music leads the dance,  
When the gentle fays advance ;  
And oft my numbers on the green  
Lull to rest the fairy queen.  
All my life is joy and pleasure,  
Sportive as my airy measure

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

LITTLE fluttering beauteous fly,  
With azure wing of softest dye,  
Hither fairy wanton hie,  
Nor fear to lose thy liberty

For I would view, thou silly thing  
The colours of thy velvet wing.  
Its lovely melting tints outvie  
The glories of the summer sky  
Can pencil imitate the hue,  
So soft, so delicate a blue ?  
Well I know thy life is short,  
One transient hour of idle sport :  
Enjoy that little halcyon hour,  
And kiss each fair and fragrant flower  
No more I'll stay thy mazy flight,  
For short thy moments of delight.

## HYMN.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

O GOD of mercy ! let my lyre  
Speak with energetic fire ;  
And teach my infant tongue to raise  
The grateful animated lays.  
While musing at thy hallowed shrine,  
I listen to thy word divine ;  
I bless the page of genuine truth ;  
Oh ! may its precepts guide my youth.  
To Thee, thou Good Supreme ! I bend  
Do thou the humble prayer attend.

## THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

WHEN youthful transport led the hours,  
And all my way was bright with flowers,  
Ah ! then, my harp, thy dulcet note,  
To songs of joy would lightly float ;  
To thee I sang in numbers wild,  
Of hope and love who gaily smiled.

And now though young delight is o'er,  
And golden visions charm no more ;  
Though now, my harp, thy mellow tone,  
I wake to mournful strains alone ;  
Ah ! yet the pleasing lays impart  
A pensive rapture to my heart.

I sang to thee of early pleasures,  
In sweet and animated measures ;  
And I have wept o'er griefs and cares,  
And still have loved thy magic airs :  
To me thy sound recalls the hours,  
When all my way was bright with flowers

## SONG.

SAY, does calm Contentment dwell  
In palace rich or lowly cell ?

Fixed to no peculiar spot,  
Gilded rooms or simple cot,  
She will grace the courtly scene,  
Or love to haunt the village green :  
Where Virtue dwells Content must be,  
And with her Felicity.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER CLAUDE.

DEAR boy, let us think of the pleasures in  
spring,

When the season is welcomed with gar-  
lands of flowers ; [the wing,

How thy moments will fly with delight on  
How thy fancy will dwell on the holiday  
hours.

And sweet are those moments the young  
bosom knows, [home ;

Preceding the social endearments of  
Where maternal affection so tenderly glows,  
And invokes the gay holiday pleasures to  
come.

And oh ! my sweet boy, when our years  
shall expand, [favourite bowers ;

When we wander no more through our  
Perhaps we may sigh for the pleasures so  
bland,

The sportive delights of the holiday hours.

SONG OF ZEPHYRUS.

WHEN sportive hours lead on the rosy  
spring,

Then in the frolic smiling train I come ;  
And wander with the bee on sylphid wing,  
To kiss each floweret in its tender bloom.

And at the fragrant time, the close of day,  
Or at the sweet and pensive moonlight  
hour,

Then in the summer air I love to play,  
And sport with Flora in the dewy bower.

Oft o'er the harp of winds with gentle sigh,  
I breathe a mellow note, a mournful lay ;  
And then enraptured with the melody,

I list with pleasure till the sounds decay.

THE BEE.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER

MARK how the neat assiduous bee,  
Pattern of frugal industry,

Pursues her earnest toil ;

All day the pleasing task she plies,  
And to her cell at evening hies,

Enriched with golden spoil.

She warns us to employ the hours,  
In gathering stores from learning's flowers,  
For these will ever last :

These mental charms will fill the place  
Of every beauty, every grace,

When smiling youth is past.

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

"Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,  
'Sister spirit ! come away !"—POPE

Lo ! the dream of life is o'er ;  
Pain the Christian's lot no more !  
Kindred spirits ! rise with me,  
Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear,  
Dying softly on the ear ;  
Spirit, rise ! to thee is given,  
The light ethereal wing of heaven

Now no more shall virtue faint,  
Happy spirit of the saint ;  
Thine the halo of the skies,  
Thine the seraph's paradise.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE

PILGRIM, view this mossy dell,  
View the woodland hermit's cell ;  
And if thou love the rustic scene,  
And love to court the muse serene ;  
If virtue to thy soul be dear,  
And sometimes melancholy's tear ;  
Oh ! thou wilt view the vale around,  
As if 'twere consecrated ground.  
The pious hermit here retired,  
With love of solitude inspired ;  
He loved the scene of this retreat,  
This smiling dell to him was sweet,  
And here he sought for hallowed rest,  
To calm the sorrows of his breast ;  
And resignation with a smile,  
His tear of grief would oft beguile ;  
Would soothe to peace his tranquil age  
In this romantic hermitage.

THE PETITION OF THE RED-  
BREAST.

AH ! why did thy rude hand molest  
The sacred quiet of my nest ?  
No more I rise on rapture's wing,  
The ditties of my love to sing.  
Restore me to the peaceful vale,  
To wander with the southern gale :



Restore me to the woodland scene,  
 Romantic glen, or forest green ;  
 To hail the Heaven's ethereal blue,  
 To drink the freshness of the dew ;  
 Now while my artless carols flow,  
 Let pity in thy bosom glow.  
 For this, at morn's inspiring hour,  
 I'll sing in thy luxuriant bower :  
 To thee the breeze of airy sigh  
 Shall waft my thrilling melody ;  
 Thy soul the cadence wild shall meet,  
 The song of gratitude is sweet.  
 And at the pensive close of day,  
 When landscape-colours fade away,  
 Ah ! then the robin's mellow note,  
 To thee in dying tone shall float ;—  
 Now, while my plaintive carols flow,  
 Let pity in thy bosom glow ;  
 And I will consecrate to thee  
 The wildest note of liberty.

### THE MINSTREL BARD.

WHERE awful summits rise around,  
 With wild and straggling flowerets  
 crowned ;

'Tis there the poet loves to sigh,  
 And touch the harp of melody :  
 And wake the measure of delight,  
 Or melt in fairy visions bright :  
 And sometimes will his soul aspire,  
 And feel almost ethereal fire.  
 Ah ! then the fond enthusiast dreams,  
 (Enraptured with celestial themes,)   
 That happy spirits round him play,  
 And animate the magic lay :  
 Their floating forms his fancy sees,  
 And hears their music in the breeze.  
 Then, while the airy numbers die,  
 He wakes his sweetest harmony  
 To imitate the heavenly strain,  
 Which memory fondly calls again.  
 To Fancy then he pours his song,  
 To her his wildest notes belong.  
 Oh ! spirit of the lyre divine,  
 I deck with flowers thy sacred shrine ;  
 Thus let me ever melt with thee,  
 In the soft dreams of poesy.

### GENIUS.

Now evening steals upon the glowing scene,  
 Her colours tremble on the wave serene ;  
 The dew of balm on languid flowers de-  
 scend,  
 The mellow tinges of the landscape blend ;

Hail ! placid eve, thy lingering smiles  
 diffuse  
 A pensive pleasure to the lonely muse

I love to wander by the ocean side,  
 And hear the soothing murmurs of the tide ;  
 To muse upon the poet's fairy-tale,  
 In fancy wafted to the moonlight vale :  
 Sometimes I think that Ariel's playful bands  
 Are lightly hovering o'er "these yellow  
 sands."

'Tis thus that Shakspeare, with inspiring  
 song,  
 Can lead the visionary train along ;  
 Then by his magic spell the scene around,  
 The "yellow sands" become enchanted  
 ground.

But when the lingering smile of even dies,  
 And when the mild and silvery moonbeams  
 rise,  
 Then sweeter is the favourite rustic seat,  
 Where pensile ash-trees form the green  
 retreat,  
 And mingle with the richer foliage round,  
 To cast a trembling shadow on the ground  
 'Tis there, retired, I pour the artless rhyme  
 And court the muses at this tranquil time.

O Genius ! lead me to Piërian bowers,  
 And let me cull a few neglected flowers ;  
 By all the poets, fanciful and wild,  
 Whose tales my hours of infancy beguiled,  
 Oh ! let thy spirit animate my lyre,  
 And all the numbers of my youth inspire.

Perhaps, where now I pour the simple lays,  
 Thy bards have waked the song of other  
 days ; [near,  
 Some Cambrian Ossian may have wandered  
 While airy music murmured in his ear ;  
 Perhaps, even here, beneath the moonlight  
 beam,  
 He loved to ponder some entrancing theme ;  
 And here, while heavenly visions filled his  
 eye,  
 He raised the strain of plaintive melody ;  
 This fond idea consecrates the hour,  
 And more endears the calm secluded bower

Sweet was the Cambrian harp in ancient  
 time, [sublime ;  
 When tuneful bards awaked the song  
 And minstrels carolled in the bannered hall,  
 Where warlike trophies graced the lofty  
 wall ;  
 They sang the legends and traditions old,  
 The deeds of chivalry, and heroes bold.

O Cambria ! though thy sweetest bards are  
 dead,  
 And fairies from thy lovely vales are fled ;  
 Still in thy sons the musing mind may trace  
 The vestige of thy former simple race :  
 Some pious customs yet preserved with care,  
 Their humble village piety declare ;  
 Ah ! still they strew the fairest flowers and  
 weep, [sleep,  
 Where buried friends of sacred memory  
 The wandering harper, too, in plaintive lays,  
 Declares the glory of departed days ;  
 And, Cambria, still upon thy fertile plains,  
 The dower of hospitality remains.

Yet shall my muse the pleasing task resign,  
 Till riper judgment all her songs refine ;  
 But let my sportive lyre resume again  
 The purposed theme, to hail another's  
 strain. [raise  
 Yes, heavenly Genius, I have heard thee  
 The note of truth, of gratitude, and praise.  
 'Twas thine with modest indigence to dwell,  
 And warble sweetly in the lowly cell ;  
 To rove with Bloomfield through the wood-  
 land shade,  
 And hail the calm seclusion of the glade :  
 Beneath the greenwood canopy reclined,  
 'Twas thine to elevate h' sinless mind.  
 While in the lov'ly scene " to him so dear,"  
 He traced the varied beauties of the year ;  
 And fondly loitered in the summer bower,  
 To hail the incense of the morning hour,  
 Or through the rich autumnal landscape  
 roved,  
 And raised a grateful hymn for all he loved.

O Genius ! ever with thy favoured band  
 May Piety be seen with aspect bland ;  
 And conscious Honour with an eye serene,  
 And Independence with exalted mien.  
 Ah ! mayst thou never to ambition bend,  
 Nor at the shrine of Luxury attend ;  
 But rather consecrate some tranquil home,  
 And in the vale of peace and pleasure  
 bloom. [retired,  
 There mayst thou wander from the world  
 And court the dreams by poesy inspired ;  
 And sometimes all thy pleasing spells em-  
 ploy,  
 To bid affliction own a transient joy :  
 For oft 'tis thine to chase the tear away  
 With soothing harp and melancholy lay ;  
 And sorrow feels the magic for awhile,  
 And then, with sad expression, learns to  
 smile.  
 Oh ! teach me all the soft bewitching art,  
 The music that may cheer a wounded heart

For I would love to bid emotion cease,  
 With sweetest melodies that whisper peace ;  
 And all the visions of delight restore,  
 The softened memory of hours no more.  
 Ah, Genius ! when thy dulcet measures flow,  
 Then pleasure animates the cheek of woe ;  
 And sheds a sad and transitory grace,  
 O'er the pale beauty of the languid face.  
 But when 'tis thine to feel the pang of grief,  
 Without one melting friend to bring relief ;  
 Then, who thy pain shall soften and beguile,  
 What gentle spirit cheer thee with a smile ;  
 And bid thy last departing hopes revive,  
 And all thy flattering dreams of rapture live ?  
 Oh ! turn to Him thy supplicating eye,  
 The God of peace and tenderest charity ;  
 And He will bless thee with consoling power,  
 And elevate thy soul in Sorrow's hour.  
 Ah ! then a pensive beam of joy shall play,  
 To cheer thee, weeping Genius, on thy way :  
 A lovely rainbow then for thee shall rise,  
 And shed a lustre o'er the cloudy skies.  
 Though all thy fairy prospects are no more,  
 And though the visions of thy youth are o'er ;  
 Yet Sorrow shall assume a softer mien,  
 Like Melancholy, mournful yet serene :  
 The placid Muse to thee her flowers shall  
 bring, [and sing ;  
 And Hope shall " wave her golden hair,"  
 With magic power dispel the clouds on high,  
 And raise the veil of bright eternity.



SONG.

THE RETURN OF MAY.

HAIL ! fairy queen, adorned with flowers  
 Attended by the smiling hours,  
 'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers  
 In colours gay ;  
 We love to wander in thy train,  
 To meet thee on the fertile plain,  
 To bless thy soft propitious reign,  
 O lovely May !  
 'Tis thine to dress the vale anew,  
 In fairest verdure bright with dew ;  
 And harebells of the mildest blue,  
 Smile in thy way ;  
 Then let us welcome pleasant spring,  
 And still the flowery tribute bring,  
 And still to thee our carol sing,  
 O lovely May !  
 Now by the genial zephyr fanned,  
 The blossoms of the rose expand ;  
 And reared by thee with gentle hand,  
 Their charms display ;

The air is balmy and serene,  
And all the sweet luxuriant scene  
By thee is clad in tender green,  
O lovely May!

### RURAL WALKS.

OH! may I ever pass my happy hours  
In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers;  
For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,  
And every landscape charms my youthful  
breast.

And much I love to hail the vernal morn,  
When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn;  
And sometimes through the lonely wood I  
stray,

To cull the tender rosebuds in my way;  
And seek in every wild secluded dell,  
The weeping crowslip and the azure bell;  
With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,  
To form the gay festoon of varied hue.  
And oft I seek the cultivated green,  
The fertile meadow, and the village scene;  
Where rosy children sport around the cot,  
Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.  
And there I wander by the cheerful rill,  
That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;  
To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,  
And listen to their pleasing festive lay.  
I love to loiter in the spreading grove,  
Or in the mountain scenery to rove;  
Where summits rise in awful grace around,  
With hoary moss and tufted verdure crowned;  
Where cliffs in solemn majesty are piled,  
"And frown upon the vale" with grandeur  
wild: [sublime]  
And there I view the mouldering tower  
Arrayed in all the blending shades of time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,  
The valley, and romantic mountain scene;  
The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,  
The dell retired, or willow-shaded lane;  
"And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,  
And every landscape charms my youthful  
breast."

### CHRISTMAS.

THE sunbeams glitter on the mountain snow,  
And o'er the summit cast a transient glow;  
Now silver frost adorns the drooping bower,  
My favourite seat in summer's happy hour.  
'Twas there, when spring the mantling  
blossoms shed,  
The sweet laburnum clustered o'er my head:

And there the robin formed a mossy nest,  
And gaily carolled in retirement blest;  
Still memory loves to paint the glowing  
scene, [green.  
When autumn tints enriched the foliage

Even yet the bower is lovely in decay,  
Gilt by the "sunbeam of a winter's day;"  
For now the frost befringes every thorn,  
And sparkles to the radiant smile of morn:  
The lucid ice has bound the mountain rill,  
No more it murmurs by the cheerful mill.  
I hear the village bells upon the gale;  
And merry peasants wander through the vale;  
In gay convivial bands they rove along,  
With genuine pleasure and inspiring song;  
I meet the rustic troop, and love to trace  
The smile of health in every rosy face.

O Christmas! welcome to thy happy reign,  
And all the social virtues in thy train;  
The Cambrian harper hails thy festal time,  
With sportive melody and artless rhyme:  
Unlike the bards who sung in days of old,  
And all the legends of tradition told;  
In Gothic castles decked with banners gay,  
At solemn festivals they poured the lay:  
Their poor descendant wanders through  
the vales,

And gains a welcome by his artless tales;  
He finds a seat in every humble cot,  
And hospitality in every spot;  
'Tis now he bids the sprightly harp resound,  
To bless the hours with genial plenty  
crowned.

And now the gay domestic joys we prove,  
The smiles of peace, festivity, and love.  
O Christmas! welcome to thy hallowed  
reign,

And all the social virtues in thy train;  
Compassion listening to the tale of grief,  
Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief,  
And every muse with animating glee,  
Congenial mirth and cordial sympathy.

### SEA PIECE BY MOONLIGHT.

How sweet to mark the softened ray  
O'er the ocean lightly play;  
Now no more the billows rave,  
Clear and tranquil is the wave;  
While I view the vessel glide  
O'er the calm cerulean tide.

Now might fays and fairy bands,  
Assemble on these "yellow sands;"  
For this the hour, as poets tell,  
That oft they leave the flowery ceil



And ead the sportive dance along,  
While spirits pour the choral song.

The moonbeam sheds a lustre pale,  
And trembles on the distant sail ;  
And now the silvery clouds arise,  
To veil the radiance of the skies ;  
But soon I view the light serene,  
Gild again the lovely scene.

HARVEST HYMN.

Now Autumn strews on every plain  
His mellow fruits and fertile grain ;  
And laughing Plenty crowned with sheaves,  
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,  
In rich profusion pours around,  
Her flowing treasures on the ground.  
Oh ! mark the great, the liberal hand,  
That scatters blessings o'er the land ;  
And to the GOD of Nature raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn in vernal hours,  
He nurtured with his gentle showers,  
And bade the summer clouds diffuse  
Their balmy store of genial dews.  
He marked the tender stem arise,  
Till ripened by the glowing skies ;  
And now matured, his work behold,  
The cheering harvest waves in gold.  
To Nature's GOD with joy we raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The valleys echo to the strains  
Of blooming maids and village swains ;  
To Him they tune the lay sincere,  
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.  
The sounds from every woodland borne,  
The sighing winds that bend the corn,  
The yellow fields around proclaim  
His mighty everlasting name.  
To Nature's GOD united raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

SONG OF A WOOD NYMPH.

In peaceful dells and woodland glades,  
In sweet romantic scenes I stray ;  
And wander through the sylvan shades,  
Where Summer breezes lightly play :  
There at fervid noon I lave,  
In the calm pellucid wave.

And oft the fairest flowers I bring,  
To deck my grotto's mossy seat,  
Culled from the margin of the spring,  
That flows amidst the green retreat :

The violet and the primrose pale,  
That smile uncultured in the vale.

Reclined beneath some hoary tree,  
With tufted moss and ivy drest,  
I listen to the humming bee,  
Whose plaintive tune invites to rest ;  
While the fountain, calm and clear,  
Softly murmurs playing near.

And oft in solitude I rove  
To hear the bird of eve complain,  
When seated in the hallowed grove,  
She pours her melancholy strain,  
In soothing tones that wake the tear  
To sorrow and to fancy dear.

I love the placid moonlight hour,  
The lustre of the shadowy ray ;  
'Tis then I seek the dewy bower,  
And tune the wild expressive lay ;  
While echo from the woods around,  
Prolongs the softly dying sound.

And oft, in some Arcadian vale,  
I touch my harp of mellow note ;  
Then sweetly rising on the gale,  
I hear celestial music float ;  
And dulcet measures faintly close,  
Till all is silence and repose.

Then fays and fairy elves advance,  
To hear the magic of my song ;  
And mingle in the sportive dance,  
And trip with sylphid grace along ;  
While the pensive ray serene,  
Trembles through the foliage green.

In peaceful dells and woodland shades,  
In wild romantic scenes I stray ;  
And wander through the sylvan glades,  
With airy footstep light and gay ;  
Yet still my favourite lonely spot,  
The sweet retirement of the grot.

THE FAREWELL.

WHEN the sad parting word we hear,  
That seems of past delights to tell ;  
Who then, without a sacred tear,  
Can say farewell ?

And are we ever doomed to mourn,  
That e'en our joys may lead to pain ?  
Alas ! the rose without a thorn  
We seek in vain.

When friends endeared by absence meet,  
Their hours are crowned with every  
treasure ;  
Too soon the happy moments fleet  
On wings of pleasure.



But when the parting hour is nigh,  
 What feeling breast their woes can tell?  
 With many a prayer and tender sigh  
 They bid farewell.

Yet Hope may charm their grief away,  
 And pour her sweet enchanting strain,  
 That friends beloved, some future day,  
 Shall meet again.

Her aid the fair deceiver lends,  
 To dry the tears which sadly fell  
 And calm the sorrow which attends  
 The last farewell.

### THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

IN scenery sublime and rude,  
 In wild romantic solitude,  
 Where awful summits crowned with snow  
 In soft and varied colours glow;  
 There, in some grassy sheltered spot,  
 The Alpine shepherd forms his cot;  
 And there, beside his peaceful home,  
 The fairest mountain-flowers bloom;  
 There oft his playful children climb  
 The rock fantastic and sublime,  
 And cull the mantling shrubs that creep  
 And sweetly blossom o'er the steep.  
 'Tis his to mark the morning ray  
 Upon the glittering scenery play;  
 To watch the purple evening shade  
 In sweet and mellow tinges fade;  
 And hail the sun's departing smile,  
 That beams upon the hills awhile;  
 And oft, at moonlight hour serene,  
 He wanders through the shadowy scene:  
 And then his pipe with plaintive sound  
 Awakes the mountain-echoes round.  
 How dear to him the sheltered spot,  
 The waving pines that shade his cot!  
 His pastoral music wild and gay,  
 May charm his simple cares away;  
 And never will he sigh to roam  
 Far from his native mountain-home.

### ADDRESS TO MUSIC.

OH thou! whose soft, bewitching lyre  
 Can lull the sting of pain to rest;  
 Oh thou! whose warbling notes inspire  
 The pensive muse with visions blest:  
 Sweet music! let thy melting airs  
 Enhance my joys and soothe my cares!  
 Is there enchantment in thy voice,  
 Thy dulcet harp, thy moving measure;

To bid the mournful mind rejoice,  
 To raise the fairy form of pleasure?  
 Yes, heavenly maid! a charm is thine,  
 A magic art, a spell divine!

Sweet music! when thy notes we hear,  
 Some dear remembrance oft they bring  
 Of friends beloved, no longer near,  
 And days that flew on rapture's wing:  
 Hours of delight that long are past,  
 And dreams of joy, too bright to last!

And oft 'tis thine the soul to fire,  
 With glory's animating flame,  
 Bid valour's noble sons aspire  
 To win th' immortal wreath of fame,  
 Thine, too, the soft, expressive tones,  
 That pity, tender pity owns!

Oh harmony! celestial power,  
 Thou syren of the melting soul!  
 In sorrow's reign, in pleasure's hour,  
 My heart shall own thy blest control;  
 And ever let thy moving airs,  
 Enhance my joys and soothe my cares!

### SONNET TO ITALY.

FOR thee, Ausonia! Nature's bounteous  
 hand, [stores,  
 Luxuriant spreads around her blooming  
 Profusion laughs o'er all the glowing land,  
 And softest breezes from thy myrtle shores.

Yet though for thee unclouded suns diffuse  
 Their genial radiance o'er thy blushing  
 plains; [muse  
 Though in thy fragrant groves the sportive  
 Delights to pour her wild, enchanted  
 strains;

Though airs that breathe of paradise are  
 thine,  
 Sweet as the Indian or Arabian gales,  
 Though fruitful olive and empurpling vine,  
 Enrich, fair Italy, thy Alpine vales;  
 Yet far from thee inspiring freedom flies,  
 To Albion's coast and ever-varying skies.

### ADDRESS TO FANCY.

OH, queen of dreams! 'tis now the hour,  
 Thy favourite hour of silence and of sleep;  
 Come, bring thy wand, whose magic power  
 Can wake the troubled spirits of the deep!

And while around on every eye  
 The "honey-dews of slumber" lie

Oh! guide me to the wild retreat,  
Where fays in nightly revel meet;  
And gaily sport in mystic ring,  
By lonely glen or haunted spring!

Now every sound has died away,  
The winds and waves are lulled to rest;  
The sighing breeze forgets to play,  
And moonbeams tremble o'er the ocean's  
breast—

Come, Fancy! come, creative power!  
That lov'st the tranquil reign of night:  
Perhaps in such a silent hour, [sight;  
Thy visions charmed the bard of Avon's  
Oh, poet blest! thy guiding hand  
Led him through scenes of fairyland;  
To him, thy favoured child, alone,  
Thy bright, Elysian worlds were shown!

Come Fancy! come; with loved control,  
Bewitch thy votary's pensive soul.  
Come, sportive charmer! lovely maid!  
In rainbow-coloured vest arrayed,  
Invoke thy visionary train,  
The subjects of thy gentle reign.

If e'er ethereal spirits meet  
On earth, to pour their dirges sweet;  
Now might they hover on the moonbeam  
pale,

And breathe celestial music on the gale.  
And hark! from yonder distant dell,  
I hear angelic numbers swell!  
Ah! sure some airy sylph is nigh,  
To wake such heavenly melody!  
Now soft the dulcet notes decay,  
Float on the breeze and melt away;  
Again they fall—again they rise,  
Ah, now the soft enchantment dies!  
The charm is o'er, the spell is past,  
The witching spell, too sweet to last!

Hail, Fancy, hail! around thy hallowed  
shrine, [appear!  
What sylphid bands, what radiant forms  
Ah! bless thy votary with thy dreams divine,  
Ah! wave thy wand, and call thy visions  
dear!

Bear me, oh! bear me, to thy realms un-  
known,  
Enchantress! waft me in thy car sublime!  
To bend, entranced, before thy shadowy  
throne,  
To view the wonders of thy fairy clime!

SONG.

Oh! bear me to the groves of palm,  
Where perfumed airs diffuse their balm;

And when the noontide beams invade,  
Then lay me in the embow'ring shade;  
Where bananas o'er my head,  
Mingling with the tam'rind, spread;  
Where the long liannes combining,  
Wild festoons of flowers entwining;  
Fragrant cassia, softly blowing,  
Lime and orange, ever glowing;  
All their spicy breath exhale,  
To scent the pleasure-fanning gale.

There her sweet ambrosial stores,  
Nature in profusion pours;  
The cocoa's nectar let me sip,  
The citron's juice refresh my lip;  
While round me hovering play  
Birds, in radiant plumage gay;  
And amidst the foliage, raise  
Melodies, in varied lays.  
There, in aromatic bowers,  
Be mine to pass the summer hours;  
Or by some clear cascade reclined;  
Whose dashing sound may lull the mind  
Wake the lyre and tune the song,  
Scenes of paradise among!

ADDRESS TO THOUGHT.

OH thou! the musing, wakeful power,  
That lov'st the silent, midnight hour,  
Thy lonely vigils then to keep,  
And banish far the angel, sleep,  
With all his lovely train;  
Come, pensive thought! with thee I'll rove  
Through forest wild, sequestered grove,  
Or twilight plain.

The lone recluse, in hermit-cell,  
With thee, oh, nymph! delights to dwell  
Forsakes the world, and all its charms,  
Forsakes the syren Pleasure's arms,  
In peaceful shades to rest;  
And oft with thee, entranced may hear,  
Celestial voices warbling near,  
Of spirits blest.

When slow declines the rosy day,  
And evening smiles with parting ray,  
When twilight spreads her magic hues,  
When moonbeams tremble on the dews,  
Be mine to rove retired;  
By fairy bower, or dimpled stream,  
To muse with thee some heavenly theme  
Oh! maid inspired.

'Tis thine on eagle wings to soar,  
Unknown, unfathomed realms explore;  
Below the deeps, above the sky,  
Beyond the starry orbs on high;  
(Can aught restrain thy flight?)

To pierce the veil of future time,  
And rise in Fancy's car sublime,  
To realms of light.

At midnight, to the guilty breast,  
Thou com'st, a feared, appalling guest ;  
While lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Accusing conscience wakes the soul,  
And bids each fear increase ;  
And, while benignant slumber flies,  
With awful voice, in whisper cries,  
Farewell to peace.

But oh, dread power, how sweet thy reign,  
To Virtue's mild and hallowed train !  
The storm around may wildly rave,  
And winter swell the mountain wave,  
Yet soft their calm repose !  
Their minds unruffled and serene,  
And guardian-seraphs watch unseen,  
Their eyes to close.

### TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER,

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER  
THE FATAL RETREAT UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE,  
AND THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

THOUGH dark are the prospects and heavy  
the hours,  
Though life is a desert, and cheerless the  
way ;  
Yet still shall affection adorn it with flowers,  
Whose fragrance shall never decay.

And lo ! to embrace thee, my brother ! she  
flies, [bespeak ;  
With artless delight, that no words can  
With a sunbeam of transport illuming her  
eyes,  
With a smile and a glow on her cheek.

From the trophies of war, from the spear  
and the shield, [unblest ;  
From the scenes of destruction, from perils  
Oh ! welcome again to the grove and the  
field,  
To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse ! with the lyre and  
the voice, [strain ;  
Oh ! gay be the measure and sportive the  
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice,  
To meet thee, my brother, again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and  
true, [crowned ;  
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory  
How often would Fancy present to my view,  
The horrors that waited thee round

How constant, how fervent, how pure was  
my prayer, [ger and harm ;  
That Heaven would protect thee from dan-  
That angels of mercy would shield thee with  
care  
In the heat of the combat's alarm.

How sad and how often descended the tear,  
(Ah ! long shall remembrance the image  
retain !) [with fear  
How mournful the sigh, when I trembled  
I might never behold thee again.

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is  
o'er, [the rose ;  
And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on  
Thy dangers, our fears, have endeared thee  
the more,  
And my bosom with tenderness glows.

And, oh ! when the dreams, the enchant-  
ments of youth, [rainbow, away,  
Bright and transient, have fled, like the  
My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,  
Shall never, oh ! never, decay.

No time can impair it, no change can de-  
stroy, [share ;  
Whate'er be the lot I am destined to  
It will smile in the sunshine of hope and  
of joy,  
And beam through the cloud of despair !

### TO MY MOTHER.

If e'er for human bliss or woe  
I feel the sympathetic glow ;  
If e'er my heart has learned to know  
The generous wish or prayer ;  
Who sowed the germ, with tender hand ?  
Who marked its infant leaves expand ?  
My mother's fostering care.

And if *one* flower of charms refined  
May grace the garden of my mind ;  
'Twas she who nursed it there ;  
She loved to cherish and adorn  
Each blossom of the soil ;  
To banish every weed and thorn,  
That oft opposed her toil.

And, oh ! if e'er I've sighed to claim  
The palm, the living palm of fame,  
The glowing wreath of praise ;  
If e'er I've wished the glitt'ring stores,  
That fortune on her favourite pours ;  
'Twas but that wealth and fame, if mine,  
Round *thee*, with streaming rays might shine  
And gild thy sun-bright days.



Yet not that splendour, pomp, and power,  
Might then irradiate ev'ry hour ;  
For these, my mother, well I know,  
On thee no raptures could bestow ;  
But could thy bounty, warm and kind,  
Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*,  
And fall, as manna from the skies,  
And bid a train of blessings rise,

Diffusing joy and peace ;  
The tear-drop, grateful, pure and bright,  
For thee would beam with softer light,  
Than all the diamond's crystal rays,  
Than all the emerald's lucid blaze ;  
And joys of heaven would thrill thy heart,  
To bid one bosom-grief depart,  
One tear, one sorrow cease !

Then, oh ! may Heaven, that loves to bless,  
Bestow the *power* to cheer distress ;  
Make *thee* its minister below,  
To light the cloudy path of woe ;  
To visit the deserted cell,  
Where indigence is doomed to dwell ;  
To raise, when drooping to the earth,  
The blossoms of neglected worth ;  
And round, with liberal hand, dispense  
The sunshine of beneficence.

But ah, if fate should still deny  
Delights like these, too rich and high ;  
If grief and pain thy steps assail,  
In life's remote and wintry vale ;  
Then, as the wild Eolian lyre,  
Complains with soft, entrancing number,  
When the loud storm awakes the wire,  
And bids enchantment cease to slumber ;  
So filial love, with soothing voice,  
E'en then shall teach thee to rejoice ;  
E'en *then*, shall sweeter, milder sound,  
When sorrow's tempest raves around ;  
While dark misfortune's gales destroy  
The frail mimosa-buds of hope and joy !

WAR SONG OF THE SPANISH  
PATRIOTS.

YE who burn with glory's flame,  
Ye who love the Patriot's fame ;  
Ye who scorn oppressive might,  
Rise, in freedom's cause unite ;  
Castilians rise.  
Hark ! Iberia calls, ye brave,  
Haste ! your bleeding country save :  
Be the palm of bright renown,  
Be th' unfading laurel-crown,  
The hero's prize.  
High the crimson banner wave,  
Ours be conquest or the grave :

Spirits of our noble sires,  
Lo ! your sons with kindred fires,  
Unconquered glow.  
See them once again advance,  
Crush the pride of hostile France ;  
See their hearts, with ardour warm,  
See them, with triumphant arm,  
Repel the foe.

By the Cid's immortal name,  
By Gonsalvo's deathless fame,  
By the chiefs of former time,  
By the valiant deeds sublime,  
Of ancient days ;  
Brave Castilians, grasp the spear,  
Gallant Andalusians, bear ;  
Glory calls you to the plain,  
Future bards, in lofty strain,  
Shall sing your praise.

Shades of mighty warriors dead,  
Ye who nobly fought and bled ;  
Ye whose valour could withstand  
The savage Moor's invading band,  
Untaught to yield ;  
Bade victorious Charlemagne  
Own the patriot-arms of Spain ;  
Ye, in later times renowned,  
Ye who fell with laurels crowned,  
On Pavia's field.

Teach our hearts like yours to burn ;  
Lawless power like you to spurn ;  
Teach us but like you to wield  
Freedom's lance and Freedom's shield,  
With daring might :  
Tyrant ! soon thy reign is o'er,  
Thou shalt waste mankind no more ;  
Boast no more thy thousands slain,  
Jena's or Marengo's plain ;  
Lo ! the sun that gilds thy day,  
Soon will veil its parting ray,  
In endless night.

SEA PIECE.

SUBLIME is thy prospect, thou proud roll-  
ing Ocean, [light ;  
And Fancy surveys thee with solemn de-  
When thy mountainous billows are wild in  
commotion,  
And the tempest is roused by the spirits  
of night.  
When the moonbeams through winter-  
clouds faintly appearing,  
At intervals gleam on the dark-swelling  
wave :

And the mariner, dubious, now hoping,  
 now fearing,  
 May hear the stern Genius of hurricanes  
 rave.

But now, when thine anger has long been  
 subsiding, [its wing ;  
 And the tempest has folded the might of  
 How clear is thy surface, in loveliness  
 gliding,  
 For April has opened the portals of spring.

Now soft on thy bosom the orient is beam-  
 ing, [breast ;  
 And tremulous breezes are waving thy  
 On thy mirror the clouds and the shadows  
 are streaming,  
 And morning and glory the picture have  
 drest.

No gale but the balmy Favonian is blowing,  
 In coral caves resting, the winds are  
 asleep ; [are glowing,  
 And, rich in the sunbeam, yon pendants  
 That tinge with their colours the silvery  
 deep.

Yet smile or be dreadful, thou still-changing  
 Ocean,  
 Tremendous or lovely, resistless or still ;  
 I view thee adoring, with hallowed emotion,  
 The Power that can hush or arouse thee  
 at will.

### TO RESIGNATION.

MAID of the placid smile and heavenly mien,  
 With beaming eye, though tearful, yet serene ;  
 Teach me, like thee, in sorrow's lingering  
 hour,  
 To bless devotion's all-consoling power ;  
 Teach me, like thee, when storms around  
 me rise, [skies,  
 And spreading glooms obscure the azure  
 On one unclouded light to fix my view,  
 For ever brilliant and for ever true ;  
 The star of faith ! whose mild, celestial ray  
 With steady lustre shall direct my way :  
 Thy seraph-hand shall raise my drooping  
 head. [spread ;  
 Angel of peace ! thy wings around me  
 With hallowed spells my fainting spirit cheer,  
 Hush the sad murmur, dry the starting tear.  
 Thus when the halcyon broods upon the  
 tides, [subsides ;  
 The winds are lulled, the mountain-wave  
 Soft rainbow hues, reflected, tinge the deep,  
 And balmy zephyrs on its bosom sleep—

Maid of the placid smile ! my troubled soul,  
 Would own thy gentle reign, thy mild con-  
 trol ; [brow,  
 Though the pale cypress twine thy sainted  
 Eternal palms for thee in heaven shall blow.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH  
 SMITH.

OH thou, whose pure, exalted mind  
 Lives in this record, fair and bright ;  
 Oh thou, whose blameless life combined  
 Soft female charms and grace refined  
 With science and with light.  
 Celestial maid ! whose spirit soared  
 Beyond this vale of tears ;  
 Whose clear, enlightened eye explored  
 The lore of years !  
 Daughter of heaven ! if *here, e'en here,*  
 The wing of towering thought was thine ;  
 If, on *this* dim and mundane sphere,  
 Fair truth illumed thy bright career  
 With morning star divine ;  
 How must thy blest, ethereal soul,  
*Now* kindle in her noon-tide ray ;  
 And hail, unfettered by control,  
 The fount of day.  
 E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph-eyes,  
 Undimmed by doubt, nor veiled by fear  
 Behold a chain of wonders rise,  
 Gaze on the noonbeam of the skies,  
 Transcendent, pure, and clear.  
 E'en *now* the fair, the good, the true,  
 From mortal sight concealed,  
 Bless in one blaze thy raptured view  
 In light revealed !  
 If *here*, the lore of distant time,  
 And learning's flowers were all thine own ;  
 How must thy mind ascend, sublime,  
 Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,  
 To light's unclouded throne.  
 Perhaps, e'en *now*, thy kindling glance  
 Each orb of living fire explores ;  
 Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,  
 Admirers—adores.  
 Oh ! if that lightning-eye surveys  
 This dark and sublunary plain ;  
 How must the wreath of human praise,  
 Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,  
 So dim, so pale, so vain.  
 How like a faint and shadowy dream,  
 Must quiver learning's brightest ray ;  
 While on thy eyes, with lucid stream  
 The sun of glory pours his beam  
 Perfection's day

THE SILVER LOCKS.

TO JOHN FOULKES, ESQ.—18TH AUGUST, 1609

THOUGH youth may boast the curls that flow,

In sunny waves of auburn glow ;  
As graceful on thy hoary head,  
Has time the robe of honour spread,  
And there, oh ! softly, *softly*, shed,  
His wreath of snow.

As frost-work on the trees displayed,  
When weeping Flora leaves the shade,  
E'en *more* than Flora, charms the sight ;  
E'en so thy locks, of purest white,  
Survive, in age's frost-work bright,  
Youth's vernal rose decayed.

To grace the nymph, whose tresses play  
Light on the sportive breeze of May,  
Let other bards the garland twine,  
Where sweets of every hue combine ;  
Those locks revered, that silvery shine,  
Invite my lay.

Less white the summer-cloud sublime,  
Less white the winter's fringing rime ;  
Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,  
(A poet's blest, immortal theme,)  
Than thine, which wear the moonlight  
beam,  
Of reverend time !

Long may the graceful honours smile,  
Like moss on some declining pile ;  
Oh, much revered ! may filial care,  
Around thee, duteous, long repair,  
Thy joys with tender bliss to share,  
Thy pains beguile !

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,  
Long, long, your much-loved beauty save ;  
May bliss your latest evening crown,  
Disarm life's winter of its frown,  
And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down,  
In gladness to the grave.

And as the parting beams of day,  
On mountain-snows reflected play ;  
And tints of roseate lustre shed ;  
Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,  
May joy, with evening planet, shed  
His mildest ray !

THE BARDS.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF CARACTACUS.

VALIANT sons of freedom's land,  
Ardent, firm, devoted band,  
Rise, at honour's thrilling call :

Warriors, arm ! shall Britain fail ?  
Rush, battle-steed,  
Bleed, soldiers, bleed !  
For Britain's throne, for glory's meed.

Heroes ! to the combat fly,  
Proud to struggle, blest to die ;  
Go ! should death your efforts crown  
Mount the pinions of renown ;  
Go ! tell our sires,  
Their daring fires,  
Glow in our lofty souls, till life expires.

Tell them, ne'er shall Britain yield  
Whilst a hand the sword can wield  
Tell them, we the strife maintain,  
Tell them, we defy the chain !  
In heart the same,  
In patriot-flame  
We emulate their brightest fame.

Shades of sainted chiefs ! be near,  
Smile on Albion's lifted spear,  
Point the falchion, guide the car,  
Flaming through the ranks of war,  
Rise on the field,  
With sword and shield,  
To British eyes in forms of light revied

Spark of freedom, blaze on high,  
Wilt thou quiver ? shalt thou die ?  
Never, never, holy fire !  
Mount, irradiate ! beam, aspire !  
Our foes consume,  
Our swords illumine,  
And chase the dark horizon's gloom.

Shall the Roman arms invade  
Mona's dark and hallowed shade ?  
By the dread, mysterious wand,  
Waving in the Druid's hand ;  
By every rite,  
Of Mona's night,  
Arm, warriors ! arm ; in sacred cause unite

Honour ! while thy bands disdain  
Slavery's dark, debasing chain ;  
Britain ! while thy sons are free,  
Dauntless, faithful, firm for thee,  
Mona ! while at thy command,  
Ardent bold, sublime, they stand ;  
Proud foes in vain,  
Prepare the chain,  
For Albion unsubdued shall reign.

Lo ! we see a flame divine  
Blaze o'er Mona's awful shrine !  
Lo ! we hear a voice proclaim  
" Albion, thine, immortal fame ;"  
Arise, ye brave,  
To bleed, to save, [wave.  
Though proud in pomp, yon Roman eagle



Cæsar, come ! in tenfold mail,  
 Will thine arms like ours avail ?  
 Cæsar ! let thy falchions blaze,  
 Will they dim fair Freedom's rays ?  
 Cæsar ! boast thy wide control,  
 Canst thou chain th' aspiring soul ?  
     What chaos can bind,  
     The soaring mind,  
 Free as the light, the wave, the wind !

### THE ANGEL OF THE SUN.

WHILE bending o'er my golden lyre,  
 While waving light my wing of fire ;  
 Creation's regions to explore,  
 To gaze, to wonder, to adore :  
 While faithful to th' external will,  
 My task of glory I fulfil ;  
 To rule the comet's dread career,  
 To guide the planets on their sphere :  
 While from this pure empyreal sky,  
 I dart my truth-enlightened eye !  
 What mists involve yon changeful scene,  
 How dark *thy* views, thou orb terrene !  
 E'en now compassion clouds awhile  
 Bright ecstasy's immortal smile ;  
 I see the flames of war consume  
 Fair scenes that smile in glowing bloom  
 O'er ev'ry nation, ev'ry land,  
 I see destruction wave his hand ;  
 How dark thy billows, ocean-flood ;  
 Lo, man has dyed thy waves in blood !  
 Nature, how changed thy vivid grace !  
 Vengeance and war thy charms deface.  
 Oh, scene of doubt, of care, of anguish ;  
 Oh, scene, where virtue's doomed to languish ;  
 Oh, scene, where death triumphant rides,  
 The spear, the sword, the javelin guides !  
 And canst thou be *that* earth, declare,  
*That* earth so pure, so good, so fair,  
 O'er which, a new-created globe,  
 Thy Father spread *perfection's* robe ?  
 Oh, Heaven how changed, how pale, how dim !  
 Since first arose the choral hymn,  
 That hailed, at thy auspicious birth,  
 A dawning paradise on earth ;  
 On that sublime, creative morn,  
 That saw the infant-planet born,  
 How swelled the harp, the lyre, the voice,  
 To bless, to triumph, to rejoice.  
 How kneeling rapture led the song,  
 How glowed the exulting cherub throng,  
 When the fair orb, arising bright,  
 Sprang into glory, life and light.

Oh, Heaven, how changed a thorny waste,  
 With shadows dimmed, with clouds o'er-cast,  
 See passions desolate the ball,  
 See kingdoms, thrones, and empires fall !  
 See mad Ambition's whirlwinds sweep,  
 Resistless as the wintry deep ;  
 See, waving through the troubled sky,  
 His crimson banner glare on high :  
 Blush, Anger, blush, and hide thy sword,  
 Weep, Conquest, weep ! imperious lord !  
 And mourn, to view thy sullied name  
 Inscribed in blood—emblazed in flame !  
 And are those cries, which rend the air,  
 Of death, of torture, of despair,  
 Hymns that should mount on wings above,  
 To him, the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE !  
 And is yon flame of ruthless war,  
 That spreads destruction's reign afar,  
 The incense taught by man to blaze,  
 For him who dwells in mercy's rays ?  
 Mortals ! if angels grief might know,  
 From angels if a tear might flow,  
 For you celestial woes might rise,  
 And pity dim a seraph's eyes ;  
 Yet, mortals ! oft, through mists and tears,  
 Your bright original appears,  
 Gleams through the veil with radiant smile  
 A sunbeam on a ruined pile !  
 Exulting, oft the forms I trace,  
 Of moral grandeur, beauty, grace ;  
 That speak your powers for glory given,  
 That still reveal the heir of heav'n !  
 Not yet extinct your heavenly fire,  
 For cherubs oft its beams admire !

I see fair virtue nobly rise,  
 Child, favourite, darling, of the skies ;  
 Smile on the pangs that round her wait,  
 And brave, and bear the storms of fate.  
 I see her lift th' adoring eye,  
 Forbid the tear, suppress the sigh ;  
 Still on her high career proceeding,  
 Sublime ! august !—though suffering—  
     bleeding ; [rude,  
 The thorn, though sharp—the blast, though  
 Shake not her lofty fortitude !

Oh, graceful dignity serene,  
 Faith, glory, triumph on thy mien !  
 Still, virtue ! still the strife maintain,  
 The smile, the frown of fate, disdain ;  
 Think on that hour, when freed from clay,  
 Thy soul shall rise to life and day ;  
 Still mount to heaven on sorrow's car ;  
 There shine a fixed unclouded star,  
 Like me to range, like me to soar,  
 Suns, planets, worlds of light explore ;  
 Then angel-forms around shall throng,  
 And greet thee in triumphal song :

"Mount, spirit, mount! thy woes are o'er;  
Pains, sickness, trials, now no more;  
Hail, sister, hail! thy task is done,  
Rise, cherub, rise!—thy crown is won."

Oh, favoured mortals; best beloved,  
Ye in stern perils fiercely proved;  
When faith and truth, with pure control,  
Refine, inspire, exalt your soul;  
When firm in brightest, noblest aims,  
Your bosoms glow with hallowed flames;  
When still the narrow path you tread,  
Nor scorn, nor grief, nor dangers dread:  
Though fate with every dart assail,  
To pierce your heart's heaven tempered mail;  
Nor shrink, though death his javelin hurled,  
Scorned yet untainted by the world;  
Then think, ye brave, ye constant few,  
To faith, to hope, to virtue true,  
Then think, that seraphs from above,  
Behold your deeds, admire, and love:  
And those who Heaven's commands perform,

Who still the wave, who ride the storm;  
Who point the lightning's fiery wing,  
Or shed the genial dews of spring;  
Who fill with balm the zephyr's breath,  
Or taint th' avenging winds with death;  
That those who guide the planet's course,  
Who bend at light's transcendent source;  
Oh, think that those your toil survey,  
Your struggling mind, your rugged way!  
Oh, think that those, e'en now prepare  
A bower of bliss, for you to share;  
E'en now, th' immortal wreath entwine,  
Around your sainted brows to shine;  
E'en now, their golden harps attune,  
To greet you in the blaze of noon!  
Soon shall your captive souls be free,  
To bless, to hymn, to soar, like me!  
The fair, the perfect, and the bright,  
Shall beam unclouded on your sight;  
Soon shall the silver lutes be strung,  
Soon shall the pæan lays be sung;  
Hail, sister, hail! thy task is done:  
Rise, cherub, rise! thy palm is won!

TO MR. EDWARDS,

THE HARPER OF CONWAY.

MINSTREL! whose gifted hand can bring,  
Life, rapture, soul, from every string;  
And wake, like bards of former time,  
The spirit of the harp sublime;—  
Oh! still prolong the varying strain!  
Oh! touch th' enchanted chords again!

Thine is the charm, suspending care,  
The heavenly swell, the dying close,  
The cadence melting into air,  
That lulls each passion to repose.  
While transport, lost in silence near,  
Breathes all her language in a tear.

Exult, O Cambria!—now no more  
With sighs thy slaughtered bards deplore  
What though Plinlimmon's misty brow,  
And Mona's woods be silent now,  
Yet can thy Conway boast a strain  
Unrivalled in thy proudest reign.

For Genius, with divine control,  
Wakes the bold chord neglected long,  
And pours Expression's glowing soul  
O'er the wild Harp, renowned in song.  
And Inspiration, hovering round,  
Swells the full energies of sound.

Now Grandeur, pealing in the tone,  
Could rouse the warrior's kindling fire,  
And now, 'tis like the breeze's moan,  
That murmurs o'er th' Æolian lyre:  
As if some sylph, with viewless wing,  
Were sighing o'er the magic string.

Long, long, fair Conway! boast the skill  
That soothes, inspires, commands, at will  
And oh! while rapture hails the lay,  
Far distant be the closing day,  
When Genius, Taste, again shall weep,  
And Cambria's Harp lie hushed in sleep.

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS.

SWEETS of the wild! that breathe and bloom

On this lone tower, this ivied wall;  
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,  
And grace the ruin in its fall;  
Though doomed, remote from careless eye,  
To smile, to flourish, and to die

In solitude sublime,  
Oh! ever may the Spring renew,  
Your balmy scent and glowing hue,  
To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe, enrich the air,  
Though wasted on its wing unknown!  
Blow, flow'rets! blow, though vainly fair,  
Neglected, and alone!  
These towers that long withstood the blast  
These mossy towers, are mouldering fast,  
While Flora's children stay;  
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,  
To gild destruction with a smile,  
And beautify decay!

Sweets of the wild ! uncultured blowing,  
 Neglected in luxuriance glowing ;  
 From the dark ruins frowning near,  
 Your charms in brighter tints appear,  
 And richer blush assume ;  
 You smile with *softer* beauty crowned,  
 Whilst all is desolate around,  
 Like sunshine on a tomb !

Thou hoary pile ! majestic still,  
 Memento of departed fame !  
 While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,  
 I ponder on thine ancient name !

Here grandeur, beauty, valour sleep,  
 That here, so oft have shone supreme ;  
 While glory, honour, fancy weep,  
 That vanished is the golden dream !

Where are the banners, waving proud,  
 To kiss the summer-gale of even ?  
 All purple as the morning-cloud,  
 All streaming to the winds of heaven !

Where is the harp, by rapture strung,  
 To melting song, or martial story ?  
 Where are the lays the minstrel sung,  
 To loveliness, or glory ?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,  
 To thee no festal measure calls ;  
 No music through the desert-halls,  
 Awakes thee to rejoice !  
 How still thy sleep ! as death profound,  
 As if, within this lonely round,  
 A step—a note—a *whispered sound*,  
 Had ne'er aroused thy voice !

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying,  
 Thou hear'st the foliage, waving, sighing ;  
 But ne'er again shall harp or song,  
 These dark, deserted courts along,  
 Disturb thy calm repose ;  
 The harp is broke, the song is dead,  
 The voice is hushed, the bard is dead ;  
 And never shall thy tones repeat,  
 Or lofty strain, or carol sweet,  
 With plaintive close !

Proud castle ! though the days are flown,  
 When once thy towers in glory shone ;  
 When music through thy turrets rung,  
 When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,  
 Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,  
 Stern desolation rear his throne ;  
 And silence, deep and awful, reign  
 Where echoed once the choral strain ;  
 Yet oft, dark ruin ! lingering here,  
 The muse will hail thee with a tear ;

Here when the moonlight, quivering, beams,  
 And through the fringing ivy streams,  
 And softens every shade sublime,  
 And mellows every tint of time—  
 Oh ! here shall contemplation love,  
 Unseen and undisturbed, to rove ;  
 And bending o'er some mossy tomb,  
 Where valour sleeps or beauty's bloom,  
 Shall weep for glory's transient day,  
 And grandeur's evanescent ray !  
 And listening to the swelling blast,  
 Shall wake the spirit of the past—  
 Call up the forms of ages fled,  
 Of warriors and of minstrels dead ;  
 Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,  
 With all ambition's kindling fire !

Nor wilt thou, Spring ! refuse to breathe,  
 Soft odours on this desert-air ;  
 Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,  
 And fringe these towers with garlands fair !

Sweets of the wild, oh ! ever bloom  
 Unheeded on this ivied wall !  
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,  
 And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus round Misfortune's holy head,  
 Would Pity wreaths of honour spread ;  
 Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,  
 She seeks despair, with heart-reviving smile !

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### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,  
 Swell high to heaven thy tuneful zeal ;  
 And, hailing this auspicious time,  
 Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

#### CHORUS.

For lo ! the day, th' immortal day,  
 When Mercy's full, benignant ray,  
 Chased every gathering cloud away,  
 And poured the noon of light !  
 Rapture ! be kindling, mounting, glowing,  
 While from thine eye the tear is flowing,  
 Pure, warm, and bright !

'Twas on this day, oh, love divine !  
 The orient star's effulgence rose ;  
 Then waked the moon, whose eye benign  
 Shall never, never close !

#### CHORUS.

Messiah ! be thy Name adored,  
 Eternal, high, redeeming Lord !  
 By grateful worlds be anthems poured—



Emanuel ! Prince of Peace !  
This day, from Heaven's empyreal dwelling,  
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,  
Bade discord cease !

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,  
Children of Heaven and sons of earth !  
Seraphs and men ! exult, rejoice,  
To bless the Saviour's birth !

## CHORUS.

Devotion ! light thy purest fire !  
Transport ! on cherub-wing aspire !  
Praise ! wake to him thy golden lyre,  
Strike every thrilling chord !  
While, at the ark of mercy kneeling,  
We own thy grace, reviving, healing  
Redeemer ! Lord !

## SONNETS.

## TO A DYING EXOTIC.

AH ! lovely faded plant, the blight I mourn  
That withered all thy blossoms fair and  
gay ;

I saw thee blushing to the genial May,  
And now thy leaves are drooping and forlorn.  
I marked thy early beauty with a smile,  
And saw with pride the crimson buds  
expand ;

They opened to the sunbeam for awhile,  
By all the flattering gales of summer  
fanned.

Ah ! faded plant, I raise thy languid head,  
And moisten every leaf with balmy dew ;  
But now thy rich luxuriant bloom is fled,  
Thy foliage wears a pale autumnal hue ;  
Too soon thy glowing colours have decayed !  
Like thee the flowers of pleasure smile and  
fade.

## TO THE MUSE OF PITY.

OH ! mistress of the melancholy song,  
I love to bend before thy sacred shrine ;  
To thee my fondest early vows belong,  
For pity's melting tenderness is thine.

Thine is the harp of wild expressive tone,  
'Tis thine to touch it with entrancing art ;  
Till all thy numbers vibrate on the heart,  
And sympathy delights thy power to own.

Oh ! sweetest muse of pity and of love,  
In artless song thy plaintive lyre I hail ;  
Be mine to weep with thee o'er sorrow's  
tale,

And oft thy pleasing visions may I prove.  
"Thou mistress of the melancholy song,  
To thee my fondest early vows belong."

## SONNET.

AH ! now farewell thou sweet and gentle  
maid,  
Beside thy simple grave we oft shall  
mourn ;

And plant a willow where thy form is laid,  
And then with flowers the weeping tree  
adorn.

Oft shall we sing thy melancholy tale,  
When all the shades of evening steal  
around ;

And oft assemble by the moonlight pale,  
To linger near the consecrated ground.

And oh ! if spirits e'er on earth descend,  
To hover o'er some chosen hallowed spot ;  
Around thy tomb shall airy bands attend,  
And humble villagers shall weep thy lot.

Ah ! fair departed maid, thy placid mind  
Was calm in sorrow, and to Heaven re-  
signed.

## TO MY MOTHER.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,  
I pour the genuine numbers, free from  
art ;

The lays inspired by gratitude and truth,  
For thou wilt prize th' effusion of the  
heart.

Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,  
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief ;  
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,  
With fond endearments to impart relief.

Be mine thy warm affection to repay  
With duteous love in thy declining hours ;  
My filial hand shall strew unfading  
flowers,

Perennial roses to adorn thy way :  
Still may thy grateful children round thee  
smile,

Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

## SONNET.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest  
May hover round the virtuous man's  
repose ;  
And oft in visions animate his breast.

And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.  
 The ministers of Heaven with pure control,  
 May bid his sorrow and emotion cease ;  
 Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,  
 And whisper to his bosom hallowed peace.  
 Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet  
 relief, [friend ;  
 May charm the bosom of a weeping  
 Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,  
 And pensive pleasure with devotion blend ;  
 While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,  
 The airy lay of some departed saint.

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TO AGNES.

Ah! could my Agnes rove these favourite  
 shades, [brian vale,  
 With mirth and friendship in the Cam-  
 In mossy dells, or wild romantic glades,  
 Where flowers uncultured scent the  
 sportive gale ;  
 And could she wander at the morning hour,  
 To hail with me the blest return of May ;  
 Or linger sweetly in the woodbine bower,  
 When early dews begem the weeping  
 spray ;  
 Ah! soon her cheek the lovely mantling  
 bloom  
 Of sprightly youth and pleasure would  
 disclose,  
 Her lip the smile of Hebe would resume,  
 And wear the blushes of the vernal rose ;  
 And soon would cherub health with lively  
 grace,  
 Beam in her eye and animate her face.

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SONNET.

I LOVE to hail the mild, the balmy hour,  
 When evening spreads around her twi-  
 light veil ;

When dews descend on every languid flower,  
 And sweet and tranquil is the summer  
 gale.  
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,  
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly  
 play ;  
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,  
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.  
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,  
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the  
 seas ;  
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,  
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.  
 For still when evening sheds the genial dews,  
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

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SONNET.

WHERE nature's grand romantic charms  
 invite  
 The glowing rapture of the soul refined ;  
 In scenes like these the young poetic  
 mind  
 May court the dreams of fancy with de-  
 light ;  
 And dear to those by every muse inspired,  
 The rural landscape and the prospect  
 fair ;  
 They love, in mountain solitudes retired,  
 To own illusions that may banish care.  
 These gentle visions ever shall remain,  
 To soothe the poet in his pensive hours ;  
 For him shall Fancy cull Pærian flowers,  
 And strew her garlands o'er the path of  
 pain ;  
 For him shall Memory shed her pensive  
 ray,  
 O'er the soft hours of life's enchanting  
 May.

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ENGLAND AND SPAIN ;

OR,

VALOUR AND PATRIOTISM.

" His sword the brave man draws,  
 And asks no omen but his country's cause."—POPE.

TOO long have Tyranny and Power com-  
 bined  
 To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind ;  
 Long has Oppression worn th' imperial  
 robe, [globe !  
 And rapine's sword has wasted half the

O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes  
 afar, [war ;  
 Triumphant Gaul has poured the tide of  
 To her fair Austria veiled the standard  
 bright ; [might ;  
 Ausonia's lovely plains have owned her

While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,  
Forsook her towering height on Jena's field!

Oh! gallant Fred'ric! could thy parted  
shade [trayed ;  
Have seen thy country vanquished and be-  
How had thy soul indignant mourned her  
shame, [fame!  
Her sullied trophies and her tarnished  
When Valour wept lamented Brunswick's  
doom, [tomb ;  
And nursed with tears the laurels on his  
When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's  
grave,  
Invoked his spirit to descend and save,  
Then set her glories—then expired her sun,  
And fraud achieved—e'en more than con-  
quest won!

[plenty gay,  
O'er peaceful realms, that smiled with  
Has desolation spread her ample sway ;  
Thy blast, oh Ruin! on tremendous wings,  
Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations,  
kings!  
Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force,  
With dark destruction marks its whelming  
course ; [ing plain,  
Despoils the woodland's pomp, the bloom-  
Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!

Rise, Freedom, rise! and breaking from  
thy trance, [lance!  
Wave the dread banner, seize the glittering  
With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,  
And call thy champions to defend thy laws!  
How long shall tyrant power her throne  
maintain?  
How long shall despots and usurpers reign?  
Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?  
Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?  
Is there no heart where worth and valour  
dwell,  
No patriot Wallace, no undaunted Tell?  
Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,  
Around thy banner, firm exulting stand ;  
Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield  
The beamy spear and adamant shield!  
Again thy cheek with proud resentment  
glows,  
Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes ;  
Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquered  
fires, [spires :  
Thy look sublime the warrior's heart in-  
And while, to guard thy standard and thy  
right,  
Castilians rush, intrepid to the fight ;  
Lo! Britain's generous host then aid supply,  
Resolved for thee to triumph or to die!

And glory smiles to see Iberia's name,  
Enrolled with Albion's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,  
Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme:  
So when two radiant gems together shine,  
And in one wreath their lucid light combine;  
Each, as it sparkles with transcendent rays,  
Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze!

Descend, oh, Genius! from thy orb de-  
scend! [lend!  
Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit  
As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)  
With sweet vibration meets the morning  
ray, [own,  
So let the chords thy heavenly presence  
And swell a louder note, a nobler tone ;  
Call from the sun, her burning throne on  
high,  
The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye ;  
Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,  
And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the  
lyre!

Hail, Albion! hail, thou land of free-  
dom's birth!  
Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth!  
Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice,  
dwell,  
Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!  
Thine are the dauntless bands like Spartans  
brave,  
Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave  
In classic elegance, and arts divine,  
To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine ;  
For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,  
And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,  
Where science mounts, in radiant car  
sublime,  
To other worlds beyond the sphere of time ;  
Hail, Albion, hail! to thee has fate denied  
Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's  
pride ;  
The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,  
And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast ;  
For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine ;  
No glowing suns mature the blushing vine ;  
No light Arabian gales their wings expand  
To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land ;  
No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,  
No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils ;  
Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,  
And far from thee the scented cassia blows ;  
Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,  
Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy  
own ;



From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,  
She bids thy ensigns float above the main ;  
Unfurls her streamers to the favouring gale,  
And shows to other worlds her daring sail ;  
Then wafts their gold, their varied stores  
to thee,

Queen of the trident ! empress of the sea !

For this thy noble sons have spread  
alarms, [arms !

And bade the zones resound with Britain's  
Calpe's proud rock, and Syria's palmy  
shore,

Have heard and trembled at their battle's  
roar !

The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile  
Have seen the triumphs of the conquering  
isle !

For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war  
Has rolled o'er Vincent's cape and Tra-  
falgar ! [sound,

Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's  
And NELSON fell, with fame immortal  
crowned ! gain—

Blest if their perils and their blood could  
To grace thy hand—the sceptre of the  
main !

The milder emblems of the virtues calm,  
The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm ;  
These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine,  
And round thy brows a deathless wreath  
combine ;

Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,  
Are hallowed more than Avon's hau-  
side :

Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme,  
Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of th' impartial page,  
Britannia's heroes live from age to age !  
From ancient days, when dwelt her savage  
race,

Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,  
Free from all cares for luxury or gain,  
Lords of the wood, and monarchs of the  
plain ;

To these Augustan days, when social arts,  
Refine and meliorate her manly hearts ;  
From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,  
King of the circled board, the spear, the  
lance, [shield,

To those who recent trophies grace her  
The gallant victors of Vimiera's field ;  
Still have her warriors borne th' unfading  
crown, [renown.

And made the British flag the ensign of

Spirit of Alfred ! patriot soul sublime !  
Thou morning-star of error's darkest time !

Prince of the lion-heart ! whose arm in fight,  
On Syria's plains repelled Saladin's might.  
Edward ! for bright heroic deeds revered,  
By Cressy's fame to Britain still endeared !  
Triumphant Henry ! thou, whose valour  
proud,

The lofty plume of crested Gallia bowed !  
Look down, look down, exalted Shades !  
and view

Your Albion still to freedom's banner true !  
Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,  
Supreme in glory, and of spotless name ;

And, as the pyramid indignant rears  
Its awful head, and mocks the waste of  
years ;

See her secure in pride of virtue tower,  
While prostrate nations kiss the rod of  
power.

Lo ! where *hæ*r pinions waving high,  
aspire, [fire !

Bold victory hovers near, "with eyes of  
While Lusitania hails, with just applause,  
The brave defenders of her injured cause ;  
Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,  
And swells the exulting pæan to the skies !

And they, who late with anguish, hard to  
tell, [farewell !

Breathed to their cherished realms a sad  
Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,  
Still fondly lingered on its deck, and sighed ;  
Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured their  
sight

And the blue distance melted into light ;  
The Royal Exiles, forced by Gallia's hate,  
To fly for refuge in a foreign state :

They, soon returning o'er the western main,  
Ere long may view their clime beloved again :  
And' as the blazing pillar led the host  
Of faithful Israel, o'er the desert coast ;

So may Britannia guide the noble band,  
O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.

Oh ! glorious isle ! oh ! sovereign of the  
waves ! [slaves !

Thine are the sons who never will be  
See them once more, with ardent hearts  
advance

And rend the laurels of insulting France ;  
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,  
And wave, oh Freedom ! wave thy sword  
on high !

Is there no bard of heavenly power pos-  
sessed,

To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast !  
Like Shakspeare o'er the secret mind to  
sway

And call each wayward passion to obey ?

Is there no bard, imbued with hallowed fire,  
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic  
lyre ;  
Whose numbers breathing all his flame  
divine,  
The patriot's name to ages might consign ?  
Rise, Inspiration, rise, be this thy theme,  
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam !

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion  
spring, [bling string ;  
And sweep with rapture's hand the trem-  
Could she the bosom energies control,  
And pour impassioned fervour o'er the soul ;  
Oh ! could she strike the harp to Milton  
given, [heaven !  
Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean  
Ah ! fruitless wish ! ah ! prayer preferred in  
vain,  
For her ! the humblest of the woodland  
train :  
Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise  
The hymn of liberty, the song of praise !

Iberian bands ! whose noble ardour  
glows,  
To pour confusion on oppressive foes ;  
Intrepid spirits hail ; 'tis yours to feel  
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal !  
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,  
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain ;  
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,  
Nor mad ambition whirled in crimson car ;  
No, brave Castilians ! yours a nobler end,  
Your land, your laws, your monarch to  
defend ! [rear  
For these, for these, your valiant legions  
The floating standard and the lofty spear ;  
The fearless lover wields the conquering  
sword,  
Fired by the image of the maid adored ;  
His best-beloved, his fondest ties to aid,  
The Father's hand unsheaths the glittering  
blade ;  
For each, for all, for every sacred right,  
The daring patriot mingles in the fight !  
And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,  
His country's name alone can nerve his  
dauntless arm.

He bleeds ! he falls ! his death-bed is the  
field ! [shield ;  
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the  
His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,  
The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek ;  
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,  
Then for his country breathes a prayer—  
and dies !

Oh ! ever hallowed be his verdant grave,  
There let the laurel spread, the cypress  
wave !  
Thou, lovely Spring ! bestow, to grace his  
tomb, [bloom ;  
Thy sweetest fragrance and thy earliest  
There let the tears of heaven descend in balm,  
There let the poet consecrate his palm !  
Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,  
And shades of sainted heroes watch around !  
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling  
knell,  
Thy chief, oh Thebes ! at Mantinea fell ;  
Smiled undismayed within the arms of death,  
While Victory, weeping nigh, received his  
breath !

Oh ! thou, the sovereign of the noble soul !  
Thou source of energies beyond control !  
Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous deed,  
Whose sons unconquered fight, undaunted  
bleed.  
Inspiring Liberty ! thy worshipped name  
The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame ;  
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,  
Thy charms inspire him to achievements  
high ;  
More blest, with thee to tread perennial  
snows  
Where ne'er a flower expands, a zephyr  
blows,  
Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,  
In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign ;  
Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove,  
The green savannas and the spicy grove ;  
Scent the rich balm of India's perfumed  
gales,  
In citron-woods and aromatic vales ;  
For oh ! fair Liberty, when thou art near,  
Elysium blossoms in the desert drear !

Where'er thy smile its magic power  
bestows,  
There arts and taste expand, there fancy  
glows ;  
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,  
And every chord to swelling transport lives ;  
There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace  
The soul of beauty and the lines of grace ;  
With bold Promethean hand the canvas  
warms,  
And calls from stone expression's breathing  
forms.  
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its  
bound,  
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,  
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands !  
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands !

Immortal Freedom ! daughter of the skies !  
 To thee shall Britain's grateful incense rise !  
 Ne'er, goddess ! ne'er forsake thy favourite  
 isle,  
 Still be thy Albion brightened with thy smile.  
 Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,  
 While proudly triumphed thine insulting foes ;  
 Yet though a cloud may veil Apollo's light,  
 Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight ;  
 Once more we see thy kindling soul return,  
 Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn ;  
 Lo ! in Iberian hearts thine ardour lives,  
 Lo ! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives !

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted  
 band !

Still sure to conquer, if combined ye stand !  
 Though myriads flashing in the eye of day,  
 Streamed o'er the smiling land in long array :  
 Though tyrant Asia poured unnumbered foes,  
 Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose ;  
 For every state in sacred union stood,  
 Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood :  
 Each heart was glowing in the general cause,  
 Each hand prepared to guard their hallowed  
 laws :

Athenian valour joined Laconia's might,  
 And but contended to be first in fight ;  
 From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,  
 And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van :  
 Then Persia's monarch mourned his glories  
 lost,

As wild confusion winged his flying host ;  
 Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,  
 And Grecian harp to notes exulting rung !  
 Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record  
 The high achievements of the conquering  
 sword. [renown]

Thus, brave Castilians ! thus may bright  
 And fair success your valiant efforts crown !

Genius of chivalry ! whose early days,  
 Tradition still recounts in artless lays ;  
 Whose faded splendours fancy oft recalls,  
 The floating banners and the lofty halls ;  
 The gallant feats thy festivals displayed,  
 The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade  
 Whose ancient pride Romance delights to  
 hail,

In fabling numbers or heroic tale :  
 Those times are fled, when stern thy castles  
 frowned, [crowned ;  
 Their stately towers with feudal grandeur  
 Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's  
 clime,

Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime ;  
 And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,  
 Live but in legends wild and poet's lore.

Lo ! where thy silent harp neglected lies,  
 Light o'er its chords the murmuring zephyr  
 sighs ;

Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel  
 sung,

The choral voice of mirth and music rung ;  
 Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,  
 Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan :  
 Thy lonely towers deserted fall away,  
 Thy broken shield is mouldering in decay.  
 Yet though thy transient pageantries are  
 gone,

Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown ;  
 Genius of chivalry ! thy noble train,  
 Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain.

Fair truth arrayed in robes of spotless white,  
 Her eye a sunbeam and her zone of light ;  
 Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,  
 Still darting forward to the wreath of fame ;  
 And purest love, that waves his torch divine,  
 At awful honour's consecrated shrine ;  
 Ardour with eagle wing, and fiery glance ;  
 And generous courage, resting on his lance ;  
 And loyalty, by perils unsubdued ;  
 Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude ;  
 And patriot energy, with heart of flame ;  
 These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same !

These from remotest days their souls have  
 fired, [inspired !

"Nerved every arm," and every breast  
 When Moorish bands their suffering land  
 possest,

And fierce oppression reared her giant crest ;  
 The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,  
 In eastern gems and purple splendour shone ;  
 Theirs was the proud magnificence, that vied  
 With stately Bagdat's oriental pride ;  
 Theirs were the courts in regal pomp arrayed,  
 Where arts and luxury their charms dis-  
 played ; [towers,

'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly  
 Its fairy palace and enchanted bowers ;  
 There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell,  
 Of potent genii or of wizard spell ;  
 All that a poet's dream could picture bright,  
 One sweet Elysium, charmed the wondering  
 sight !

Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,  
 It seemed an Eden from Armida's wand !

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and ra-  
 dian state, [fate !

When freedom waved on high the sword of  
 When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,  
 Stern retribution frowning on his spear ;  
 And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,  
 O'erwhelmed with shame, confessed the  
 Christian's might.



In later times the gallant Cid arose,  
 Burning with zeal against his country's foes ;  
 His victor-arm Alphonso's throne main-  
 tained, [gained !

His laureate brows the wreath of conquest  
 And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,  
 Inspiring theme of patriotic verse !

High in the temple of recording fame,  
 Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name ;  
 Victorious chief ! whose valour still defied  
 The arms of Gaul, and bowed her crested  
 pride ; [reign's throne,

With splendid trophies graced his sovereign  
 And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.  
 Nor were his deeds thy only boast, oh Spain !  
 In mighty Ferdinand's illustrious reign ;

'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,  
 Unfurled his flag before the eastern gale !  
 Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore  
 Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown  
 before :

Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,  
 Sweet hope, exulting, steered the daring  
 helm ;

While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye,  
 Courageous enterprise still hovered nigh :  
 The hoary genius of th' Atlantic main,  
 Saw man invade his wide majestic reign ;  
 His empire yet by mortal unsubdued,  
 The throne, the world, of awful solitude.  
 And e'en when shipwreck seemed to rear his  
 form,

And dark destruction menaced in the storm,  
 In every shape, when giant-peril rose,  
 To daunt his spirit and his course oppose ;  
 O'er every heart when terror swayed alone,  
 And hope forsook each bosom, but his own :  
 Moved by no dangers, by no fears repelled,  
 His glorious track the gallant sailor held.  
 Attentive still to mark the sea-birds lave,  
 Or high in air their snowy pinions wave :  
 Thus princely Jason, launching from the  
 steep, [velled deep ;

With dauntless prow explored th' untra-  
 Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful sight,  
 Viewed every star, and planetary light.  
 Sublime Columbus ! when at length descried,  
 The long-sought land arose above the tide ;  
 How every heart with exultation glowed,  
 How from each eye the tear of transport  
 flowed :

Not wilder joys the sons of Israel knew,  
 When Canaan's fertile plains appeared in  
 view ;

Then rose the choral anthem on the breeze,  
 Then martial music floated o'er the seas ;  
 Their waving streamers to the sun displayed,  
 In all the pride of warlike pomp arrayed ;

Advancing nearer still, the ardent band,  
 Hailed the glad shore, and blessed the  
 stranger land,

Admired its palmy groves and prospects fair,  
 With rapture breathed its pure ambrosial air !  
 Then crowded round its free and simple race,  
 Amazement pictured wild on every face :  
 Who deemed that beings of celestial birth,  
 Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth !  
 Then first another world, another sky,  
 Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high !

Still prouder glories beam on history's  
 page, [age :  
 Imperial Charles ! to mark thy prosperous  
 Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,  
 When science poured her mild refulgent  
 light ;

When Painting bade the glowing canvas  
 breathe, [wreath ;  
 Creative Sculpture claimed the living  
 When roved the Muses in Ausonian bowers,  
 Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers ;  
 When angel truth dispersed with beam  
 divine, [shrine.

The clouds that veiled religion's hallowed  
 Those golden days beheld Iberia tower,  
 High on the pyramid of fame and power :  
 Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,  
 Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.  
 Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,  
 The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,  
 Though storms assail, its regal pomp to rend.  
 Majestic still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend.

When Gallia poured, to Pavia's trophied  
 plain, [train ;  
 Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous  
 When, after many a toil and danger past,  
 The fatal morn of conflict rose at last ;  
 That morning saw her glittering host com-  
 bine,  
 And form in close array the threatening  
 line ;

Fire in each eye, and force in every arm,  
 With hope exulting, and with ardour warm,  
 Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play,  
 Their armour flashing to the beam of day ;  
 Their generous chargers panting, spurn the  
 ground,  
 Roused by the trumpet's animating sound ;  
 And heard in air their warlike music float,  
 The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note !

Pale set the sun—the shades of evening  
 fell,  
 The mournful night-wind rung their funera]  
 knell !

And the same day beheld the warriors dead,  
Their sovereign captive, and their glories  
fled !

Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,  
Bright, blazing, dreadful—only to expire !  
Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confessed  
her might,

Iberia's planet shed meridian light !  
Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's deathful day,  
Castilian spirit bore the prize away ;  
Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,  
And trophies beaming high in glory's fane !  
And lo ! her heroes, warm with kindred  
flame,

Still proudly emulate their father's fame ;  
Still with the soul of patriot-valour glow,  
Still rush impetuous to repel the foe !  
Wave the bright falchion, lift the beamy  
spear,

And bid oppressive Gallia learn to fear !  
Be theirs, be theirs unfading honour's crown,  
The living amaranths of bright renown !  
Be theirs th' inspiring tribute of applause,  
Due to the champions of their country's  
cause !

Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves,  
The joy when conscience whispers and ap-  
proves,  
When every heart is fired, each pulse beats  
high,

To fight, to bleed, to fall for Liberty ;  
When every hand is dauntless and prepared,  
The sacred charter of mankind to guard ;  
When Britain's valiant sons their aid unite,  
Fervent and glowing still for Freedom's  
right,

Eid ancient enmities for ever cease,  
And ancient wrongs forgotten, sleep in  
peace ;

When firmly leagued, they joined the patriot  
band,  
Can venal slaves their conquering arms  
withstand ?

Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to bless ?  
Can victory fail to crown them with success ?  
Look down, oh Heaven ! the righteous cause  
maintain,

Defend the injured, and avenge the slain !  
Despot of France ! destroyer of mankind !  
What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleepless  
mind.

Oh ! if at midnight round thy regal bed,  
When soothing visions fly thine aching head :  
When sleep denies thy anxious cares to calm,  
And lull thy senses in his opiate-balm :  
Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,  
And murdered victims bleed before thine  
eyes :

Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,  
" Tyrant ! the hour, the avenging hour is  
near !

It is, it is ! thy star withdraws its ray,  
Soon will its parting lustre fade away ;  
Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its  
light,

And veil thy splendours in eternal night !  
Oh ! when accusing conscience wakes thy  
soul,

With awful terrors, and with dread control  
Bids threatening forms, appalling, round  
thee stand,

And summons all her visionary band ;  
Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,  
And whispers, peace and happiness are fled ;  
E'en at the time of silence and of rest,  
Paints the dire poniard menacing thy  
breast ;

Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale ?  
Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail ?  
And wouldst thou yet by added crimes pro-  
voke

The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal  
stroke ?

Bereave a nation of its rights revered,  
Of all to mortals sacred and endeared ?  
And shall they tamely liberty resign,  
The soul of life, the source of bliss divine ?  
Canst thou, supreme destroyer ! hope to  
bind,

In chains of adamant, the noble mind ?  
Go bid the royal orbs thy mandate hear,  
Go, stay the lightning in its winged career !  
No, Tyrant ! no, thy utmost force is vain,  
The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain :  
Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,  
Then bid thy legions all their power com-  
bine. [mand,

Yet couldst thou summon myriads at com-  
Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred  
hand, [spurn,  
E'en then her soul thy lawless might would  
E'en then, with kindling fire, with indig-  
nation burn.

Ye Sons of Albion ! first in danger's field,  
The sword of Britain and of truth to wield !  
Still prompt the injured to defend and save,  
Appal the despot, and assist the brave ;  
Who now intrepid lift the generous blade,  
The cause of Justice and Castile to aid !  
Ye Sons of Albion ! by your country's name,  
Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,  
Oh ! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,  
By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled ;  
By honours gained on Blenheim's fatal plain,  
By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain ;

By the bright laurels Wolfe immortal won,  
 Undaunted spirit ! valour's favourite son !  
 By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds  
 sublime, [clime ;  
 Renowned from zone to zone, from clime to  
 Ye British heroes ! may your trophies raise,  
 A deathless monument to future days !  
 Oh ! may your courage still triumphant rise,  
 Exalt the "lion-banner" to the skies !  
 Transcend the fairest names in history's  
 page,  
 The brightest actions of a former age ;  
 The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,  
 And bid oppression fall—to rise no more !  
 Then, soon returning to your native isle,  
 May love and beauty hail you with their  
 smile ; [wreath,  
 For you may conquest weave th' undying  
 And fame and glory's voice the song of  
 rapture breathe !

Ah ! when shall mad ambition cease to  
 rage ? [assuage ?  
 Ah ! when shall war his demon-wrath  
 When, when, supplanting discord's iron  
 reign,  
 Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again ?  
 Not till the despot's dread career is closed,  
 And might restrained, and tyranny deposed !

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form  
 benign !  
 Fair blue-eyed seraph ! balmy power divine,  
 Descend once more, thy hallowed blessings  
 bring, [downy wing ;  
 Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy  
 Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train,  
 Shall crown with glowing stores the desert  
 plain ;  
 Young smiling hope, attendant on thy way,  
 Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.  
 Descend once more ! thou daughter of the  
 sky !  
 Cheer every heart and brighten every eye !  
 Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,  
 Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe extend :  
 Thy cherub-look again shall sooth man-  
 kind ; [bind ;  
 Thy cherub-hand the wounds of discord  
 Thy smile of heaven shall every muse inspire ;  
 To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.  
 Descend once more ! to bid the world  
 rejoice,  
 Yet nations hail thee with exulting voice ;

Around thy shrine with purest incense  
 throng, [song !  
 Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral  
 Then shall the shepherd's flute, the wood-  
 land reed,  
 The martial clarion, and the drum succeed ;  
 Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,  
 And music warble in Idalian bowers ;  
 Where war and carnage blew the blast of  
 death,  
 The gale shall whisper with Favonian  
 breath !  
 And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,  
 Where the wild combat reddened o'er the  
 plain :  
 These are thy blessings, fair benignant  
 maid !  
 Return, return, in vest of light arrayed !  
 Let angel-forms and floating sylphids bear,  
 Thy car of sapphire through the realms of  
 air,  
 With accents milder than Æolian lays,  
 When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays ;  
 Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,  
 Diffusing round the heaven—that glows  
 within thy breast !

Oh ! Thou ! whose fiat lulls the storm  
 asleep ! [deep !  
 Thou ! at whose nod subsides the rolling  
 Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's  
 force,  
 And stays the thunder in its vengeful course ;  
 Fountain of life ! Omnipotent Supreme !  
 Robed in perfection ! crowned with glory's  
 beam !  
 Oh ! send on earth thy consecrated dove,  
 To bear the sacred olive from above ;  
 Restore again the blest, the halcyon time,  
 The festal harmony of nature's prime :  
 Bid truth and justice once again appear,  
 And spread their sunshine o'er this mun-  
 dane sphere ;  
 Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading  
 bloom,  
 Transcendent light their hallowed fane  
 illumine ;  
 Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,  
 And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of peace ;  
 Brothers once more, let men her empire own,  
 And realms and monarchs bend before the  
 throne,  
 While circling rays of angel-mercy shed  
 Eternal haloes round her sainted head !



1812.

## THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in mercy  
 given, [Heaven?  
 To light the wilderness with beams of  
 To soothe our cares, and through the cloud  
 diffuse  
 Their tempered sunshine and celestial hues?  
 Those pure delights, ordained on life to  
 throw  
 Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know?  
 Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,  
 When kneeling myriads call the world his  
 own? [bowers,  
 Or dwell with luxury, in the enchanted  
 Where taste and wealth exert *creative*  
 powers.

Favoured of Heaven! O Genius! are they  
 thine, [shine;  
 When round thy brow the wreaths of glory  
 While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,  
 'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental  
 day? [shrined,  
 No, sacred joys, 'tis yours to dwell en-  
 Most fondly cherished in the purest mind;  
 To twine with flowers, those loved endearing  
 ties,  
 On earth so sweet—so perfect in the skies.

Nursed on the lap of solitude and shade,  
 The violet smiles, embosomed in the glade;  
 There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,  
 Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!  
 Thus, far retired from life's tumultuous road,  
 Domestic bliss has fixed her calm abode.  
 Where hallowed innocence and sweet repose  
 May strew her shadowy path with many a  
 rose. [sky,  
 As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled  
 The cherub, infancy, can close its eye,  
 And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,  
 While viewless angels wave their pinions  
 near; [roll,  
 Thus, while around the storms of discord  
 Borne on resistless wing, from pole to pole;  
 While war's red lightnings desolate the ball,  
 And thrones and empires in destruction fall;  
 Then, calm as evening on the silvery wave,  
 When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave,  
 She dwells, unruffled, in her bower of rest,  
 Her empire, home!—her throne. *affection's*  
 breast!

For her, sweet nature wears her loveliest  
 blooms,  
 And softer sunshine every scene illumines.  
 When spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,  
 Whose light wing undulates the sleeping  
 seas;  
 When summer, waving her creative wand,  
 Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand;  
 Or autumn's pencil shed, with magic trace,  
 O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace;  
 Oh, still for her, through nature's boundless  
 reign,  
 No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain;  
 While mental peace, o'er every prospect  
 bright, [light.  
 Throws mellowing tints, and harmonizing  
 Lo! borne on clouds in rushing might  
 sublime,  
 Stern winter, bursting from the polar clime,  
 Triumphant waves his signal-torch on high,  
 The blood-red meteor of the northern sky:  
 And high through darkness rears his giant-  
 form, [storm!  
 His throne, the billow—and his flag, the  
 Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no  
 more,  
 And the wild surges foam along the shore;  
 Domestic bliss! *thy* heaven is still serene,  
 Thy star, unclouded, and thy myrtle green;  
 Thy fane of rest no raging storms invade,  
 Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade;  
 Clear through the day, her light around  
 thee glows,  
 And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose.  
 Hail! sacred home! where soft affection's  
 hand, [band,  
 With flowers of Eden twines her magic  
 Where pure and bright, the social ardours  
 rise,  
 Concentrating all their holiest energies;  
 When wasting toil had dimmed the vital  
 flame,  
 And every power deserts the sinking frame;  
 Exhausted nature still from sleep implores  
 The charm that lulls, the manna that  
 restores. [cares,  
 Thus, when oppressed with rude tumultuous  
 To thee, sweet home, the fainting mind  
 repairs,  
 Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim flies,  
 Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies

Bower of repose ! when torn from all we  
 love, [tance rove ;  
 Through toil we struggle, or through dis-  
 To thee we turn, still faithful, from afar,  
 Thee, our bright vista ! thee, our magnet-  
 star ! [sea,  
 And from the martial field, the troubled  
 Unfettered thought still roves to bliss and  
 thee !

When ocean-sounds in awful slumber die,  
 No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh ;  
 Wide o'er the world, when peace and mid-  
 night reign,  
 And the moon trembles on the sleeping main,  
 At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep,  
 'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep ;  
 No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound,  
 All heaven — and sea — and solitude —  
 around !

Then from the lonely deck, the silent helm,  
 From the wide grandeur of the shadowy  
 realm ;  
 Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfined,  
 Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,  
 Wings like a meteor-flash her swift career,  
 To the loved scene, so distant and so dear.

Lo ! the rude whirlwind rushes from its  
 cave, [wave !  
 And danger frowns—the monarch of the  
 Lo ! rocks and storms the striving bark  
 repel, [swell.  
 And death and shipwreck ride the foaming

Child of the ocean ! is thy bier the surge,  
 Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge !  
 Yes ! thy long toils, thy weary conflicts o'er,  
 No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee  
 more.

Yet, in that solemn hour, that awful strife,  
 The struggling agony for death or life ;  
 E'en then, thy mind, embittering every pain,  
 Retraced the image so beloved—in vain ;  
 Still to sweet home, thy last regrets were  
 true,  
 Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu.

Can war's dread scenes the hallowed ties  
 efface, [brance chase ?  
 Each tender thought, each fond remem-  
 Can fields of carnage, days of toil, destroy  
 The loved impressions of domestic joy.

Ye daylight dreams, that cheer the sol-  
 dier's breast,  
 In hostile climes, with spells benign and  
 blest ;

Soothe his brave heart, and shed your  
 [glowing ray,  
 O'er the long march, through desolation's  
 way ; [plain,  
 Oh ! still ye bear him from the ensanguined  
 Armour's bright flash, and victory's choral  
 strain ; [glows,  
 To that loved home, where pure affection  
 That shrine of bliss ! asylum of repose !  
 When all is hushed—the rage of combat  
 past, [blast ;  
 And no dread war-note swells the moaning  
 When the warm throb of many a heart is  
 o'er, [more ;  
 And many an eye is closed—to wake no  
 Lulled by the night-wind, pillowed on the  
 ground,  
 (The dewy deathbed of his comrades round !)  
 While o'er the slain the tears of midnight  
 weep, [deep ;  
 Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers  
 E'en then, soft visions, hovering round,  
 portray, [sway ;  
 The cherished forms that o'er his bosom  
 He sees fond transport light each beaming  
 face, [brace ;  
 Meets the warm teardrop, and the long em-  
 While the sweet welcome vibrates through  
 his heart,  
 " Hail, weary soldier !—never more to part."

And lo ! at last, released from every toil,  
 He comes ! the wanderer views his native  
 soil ! [speak,  
 Then the bright raptures, words can never  
 Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek ;  
 Then love and friendship, whose unceasing  
 prayer [care ;  
 Implored for him, each guardian spirit's  
 Who, for his fate, through sorrow's linger-  
 ing year, [and fear ;  
 Had proved each thrilling pulse of hope  
 In that blest moment, all the past forget,  
 Hours of suspense ! and vigils of regret.

And oh ! for him, the child of rude  
 alarms,  
 Reared by stern danger in the school of arms ;  
 How sweet to change the war-song's pealing  
 note, [float,  
 For woodland sounds, in summer air that  
 Through vales of peace, o'er mountain wilds  
 to roam, [" Home !"  
 And breathe his native gales that whisper

Hail ! sweet endearments of domestic  
 ties,  
 Charms of existence ! angel sympathies !

Though pleasure smile, a soft Circassian  
 queen ! [scene ;  
 And guide her votaries through a fairy  
 Where sylphic forms beguile their vernal  
 hours,  
 With mirth and music, in Arcadian bowers ;  
 Though gazing nations hail the fiery car,  
 That bears the sun of conquest from afar ;  
 While Fame's loud pæan bids his heart  
 rejoice,  
 And every life-pulse vibrates to her voice ;  
 Yet from your source *alone* in mazes bright,  
 Flows the full current of serene delight.

On freedom's wing, that every wild ex-  
 plores, [soars ;  
 Through realms of space, the aspiring eagle  
 Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire,  
 Meridian glory—on her throne of fire ;  
 Bird of the sun ! his keen, unwearied gaze,  
 Hails the full noon, and triumphs in the  
 blaze ; [sublime,  
 But soon, descending from his height  
 Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal  
 clime [blest,  
 Once more he speeds to joys more calmly  
 'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest.

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright  
 career, [sphere ;  
 Through the wide regions of the mental  
 And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,  
 O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic  
 wand ; [surveys  
 Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye  
 The clearest heaven of intellectual rays ;  
 Yet on his course though loftiest hopes attend,  
 And kindling raptures aid him to ascend ;  
 (While in his mind, with high-born grand-  
 deur fraught,  
 Dilate the noblest energies of thought ;)  
 Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,  
 Which crowns the soarings of triumphant  
 mind,  
 At length he flies, to that serene retreat,  
 Where calm and pure, the mild affections  
 meet,  
 Embosomed there, to feel and to impart,  
 The softer pleasures of the social heart.

Ah ! weep for those deserted and forlorn,  
 From every tie, by fate relentless torn.  
 See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,  
 Marked with no step, uncheered by human  
 smile ; [wanderer stand,  
 Heart-sick and faint, the shipwrecked  
 Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant  
 hand .

Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy  
 main,  
 And weep—and pray—and linger !—but in  
 vain.

Thence, roving wild through many a  
 depth of shade,  
 Where voice ne'er echoed, footstep never  
 strayed ;  
 He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,  
 Haunts of mankind, 'midst realms of soli-  
 tude ;  
 And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone,  
 The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant  
 moan ;  
 All else is hushed ! so silent, so profound,  
 As if some viewless power, presiding round,  
 With mystic spell unbroken by a breath :  
 Had spread for ages the repose of death ;  
 Ah ! still the wanderer, by the boundless  
 deep, [weep ;  
 Lives but to watch,—and watches but to  
 He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,  
 His the dread loneliness of sea and skies ;  
 Far from his cherished friends, his native  
 shore,  
 Banished from being—to return no more !  
 There must he die !—within that circling  
 wave,  
 That lonely isle—his prison and his grave.

Lo ! through the waste, the wilderness of  
 snows,  
 With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes ;  
 Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,  
 Where beam, or flower, or verdure never  
 smiled, [reign,  
 Where frost and silence hold their despot-  
 And bind existence in eternal chain ;  
 Child of the desert ! pilgrim of the gloom,  
 Dark is the path which leads thee to the  
 tomb ;  
 While on thy faded cheek, the arctic air  
 Congeals the bitter tear-drop of despair ;  
 Yet not, that fate condemns thy closing day  
 In that stern clime, to shed its parting ray  
 Not that fair Nature's loveliness and light,  
 No more shall beam enchantment on thy  
 sight ;  
 Ah ! not for *this*, far, far beyond relief,  
 Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless  
 grief ;  
 But that no friend of kindred heart is there,  
 Thy woes to meliorate, thy toils to share ;  
 That no mild soother fondly shall assuage ;  
 The stormy trials of thy lingering age ;  
 No smile of tenderness, with angel power,  
 Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour .



For this alone, despair, a withering guest,  
Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast.

Yes, there, e'en there, in that tremendous  
clime, [sublime ;  
Where desert grandeur frowns, in pomp  
Where winter triumphs, through the polar  
night,  
In all his wild magnificence of might ;  
E'en *there*, Affection's hallowed spell might  
pour, [shore ;  
The light of heaven around the inclement  
And, like the vales with bloom and sun-  
shine graced,  
That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,  
Teach the pure heart, with vital fires to  
glow,  
E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow ;  
The Halcyon's charm, thus dreaming  
fictions feign, [main ;  
With mystic power could tranquillize the  
Bid the loud wind, the mountain-billow  
sleep, [deep.  
And peace and silence brood upon the

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice com-  
pose  
The stormy tide of passions and of woes ;  
Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,  
And lull misfortune in the arms of peace,

Oh ! mark yon drooping form, of aged  
mien, [serene ;  
Wan, yet resigned, and hopeless yet  
Long ere victorious time had sought to  
chase [his face ;  
The bloom, the smile, that once illumed  
That faded eye was dimmed with many a  
care, [despair ;  
Those waving locks were silvered by  
Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,  
Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm.  
He, a sad emigrant ! condemned to roam  
In life's pale autumn from his ruined home :  
Has borne the shock of peril's darkest wave,  
Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found  
a grave !

'Twas his to see destruction's fiercest band,  
Rush, like a TYPHON, on his native land,  
And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way,  
In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay ;  
Unequal combat raged on many a plain,  
And patriot valour waved the sword—in  
vain.

Ah ! gallant exile ! nobly, long he bled  
Long braved the tempest gathering o'er his  
head  
Till all was lost, and horror's darkening eye,  
Roused the stern spirit of despair—to die !

Ah ! gallant exile ! in the storm that  
rolled  
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontrolled ;  
The flowers that graced his path with love-  
liest bloom, [tomb !  
Torn by the blast—were scattered on the  
When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,  
The bosom ties that bound his soul to life ;  
Yet one was spared ! and she, whose filial  
smile, [beguile,  
Can soothe his wanderings and his tears  
E'en *then*, could temper, with divine relief,  
The wild delirium of unbounded grief ;  
And whispering peace conceal, with dute-  
ous art,  
Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart ;  
And now, though time, subduing every  
trace,  
Has *mellowed* all, he *never* can *erase* ;  
Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,  
Still sadly faithful to remembered woe !  
Then she, who feels a father's pang alone  
(Still fondly struggling to suppress her own)  
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,  
To chase the image that awakes the sigh ;  
Her angel voice his fainting soul can raise  
To brighter visions of celestial days !  
And speak of realms where virtue's wing  
shall soar  
On eagle plume—to wonder and adore.  
And friends, divided here, shall meet at last,  
Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all  
the past.

Yes, we may hope that nature's deathless  
ties, [skies !  
Renewed, refined—shall triumph in the  
Heart-soothing thought ! whose loved con-  
soling power,  
With seraph-dreams can gild reflection's  
hour ;  
Oh ! still be near, and brightening through  
the gloom,  
Beam and ascend, the day-star of the tomb !  
And smile for those, in sternest ordeals  
proved,  
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved !

Lo ! by the couch, where pain and chill  
disease,  
In every vein the ebbing life-blood freeze ;  
Where youth is taught, by stealing slow  
decay,  
Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day ;  
Where beauty's rose is withering are its  
prime,  
Unchanged by sorrow—and unsoiled by  
time ;



There, bending still, with fixed and sleep-  
less eye,  
There, from her child, the mother learns—  
to die; [trace  
Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful  
Of lingering sickness in the faded face;  
Through the sad night when every hope is  
fled,  
Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed;  
And starts each morn as deeper marks de-  
clare [there.  
The spoiler's hand—the blight of death is  
He comes! now feebly in th' exhausted  
frame, [flame;  
Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital  
From the glazed eyeball sheds its parting  
ray, [away!  
Dim, transient spark, that fluttering fades  
Faint beats the hovering pulse, the trem-  
bling heart,  
Yet fond existence lingers—ere she part!

'Tis past! the struggle and the pang are  
o'er,  
And life shall throb with agony no more!  
While o'er the wasted form, the features  
pale, [veil!  
Death's awful shadows throw their silvery  
Departed spirit! on this earthly sphere,  
Though poignant suffering marked thy  
short career,  
Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,  
And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose

But who may charm *her* sleepless pang  
to rest, [breast?  
Or draw the thorn that rankles in *her*  
And while she bends in silence o'er thy  
bier,  
Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear?  
Visions of hope! in loveliest hues arrayed,  
Fair scenes of bliss! by Fancy's hand por-  
trayed, [smile,  
And were ye doomed, with false, illusive  
With flattering promise, to enchant awhile?  
And are ye vanished, never to return,  
Set in the darkness of the mouldering urn?  
Will no bright hour departed joys restore?  
Shall the sad parent meet her child no  
more;  
Behold no more the soul-illuminated face,  
Th' expressive smile, the animated grace?  
Must the fair blossom, withered in the  
tomb,  
Revive no more in loveliness and bloom?  
Descend, blest Faith! dispel the hopeless  
care, [spair;  
And chase the gathering phantoms of de-

Tell that the flower transplanted in its  
morn,  
Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn—  
Expands to milder suns, and softer dews,  
The full perfection of immortal hues!  
Tell that when mounting to her native  
skies,  
By death released, the parent-spirit flies;  
There shall the child, in anguish mourned  
so long [throng;  
With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub  
And guide her pinion, on exulting flight,  
Through glory's boundless realms, and  
worlds of living light!

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends!  
If e'er on earth your buoyant wing de-  
scends;  
If with benignant care, ye linger near,  
To guard the objects in existence dear;  
If hovering o'er, ethereal band! ye view  
The tender sorrows, to *your* memory true,  
Oh! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,  
While for your loss Affection wakes to weep;  
While every sound in hallowed stillness  
lies,  
But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs;  
Oh! then, amidst that holy calm, be near,  
Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear!  
With secret spells her wounded mind com-  
pose; [flows;  
And chase the faithful tear—for you that  
Be near! when moonlight spreads the  
charm you loved, [step roved  
O'er scenes where once your *earthly* foot-  
Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling  
dew, [deared by you,  
Through glens, and wood-paths, once en-  
And fondly lingers, in your favourite  
bowers,  
And pauses oft, recalling former hours;  
Then wave your pinion o'er each well-  
known vale,  
Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon the gale!  
Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,  
Borne by the summer-wind, from grot and  
dell;  
And touch your viewless harps, and soothe  
her soul,  
With soft enchantments and divine control!  
Be near! sweet guardians! watch her  
sacred rest,  
When slumber folds her in his magic vest  
Around her, smiling, let your forms arise,  
Returned in dreams, to bless her mental  
eyes;  
Efface the memory of your last farewell,  
Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects, tell;

The sweet communion of the past, renew,  
Reviving former scenes, arrayed in softer  
hue.

Be near, when death, in virtue's brightest  
hour, [power;  
Calls up each pang, and summons all his  
Oh! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest  
dream,  
Then let your forms, unveiled, around her  
beam;  
Then waft the visions of unclouded light,  
A burst of glory, on her closing sight!  
Wake from the harp of heaven the immor-  
tal strain,  
To hush the final agonies of pain;  
With rapture's flame, the parting soul  
illuminate,  
And smile triumphant through the shadowy  
gloom.

Oh! still be near, when darting into day,  
Th' exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay,

Be yours to guide her fluttering wing on  
high,

O'er many a world, ascending to the sky;  
There let your presence, once her earthly  
joy, [with alloy;

Though dimmed with tears, and clouded  
Now form her bliss on that celestial shore,  
Where death shall sever kindred hearts no  
more.

Yes! in the noon of that Elysian clime,  
Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or  
time; [fire.

Where mind's bright eye, with renovated  
Shall beam on glories—never to expire;

Oh! there, th' illumined soul may fondly  
trust, [dust;

More pure, more perfect, rising from the  
Those mild affections whose consoling light  
Sheds the soft moonbeam on terrestrial  
night;

Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow,  
Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe.

## WAR AND PEACE. 1803.

THOU, bright Futurity, whose prospect  
beams, [dreams;  
In dawning radiance on our daylight  
Whose lambent meteors and ethereal forms,  
Gild the dark clouds, and glitter through  
the storms;

On thy broad canvas fancy loves to trace  
Her brilliant Iris, drest in vivid grace;  
Paints fair creations in celestial dyes,  
Tints of the morn and blushes of the skies;  
And bids her scenes perfection's robe  
assume, [bloom.

The mingling flush of light, and life, and  
Thou bright Futurity, whose morning-star  
Still beams unveiled, unclouded from afar;  
Whose lovely vista smiling Hope surveys,  
Through the dim twilight of the silvery haze;  
Oh! let the muse expand her wing on high,  
Thy shadowy realms, thy worlds unknown  
descrie!

Let her clear eyebeam, flashing lucid light,  
Chase from thy forms th' involving shades  
of night, [tide rays,

Pierce the dark clouds that veil thy noon-  
And soar, exulting, in meridian blaze  
In bliss, in grief, thy radiant scenes bestow,  
The zest of rapture, or the balm of woe;  
For, as the sunflower to her idol turns,  
Glows in his noon, and kindles as he burns;

Expands her bosom to th' exalting fire,  
Lives but to gaze, and gazes to admire;  
E'en so to thee, the mind incessant flies,  
From thy pure source the fount of joy  
supplies, [throws

And steals from thee the sunny light that  
A brighter blush on pleasure's living rose!  
To thee pale sorrow turns her eye of tears,  
Lifts the dim curtain of unmeasured years;  
And hails thy promised land, th' Elysian  
shore.

Where weeping virtue shall bewail no more!  
[assail,

Now, while the sounds of martial wrath  
While the red banner floats upon the  
gale; [bands,

While dark destruction, with his legion-  
Waves the bright sabre o'er devoted  
lands; [the air,

While War's dread comet flashes through  
And fainting nations tremble at the glare;  
To thee Futurity, from scenes like these,  
Pale fancy turns, for heaven-imparted  
ease;

Turns to behold, in thy unclouded skies  
The orb of peace in bright perspective  
rise;

And pour around, with joy-diffusing ray,  
Life light, and glory, in a flood of day.

Thou, whose loved presence and benignant  
smile [isle ;

Has beamed effulgence on this favoured  
Thou ! the fair seraph, in immortal state,  
Throned on the rainbow, heaven's em-  
blazoned gate ; [breeze

Thou, whose mild whispers in the summer  
Control the storm, and undulate the seas,  
Spirit of mercy ! oh, return, to bring  
Palm in thy wreath, and "healing on thy  
wring !"

Compose each passion to th' eternal will,  
Say to the hurricane of war,—"Be still,"  
"Vengeance, expire ; thy reign, ambition,  
cease ; [peace."

Beam, light of heaven, triumphant star of

Is this the muse's wild, illusive dream,  
An airy picture, an ideal theme ?

Shall death *still* ride victorious o'er the  
slain, [plain ?

And his "pale charger" desolate the  
Ne'er shall revenge her vulture-pinion  
fold, [withhold ?

Close her dark eye, her lightning-arm

Still must oppression cause th' eternal strife,  
And breathe dire mildew o'er the blooms of  
life ?

Must war still ravage with his car of fire,  
And victim myriads in the blaze expire ?

Supernal Power ! on suffering earth look  
down,

Tyrannic might shall perish in thy frown,  
Oh ! deign to speed that blest, appointed  
time, [every clime !

When peace and faith shall smile on  
But first in clouds, the dark, eventful day,  
Oh, wrath, avenging wrath ! must roll  
away ! [must wave,

Thy sword, oh, Justice ! o'er the world  
Ere Mercy dawn, to triumph and to save.

Shades of the prophet-bards ! majestic train,  
Who seized the harp from Inspiration's fane,  
And, fired and guided by divine control,  
Woke every chord to rapture and to soul !  
Shades of the prophet-bards ! in days of old,  
Whose gifted hands the leaf of fate unrolled ;  
Whose prescient eyes undimmed by age or  
tears,

Explored the avenue of distant years ;  
Did those blest eyes th' enchanted scene  
survey

Of smiling concord's universal sway ?  
And did your hearts with joy exulting burn,  
To see her Paradise on earth return ?

Yes ! hallowed seers ! to you the bliss was  
given, [heaven !

To read unveiled, the dread decrees of  
You saw th' oppressor's might in judgment  
hurled,

A storm of vengeance on the guilty world !  
Beheld his throne reversed, his empire past,  
And peace and joy descend, serene, at last.

So when impetuous winds forget to rave,  
And sunset radiance trembles o'er the  
wave : [deep,

Sweet Eve advancing o'er the summer-  
Charms every billow, every breeze to sleep.

Dawn, age of bliss ! but ere thy morn shall  
rise,

And waft a chain of cherubs from the skies ;  
The foes of man, who mark their deathful  
way, [dismay :

With tears of blood, and earthquakes of  
These, these must fall, a desolating band,  
Fall by the darts, in Retribution's hand ;  
And tyrants vanquished, humbled in the  
dust, [just !

Kneel at her shrine, and own the sentence  
Then wave, oh, Albion ! wave thy sword  
again,

Call thy brave champions to the battle plain !  
Rise, might of nations ! ardent to oppose  
The rushing torrent of unpying foes !  
Soon shall they own that freedom's cause  
inspires,

Undaunted spirit and resistless fires !  
Rise ! all combined, "in arms, in heart,  
the same,"

The arms of honour and the heart of flame,  
Nor check th' avenging sword, the patriot-  
spear,

Till stern Ambition falls, in mid career !  
Then let the falchion sleep, the combat  
cease,

The sun of conquest light the path of peace,  
Let the green laurel with the palm entwine,  
And rear on trophies bright, her firm, eter-  
nal shrine.

Dawn, age of bliss ! the wounds of discord  
close,

Furl the red standard, bid the sword repose,  
Then o'er the globe let worshipped freedom  
smile,

Bright as in Albion's truth-illuminated isle !  
Her Grecian temple rear on every shore,  
Where every knee shall bend and heart  
adore !

Queen of the valiant arm, the warrior-breast,  
Light of the ocean ! day-star of the west :



Oh! Albion, Liberty's immortal fane,  
Empress of isles! palladium of the main!  
Though thy loud thunders through the  
world resound, [round,  
Though thy red lightnings flash victorious  
Though nations own, in many a distant  
clime,

Thy arm triumphant, as thy name sublime;  
Rock of the waves! though proud, from  
zone to zone

Extend the pillars of thy naval throne;  
Around thy coast though wild destruction  
roars, [shores;

Yet calm and fertile smile thy favoured  
In emerald verdure blooms thy sunny plain,  
And the dark war-blast rolls without—in  
vain! [eye,

Though flames of valour, kindling in thine  
Brave every storm, and every foe defy;  
Yet soft beneath, its milder beam, serene,  
Luxuriance blossoms o'er the glowing scene;

Fair laugh thy vales, no deathful sounds  
assail, [gale;  
Mirth warbles free, and music swells the  
While firm in might, thy victor-arm extends,  
Death to thy foes, and succour to thy  
friends!

Thus potent Prospero's creative spell  
Bade the wild surge in mountain fury swell;  
Called up the spirits of the raging deep,  
Aroused the whirlwind, o'er the waves to  
sweep;

But on th' enchanted isle, his fair domain,  
Raised the bright vision of the sylphid train;  
And bade soft notes, and fairy-warbled airs,  
Melt o'er the sense, and lull corroding cares.

Yet, Queen of Isles, though peace, with  
angel-form,  
Smile on thy cliffs, regardless of the storm;  
Favoured of heaven! e'en thou, though  
distant far,

Hast wept the horrors of relentless war:  
E'en thou hast mourned o'er many a hero's  
bier, [tear,  
Graced with thy laurels, hallowed with thy  
For those whose arms, whose blood pre-  
served thee free [thee?)

(Who would not bleed, O peerless isle! for  
For those who, falling on their subject wave,  
Made the dark billow glory's proudest grave;  
How oft has anguish taught thy tears to flow,  
Thy sighs, despondence—and thine accents,  
woe!

Yes, thou hast mourned the brave, illustrious  
dead,  
Martyrs for thee, by faith and valour led;

When he, the warrior of the patriot glow,  
Whose ebbing life-blood stained Canadian  
snow;  
When thy own Wolfe, by all thy spirit fired,  
Triumphant fought, exulted, and expired;  
Gave to thy fame the last, the lingering  
breath,  
The joy in agony, the smile in death,  
How swelled thy heart, with blended feel-  
ing's tide, [pride,  
How sorrow paled the kindling cheek of  
And the bright garland purchased by his  
doom, [bloom!  
Seemed half-despoiled, and withering in its

Yes, when thy Nelson, matchless in the  
fight,  
Bade nations own thee of resistless might;  
And pouring on their heads destruction's  
flame,  
Closed in its dreadful blaze a life of fame;  
When the red star of conquest and of power  
Beamed in full zenith on his parting hour;  
Dispersed the shadows of surrounding  
gloom,  
And shed meridian lustre—on his tomb;  
Then the sad tears which mourned thy  
gallant son, [won;  
Dimmed the fair trophies by his prowess  
Then patriot-sighs and consecrated grief,  
Embalm'd the memory of the undaunted  
chief:  
Pale, weeping victory tore her laurel crown,  
And tuned to sorrow's dirge the clarion of  
renown.

And thou, firm leader of the intrepid host,  
Which braved each peril on Iberia's coast,  
Thy name, oh, Moore, through long, suc-  
ceeding years,  
Shall claim the tribute of thy country's tears;  
Oh, firm in faith, in countless dangers  
proved,  
In spirit lofty, and by death unmoved!  
Thine was the towering soul, disdain'g  
tear,  
And fatal valour closed thy bright career.  
Illustrious Leader! in that hour of fate,  
When hope and terror near the sufferer wait;  
When the pale cheek and fading eye  
proclaim [frame;  
The last long struggle of the trembling  
When the fierce death-pang vibrates every  
sense,  
And fainting nature shudders in suspense;  
E'en then thy bosom felt the patriot-flame,  
Still beat the quivering pulse at Albion's  
name,



In *that* dread hour thy thoughts to Albion  
flew,  
Thy parting thrill of life, thy latest throb  
was true !

Illustrious Leader ! on that awful day,  
When war and horror frowned in dark array ;  
When vengeance waved her fire-flag o'er  
the slain,

And carnage hovered o'er Corunna's plain ;  
Faint with fatigue and streaming with their  
blood,

How nobly firm thy hand of heroes stood.  
'Twas theirs unmoved, unconquered, to  
oppose

Pain, famine, danger, and unnumbered  
Nor toil, nor want, nor sickness then sub-  
dued,

The "Lion-heart" of British fortitude ;  
E'en *then* those humbled foes their might  
deplored,

And owned that conquest waved Bri-  
E'en then they fought, intrepid, undismayed,  
Death in their charge and lightning on  
their blade !

Yes, warrior band, by noblest ardour led,  
True to the last, ye triumphed while ye  
bled ;

Serene in pain, exulting 'midst alarms,  
Bold, firm, invincible, your matchless arms ;  
Then Freedom reared her victor-flag on  
high,

Glowed in each heart and flashed from  
England ! thy glory every bosom swelled,  
England ! thy spirit every arm impelled ;

MOORE, thy bright sun in fame, in victory  
set,

Though dimmed with tears, though clouded  
Yet shall thy trophies rear, to distant  
time,

High on thy native shore a cenotaph  
But, ah ! bold Victory ! can thy festal train,  
Thy purple streamers, or thy choral strain ;  
Can thy proud spear, in wreaths immortal  
drest,

Thy radiant panoply, thy wavy crest ;  
Can these one grief, one bosom pang  
beguile,

Or teach despair one heart reviving smile ?  
Tint the pale cheek with pleasure's man-  
tling hue,

Light the dim eye with joy and lustre new ?  
Or check one sigh, one sad, yet fruitless  
tear,

Fond love devotes to martyred valour's  
Lo ! where, with pallid look and suppliant  
hands,

Near the cold gra th' unproving mother

Fixed is her eye, her anguish cannot weep,  
There all her hopes with youthful virtue  
sleep !

There sleeps the son, whose opening years  
Each flattering promise, doomed so soon to  
fade.

Too brave, too ardent, on the field he fell,  
Fame hovered near, and Conquest rung  
his knell.

But could their pomp console her wounded  
Dispel one sigh, or lull one care to rest ?

Ah, suffering Parent, fated still to mourn,  
Ah, wounded heart,—*he never shall return.*

He fell ! that eye of soft and varying ray,  
Where warm expression kindled into day,  
Where ardour sparkled, where affection  
beamed,

And youth and hope in living lustre  
That voice beloved, whose bliss-imparting  
tone,

Bade her fond heart its thrilling magic  
That mantling cheek, where animation  
glowed,

Spread the rich bloom, the vivid flush  
That brilliant eye is closed in shades of  
night,

That voice is hushed, that cheek no longer  
'Twas hers when hope *one* meteor-beam  
had given,

(Fair form of light ! sweet fugitive of  
To see dark clouds obscure the rainbow-  
dream,

Watch its pale sunset, and its closing  
To see the last, the lingering bliss depart,  
The lonely Day-star of her widowed heart !

He fell !—her woe, her soul-consuming  
grief

Mourns in no language, seeks for no relief ;  
Forbids the mind in sympathy to glow,

The voice to murmur, and the tear to flow ;  
But deep within, enshrined in *silent* sway,  
Dwells on each nerve—and withers life  
away.

Or see yon Orphan maid, in beauty's bloom,  
Fair lovely mourner o'er a Father's tomb ;  
For him, far distant on the battle plain,  
She prayed, and wished, and wept—alas !—

in vain ;

No tender friend received his parting  
No filial sweetness cheered the hour of  
death—

For, ah ! when nature most demands to  
The smile of tenderness, the hand of care,  
E'en then, deserted on the field, he bled ;

Unknown, unmarked, his gallant spirit  
bled ;

Lo! where she weeps forlorn, in anguish  
lost,  
A frail mimosa, blighted by the frost ;  
Who now shall guard the blossom of her  
youth,  
The gem of innocence, the flower of truth ?  
Sweet hapless maid, thy only friend is  
gone,  
Hope lingering smiles, and points to  
heaven alone.

Ah, who can tell the thousands doomed to  
moan, [known ?  
Condemned by war, to hopeless grief un-  
Thou, laureate Victor ! when thy blazoned  
shield, [field ;  
Wears the proud emblems of the conquered  
When trophies glitter on thy radiant car,  
And thronging myriads hail thee from afar :  
When praise attunes her spirit-breathing  
lyre, [fire ;  
Swells every tone, wakes every chord of  
Then could thine eyes each drooping  
mourner see, [thee ;  
Behold each hopeless anguish, caused by  
Hear, for each measure of the votive strain,  
The rending sigh that murmurs o'er the  
slain ; [wave,  
See, for each banner fame and victory  
Some sufferer bending o'er a soldier's grave ;  
How would that scene, with grief and  
horror fraught, [ing thought !  
Chill the warm glow, and check th' exult-  
E'en in *that* hour, that gay, triumphal  
hour, [power ;  
'Midst the bright pageants of applause and  
When at thy name th' adoring pæans rise,  
And waft thy deeds in incense to the skies ;  
Fame in thine eyes would veil her towering  
plume,  
And Victory's laurels lose their fairest bloom.

Power of the ruthless arm, the deathful  
spear,  
Unmoved, unpitying, in thy dread career ;  
Whom no sad cries, no mournful scenes  
impede,  
Melt thy proud heart, and curb thy light-  
ning speed ;  
Around whose throne malignant spirits  
wait,  
Whose path is ruin, and whose arm is fate !  
Stern, dark Ambition ! Typhon of the  
world ! [hurled !  
Thine are the darts, o'er man in vengeance  
'Tis thine, where nature smiles with young  
delight, [blight ;  
With fiery wing, to spread Oppression's

To blast the realms with rich profusion  
crowned,  
Like the dire Upas, tainting all around !  
Thus o'er the southern climes, luxuriant  
lands, [expands ;  
Where spreads the olive, where the vine  
The dread volcano bids the torrent sweep,  
Rolls the fierce lava burning down the  
steep ;  
Life, beauty, verdure, fated to destroy,  
Blast every bloom, and wither every joy !  
Sweet orange groves, with fruit and bro-  
soms fair, [air ;  
Which breathed the soul of fragrance on the  
Vineyards that blushed, with mantling clus-  
ters graced  
Gay domes, erected by the hand of taste ;  
These mingled all in one resistless fire,  
Flame to the skies, fair Nature's funeral pyre.

Ambition ! vainly wouldst thou gild thy  
name,  
With spacious rays of conquest and of fame ;  
Truth waves her wand ! from her all-piercing  
eye,  
From her Ithuriel-spear, thy glories fly !  
In vain to thee may suppliant mercy kneel,  
Plead with soft voice, and deprecate the  
steel !  
Look up, with seraph-eye, in tears benign,  
Smile through each tear, with eloquence  
divine ;  
In vain implore thee to relent and spare,  
With cherub-mien and soul-dissolving  
prayer :  
Lost are those accents of melodious charms,  
'Midst the loud clangour of surrounding  
arms ;  
Thy heart of adamant repels the strain,  
Mercy ! thy prayer, thy tear, thy hope, is  
vain.

But can *remorse*, despotic power ! prevail,  
And wound thy bosom through the "twisted  
mail ?" [science felt,  
Say, can *his* frown, by shuddering con-  
Pierce the dark soul which mercy cannot  
melt ? [way,  
No, tyrant ! no, when conquest points thy  
And lights thy track—the blood-path of  
dismay ;  
E'en then *his* darts, though barbed with  
fiery pain, [disdain.  
Fall from thy woundless heart, averted by

Power of the ruthless arm, we see thy form,  
Tower midst the darkness of the gathering  
storm ;

We see thy sabre with portentous blaze,  
Flash o'er the nations, trembling as they  
gaze ;  
And lo ! we hear thine awful voice resound,  
While fear and wonder faint, through em-  
pires round ! [power !  
" Realms of the globe, submit ! adore my  
Mine the red falchion, practised to devour !  
Mine, dark destruction's torch of lurid light,  
Mine, her keen scimitar's resistless might !  
Chiefs ! patriots ! heroes ! kneeling at my  
shrine, [resign !  
Your arms, your laurels, and your fame,  
Bend, ye proud isles ! my dread behest  
obey ! [sway !  
Yield, prostrate nations ! and confess my  
Lo ! the bright ensigns of supreme command,  
Flame on my brow, and glitter in my hand !  
Lo ! at my throne what vanquished myriads  
wait,  
My look, decision ! and my sceptre, fate !  
Ye lands, ye monarchs ! bow the vassal-  
knee !  
World, thou art mine ! and I alone am free ;  
For who shall dare, with dauntless heart  
advance, [lance !"  
Rouse my dread arm, and brave my potent  
Relentless power ! thy deeds from age to  
age,  
Stain the fair annals of th' impartial page !  
O'er the mild beam of order, silvery bright,  
Long have thy votaries poured the clouds  
of night, [plenty smiled,  
And changed the loveliest realms, where  
To the lone desert and abandoned wild !  
Ye western regions of a brighter zone,  
Ye lands that bowed at Montezuma's throne,  
Where vivid nature wears the richest dyes,  
Matured to glory by exulting skies ;  
Scenes of luxuriance ! o'er your blooming  
pride,  
How ruin swept the desolating tide !  
When the fierce Cortes poured his faithless  
train,  
O'er the gay treasures of your fervid reign ;  
Taught the pure streams with crimson  
stains to flow,  
Made the rich vales a wilderness of woe !  
And swelled each breeze of soft ambrosial  
air,  
With cries of death and murmurs of despair.  
Peruvian realms ! where wealth resplendent  
shines, [mines ;  
Throned in full glory, 'midst your diamond  
Where vegetation spreads her brightest  
hues, [dews ;  
Nursed by soft airs, and balm-descending

Where all his beams, the worshipped sun  
bestows,  
And Flora's empire to perfection glows ;  
O'er *your* gay plains, Ambition spreads  
alarms, [arms,  
When stern Pizarro rushed with conquering  
Despoiled your wealth, and ravaged all your  
charms !  
Ferocious leader ! his aspiring soul,  
Nor fear could tame, nor social ties control !  
Ardent and firm, in countless dangers bold,  
Dark—savage—fierce—to faith, to mercy—  
cold.  
Then was the sword to dire oppression  
given, [heaven !  
Her vulture-wing obscured the light of  
Through many a plantain shade, and cedar  
grove, [love ;  
Where the blest Indian carolled joy and  
The war-note swelled upon the zephyr's  
calm, [of palm !  
The wood-nymph, Peace, forsook her bowers  
And Freedom fled, to Andes' heights un-  
known,  
Majestic Solitude's primeval throne !  
Where Echo sleeps, in loneliness profound,  
Hears not a step, nor quivers at a sound !  
Yet there the genius of eternal snows,  
Marked far beneath a scene of death dis-  
close !  
Saw the red combat raging on the plain,  
Heard the deep dirge that murmured o'er  
the slain !  
While stern Ambition waked th' exulting  
cry,  
And waved his blazing torch, and meteor-  
flag, on high.  
Yet, ah ! not *there*, vindictive power ! *alone*,  
Has lawless carnage reared thy towering  
throne ; [age,  
For *Europe's* polished realms, through every  
Have mourned thy triumphs and bewailed  
thy rage ! [land,  
Though soft refinement there, o'er every  
Spread the mild empire of her silver wand ;  
Erect supreme, her light Corinthian fane,  
Tune the sweet lyre, and modulate the  
strain ; [soar,  
Though Genius there, on Rapture's pinions  
And worlds of ether and of fire explore ;  
There, though Religion smile with seraph  
eye, [sky,  
And shed her gifts, like manna from the  
White Faith and Hope, exulting in her  
sight,  
Pour the full noon of glory's living light ;



There still Ambition bids his victims bleed,  
Still rolls his whirlwind, with destructive  
speed!

Still in his flame, devoted realms consume,  
Fled is their smile and withered is their  
bloom!

With every charm has Nature's lavish hand  
Adorned, sweet Italy! thy favoured land!  
There Summer laughs, with glowing aspect  
fair, [hair;"]

Unfolds her tints, and "waves her golden  
Bids her light sylphs delicious airs convey,  
On their soft pinions, waving as they play;  
O'er clustered grapes the lucid mantle  
throw, [glow!

And spread gay life in one empurpling  
Paint all the rainbow on perennial flowers,  
And shed exuberance o'er thy myrtle  
bowers!

Verdure in every shade thy woods display,  
Where soft gradations melt in light away!  
And vernal sweets, in rich profusion blow,  
E'en 'midst the reign of solitude and snow;  
Yet what avail the bright ambrosial stores,  
Which gay redundancy o'er thy region  
pours?

Devoted land! from long-departed time,  
The chosen theatre of war and crime;  
What though for thee transcendent suns  
arise,

The myrtle blossoms, and the zephyr sighs;  
What though for thee again Arcadia  
blooms, [illumes;  
And cloudless radiance all thy realm  
There still has Rapine seized her yielding  
prey, [bounded sway;

There still Oppressor spreads th' un-  
There oft has War each blooming charm  
effaced,

And left the glowing vale a bleak, deserted  
waste.

Is there a land, where halcyon peace has  
reigned,

From age to age, in glory unprofaned?  
Has dwelt serenely in perpetual rest,  
"Heaven in her eye," and mercy in her  
breast,

Ah, no! from clime to clime, with ruthless  
train,

Has War still ravaged o'er the blasted plain!  
His lofty banner to the winds unfurled,  
And swept the storm of vengeance o'er the  
world.

Yet, oh! stern god! if *ever* conscious  
right,

If *ever* justice armed thee for the fight;

If e'er fair truth approved thy dread career,  
Smiled on thy track and curbed thy dread-  
ful spear;

Now may the generous heart exulting see,  
Those righteous powers in amity with thee.  
For never, *never*, in a holier cause,  
Nor sanctioned e'er by purer, nobler laws;  
Has Albion seized the sabre and the shield,  
Or rushed impetuous to the ensanguined  
field.

Oh! when that cause triumphant shall  
prevail,

And Freedom's foes her ark no more assail;  
Then might thy smile, sweet Peace! thy  
angel-form [the storm

Beam through the clouds, and tranquillize  
Lo! to the Muse's bright prophetic eyes,  
What scenes unfold, what radiant visions  
rise;

See hand in hand, and wafted from above,  
Celestial Mercy, and angelic love!

Lo! from the regions of the morning-star,  
Descending seraphs bear their sun-bright  
car.

" High the peaceful streamers wave,  
'Lo!' they sing, 'we come to save';  
Come to smile on every shore,  
Truth and Eden to restore;  
Come, the balm of joy to bring,  
Borne on softest gales of spring;  
Rapture, swell the choral voice,  
Favoured earth, rejoice, rejoice.

" Now the work of death is o'er,  
Sleep, thou sword! to wake no more:  
Never more Ambition's hand  
Shall wave thee o'er a trembling land,  
Never more, in hopeless anguish,  
Caused by thee, shall virtue languish  
Rapture, swell the choral voice,  
Favoured earth, rejoice, rejoice.

" Cease to flow, thou purple flood,  
Cease to fall, ye tears of blood;  
Swell no more the clarion's breath,  
Wake no more the song of death;  
Rise, ye hymns of concord, rise,  
Incense, worthy of the skies;  
Wake the pæan, tune the voice,  
Favoured earth, rejoice, rejoice.

" Nature, smile! thy vivid grace,  
Now no more shall war deface;  
Airs of spring, oh! sweetly breathe,  
Summer! twine thy fairest wreath:



Not the *warrior's* bier to spread,  
 Not to crown the *victor's* head ;  
 But with flowers of every hue,  
 Love and mercy's path to strew ;  
 Swell to heaven the choral voice,  
 Favoured earth, rejoice, rejoice.

" Sleep, ambition ! rage, expire !  
 Vengeance ! fold thy wing of fire !  
 Close thy dark and lurid eye,  
 Bid thy torch, forsaken, die ;  
 Furl thy banner, waving proud,  
 Dreadful as the thundercloud ;  
 Shall destruction blast the plain ?  
 Shall the falchion rage again ?  
 Shall the sword thy bands dissever ?  
 Never, sweet Affection ! never !  
 As the halcyon o'er the ocean,  
 Lulls the billow's wild commotion,  
 So we bid dissension cease.  
 Bloom, O amaranth of peace !  
 Twine the spear with vernal roses.  
 Now the reign of discord closes ;  
 Goddess of th' unconquered isles,  
 Freedom ! triumph in our smiles.  
 Blooming youth, and wisdom hoary  
 Bards of fame, and sons of glory ;  
 Albion ! pillar of the main,  
 Monarchs, nations, join the strain ;  
 Swell to heaven th' exulting voice ;  
 Mortals, triumph ! earth rejoice."

Oh ! blissful song, and shall thy notes re-  
 sound,  
 While joy and wonder bend entranced  
 around ?  
 And shall thy music float on every breeze,  
 Melt on the shores and warble o'er the seas ?

Oh ! mercy, love, ambassadors of heaven,  
 And shall your sunshine to mankind be  
 given ?

Hope, is thy tale a visionary theme ?  
 Oh ! smile, supernal power, and realize the  
 dream !

And thou, the radiant messenger of truth,  
 Decked with perennial charms, unfading  
 youth ; [diffuse

Oh ! thou, whose pinions as they wave,  
 All Hybla's fragrance and all Hermon's  
 dew ; [serene,

Thou, in whose cause have martyrs died  
 In soul triumphant, and august in mien ;  
 Oh ! bright Religion, spread thy spotless  
 robe,

Salvation's mantle, o'er a guilty globe ;  
 Oh ! let thine ark, where'er the billows roll,  
 Borne on their bosom, float from pole to  
 pole !

Each distant isle and lonely coast explore,  
 And bear the olive-branch to every shore ;  
 Come, Seraph ! come : fair pity in thy train,  
 Shall sweetly breathe her soul-dissolving  
 strain, [beam,

While her blue eyes through tears benignly  
 Soft as the moonlight, quivering on the  
 stream ; [shall play,

Come, Seraph ! come, around thy form  
 Diffusive glories of celestial day ;

Oh ! let each clime thy noon of lustre share,  
 And rapture hail the perfect and the fair ;  
 Let peace on earth resound from heaven  
 once more, [pour ;

And angel-harps th' exulting anthems  
 While faith, and truth, and holy wisdom  
 bind,

One hallowed zone—to circle all mankind



## THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

“ Italia, Italia! O tu cui die la sorte  
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond’ hai  
 Funesta dote d’infiniti guai,  
 Che’n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;  
 Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.”—FILICAJA.

[“ The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its Masterpieces from their pedestals, and, dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory.”—EUSTACE’S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

LAND of departed fame! whose classic  
 plains  
 Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;  
 Whose hallowed soil hath given the great  
 and brave,  
 Day-stars of life, a birthplace and a grave;  
 Home of the Arts! where glory’s faded  
 smile [ing pile;  
 Sheds lingering light o’er many a moulder-  
 Proud wreck of vanished power, of splen-  
 dour fled,  
 Majestic temple of the mighty dead!  
 Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,  
 Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious  
 day;  
 Though dimmed thy brightness, riveted  
 thy chain,  
 Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again! [gaze  
 Lost, lovely Realm! once more ’tis thine to  
 On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,  
 Or sacred Tivoli’s romantic glades;  
 Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom  
 Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil’s tomb;  
 Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga’s lonely wave,  
 Swelled the deep echoes of the fountain’s  
 cave,  
 Or thrilled the soul in Tasso’s numbers high,  
 Those magic strains of love and chivalry;  
 If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,  
 Haunting the myrtle-vale, the laurel-grove;  
 Oh! rouse once more the daring soul of  
 song, [long,  
 Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so  
 And hail, with wonted pride, those works  
 revered, [deared.  
 Hallowed by time, by absence more en-

And breathe to those the strain, whose  
 warrior-might [fight;  
 Each danger stemmed, prevailed in every

Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,  
 Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured,  
 Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind  
 Could rouse the slumbering spirit of man-  
 kind; [Eagle’s flight  
 Whose banners tracked the vanquished  
 O’er many a plain, and dark Sierra’s height:  
 Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay,  
 Record the deeds of Roncesvalles’ day;  
 Who, through each mountain-pass of rock  
 and snow, [struck foe;  
 An Alpine Huntsman chased the fear-  
 Waved his proud standard to the balmy  
 gales, [vales,  
 Rich Languedoc! that fan thy glowing  
 And ’midst those scenes renewed th’  
 achievements high,  
 Bequeathed to fame by England’s ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seemed hushed, the  
 conflict past, [last!  
 One strife remained—the mightiest and the  
 Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour  
 Untamed Ambition summoned all his  
 power: [were there,  
 Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused,  
 And the stern might of resolute Despair.  
 Isle of the free! ’twas then thy champions  
 stood, [flood;  
 Breasting unmoved the combat’s wildest  
 Sunbeam of Battle! then thy spirit shone,  
 Glowed in each breast, and sunk with life  
 alone.

O hearts devoted! whose illustrious doom,  
 Gave there at once your triumph and your  
 tomb,  
 Ye, firm and faithful, in th’ ordeal tried  
 Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;  
 Shrined, not entombed, ye rest in sacred  
 earth, [worth.  
 Hallowed by deeds of more than mortal

What though to mark where sleeps heroic  
dust, [bust,  
No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing  
Yours, on the scene where valour's race was  
run,

A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won !  
There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,  
Shall live a watchword blended with your  
fame ;

And well may flowers suffice those graves  
to crown

That ask no urn to blazon their renown !  
There shall the Bard in future ages tread,  
And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er  
the dead ; [wave

Revere each tree, whose sheltering branches  
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the  
brave ;

Pause o'er each Warrior's grass-grown bed  
and hear

In every breeze, some name to glory dear.  
And as the shades of twilight close around,  
With martial pageants people all the ground.

Thither unborn descendants of the slain  
Shall throng, as pilgrims, to some holy fane,  
While, as they trace each spot, whose  
records tell, [and fell,

Where fought their fathers, and prevailed,  
Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings  
glow, [below !

Claiming proud kindred with the dust  
And many an age shall see the brave repair,  
To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia ! may that field of  
fame, [claim.

From thee one song of echoing triumph  
Land of the lyre ! 'twas there th' avenging  
sword [restored ;

Won the bright treasures to thy fanes  
Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that  
threw

A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,  
And bid the stranger for awhile forget  
How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious  
yet.

Yes ! fair creations, to perfection wrought,  
Embodied visions of ascending thought !  
Forms of sublimity ! by Genius traced,

In tints that vindicate adoring taste ;  
Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,  
Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne ;  
Models of art, to deathless fame consigned,  
Stamped with the high-born majesty of  
mind ; [restore

Yes, matchless works ! your presence shall  
One beam of splendour to your native shore,

And her sad scenes of lost renown illumine,  
As the bright Sunset gilds some Hero's  
tomb.

Oh ! ne'er, in other climes, though many  
an eye

Dwelt on your charms, in beaming ecstasy  
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand  
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly  
grand, [moan,

As in that realm, where each faint breeze's  
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone ;  
Where 'midst the ruined shrines of many a  
vale,

E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,  
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,  
But its proud name with song eternal  
blends !

Yes ! in those scenes where every ancient  
stream

Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme ;  
Where every marble deeds of fame records,  
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords ;  
And the deep tones of inspiration swell

From each wild Olive-wood and Alpine  
dell ; [plains,

Where heroes slumber, on their battle  
'Midst prostrate altars, and deserted fanes,  
And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,  
With shades of those who ne'er shall be  
forgot ; [imprest,

There was your home, and there your power  
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing  
breast ; [sighs,

And, as the wind's deep thrills, and mystic  
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,  
Thus at your influence, starting from  
repose, [rose.

Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur

Fair Florence ! Queen of Arno's lovely  
vale !

Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,  
And sternly smiled in retribution's hour,  
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's  
power.

Too long the spirits of thy noble dead  
Mourned o'er the domes they reared in  
ages fled. [graced,

Those classic scenes their pride so richly  
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,  
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,  
Revealed where conquest's lawless track  
had been ;

Reft of each form with brighter light  
imbued,

Lonely they frowned, a desert solitude.



Florence ! th' Oppressor's noon of pride is  
o'er,  
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more !

As one who, starting at the dawn of day  
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,  
With transport heightened by those ills of  
night,

Hails the rich glories of expanding light ;  
E'en thus, awakening from thy dream of  
woe,

While Heaven's own hues in radiance round  
thee glow,

With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace  
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace ;  
More bright, more prized, more precious,  
since deplored

As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,  
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed  
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy ! once more are thine,  
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless  
mine. [beam,

For thee bright Genius darts his living  
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of Glory  
stream,

And forms august as natives of the sky  
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,  
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,  
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with eagle  
glance, [trance ;  
Burst in full splendour from her deathlike  
Whose rallying call badeslumbering nations  
wake,

And daring Intellect his bondage break ;  
Beneath whose eye the Lords of song arose,  
And snatched the Tuscan lyre from long  
repose,

And bade its pealing energies resound,  
With power electric, through the realms  
around ;

Oh ! high in thought, magnificent in soul !  
Born to inspire, enlighten and control ;  
Cosmo, Lorenzo ! view your reign once  
more,

The shrine where nations mingle to adore !  
Again th' Enthusiast there, with ardent  
gaze,

Shall hail the mighty of departed days :  
Those sovereign spirits, whose commanding  
mind, [shrined ;

Seems in the marble's breathing mould en-  
Still, with ascendant power, the world to  
awe,

Still the deep homage of the heart to draw ;

To breathe some spell of holiness around,  
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,  
And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,  
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal  
Mind !

Love's radiant Goddess, Idol of mankind !  
Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,  
Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship  
now. [light,

Oh ! who can tell what beams of heavenly  
Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,  
How many a glimpse, revealed to him  
alone, [own ;

Made brighter beings, nobler worlds his  
Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,  
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness !

Young Genius there, while dwells his  
kindling eye

On forms, instinct with bright divinity,  
While new-born powers, dilating in his  
heart,

Embrace the full magnificence of Art ;  
From scenes, by Raphael's gifted hand  
arrayed, [trayed ;

From dreams of heaven by Angelo por-  
From each fair work of Grecian skill  
sublime, [time ;"

Sealed with perfection, "sanctified by  
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly  
feel

His spirit burn with emulative zeal :  
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall  
rise,

Imbued at once with nobler energies ;  
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar  
And worlds of visionary grace explore,

Till his bold hand give glory's day-dreams  
birth, [earth.

And with new wonders charm admiring  
Venice exult ! and o'er thy moonlight  
seas, [breeze !

Swell with gay strains each Adriatic  
What though long fled those years of mar-  
tial fame,

That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name :  
Though to the winds thy streamers idly  
play,

And the wild waves another Queen obey ;  
Though quenched the spirit of thine ancient  
race, [trace ;

And power and freedom scarce have left a  
Yet still shall Art her splendours round  
thee cast.

And gild the wreck of years for ever past.



Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,  
 Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy  
 skies, [bloom,  
 And scenes that glow in colouring's richest  
 With life's warm flush Palladian halls  
 illumine. [steed  
 From thy rich dome again th' unrivalled  
 Starts to existence, rushes into speed,  
 Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,  
 Panting with ardour, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to fancy's  
 thought,  
 Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,  
 No mortal birth ye seem—but formed to  
 bear [of air ;  
 Heaven's car of triumph through the realms  
 To range uncurbed the pathless fields of  
 space,  
 The winds your rivals in the glorious race ;  
 Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant  
 feet,  
 Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet ;  
 And waft through worlds unknown the  
 vital ray,  
 The flame that wakes creations into day.  
 Creatures of fire and ether! winged with  
 light,  
 To track the regions of the Infinite !  
 From purer elements whose light was drawn,  
 Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the  
 dawn,  
 What years on years, in silence gliding by,  
 Have spared those forms of perfect  
 symmetry !  
 Moulded by Art to dignify alone,  
 Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,  
 Since first her skill their fiery grace be-  
 stowed,  
 Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,  
 How many a race, whose tales of glory  
 seem  
 An echo's voice—the music of a dream,  
 Whose records feebly from oblivion save,  
 A few bright traces of the wise and brave :  
 How many a state, whose pillared strength  
 sublime,  
 Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,  
 Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,  
 Fortress of power—has flourished and is  
 gone ! [borne,  
 And they, from clime to clime by conquest  
 Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,  
 They, that of powers and kingdoms lost  
 and won,  
 Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,  
 Consummate still in every grace remain  
 As o'er *their* heads had ages rolled in vain!

Agnes, victorious in their ceaseless flight,  
 O'er countless monuments of earthly might!  
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost  
 domain,  
 Who bore those treasures to her ocean-reign,  
 'Midst the blue deep, who reared her  
 island-throne,  
 And called th' infinitude of waves her own ;  
 Venice the proud, the Regent of the sea,  
 Welcomes in chains the trophies of the  
 Free !

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume  
 unfurled  
 Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,  
 Eternal city ! round whose Curule throne  
 The Lords of nations knelt in ages flown ;  
 Thou, whose Augustan years have left to  
 time  
 Immortal records of their glorious prime ;  
 When deathless bards, thine olive shades  
 among,  
 Swelled the high raptures of heroic song ;  
 Fair, fallen Empress ! raise thy languid  
 head,  
 From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,  
 And once again with fond delight survey,  
 The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo ! where thy sons, oh Rome ! a god-  
 like train,  
 In imaged majesty return again !  
 Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with  
 mien august  
 O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.  
 Those forms, those features, luminous with  
 soul,  
 Still o'er thy children seem to claim control ;  
 With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,  
 Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,  
 And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,  
 From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty ! whose undying names  
 Rouse the young bosom still to noblest  
 aims ;  
 Oh ! with your images could fate restore,  
 Your own high spirit to your sons once  
 more ;  
 Patriots and Heroes ! could those flames  
 return, [ardours burn ;  
 That bade your hearts with freedom's  
 Then from the sacred ashes of the first,  
 Might a new Rome in phoenix-grandeur  
 burst ! [gloom.  
 With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's  
 With one loud call wake Empire from the  
 tomb .

Bind round her brows her own triumphal  
crown,

Lift her dread Ægis, with majestic frown,  
Unchain her Eagle's wing, and guide his  
flight

To bathe its plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream ! degraded Rome ! thy noon  
is o'er ;

Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.  
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,  
Who fixed on thee the world's adoring gaze ;  
Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was  
high, [beam, to die !  
More blest, ere darkness quenched its

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers  
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy  
towers, [way,  
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their  
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay !

Oh ! what can realms, in fame's full zenith,  
boast,

To match the relics of thy splendour lost !  
By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,  
Genius and Taste shall love to wander still,  
For there has Art survived an Empire's  
doom, [phied tomb :

And reared her throne o'er Latium's tro-  
She from the dust recalls the brave and free,  
Peopling each scene with beings worthy  
thee !

Oh ! ne'er again may War, with light-  
ning stroke, [oak !

Rend its last honours from the shattered  
Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,  
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing  
wrathful fire,

In all the grandeur of celestial ire,  
Once more thine own, th' immortal  
Archer's form [being warm !

Sheds radiance round, with more than  
Oh ! who could view, nor deem that perfect  
frame,

A living temple of ethereal flame ?

Lord of the day-star ! how may words  
portray

Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray ?  
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand  
could trace,

Of real dignity, and heavenly grace,  
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,  
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal  
sight ;

Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky  
To vest th' embodied form of Deity ;  
All, all in thee, ennobled and refined,  
Breathe and enchant, transcendently com-  
bined !

Son of Elysium ! years and ages gone,  
Have bowed, in speechless homage, at thy  
throne,

And days unborn, and nations yet to be,  
Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstasy, on thee !

And thou, triumphant wreck,\* e'en yet  
sublime,

Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and Time :  
Hail to that scene again, where Genius  
caught

From thee its fervours of diviner thought !  
Where He, th' inspired One, whose gigan-  
tic mind [assigned ;

Lived in some sphere, to him alone  
Who from the past, the future, and th'  
unseen, [mien :

Could call up forms of more than earthly  
Unrivalled Angelo on thee would gaze,  
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze !  
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might  
dare [despair ?

Thy sovereign greatness view without  
Emblem of Rome ! from power's meridian  
hurled,

Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous  
hands defaced

The work of wonder, idolized by taste ?  
Oh ! worthy still of some divine abode,

Mould of a Conqueror ! ruin of a God !  
Still, like some broken gem, whose quench-  
less beam [stream,

From each bright fragment pours its vital  
'Tis thine, by fate unconquered, to dispense  
From every part, some ray of excellence !

E'en yet, informed with essence from on  
high,

Thine is no trace of frail mortality !  
Within that frame a purer being glows,

Through viewless veins a brighter current  
flows ; [swells,

Filled with immortal life each muscle  
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work ! the noblest and the  
last, [past,

Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was

\* The Belvidere Torso, the favourite study of  
Michael Angelo, and of many other distin-  
guished artists

Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,  
 Her mantle flowed o'er many a classic hill,  
 Ere yet her voice its parting accents  
 breathed,  
 A Hero's image to the world bequeathed ;  
 Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray  
 Of high-souled Genius, fostered by her  
 sway,  
 And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,  
 What lofty dreams were hers—who never  
 shall return !

And mark yon group, transfixed with  
 many a throe,  
 Sealed with the image of eternal woe :  
 With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,  
 Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,  
 And the stern combat picture to mankind,  
 Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.  
 Oh, mighty conflict ! though his pains  
 intense, [every sense ;  
 Distend each nerve, and dart through  
 Though fixed on him, his children's sup-  
 pliant eyes  
 Implore the aid avenging fate denies ;  
 Though with the giant-snake in fruitless  
 strife,  
 Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,  
 And in each limb Existence writhes,  
 enrolled [fold ;  
 'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd  
 Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry  
 Shall own the might of Nature's agony !  
 That furrow'd brow unconquered soul  
 reveals,  
 That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,  
 That struggling bosom concentrates its  
 breath,  
 Nor yields one moan to torture or to death !

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art !  
 With speechless horror to congeal the heart,  
 To freeze each pulse, and dart through  
 every vein, [pain ;  
 Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of  
 Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power  
 May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured  
 gaze [plays :  
 On scenes where Painting all her skill dis-  
 Landscapes, by colouring drest in richer  
 dyes, [skies,  
 More mellowed sunshine, more unclouded  
 Or dreams of bliss to dying Martyrs given,  
 Descending Seraphs robed in beams of  
 heaven.

Oh ! sovereign Masters of the Pench's  
 might,  
 Its depth of shadow, and its blaze of light,  
 Ye, whose bold thought disdain'd every  
 bound,  
 Explored the worlds above, below, around,  
 Children of Italy ! who stand alone  
 And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all your  
 own ; [favoured sight,  
 What scenes, what beings blest your  
 Severely grand, unutterably bright !  
 Triumphant spirits ! your exulting eye  
 Could meet the noontide of eternity,  
 And gaze untired, undaunted, uncon-  
 trolled,  
 On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their  
 splendour shed  
 As burst on Prophet-bards in ages fled :  
 Forms that to trace, no hand but yours  
 might dare,  
 Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair ;  
 These o'er the walls your magic skill  
 arrayed, [ing shade,  
 Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melt-  
 Float in light grace, in awful greatness  
 tower, [power.  
 And breathe and move, the records of your  
 Inspired of heaven ! what heightened pomp  
 ye cast,  
 O'er all the deathless trophies of the past !  
 Round many a marble fane and classic  
 dome,  
 Asserting still the majesty of Rome ;  
 Round many a work that bids the world  
 believe, [achieve ;  
 What Grecian Art could image and  
 Again, creative minds, your visions throw,  
 Life's chastened warmth and Beauty's mel-  
 lowest glow.  
 And when the Morn's bright beams and  
 mantling dyes  
 Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,  
 Or evening suns illumine, with purple smile,  
 The Parian altar, and the pillared aisle,  
 Then, as the full, or softened radiance falls,  
 On Angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,  
 Well may those Temples, where your hand  
 has shed [dead,  
 Light o'er the tomb, existence round the  
 Seem like some world, so perfect and so  
 fair,  
 That nought of earth should find admit-  
 tance there,  
 Some sphere, where beings, to mankind  
 unknown,  
 Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone !



Hence, ye vain fictions ! fancy's erring  
 theme !  
 Gods of illusion ! phantoms of a dream !  
 Frail, powerless idols of 'leparted time,  
 Fables of song, delusive, though sublime !  
 To loftier tasks has Roman Art assigned  
 Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind !  
 From brighter streams her vast ideas  
 flowed,  
 With purer fire her ardent spirit glowed.  
 To her 'twas given in fancy to explore  
 The land of miracles, the holiest shore ;  
 That realm where first the light of life was  
 sent, [tent !  
 The loved, the punished, of th' Omnipo-  
 O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired  
 would stray, [way ;  
 Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely  
 By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,\*  
 Chained in dead silence, and unbroken  
 sleep ; [serts tell,  
 Scenes, whose cleft rocks and blasted de-  
 Where passed th' Eternal, where his anger  
 fell ! [vealed,  
 Where oft his voice the words of fate re-  
 Swelled in the whirlwind, in the thunder  
 pealed,  
 Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,  
 Breathed "still small" whispers on the  
 midnight gale. [portrayed,  
 There dwelt her spirit—there her hand  
 Midst the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,  
 Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,  
 Or Patriarch-seers absorbed in sacred  
 thought, [rest,  
 Bards, in high converse with the world of  
 Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest,  
 But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the  
 grave, [save ;  
 Who lived to guide us, and who died to

Him, at whose glance the powers of evil  
 fled,  
 And soul returned to animate the dead ;  
 Whom the waves owned—and sunk be-  
 neath his eye,  
 Awed by one accent of Divinity ;  
 To Him she gave her meditative hours,  
 Hallowed her thoughts, and sanctified her  
 powers. [threw,  
 O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she  
 As all around the Godhead's presence  
 knew,  
 And robed the Holy One's benignant mien  
 In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh ! mark, where Raphael's pure and  
 perfect line  
 Portrays that form ineffably divine !  
 Where with transcendent skill his hand has  
 shed  
 Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's  
 head ;\*  
 Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued  
 With all the fulness of beatitude,  
 And traced the sainted group, whose mortal  
 sight  
 Sinks overpowered by that excess of light !

Gaze on that scene, and own the might  
 of Art,  
 By truth inspired, to elevate the heart !  
 To bid the soul exultingly possess, [ness ;  
 Of all her powers, a heightened conscious-  
 And strong in hope, anticipate the day,  
 The last of life, the first of freedom's ray ;  
 To realize, in some unclouded sphere,  
 Those pictured glories feebly imaged here !  
 Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,  
 Faint effluence of "the day-spring from  
 on high !"

\* *Almotana*. The name given by the Arabs  
 to the Dead Sea.

▷ *The Transfiguration.*





1816.

## MODERN GREECE.

## I.

OH! who hath trod thy consecrated  
 clime, [strains I  
 Fair land of Phidias! theme of lofty  
 And traced each scene, that, 'midst the  
 wrecks of time,  
 The print of Glory's parting step retains;  
 Nor for awhile, in high-wrought dreams,  
 forgot, [there,  
 Musing on years gone by in brightness  
 The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his  
 lot, [wear;  
 The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may  
 As when, from mountain-heights, his  
 ardent eye [infinity?  
 Of sea and heaven hath tracked the blue

## II.

Is there who views with coid unaltered  
 mien, [fraught,  
 His frozen heart with proud indifference  
 Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten  
 scene, [Wisdom taught?  
 Where Freedom triumphed, or where  
 Souls that too deeply feel! oh, envy not  
 The sullen calm your fate hath never  
 known: [lot  
 Through the dull twilight of that wintry  
 Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sun-  
 beam shone, [Glory's trace,  
 Nor those high thoughts that, hailing  
 Glow with the generous flames of every age  
 and race.

## III.

But blest the wanderer, whose enthusiast  
 mind [imbued  
 Each muse of ancient days hath deep  
 With lofty lore; and all his thoughts re-  
 fined  
 In the calm school of silent solitude;  
 Poured on his ear, 'midst groves and  
 giens retired, [clime,  
 The mighty strains of each illustrious  
 All that hath lived, while empires have  
 expired,  
 To float for ever on the winds of Time;  
 And on his soul indelibly portrayed  
 Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic  
 shade.

## IV.

Is not his mind, to meaner thoughts un-  
 known,  
 A sanctuary of beauty and of light?  
 There he may dwell, in regions all his  
 own, [bright.  
 A world of dreams, where all is pure and  
 For him the scenes of old renown possess  
 Romantic charms, all veiled from other  
 eyes;  
 There every form of nature's loveliness  
 Wakes in his breast a thousand sym-  
 pathies; [dell  
 As music's voice, in some lone mountain-  
 From rocks and caves around calls forth  
 each echo's swell.

## V.

For him Italia's brilliant skies illumine  
 The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's  
 combat-plains, [and bloom  
 And the wild-rose yet lives to breathe  
 Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes.  
 But most, fair Greece! on thy majestic  
 shore  
 He feels the fervours of his spirit rise;  
 Thou birth-place of the Muse! whose  
 voice, of yore, [monies;  
 Breathed in thy groves immortal har-  
 And lingers still around the well-known  
 coast,  
 Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and  
 freedom lost.

## VI.

By seas, that flow in brightness as they  
 lave [may stray,  
 Thy rocks, th' enthusiast, rapt in thought,  
 While roves his eye o'er that deserted  
 wave, [array.  
 Once the proud scene of battle's dread  
 —O ye blue waters! ye, of old that bore  
 The free, the conquering, hymned by  
 choral strains, [shore,  
 How sleep ye now around the silent  
 The lonely realm of ruins and of chains!  
 How are the mighty vanished in their  
 pride!  
 E'en as their barks have left no traces on  
 your tide.

VII.

Hushed are the pæans whose exulting  
tone [sleep—  
Swelled o'er that tide—the sons of battle  
The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice,  
alone [deep.  
Blend with the plaintive murmur of the  
Yet when those waves have caught the  
splendid hues  
Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,  
Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse  
With all their purple mellowness of light,  
Oh! who could view the scene, so calmly  
fair, [were there?  
Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty

VIII.

Where soft the sunbeams play, the  
zephyrs blow, [nigh;  
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be  
'Where the clear heavens in blue trans-  
parency glow,  
Life should be calm and cloudless as the  
sky; [dead,  
—Yet, o'er the low, dark dwellings of the  
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom  
may smile, [spread  
And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery  
In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile;  
And mantling woodbine veil the withered  
tree; [with thee.  
And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece!

IX.

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom  
That yet are thine, surviving many a  
storm, [tomb,  
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the  
The rose's blush that masks the canker-  
worm:— [passed  
And thou art desolate—thy morn hath  
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,  
That the dark shades the night hath o'er  
thee cast [decay.  
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep  
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,  
Thy fate hath been unmatched—in glory  
and despair.

X.

For thee, lost land! the hero's blood  
hath flowed, [died;  
The high in soul have brightly lived and  
For thee the light of soaring genius glowed  
O'er the fair arts it formed and glorified.  
Thine were the minds whose energies  
sublime

So distanced ages in their lightning-race,  
The task they left the sons of later time  
Was but to follow their illumined trace.  
—Now, bowed to earth, thy children, to  
be free, [hearts to thee.  
Must break each link that binds their filial

XI.

Lo! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,  
Her own bright East, thy son, Morea!  
flies,  
To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,  
Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid  
skies. [vain  
There shall he rest?—Alas! his hopes in  
Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,  
Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,  
Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is  
balm; [foes,  
And the sad wanderer finds but lawless  
Where patriarchs reigned of old, in pastoral  
repose.

XII.

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's  
groves,  
Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,  
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,  
Wears but two forms—the tyrant and the  
slave!  
There the fierce Arab leads his daring  
horde,  
Where sweeps the sandstorm o'er the  
burning wild;  
There stern Oppression waves the wasting  
sword,  
O'er plains that smile, as ancient Eden  
smiled; [gloom,  
And the vale's bosom, and the desert's  
Yield to the injured there no shelter save  
the tomb.

XIII.

But thou, fair world! whose fresh unsul-  
lied charms [wave,  
Welcomed Columbus from the western  
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine  
arms, [brave?  
The lost descendant of the immortal  
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades  
That o'er thy floods their twilight-gran-  
deur cast, [glades,  
In the green depth of thine untrodden  
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at  
last? [scene,  
Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic  
Shrined in primæval woods, where despot  
ne'er hath been

## XIV.

There by some lake, whose blue expansive breast  
 Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,  
 Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest  
 In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams ; [mountain pours  
 Or where some flood from pine-clad  
 Its might of waters, glittering in their foam, [shores,  
 'Midst the rich verdure of its wooded  
 The exiled Greek hath fixed his sylvan home : [treat  
 So deeply lone, that round the wild re-  
 Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian  
 huntsman's feet.

## XV.

The forests are around him in their pride,  
 The green savannas, and the mighty waves ; [the tide,  
 And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er  
 That imagines the fairy worlds it laves,  
 And stillness and luxuriance—o'er his head [bowers,  
 The ancient cedars wave their peopled  
 On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,  
 Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,  
 And from those green arcades a thousand tones  
 Wake with each breeze, whose voice through  
 Nature's temple moans.

## XVI.

And there, no traces left by brighter days,  
 For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,  
 Some grassy mound perchance may meet  
 his gaze,  
 The lone memorial of an Indian chief.  
 There man not yet hath marked the  
 boundless plain [power ;  
 With marble records of his fame and  
 The forest is his everlasting fane,  
 The palm his monument, the rock his  
 tower :  
 Th' eternal torrent and the giant tree  
 Remind him but that they, like him, are  
 wildly free.

## XVII.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there  
 In sunshine dwell?—Ah! when was  
 exile blest?  
 When did bright scenes, clear heavens,  
 or summer air,  
 Chase from his soul the fever of unrest?

—There is a heart-sick weariness of mood,  
 That like slow poison wastes the vital  
 glow,  
 And shrines itself in mental solitude,  
 An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,  
 That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's  
 brightest ray, [of day.  
 As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush

## XVIII.

Such grief is theirs, who, fixed on foreign  
 shore,  
 Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,  
 As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's  
 roar, [and vales.  
 For the green earth, with all its woods  
 Thus feels thy child, whose memory  
 dwells with thee, [thou art ;  
 Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as  
 Though thought and step in western wilds  
 be free, [heart ;  
 Yet thine are still the day-dreams of his  
 The deserts spread between, the billows  
 foam, [spirit's home.  
 Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his

## XIX.

In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,  
 Or the green firely sparkles through the  
 brakes, [pine,  
 Or summer winds waft odours from the  
 As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.  
 Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the  
 while, [height,  
 Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's  
 Or dreams how softly Athens' towers  
 would smile,  
 Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light ;  
 On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may  
 sleep, [deep !  
 Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Ægean

## XX.

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him  
 like thine?  
 (The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)  
 E'en to the stranger's roving eye they  
 shine,  
 Soft as a vision of remembered joy.  
 And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,  
 A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,  
 Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,  
 To laughing climes, where all is splen-  
 dour still ; [shore,  
 And views with fond regret thy lessening  
 As he would watch a star that sets to rise  
 no more



XXI.

Realm of sad beauty ! thou art as a shrine  
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,  
To catch high thoughts and impulses  
divine,

And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel  
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the  
brave [thy soil,

Whose dust, so many an age, hath been  
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to  
save [toil ;

The land redeemed and hallowed by their  
And there is language in thy lightest gale,  
That o'er the plains they won, seems mur-  
muring yet their tale.

XXII.

And he whose heart is weary of the strife  
Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze  
Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,  
Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,  
Must turn to thee, whose every valley  
teems

With proud remembrances that cannot die.  
Thy glens are peopled with inspiring  
dreams,

Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by ;  
And 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer  
hears [vanished years.

The sound of mighty names, the hymns of

XXIII.

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,  
By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,  
Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way  
Through the cleft heights, in antique  
grandeur vast.

Romantic Tempe ! thou art yet the  
same— [time :

Wild, as when sung by bards of elder  
Years, that have changed thy river's  
classic name,\* [lime ;

Have left thee still in savage pomp sub-  
And from thine Alpine clefts and marble  
caves, [tain-waves.

In living lustre still break forth the foun-

XXIV.

Beneath thy mountain battlements and  
towers,

Where the rich arbuté's coral berries glow,  
Or midst th' exuberance of thy forest  
bowers, [flow,

Casting deep shadows o'er the current's

Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess.  
As rock and stream some glancing light  
have caught,

And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms  
impress

His soul with deep sublimity of thought ;  
And linger oft, recalling many a tale,  
Tha' breeze, and wave, and wood, seem  
whispering through thy dale.

XXV.

He, thought-entranced, may wander  
where of old [rose,

From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour  
And trembling nations heard their doom  
foretold [and snows.

By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks  
Though its rich fanes be blended with  
the dust, [possess,

And silence now the hallowed haunt  
Still is the scene of ancient rites august,  
Magnificent in mountain loneliness ;

Still Inspiration hovers o'er the ground,  
Where Greece her councils held, her  
Pythian victors crowned.

XXVI.

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs explore  
Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan  
blood, [shore,

When by the waves that break on Cæta's  
The few, the fearless, the devoted stood !  
Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's  
plain,

Bloom the wild laurels o'er the war-  
like dead,

Or lone Plateæa's ruins yet remain  
To mark the battle-field of ages fled :  
Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred  
power,

Though Fiction's gods have fled from foun-  
tain, grot, and bower.

XXVII.

Oh ! still unblamed may fancy fondly  
deem [dwell,

That, lingering yet, benignant genii  
Where mortal worth has hallowed grove  
or stream, [spell ;

To sway the heart with some ennobling  
For mightiest minds have felt their blest  
control,

In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,  
And these are dreams that lend a voice  
and soul,

And a high power, to Nature's majesty !

\* The Peneus is now called Salymperia



And who can rove o'er Grecian shores,  
nor feel, [magic steal?  
Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret

## XXVIII.

Yet many a sad reality is there,  
That Fancy's bright illusions cannot veil.  
Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes  
the air,  
But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale ;  
And there not Peace, but Desolation,  
throws  
Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene,  
Deep as the brooding torpor of repose  
That follows where the earthquake's  
track hath been ; [lies,  
Or solemn calm, on Ocean's breast that  
When sinks the storm, and death has  
hushed the seaman's cries.

## XXIX.

Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit,  
hurled [sphere,  
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant  
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,  
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear ?  
Oh ! hast thou watched the awful wreck  
of mind,  
That weareth still a glory in decay ?  
Seen all that dazzles and delights man-  
kind— [prey,  
Thought, science, genius, to the storm a  
And o'er the blasted tree, the withered  
ground, [flourish round ?  
Despair's wild nightshadespread, and darkly

## XXX.

So mayst thou gaze, in sad and awe-  
struck thought,  
On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime:  
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have  
wrought, [sublime.  
So changed the bright, the splendid, the  
There the proud monuments of Valour's  
name,  
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,  
The rich remains by Art bequeathed to  
Fame— [symmetry,  
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and  
Blend in decay ; while all that yet is fair  
Seems only spared to tell how much hath  
perished there !

## XXXI.

There, while around lie mingling in the  
dust [o'ergrown,  
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds

The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,  
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone;  
Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,  
Still matchless monuments of other years,  
O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,  
Its eastern form the minaret proudly  
rears :  
As on some captive city's ruined wall  
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its  
fall.

## XXXII.

Still, where that column of the mosque  
aspires, [waste,  
Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the  
There Science droops, the Muses hush  
their lyres  
And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste  
Spreads the chill blight,—as in that  
orient isle, [around,  
Where the dark upas taints the gale  
Within its precincts not a flower may  
smile,  
Nor dew nor sunshine fertilize the ground ;  
Nor wild birds' music float on zephyr's  
breath, [death  
But all is silence round, and solitude, and

## XXXIII.

Far other influence poured the Crescent's  
light [away,  
O'er conquered realms, in ages passed  
Full and alone it beamed, intensely bright,  
While distant climes in midnight dark-  
ness lay. [and shades,  
Then rose th' Alhambra, with its founts  
Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange  
bowers : [arcades,  
Its sculptured lions, richly wrought  
Aërial pillars, and enchanted towers ;  
Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian  
tale [the gale.  
Would picture fairy domes, that fleet before

## XXXIV.

Then fostered genius lent each Caliph's  
throne  
Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain ;  
And stars unnumbered o'er the orient  
shone, [fane.\*  
Bright as that Pleiad, sphered in Mecca's  
From Bagdat's palaces the choral strains  
Rose and re-echoed to the desert's bound,

\* The works of the seven most famous Arabian poets are hung round the mosque at Mecca, and are called the Arabian Pleiades.

And Science, wooed on Egypt's burning  
 plains, [crowned ;  
 Reared her majestic head with glory  
 And the wild Muses breathed romantic  
 lore [shore.  
 From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's

XXXV.

Those years have passed in radiance—  
 they have past  
 As sinks the day-star in the tropic main ;  
 His parting beams no soft reflection cast,  
 They burn—are quenched—and deepest  
 shadows reign. [trace,  
 And Fame and Science have not left a  
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's  
 power,—  
 Regions, to intellect a desert space,  
 A wild without a fountain or a flower,  
 Where towers oppression 'midst the  
 deepening glooms, [the tombs.  
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress 'midst

XXXVI.

Alas for thee, fair Greece ! when Asia !  
 poured  
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall ;  
 When Europe sheathed, in apathy, her  
 sword,  
 And heard unmoved the fated city's call.  
 No bold crusaders ranged their serried  
 line [throne ;  
 Of spears and banners round a falling  
 And thou, O last and noblest Constan-  
 tine ! [alone.  
 Didst meet the storm unshrinking and  
 Oh ! blest to die in freedom, though in  
 vain, [and not the chain !  
 Thine empire's proud exchange the grave,

XXXVII.

Hushed is Byzantium—'tis the dead of  
 night—  
 The closing night of that imperial race !  
 And all is vigil—but the eye of light  
 Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to trace !  
 There is a murmuring stillness on the  
 train [to die ;  
 Thronging the midnight streets, at morn  
 And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,  
 For the last time is raised Devotion's  
 eye ;  
 And, in his heart while faith's bright  
 visions rise,  
 There kneels the high-souled prince, the  
 summoned of the skies.

XXXVIII.

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis the  
 hour [calls—  
 Of conflict and of fate—the war-note  
 Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power  
 To the brave few that guard the rampart  
 walls. [peal  
 Far over Marmora's waves th' artillery's  
 Proclaims an empire's doom in every  
 note ; [of steel,  
 Tambour and trumpet swell the clash  
 Round spire and dome the clouds of  
 battle float ; [cent's host,  
 From camp and wave rush on the Cres-  
 And the Seven Towers are scaled, and all  
 is won and lost.

XXXIX.

Then, Greece ! the tempest rose, that  
 burst on thee, [sage !  
 Land of the bard, the warrior, and the  
 Oh ! where were then thy sons, the great,  
 the free, [to age ?  
 Whose deeds are guiding-stars from age  
 Though firm thy battlements of crags and  
 snows, [pride,  
 And bright the memory of thy days of  
 In mountain might though Corinth's  
 fortress rose,  
 On, unresisted, rolled th' invading tide !  
 Oh ! vain the rock, the rampart, and the  
 tower, [unconquered power.  
 If Freedom guard them not with Mind's

XL.

Where were th' avengers then, whose  
 viewless might  
 Preserved inviolate their awful tane,  
 When through the steep defiles to  
 Delphi's height, [train ?  
 In martial splendour poured the Persian's  
 Then did those mighty and mysterious  
 Powers, [wake,  
 Armed with the elements, to vengeance  
 Call the dread storms to darken round  
 their towers, [thunders break ;  
 Hurl down the rocks, and bid the  
 Till far around, with deep and fearful  
 clang, [Parnassus rang.  
 Sounds of unearthly war through wild

XLI.

Where was the spirit of the victor-throng  
 Whose tombs are glorious by Scaman-  
 der's tide, [song,  
 Whose names are bright in everlasting  
 The lords of war, the raised, the deified ?

Where he, the hero of a thousand lays,  
 Who from the dead at Marathon arose  
 All armed, and beaming on the Athenians' gaze,  
 A battle-meteor, guided to their foes?  
 Or they whose forms, to Alaric's awe-struck eye,  
 Hovering o'er Athens, blazed in airy

## XLII.

Ye slept, O heroes! chief ones of the earth!  
 High demi-gods of ancient days! ye  
 There lived no spark of your ascendent worth,  
 When o'er your land the victor Moslem  
 No patriot then the sons of freedom led,  
 In mountain-pass devotedly to die;  
 The martyr-spirit of resolve was fled,  
 And the high soul's unconquered buoyancy;  
 And by your graves, and on your battle-warriors!  
 your children knelt, to wear the stranger's chains.

## XLIII.

Now have your trophies vanished, and your homes  
 Are mouldered from the earth, while E'en the faint traces  
 of the ancient tombs That mark where sleep the slayers  
 or the slain,  
 Your deeds are with the days of glory  
 The lyres are hushed that swelled your fame afar,  
 The halls that echoed to their sounds are  
 Perished the conquering weapons of your war;  
 And if a mossy stone your names retain,  
 'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died  
 in vain.

## XLIV.

Yet, where some lone sepulchral relic stands,  
 That with those names tradition hallows  
 Oft shall the wandering son of other lands  
 Linger in solemn thought and hushed regret,  
 And still have legends marked the lonely  
 Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies;  
 And shades of kings and leaders unforget,  
 Hovering around, to Fancy's visions rise.  
 Souls of the heroes! seek your rest again,  
 Nor mark how changed the realms that  
 saw your glory's reign

## XLV.

Lo, where th' Albanian spreads his  
 despot sway  
 O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing  
 Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,  
 Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains:  
 Oh! doth the land that gave Achilles  
 birth,  
 And many a chief of old illustrious line,  
 Yield not one spirit of unconquered worth,  
 To kindle those that now in bondage  
 pine?  
 No! on its mountain-air is slavery's  
 And terror chills the hearts whose uttered  
 plaints were death.

## XLVI.

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested  
 there,  
 How rich in charms were that romantic  
 With streams, and woods, and pastoral  
 valleys fair,  
 And walled with mountains, haughtily  
 Heights that might well be deemed the  
 Muses' reign,  
 Since claiming proud alliance with the  
 They lose in loftier spheres their wild  
 domain.  
 Meet home for those retired divinities  
 That love, where nought of earth may  
 e'er intrude,  
 Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sancti-

## XLVII.

There in rude grandeur daringly ascends  
 Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad  
 height;  
 He with the clouds his bleak dominion  
 Frowning o'er vales in woodland verdure  
 bright.  
 Wild and august in consecrated pride,  
 There through the deep-blue heaven  
 Olympus towers,  
 Girdled with mists, light-floating as to  
 The rock-built palace of immortal powers;  
 Where far on high the sunbeam finds  
 repose,  
 Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of

## XLVIII.

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might  
 seem  
 The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot  
 She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-  
 stream,  
 And make the rocky fastnesses her home.



And in the rushing of the mountain flood,  
 In the wild eagle's solitary cry,  
 In sweeping winds that peal through  
 cave and wood,  
 There is a voice of stern sublimity,  
 That swells her spirit to a loftier mood  
 Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

XLIX.

But from those hills the radiance of her  
 smile [afar ;  
 Hath vanished long, her step hath fled  
 O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused  
 awhile, [tain-war.  
 Kindling the watch-fires of the moun-  
 And brightly glowed her ardent spirit  
 there, [tress  
 Still brightest 'midst privation : o'er dis-  
 It cast romantic splendour, and despair  
 But fanned that beacon of the wilder-  
 ness ;  
 And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell,  
 Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying  
 voice to swell.

L.

Dark children of the hills ! 'twas then ye  
 wrought [grand ;  
 Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly  
 As 'midst your craggy citadels ye fought,  
 And women mingled with your warrior-  
 band.  
 Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood  
 High o'er the river's darkly-rolling wave,  
 And hurled, in dread delirium, to the  
 flood,  
 Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a slave.  
 For all was lost—all, save the power to  
 die  
 The wild indignant death of savage liberty.

LI.

Now is that strife a tale of vanished days,  
 With mightier things forgotten soon to  
 lie ;  
 Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,  
 Deeds less adventurous, energies less  
 high. [still  
 And the dread struggle's fearful memory  
 O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect  
 throws ; [hill,  
 Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning  
 More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose ;  
 Lends to the rustling pines a deeper moan,  
 And the hoarse river's voice a murmur not  
 its own.

LII.

For stillness now—the stillness of the  
 dead, [scene,  
 Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and awful  
 And man's forsaken homes, in ruin  
 spread, [been.  
 Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath  
 And there, o'er wastes magnificently rude,  
 What race may rove, unconscious of the  
 chain ? [died,  
 Those realms have now no desert unsub-  
 Where Freedom's banner may be reared  
 again : [fame,  
 Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her  
 The children of her sons inherit but their  
 name.

LIII.

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments and  
 fanes ! [lie ;  
 In scattered fragments o'er the vale they  
 Of all they were not e'en enough remains  
 To lend their fall a mournful majesty.  
 Birth-place of those whose names we first  
 revered  
 In song and story—temple of the free !  
 O thou, the stern, the haughty, and the  
 feared,  
 Are such thy relics, and can this be thee ?  
 Thou shouldst have left a giant wreck  
 behind, [mankind.  
 And e'en in ruin claimed the wonder of

LIV.

For thine were spirits cast in other mould  
 Than all beside—and proved by ruder  
 test ;  
 They stood alone—the proud, the firm,  
 the bold,  
 With the same seal indelibly imprest.  
 Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,  
 One image stamped the rough, colossal  
 race, [kind,  
 In rugged grandeur frowning o'er man-  
 Stern, and disdainful of each milder  
 grace ; [tower,  
 As to the sky some mighty rock may  
 Whose front can brave the storm, but will  
 not rear the flower.

LV.

Such were thy sons—their life a battle-  
 day ! [die !  
 Their youth one lesson how for thee to  
 Closed is that task, and they have passed  
 away [high.  
 Like softer beings trained to aims less



Yet bright on earth *their* fame who  
proudly fell, [thy cause,  
True to their shields, the champions of  
Whose funeral column bade the stranger tell  
How died the brave, obedient to thy laws !  
O lofty mother of heroic worth,  
How couldst thou live to bring a meaner  
offspring forth ?

## LVI.

Hadst thou but perished with the free,  
nor known [by,  
A second race, when Glory's noon went  
Then had thy name in single brightness  
shone  
A watch-word on the helm of liberty !  
Thou shouldst have passed, with all thy  
light of fame,  
And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains.  
But slowly set thy star midst clouds of  
shame,  
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling fanes ;  
And thou, surrounded by thy warriors'  
graves, [for thy slaves.  
Hast drained the bitter cup once mingled

## LVII.

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are flown  
Freedom's bright noon, and Slavery's  
twilight cloud ;  
And in thy fall, as in thy pride, alone,  
Deep solitude is round thee, as a shroud.  
Home of Leonidas ! thy halls are low,  
From their cold altars have thy Lares  
fled, [or glow,  
O'er thee unmarked the sunbeams fade  
And wild-flowers wave, unbent by human  
tread ; [profound,  
And midst thy silence, as the grave's  
A voice, a step, would seem as some un-  
earthly sound.

## LVIII.

Taygetus still lifts his awful brow,  
High o'er the mouldering city of the dead,  
Sternly sublime ; while o'er his robe of  
snow [fusions spread.  
Heaven's floating tints their warm suf-  
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads  
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,  
While, whispering there, his own wild  
graceful reeds [strain ;  
Rise as of old, when hailed by classic  
There the rose-laurels still in beauty wave,  
And a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er  
Sparta's grave

## LIX.

Oh, thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,  
While nations perish, still renews its race.  
And o'er the fallen records of his power  
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy  
grace. [away.  
The laurel shoots when those have past  
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the  
free ;  
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,  
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased  
to be ; [are fled,  
Green waves the bay when song and bard  
And all that round us blooms, is blooming  
o'er the dead.

## LX.

And still the olive spreads its foliage  
round  
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers.  
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries  
crowned, [powers.  
Deemed a meet offering for celestial  
The suppliant's hand its holy branches  
bore ; [head ;  
They waved around th' Olympic victor's  
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,  
Its leaves the Spartan's honoured bier  
o'erspread. [and hill  
Those rites have vanished—but o'er vale  
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hal-  
lowed still.

## LXI.

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis ! where  
thy fane [lhigh ?  
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and  
The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,  
The long procession's awful pageantry ?  
Quenched is the torch of Ceres\*—all  
around [reign ;  
Decay hath spread the stillness of her  
There never more shall choral hymns re-  
sound  
O'er the hushed earth and solitary main,  
Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,  
To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

\* It was customary at Eleusis, on the fifth day of the festival, for men and women to run about with torches in their hands, and also to dedicate torches to Ceres, and to contend who should present the largest. This was done in memory of the journey of Ceres in search of Proserpine, during which she was lighted by a torch kindled in the flames of Etna — *POETRY'S Antiquities of Greece*

LXI.

And oh ! ye secret and terrific powers,  
 Dark oracles ! in depth of groves that  
 dwelt, [bowers,  
 How are they sunk, the altars of your  
 Where superstition trembled as she knelt !  
 Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones ! that  
 made [wave ;  
 The elements your voice, the wind and  
 Spirits ! whose influence darkened many  
 a shade,  
 Mysterious visitants of fount and cave !  
 How long your power the awe-struck  
 nations swayed,  
 How long earth dreamt of you, and shud-  
 deringly obeyed !

LXIII.

And say, what marvel, in those early  
 days,  
 While yet the light of heaven-born truth  
 was not ;  
 If man around him cast a fearful gaze,  
 Peopling with shadowy powers each dell  
 and grot ?  
 Awful is nature in her savage forms,  
 Her solemn voice commanding in its  
 might, [storms,  
 And mystery then was in the rush of  
 The gloom of woods, the majesty of night ;  
 And mortals heard fate's language in the  
 blast, [toms of the past !  
 And reared your forest-shrines, ye phan-

LXIV.

Then through the foliage not a breeze  
 might sigh  
 But with prophetic sound—a waving tree,  
 A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,  
 A bird's wild flight, revealed the things to  
 be. [veyed  
 All spoke of unseen natures, and con-  
 Their inspiration ; still they hovered  
 round, [the shade,  
 Hallowed the temple, whispered through  
 Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound ;  
 Of them the fount, the forest, murmured  
 still, [step on the hill.  
 Their voice was in the stream, their foot-

LXV.

Now is the train of superstition flown,  
 Neathly beings walk on earth no more ;  
 The deep wind swells with no portentous  
 tone,  
 The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.

Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,  
 There dwell no shadows, but of crag and  
 steep ;  
 Fount of Oblivion ! in thy gushing wave,  
 That murmurs nigh, those powers of  
 terror sleep. [clime,  
 Oh ! that such dreams alone had fled that  
 But Greece is changed in all that could be  
 changed by time !

LXVI.

Her skies are those whence many a  
 mighty bard [beams ;  
 Caught inspiration, glorious as their  
 Her hills the same that heroes died to  
 guard, [dreams !  
 Her vales, that fostered Art's divinest  
 But that bright spirit o'er the land that  
 shone, [poured,  
 And all around pervading influence  
 That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,  
 And proudly hallowed Lacedæmon's  
 sword, [stone,  
 And guided Phidias o'er the yielding  
 With them its arduous lived—with them its  
 light is flown.

LXVII.

Thebes, Corinth, Argos !—ye, renowned  
 of old, [name ?  
 Where are your chiefs of high romantic  
 How soon the tale of ages may be told !  
 A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,  
 The work of centuries—we gaze on you,  
 Oh, cities ! once the glorious and the free,  
 The lofty tales that charmed our youth  
 renew,  
 And wondering ask, if these their scenes  
 could be ?  
 Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,  
 And find the mosque alone—a record of  
 their doom !

LXVIII.

How oft hath war his host of spoiler-  
 poured,  
 Fair Elis ! o'er thy consecrated vales ?  
 There have the sunbeams glanced on  
 spear and sword,  
 And banners floated on the balmy gales  
 Once didst thou smile, secure in sancti-  
 tude,  
 As some enchanted isle mid stormy seas ;  
 On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,  
 And pastoral sounds alone were on thy  
 breeze.

Forsaken home of peace! that spell is broke,  
 Thou too hast heard the storm, and bowed  
 beneath the yoke.

## LXIX.

And through Arcadia's wild and lone  
 retreats [strain  
 Far other sounds have echoed than the  
 Of faun and dryad, from their woodland  
 seats, [swain!  
 Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain-  
 There, though at times Alpheus yet  
 surveys, [dance,  
 On his green banks renewed, the classic  
 And nymph-like forms, and wild me-  
 lorious lays,  
 Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance;  
 Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion  
 dwell, [cave, and dell.  
 'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain,

## LXX.

But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky bound  
 All art and nature's richest gifts en-  
 shrined, [round  
 Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumined  
 Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind;  
 Who, as the summit of some Alpine  
 height [day,  
 Glows earliest, latest with the blush of  
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the  
 light,  
 And smile the longest in its lingering ray;  
 Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem  
 The past awhile restored, the present but a  
 dream.

## LXXI.

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—  
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert once  
 more! [gale!  
 Hark, hymns of triumph swell on every  
 Lo, bright processions move along thy  
 shore!  
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,  
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;  
 And graceful monuments, in grove and  
 glade, [skies;  
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent  
 And sculptured forms, of high and  
 heavenly mien, [bright scene.  
 In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-

## LXXII.

Again renewed by thought's creative  
 spells, [towers:  
 'In all her pomp thy city, Theseus'

Within, around the light of glory dwells  
 On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy  
 bowers. [ascend,

There marble fanes in finished grace  
 The pencil's world of life and beauty  
 glows; [blend,

Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur  
 Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;  
 And groves of platane wave in verdant  
 pride, [tide.

The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus'

## LXXIII.

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,  
 Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,  
 On summer seas that undulating lave  
 Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand;  
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades,  
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,  
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and  
 arcades, [breast;  
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean's  
 Athens! thus fair the dream of thee  
 appears, [of years.

As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud

## LXXIV.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh! mark  
 on high, [graced,  
 Crowning yon hill, with temples richly  
 That fane, august in perfect symmetry,  
 The purest model of Athenian taste.  
 Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise  
 In simple dignity, thy marble's hue  
 Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant  
 skies, [ethereal blue;  
 That round thee spread their deep  
 And art o'er all thy light proportions  
 throws

The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

## LXXV.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny  
 glow, [reign,  
 When morn and eve in tranquil splendour  
 And on thy sculptures, as they smile,  
 bestow  
 Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.  
 Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought,  
 unfold  
 Each latent grace, developing in light;  
 Catch from soft clouds of purple and of  
 gold,

Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;  
 And seem indeed what'er devotion  
 der s, [with its beams.

While so suffused with heaven, so mingling



LXXVI.

But oh! what words the vision may  
 portray, [shrine?  
 The form of sanctitude that guards thy  
 There stands thy goddess, robed in war's  
 array,  
 Supremely glorious, awfully divine !  
 With spear and helm she stands, and  
 flowing vest, [wrought,  
 And sculptured ægis, to perfection  
 And on each heavenly lineament imprest,  
 Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought ;  
 The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,  
 All that a poet's dream around Minerva  
 throws.

LXXVII.

Bright age of Pericles ! let fancy still  
 Through time's deep shadows all thy  
 splendour trace, [skill  
 And in each work of art's consummate  
 Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.  
 That spirit, roused by every proud reward  
 That hope could picture, glory could  
 bestow,  
 Fostered by all the sculptor and the bard  
 Could give of immortality below.  
 Thus were thy heroes formed, and o'er  
 their name, [fame.  
 Thus did thy genius shed imperishable

LXXVIII.

Mark in the thronged Ceramicus, the  
 train [brave :  
 Of mourners weeping o'er the martyred  
 Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,  
 Holy the amaranth strewed upon their  
 grave ! [claims  
 And hark—unrivalled eloquence pro-  
 Their deeds, their trophies with trium-  
 phant voice ! [names !  
 Hark—Pericles records their honoured  
 Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice :  
 What hath life brighter than so bright a  
 doom? [of the tomb ?  
 What power hath fate to soil the garlands

LXXIX.

Praise to the valiant dead ! for them doth  
 art [forth ;  
 Exhaust her skill, their triumphs bodying  
 Theirs are enshrined names, and every  
 heart [worth.  
 Shall bear the blazoned impress of their  
 Bright on the dreams of youth their fame  
 shall rise, [cord ;  
 Their fields of fight shall epic song re-

And, when the voice of battle rends the  
 skies, [ing word !  
 Their name shall be their country's rally-  
 While fane and column rise august to tell  
 How Athens honours those for her who  
 proudly fell.

LXXX.

City of Theseus ! bursting on the mind,  
 Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory fled !  
 Thus guarded by the mighty of mankind,  
 Thus hallowed by the memory of the  
 dead :  
 Alone in beauty and renown—a scene  
 Whose tints are drawn from freedom's  
 loveliest ray.  
 'Tis but a vision now—yet thou hast been  
 More than the brightest vision might  
 portray ; [fraught  
 And every stone, with but a vestige  
 Of thee, hath latent power to wake some  
 lofty thought.

LXXXI.

Fallen are thy fabrics, that so oft have  
 rung  
 To choral melodies, and tragic lore ,  
 Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,  
 The song that hailed Harmodius peals  
 no more.  
 Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,  
 Thy stately shrines are mouldering on  
 their hill, [hand.  
 Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's  
 The magic voice of eloquence is still ;  
 Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone,  
 Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's tomb  
 o'erthrown.

LXXXII.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains  
 Wondering we view, and silently revere,  
 As traces left on earth's forsaken plains  
 By vanished beings of a nobler sphere ?  
 Not all the old magnificence of Rome,  
 All that dominion there hath left to time,  
 Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,  
 Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,  
 Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit  
 steal, [plastic seal.  
 As aught by thee imprest with beauty's

LXXXIII.

Though still the empress of the sun  
 burnt waste,  
 Palmyra rises, desolately grand —



Though with rich gold and massy sculpture graced,

Commanding still, Persepolis may stand  
In haughty solitude—though sacred Nile  
The firstborn temples of the world surveys,

And many an awful and stupendous pile  
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays ;

City of Pericles ! oh who, like thee,  
Can teach how fair the works of mortal  
hand may be ?

## LXXXIV.

Thou led'st the way to that illumined  
sphere [thence didst bear,

Where sovereign beauty dwells ; and  
Oh, still triumphant in that high career !  
Bright archetypes of all the grand and  
fair. [hath flown

And still to thee th' enlightened mind  
As to her country,—thou hast been to  
earth [throne,

A cynosure,—and, e'en from victory's  
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy  
worth ;

And nations, rising to their fame afar,  
Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their  
star.

## LXXXV.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest  
The gaze of ages ! Glory to the free !  
For they, they only, could have thus  
imprest

Their mighty image on the years to be !  
Empires and cities in oblivion lie,  
Grandeur may vanish, conquest be for-  
got,— [die,

To leave on earth renown that cannot  
Of high-souled genius is th' unrivalled  
lot. [shown

Honour to thee, O Athens ! thou hast  
What mortals may attain, and seized the  
palm alone.

## LXXXVI.

Oh ! live there those who view with  
scornful eyes [prime ?

All that attests the brightness of thy  
Yes ; they who dwell beneath thy lovely  
skies, [clime !

And breathe th' inspiring ether of thy  
Their path is o'er the mightiest of the  
dead, [noblest arts ;

Their homes are 'midst the works of  
Yet all around their gaze, beneath their  
tread, [imparts.

Not one proud thrill of loftier thought

Such are the conquerors of Minerva's  
land, [of his hand !  
Where Genius first revealed the triumphs

## LXXXVII.

For them in vain the glowing light may  
smile [to shed,

O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth  
And in chaste beauty many a sculptured  
pile

Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its head.  
No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,  
Whose tombs and shrines their fathers  
have not reared ; [their toil

Their glance is cold indifference, and  
But to destroy what ages have revered,  
As if exulting sternly to erase

Whate'er might prove *that* land had nursed  
a nobler race.

## LXXXVIII.

And who may grieve that, rescued from  
their hands,

Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,  
Thy relics, Athens ! borne to other lands,  
Claim homage still to thee from every  
heart ? [stranger's sight,

Though now no more th' exploring  
Fixed in deep reverence on Minerva's  
fane, [of light,

Shall hail, beneath their native heaven  
All that remained of forms adored in  
vain ; [the scene,

A few short years—and, vanished from  
Te blend with classic dust their proudest  
lot had been.

## LXXXIX.

Fair Parthenon ! yet still must Fancy  
weep [flown.

For thee, thou work of nobler spirits  
Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee  
sleep [gone !

In all their beauty still—and thine is  
Empires have sunk since thou wert first  
revered, [shrine.

And varying rites have sanctified thy  
The dust is round thee of the race that  
reared [soon be thine !

Ty walls ; and thou—their fate must  
But when shall earth again exult to see

Visions divine like theirs renewed in aught  
like thee ?

## XC.

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing  
gale [moaned

Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which

That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale  
Of the bright synod once above them  
throned.

Mourn, graceful ruin ! on thy sacred hill,  
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have  
shared : [still

Yet art thou honoured in each fragment  
That wasting years and barbarous hands  
had spared ; [borne,

Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury  
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages  
yet unborn.

XC I.

Yes ! in those fragments, though by time  
defaced, [mains

And rude insensate conquerors, yet re-  
All that may charm th' enlightened eye  
of taste, [reigns.

On shores where still inspiring freedom  
As vital fragrance breathes from every  
part

Of the crushed myrtle, or the bruised rose,  
E'en thus th' essential energy of art

There in each wreck imperishably glows !  
The soul of Athens lives in every line,

Pervading brightly still the ruins of her  
shrine.

XC II.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful  
train,

The holy festival's triumphal throng,  
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,  
With many a sacred symbol, move along.

There every shade of bright existence  
trace,

The fire of youth, the dignity of age ;  
The matron's calm austerity of grace,

The ardent warrior, the benignant sage ;  
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's  
proud mien— [the scene.

Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in

XC III.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,  
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows ;  
There e'en the steed, with bold expres-  
sion warm,

Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.  
One mighty mind hath harmonized the  
whole ; [impress bear ;

Those varied groups the same bright  
One beam and essence of exalting soul

Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair ;  
And well that pageant of the glorious  
dead [spirits fled.

Blends us with nobler days, and loftier

XC IV.

O conquering Genius ! that couldst thus  
detrain

The subtle graces, fading as they rise,  
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,

Arrest warm life in all its energies,  
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious  
lot

Might wake ambition's envy, and create  
Powers half divine : while nations are  
forgot, [quished fate !

A thought, a dream of thine hath van-  
And when thy hand first gave its wonders  
birth, [claimed a name on earth.

The realms that hail them now scarce

XC V.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere-  
But once beheld, and never to return ?

No—we may hail again thy bright career,  
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn !

Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear  
A stamp of Heaven, that ne'er hath been  
renewed—

A light inherent—let not man despair :  
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued ;

For still is nature fair, and thought divine,  
And art hath won a world in models pure  
as thine.

XC VI.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and de-  
faced—

Yet there the germ of future glory lies !  
Their virtual grandeur could not be  
erased ; [common eyes.

It clothes them still, though veiled from  
They once were gods and heroes—and  
beheld [scene ;

As the blest guardians of their native  
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have  
swelled [of mien.

With awe that owned their sovereignty.  
—Ages have vanished since those hearts  
were cold, [godlike mould.

And still those shattered forms retain their

XC VII.

'Midst their bright kindred, from their  
marble throne [storms of time ;

They have looked down on thousand  
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom  
flown, [sublime !

They still remained, still tranquilly  
Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave  
marred. [are forgot ;

Th' Olympian groups have sunk, and

Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens  
 guard—  
 But these were destined to a nobler lot !  
 And they have borne, to light another  
 land, [riously expand.  
 The quenchless ray that soon shall glo-

## XCVIII.

Phidias ! supreme in thought ! what hand  
 but thine, [heaven,  
 In human works thus blending earth and  
 O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace  
 divine, [given ?  
 To mortal form immortal grandeur  
 What soul but thine, infusing all its  
 power, [days,  
 In these last monuments of matchless  
 Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius  
 tower,  
 And Hope aspire to more exalted praise ?  
 And guide deep Thought to that secluded  
 height, [light ?  
 Where Excellence is throned, in purity of

## XCIX.

And who can tell how pure, how bright  
 a flame, [the west ?  
 Caught from these models, may illumine  
 What British Angelo may rise to fame,  
 On the tree isle what beams of art may  
 rest ?  
 Deem not, O England ! that by climes  
 confined,  
 Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray ;  
 Deem not th' eternal energies of mind  
 swayed by that sun whose doom is but  
 decay !

Shall thought be fostered but by skies  
 serene ? [e'er hath been.  
 No ! thou hast power to be what Athens

## C.

But thine are treasures oit unprized, un-  
 known, [mind,  
 And cold neglect hath blighted many a  
 O'er whose young ardours, had thysmile  
 but shone, [behind !  
 Their soaring flight had left a world  
 And many a gifted hand that might have  
 wrought  
 To Grecian excellence the breathing stone,  
 Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil  
 caught,  
 Leaving no record of its power, is gone !  
 While thou hast fondly sought, on distant  
 coast, [and thus lost.  
 Gems far less rich than those, thus precious,

## CI.

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art alone,  
 Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be  
 won ! [own ;  
 Fame dwells around thee—Genius is thine  
 Call his rich blooms to life—be Thou  
 their Sun !  
 So, should dark ages o'er thy glory sweep,  
 Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian  
 plains, [blue deep,  
 Nations unborn shall track thine own  
 To hail thy shore, to worship thy remains ;  
 Thy mighty monuments with reverence  
 trace,  
 And cry, " This ancient soil hath nursed a  
 glorious race ! "



## TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES.

1819.

### THE ABENCERRAGE.

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli, or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the Zegrís. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

#### CANTO FIRST.

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,  
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is  
o'er;

And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls  
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no  
more.

Hushed are the voices that in years gone by  
Have mourned, exulted, menaced,  
through thy towers;

Within thy pillared courts the grass waves  
high,  
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy  
bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,  
Through tall arcades unmarked the sun-  
beam smiles,

And many a tint of softened brilliance  
throws  
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics  
lone,

So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,  
Some charmed abode of beings all un-  
known,

Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads th' enchanted  
ground, [vades,

There not a sound the deep repose per-  
save winds and founts, diffusing freshness  
round

Through the light domes and graceful  
colonnades.

Far other tones have swelled those courts  
along [trace-  
In days romance yet fondly loves to  
The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,  
The revels, combats of a vanished race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,  
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the  
bold;  
Peopling once more each fair forsaken hall  
With stately forms, the knights and chiefs  
of old.

1.

THE sun declines. Upon Nevada's height  
There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light;  
Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow  
Smiles in the richness of that parting glow;  
And Darro's waves reflect each passing dye  
That melts and mingles in th' empurpled  
sky.

Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron  
bower,

Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour.  
Hushed are the winds, and Nature seems  
to sleep

In light and stillness. Wood, and tower,  
and steep

Are dyed with tints of glory, only given  
To the rich evening of a southern heaven—  
Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is  
fraught

With all that art hath dreamt, but never  
caught.

Yes! Nature sleeps; but not with her at  
rest

The fiery passions of the human breast.



Hark! from the Alhambra's towers what  
 stormy sound, [around?  
 Each moment deepening, wildly swells  
 Those are no tumults of a festal throng,  
 Not the light zambra\* nor the choral song:  
 The combat rages—'tis the shout of war,  
 'Tis the loud clash of shield and scimitar.  
 Within the Hall of Lions,† where the rays  
 Of eve yet lingering on the fountain blaze;  
 There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,  
 And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch  
 stands: [him wave,  
 There the strife centres—swords around  
 There bleed the fallen, there contend the  
 brave;  
 While echoing domes return the battle-cry,  
 "Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant  
 die!"  
 And onward rushing, and prevailing still,  
 Court, hall, and tower the fierce avengers  
 fill.  
 But first and bravest of that gallant train,  
 Where foes are mightiest charging ne'er in  
 vain;  
 In his red hand the sabre glancing bright.  
 His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,  
 Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he  
 bleeds, [leads;  
 His Aben-Zurrah‡ there young Hamet  
 While swells his voice that wild acclaim on  
 high, [die!"  
 "Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant  
 Yes! trace the footsteps of the warrior's  
 wrath,  
 By helm and corslet shattered in his path,  
 And by the thickest harvest of the slain,  
 And by the marble's deepest crimson stain.  
 Search through the serried fight, where  
 loudest cries  
 From triumph, anguish, or despair arise;  
 And brightest where the shivering falchions  
 glare, [there.  
 And where the ground is reddest—he is  
 Yes! that young arm, amidst the Zegri  
 host,  
 Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.  
 They perished—not as heroes should have  
 died,  
 On the red field, in victory's hour of pride,

\* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

† The Hall of Lions, the principal one of the Alhambra, was so called from twelve sculptured lions which supported an alabaster basin in the centre.

‡ The name is thus written in a translation of an Arabic MS

In all the glow and sunshine of their fame.  
 And proudly smiling as the death-pang  
 came. [tear  
 Oh! had they *thus* expired, a warrior's  
 Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er their  
 bier. [those  
 For thus alone the brave should weep for  
 Who brightly pass in glory to repose.  
 —Not such their fate: a tyrant's stern  
 command  
 Doomed them to fall by some ignoble hand,  
 As, with the flower of all their high-born  
 race,  
 Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to grace,  
 Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,  
 They sought the banquet's gilded hall—to  
 die. [tain's wave  
 Betrayed, unarmed, they fell—the foun-  
 Flowed crimson with the life-blood of the  
 brave:  
 Till far the fearful tidings of their fate  
 Through the wide city rang from gate to  
 gate,  
 And of that lineage each surviving son  
 Rushed to the scene where vengeance might  
 be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in the  
 strife,  
 Leader of battle, prodigal of life,  
 Urging his followers, till their foes, beset,  
 Stand faint and breathless, but undaunted  
 yet.  
 Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on! one effort more,  
 Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.  
 But lo! descending o'er the darkened hall,  
 The twilight-shadows fast and deeply fall,  
 Nor yet the strife hath ceased—though  
 scarce they know, [from the foe;  
 Through that thick gloom, the brother  
 Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,  
 The peaceful moon, and gives them light  
 to slay. [ing train  
 —Where lurks Abdallah? 'Midst his yield-  
 They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain.  
 He lies not numbered with the valiant dead,  
 His champions round him have not vainly  
 bled; [veil,  
 But when the twilight spread her shadowy  
 And his last warriors found each effort fail,  
 In wild despair he fled. A trusted few,  
 Kindred in crime, are still in danger true;  
 And o'er the scene of many a martial deed,  
 The Vega's\* green expanse, his flying foot  
 steps lead

\* The Vega, the plain surrounding Granada.

He passed the Alhambra's calm and lovely  
bowers,  
Where slept the glistening leaves and  
folded flowers [cave,  
In dew and starlight—there, from grot and  
Gushed in wild music many a sparkling wave;  
There on each breeze the breath of fragrance  
rose,  
And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.

But thou, dark monarch! in thy bosom  
reign [again.  
Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep  
Oh! vainly bright is Nature in the course  
Of him who flies from terror or remorse!  
A spell is round him which obscures her  
bloom, [tomb:  
And dims her skies with shadows of the  
There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair  
But guilt will raise avenging phantoms  
there. [roves  
Abdallah heeds not, though the light gale  
Fraught with rich odour, stolen from orange-  
groves; [that rise,  
Hears not the sounds from wood and brook  
Wild notes of nature's vesper-melodies;  
Marks not how lovely, on the mountain's  
head, [spread;  
Moonlight and snow their mingling lustre  
But urges onward, till his weary band,  
Worn with their toil, a moment's pause  
demand.

He stops, and turning, on Granada's fanes  
In silence gazing, fixed awhile remains  
In stern, deep silence. O'er his feverish  
brow, [blow,  
And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly  
But waft in fitful murmurs, from afar,  
Sounds indistinctly fearful—as of war.  
What meteor bursts with sudden blaze on  
high,

O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky?  
Awful it rises, like some Genie-form  
Seen 'midst the redness of the Desert storm,  
Magnificently dread. Above, below,  
Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening  
glow. [glare  
Lo! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid  
Streams through the still transparency of  
the air!

Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,  
Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire;  
And dome and minaret, river, wood, and  
height,  
From dim perspective start to ruddy light.

Oh Heaven! the anguish of Abdallah's  
soul! [trol!  
The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond con-

Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving fly  
For life—such life as makes it bliss to die!  
On yon green height, the Mosque, but half  
revealed [yield.  
Through cypress-groves, a safe retreat may  
Thither his steps are bent—yet oft he turns,  
Watching that fearful beacon as it burns.  
But paler grow the sinking flames at last,  
Flickering they fade, their crimson light is  
past;  
And spiry vapours, rising o'er the scene,  
Mark where the terrors of their wrath have  
been. [pile,  
And now his feet have reached that lonely  
Where grief and terror may repose awhile.  
Embowered it stands 'midst wood and cliff  
on high, [nigh.  
Through the grey rocks a torrent sparkling  
He hails the scene where every care should  
cease, [peace.  
And all—except the heart he brings—is

There is deep stillness in those halls o'  
state  
Where the loud cries of conflict rang so late,  
Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's'  
blast  
Hath o'er the dwellings of the Desert passed.  
Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step, nor  
breath  
Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death.  
Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,  
Save the wild gush of waters—murmuring  
round  
In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,  
Through chambers peopled by the dead  
alone.  
O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,  
Breastplate and shield and cloven helm are  
spread  
In mingled fragments—glittering to the light  
Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly  
bright,  
Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,  
And smile in placid beauty o'er the dead:  
O'er features where the fiery spirit's trace  
Even death itself is powerless to efface;  
O'er those who flushed with ardent youth  
awoke, [broke,  
When glowing morn in bloom and radiance  
Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen  
sleep  
Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish  
weep;

\* The Kamsin is the burning wind of the  
Desert

In the low silent house, the narrow spot,  
Home of forgetfulness—and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars—the night is  
o'er— [more ;  
Morn beams on those who hail her light no  
Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth  
again, [vain.

Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in  
Yet smiles the day—oh ! not for mortal tear  
Doth Nature deviate from her calm career :  
Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,  
Though breaking hearts her gladness may  
not share.

O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,  
O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows ;  
Bright shines the sun, though all be dark  
below,

And skies arch cloudless o'er a world of woe ;  
And flowers renewed in spring's green  
pathway bloom,  
Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral rite  
Attends that day of loveliness and light ;  
And many a chief, with dirges and with  
tears,

Is gathered to the brave of other years ;  
And Hamet, as beneath the cypress shade  
His martyred brother and his sire are laid,  
Feels every deep resolve and burning  
thought

Of ampler vengeance even to passion  
wrought.

Yet is the hour afar—and he must brood  
O'er those dark dreams awhile in solitude.

Tumult and rage are hushed—another  
day

In still solemnity hath passed away,  
In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath,  
The calm that follows in the tempest's path.  
—And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful  
fane,

His ravaged city traversing again.  
No sound of gladness his approach precedes,  
No splendid pageant the procession leads ;  
Where'er he moves the silent streets along,  
Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng.  
No voice is heard ; but in each altered eye,  
Once brightly beaming when his steps were  
nigh,

And in each look of those whose love hath  
fled

From all on earth to slumber with the dead,  
Those by his guilt made desolate and  
thrown

On the bleak wilderness of life alone.—

In youth's quick glance of scarce-dis-  
sembled rage,

And the pale mien of calmly-mournful age,  
May well be read a dark and fearful tale  
Of thought that ill the indignant heart can  
veil, [power,  
And passion, like the hushed volcano's  
That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

## II.

No more the clarion from Granada's walls,  
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls ;  
No more her graceful daughters, throned  
on high,

Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye :  
Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,  
And song is hushed, and pageantry is fled.  
—Weep, fated city ! o'er thy heroes weep—  
Low in the dust the sons of glory sleep !

Furled are their banners in the lonely hall,  
Their trophied shields hang mouldering on  
the wall ; [o'er,

Wildly their chargers range the pastures  
Their voice in battle shall be heard no more.  
And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath sur-  
vive, [give,

Whom he hath wronged too deeply to for-  
That race of lineage high, of worth ap-  
proved,

The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved—  
Thine Aben-Zurrahs—they no more shall  
wield

In thy proud cause the conquering lance  
and shield :

Condemned to bid the cherished scenes  
farewell [dwell,

Where the loved ashes of their fathers  
And far o'er foreign plains as exiles roam,  
Their land the desert, and the grave their  
home.

Yet there is one shall see that race depart  
In deep though silent agony of heart :

One whose dark fate must be to mourn  
alone, [known ;

Unseen her sorrows and their cause un-  
And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to  
wear [share—

That smile in which the spirit hath no  
Like the bright beams that shed their fruit-  
less glow

O'er the cold solitudes of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent is the midnight  
hour,

And the young Zegri seeks her lonely bower ;  
That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind  
One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.



That name in vain stern reason would  
efface :

Hamet ! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race !  
And yet not hers in bitterness to prove  
The sleepless pangs of unrequited love—  
Pangs which the rose of wasted youth consume,  
[tomb ;  
And make the heart of all delight the  
Check the free spirit in its eagle flight,  
And the spring-morn of early genius blight :  
Not such her grief—though now she wakes  
to weep, [of sleep,  
While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews

A step treads lightly through the citron-  
shade,  
Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed—  
Doth her young hero seek that well-known  
spot, [got ?  
Scene of past hours that ne'er may be for-  
'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose  
glance of fire  
Could like a sunbeam hope and joy inspire,  
As, luminous with youth, with ardour  
fraught,  
It spoke of glory to the inmost thought.  
Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath  
fled,  
And in its wild expression may be read  
Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—now  
veiled in shade,  
And now in characters of fire portrayed.  
Changed even his voice—as thus its mourn-  
ful tone  
Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

“Zayda ! my doom is fixed—another day  
And the wronged exile shall be far away ;  
Far from the scenes where still his heart  
must be,  
His home of youth, and, more than all—  
from thee.  
Oh ! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my  
lot [spot !  
Since last we met on this fair tranquil  
Lovely as then the soft and silent hour,  
And not a rose hath faded from thy bower ;  
But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'er-  
thrown,  
And changed my heart to all but thee alone.  
Farewell high thoughts ! inspiring hopes  
of praise !  
Heroic visions of my early days !  
In me the glories of my race must end—  
The exile hath no country to defend !  
Even in life's morn my dreams of pride are  
o'er, [more ;  
Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no

And one wild feeling in my altered breast  
Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest,  
Yet fear not thou—to thee, in good or ill,  
The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still !  
But when my steps are distant, and my  
name

Thou hear'st no longer in the song of fame ;  
When Time steals on, in silence to efface  
Of early love each pure and sacred trace,  
Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem  
But as the moonlight pictures of a dream,—  
Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth  
And all the fervour of affection's youth ?  
If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall  
play  
In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's way.”

“Ask not it such my love ! Oh ! trust  
the mind  
To grief so long, so silently resigned !  
Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught  
The pure and lofty constancy of thought,  
Its fleeting trials eager to forget,  
Rise with elastic power o'er each regret !  
Fostered in tears, *our* young affections  
grew,  
And I have learned to suffer and be true.  
Deem not my love a frail ephemeral flower,  
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy  
shower ;  
No ! 'tis the child of tempests, and defies,  
And meets unchanged, the anger of the  
skies !  
Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,  
That ne'er to meet in happier days we part.  
We part ! and even this agonizing hour,  
When love first feels his own o'erwhelming  
power,  
Shall soon to memory's fixed and tearful eye  
Seem almost happiness—for thou wert  
nigh !  
Yes ! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,  
As days to days all wearily succeed,  
When doomed to weep in loneliness, 'twill  
be [thee !  
Almost like rapture to have wept with  
—But thou, my Hamet ! thou canst yet  
bestow  
All that of joy my blighted lot can know.  
Oh ! be thou still the high-souled and the  
brave,  
To whom my first and fondest vows I gave !  
In thy proud fame's untarnished beauty  
still  
The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.  
So shall it soothe me, 'midst my heart's de-  
spair, [there !”  
To hold undimmed one glorious image



"Zayda, my best-beloved! my words  
too well,  
Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel;  
Yet must my soul to thee unveiled be  
shown, [known.  
And all its dreams and all its passions  
Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure as  
heaven [given.  
Is thy young love, in faith and fervour  
I said my heart was changed—and would  
thy thought  
Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,  
In fancy trace the land whose towers and  
fanés,  
Crushed by the earthquake, strew its  
ravaged plains;  
And such that heart where desolation's  
hand [grand!  
Hath blighted all that once was fair or  
But Vengeance, fixed upon her burning  
throne,  
Sits 'midst the wreck in silence and alone;  
And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,  
Each softer feeling, but my love resign.  
Yes! they whose spirits all my thoughts  
control, [soul;  
Who hold dread converse with my thrilling  
They, the betrayed, the sacrificed, the  
brave, [grave,  
Who fill a blood-stained and untimely  
Must be avenged! and pity and remorse  
In that stern cause are banished from my  
course.  
Zayda! thou tremblest—and thy gentle  
breast [rest;  
Shrinks from the passions that destroy my  
Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,  
Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening  
power  
And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile my lot,  
Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er  
forgot.  
—But the night wanes—the hours too  
swiftly fly,  
The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh;  
Yet, loved one! weep not thus—in joy or  
pain,  
Oh! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again!  
Yes, we shall meet! and haply smile at  
last  
On all the clouds and conflicts of the past.  
On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to  
dwell, [farewell!"  
Nor deem these mingling tears our last  
Is the voice hushed, whose loved expressive  
tone [alone!  
Thrilled to her heart—and doth she weep

Alone she weeps; that hour of parting o'er,  
When shall the pang it leaves be felt no  
more? [fair,  
The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom  
Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er her  
hair;  
But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power  
In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant  
flower, [delight,  
To wake once more that calm, serene  
The soul's young bloom, which passioned  
breath could blight—  
The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,  
Ere yet the day-star burns in all his power.  
Meanwhile, through groves of deep  
luxurious shade,  
In the rich foliage of the South arrayed,  
Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,  
Bends to the Vale of Tombs his pensive way.  
Fair is that scene where palm and cypress  
wave  
On high o'er many an *Aben-Zurrah's* grave.  
Lonely and fair, its fresh and glittering  
leaves [weaves,  
With the young myrtle there the laurel  
To canopy the dead; nor wanting there  
Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,  
Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive  
stream—  
Wild music, soothing to the mourner's  
dream. [o'er,  
There sleep the chiefs of old—their combats  
The voice of glory thrills their hearts no  
more. [blows;  
Unheard by them the awakening clarion  
The sons of war at length in peace repose.  
No martial note is in the gale that sighs  
Where proud their trophied sepulchres  
arise, [brightest bloom—  
'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of  
As in his native vale some shepherd's tomb.  
There, where the trees their thickest  
foliage spread  
Dark o'er that silent Valley of the Dead;  
Where two fair pillars rise, embowered and  
lone,  
Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown,  
Young Hamet kneels—while thus his vows  
are poured,  
The fearful vows that consecrate his sword:  
—"Spirit of him who first within my mind  
Each loftier aim, each nobler thought  
enshrined,  
And taught my steps the line of life to trace  
Left by the glorious fathers of my race,  
Hear thou my voice!—for thine is with me  
still;  
In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,

in the deep calm of midnight they are near,  
Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,  
Still murmuring *Vengeance!* Nor in vain  
the call :

Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall !  
Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,  
Within my heart there lives one only aim ;  
There, till the oppressor for thy fate atone,  
Concentrating every thought, it reigns alone.  
I will not weep—revenge, not grief must be,  
And blood, not tears, an offering meet for  
thee ;

But the dark hour of stern delight will  
And thou shalt triumph, warrior ! in thy  
tomb.

“ Thou, too, my brother ! thou art passed  
Without thy fame, in life's fair dawning  
day.

Son of the brave ! of thee no trace will  
In the proud annals of thy lofty line ;  
Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays  
That hold communion with the after-days.

Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst have  
nobly won,

Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide  
By glory lost, I swear ! by hope betrayed,  
Thy fate shall amply, dearly be repaid :  
War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,  
And to avenge thy death devote my life.

—Hear ye my vows, O spirits of the slain !  
Hear, and be with me on the battle-plain !  
At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,  
Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye  
died !”

## CANTO SECOND.

“ Oh ! ben provvide il Cielo  
Ch' Uom per delitti mai lieto non sia.”

ALFIERI

## I.

FAIR land ! of chivalry the old domain—  
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain !  
Though not for thee with classic shores to  
vie

In charms that fix the enthusiast's pensive  
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly  
fraught

With all that wakes the glow of lofty  
thought ;

Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose  
ancient name

High deeds have raised to mingle with their  
Those scenes are peaceful now : the citron  
blows,

Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave  
repose.

No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,  
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no  
more.

But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly  
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead ?  
Blest be that soil ! where England's heroes  
share

The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering  
Whose names are glorious in romantic lays,  
The wild sweet chronicles of elder days—  
By goatherd lone and rude serrano sung,  
The cypress dells and vine-clad rocks  
among.

How oft those rocks have echoed to the  
Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale ;  
Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,  
First of the brave, the gallant Campeador ;  
Of those, the famed in song, who proudly  
died

When Rio Verde rolled a crimson tide ;  
Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might  
On the Green Vega won in single fight !\*

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,  
O'er that Green Vega rose the din of war.  
At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone  
O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty lone ;  
On helmet and corslet tremulous they glanced,  
On shield and spear in quivering lustre  
danced.

Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,  
Tents rose around, and banners glanced  
above ;

And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armour  
With gold, reflecting every tint of light,  
And many a floating plume and blazoned  
shield

Diffused romantic splendour o'er the field.  
There swell those sounds that bid the life-  
blood start

Swift to the mantling cheek and beating  
The clang of echoing steel, the charger's  
neigh,

The measured tread of hosts in war's  
array ;

And oh ! that music, whose exulting breath  
Speaks but of glory on the road to death ;  
In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring  
power

To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour ;  
To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,  
Rouse from despondence, and support its  
pain ;

\* Garcilaso de la Vega derived his surname  
from vanquishing a Moor in single combat at  
the Vega of Granada

And, 'midst the deepening tumults of the  
 strife,  
 Teach every pulse to thrill with more than  
 life. [fold,  
 —High o'er the camp, in many a brodered  
 Floats to the wind a standard rich with  
 gold : [appears  
 There, imaged on the Cross, *His* form  
 "Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears—  
*His* form, whose word recalled the spirit  
 fled, [dead !  
 Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the  
 O'er yon fair walls to plant the Cross on  
 high, [chivalry.  
 Spain hath sent forth her flower of  
 Fired with that ardour which in days of yore  
 To Syrian plains the bold Crusaders bore—  
 Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,  
 They come, the gallant children of Castile ;  
 The proud, the calmly dignified :—and  
 there  
 Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,  
 And those who guide the fiery steed of war  
 From yon rich province of the western  
 star.\*

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the glitter-  
 ing scene, [mien ;  
 Stern grandeur stamped upon thy princely  
 Known by the foreign garb, the silvery  
 vest, [crest,  
 The snow-white charger, and the azure  
 Young A ben-Zurrah ! 'midst that host of foes,  
 Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish lance ?  
 Disclose !  
 Why rise the tents where dwell thy kindred  
 train,  
 O son of Afric ! 'midst the sons of Spain ?  
 Hast thou with these thy nation's fall con-  
 spired, [fired ?  
 Apostate chief ! by hope of vengeance  
 How art thou changed ! still first in every  
 fight,  
 Hamet the Moor ! Castile's devoted knight !  
 There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,  
 But not the light that shone in days gone  
 by ;  
 There is wild ardour in thy look and tone,  
 But not the soul's expression once thine  
 own, [say  
 Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall  
 What secret thoughts thine inmost heart  
 may sway ? [tained breast,  
 No eye but Heaven's may pierce that cur-  
 Whose joys and griefs alike are un-  
 expressed.

There hath been combat on the tented  
 plain ;  
 The Vega's turf is red with many a stain ;  
 And, rent and trampled, banner, crest, and  
 shield  
 Tell of a fierce and well-contested field.  
 But all is peaceful now : the west is bright  
 With the rich splendour of departing light ;  
 Mulhacen's peak,\* half lost amidst the sky,  
 Glows like a purple evening cloud on high,  
 And tints, that mock the pencil's art, o'er-  
 spread [head ; †  
 The eternal snow that crowns Veleta's  
 While the warm sunset o'er the landscape  
 throws  
 A solemn beauty and a deep repose.  
 Closed are the toils and tumults of the day,  
 And Hamet wanders from the camp away,  
 In silent musings rapt :—the slaughtered  
 brave [wave.  
 Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling  
 Soft fall the dews—but other drops have  
 dyed [side,  
 The scented shrubs that fringe the river  
 Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,  
 The wounded sought a shelter—and ex-  
 pired.  
 Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other days,  
 By the bright windings of the stream he  
 strays, [scene,  
 Till, more remote from battle's ravaged  
 All is repose and solitude serene.  
 There 'neath an olive's ancient shade re-  
 clined, [wind,  
 Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's  
 The harassed warrior, yielding to the  
 power, [hour,  
 The mild sweet influence of the tranquil  
 Feels by degrees a long forgotten calm  
 Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm ;  
 His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious  
 lot,  
 The past, the future, are awhile forgot ;  
 And Hope, scarce owned, yet stealing o'er  
 his breast, [blest !"  
 Half dares to whisper, " Thou shalt yet be

Such his vague musings—but a plaintive  
 sound [round ;  
 Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness  
 A low, half-stifled moan, that seems to rise  
 From life and death's contending agonies,  
 He turns : Who shares with him that  
 lonely shade ?  
 —A youthful warrior on his deathbed laid

\* The Arabic signification of *Andalusia*

\* Highest summit of the Sierra Nevada



All rent and stained his broidered Moorish vest,

The corslet shattered on his bleeding breast ;  
In his cold hand the broken falchion strained,

With life's last force convulsively retained ;  
His plumage soiled with dust, with crimson dyed,

And the red lance in fragments by his side :  
He lies forsaken—pillowed on his shield,  
His helmet raised, his lineaments revealed.  
Pale is that quivering lip, and vanished now  
The light once throned on that commanding brow ;

And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,  
The shades of death are gathering dark and fast.

Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene  
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs between,

Too well can Hamet's conscious heart  
Though changed thus fearfully, that pallid face,

Whose every feature to his soul conveys  
Some bitter thought of long departed days.  
—"Oh ! is it thus," he cries, "we meet at last ?

Friend of my soul in years for ever past !  
Hath fate but led me hither to behold  
The last dread struggle, ere that heart is cold,—

Receive thy latest agonizing breath,  
And with vain pity soothe the pangs of death !

Yet let me bear thee hence—while life re-  
Even though thus feebly circling through thy veins,

Some healing balm thy sense may still  
Hope is not lost—and Osmyn yet may live !  
And blest were he whose timely care should save

A heart so noble, even from glory's grave."

Roused by those accents, from his lowly bed

The dying warrior faintly lifts his head ;  
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague uncertain gaze,

His doubtful glance awhile bewildered  
Till by degrees a smile of proud disdain  
Lights up those features late convulsed with pain ,

A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,  
That seems too pure, too full of soul, to die ;  
And the mind's grandeur, in its parting hour,

Looks from that brow with more than wonted power.

—"Away!" he cries, in accents of command,

And proudly waves his cold and trembling  
"Apostate, hence ! my soul shall soon be free—

Even now it soars, disdainful aid from thee.  
'Tis not for thee to close the fading eyes  
Of him who faithful to his country dies ;  
Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping head  
Of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.

Soon shall these pangs be closed, this conflict o'er,

And worlds be mine where thou canst never  
Be thine existence with a blighted name,  
Mine the bright death which seals a warrior's fame !"

The glow hath vanished from his cheek  
—his eye

Hath lost that beam of parting energy ;  
Frozen and fixed it seems—his brow is chill ;

One struggle more—that noble heart is  
Departed warrior ! were thy mortal throes,  
Were they last pangs, ere nature found repose,  
More keen, more bitter, than the envenomed dart

Thy dying words have left in Hamet's heart ?  
*Thy* pangs were transient ; *his* shall sleep no more,

Till life's delirious dream itself be o'er ;  
But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave  
Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.

Oh, what a change that little hour hath wrought

In the high spirit and unbending thought !  
Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,  
Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride ;  
While his soul rises, gathering all his force,  
To meet the fearful conflict with Remorse.

—To thee, at length, whose artless love hath been

His own, unchanged, through many a stormy scene—

Zayda ! to thee his heart for refuge flies ;  
Thou still art faithful to affection's ties.

Yes ! let the world upbraid, let foes contemn,  
Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem ;  
And soon thy smile and soft consoling voice  
Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

11.

WITHIN Granada's walls are hearts and hands

Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands ;  
Nor hard the task, at some propitious hour,  
To win his silent way to Zayda's bower.



When night and peace are brooding o'er  
the world, [furl'd,

When mute the clarions, and the banners  
That hour is come—and, o'er the arms he  
bears, [wears :

A wandering Fakir's garb the chieftain  
Disguise that ill from piercing eye could hide  
The lofty port and glance of martial pride ;  
But night befriends. Through path obscure  
he passed,

And hailed the lone and lovely scene at last ;  
Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair  
alcove, [grove :

The sparkling fountain, and the orange  
Calm in the moonlight smiles the still  
retreat,

As formed alone for happy hearts to meet.  
For happy hearts !—not such as hers, who  
there [hair ;

Bends o'er her lute with dark unbraided  
That maid of Zegri race, whose eyes, whose  
mien, [been.

Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath  
So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's  
feet

Unheard approach her solitary seat,  
Till his known accents every sense restore—  
" My own loved Zayda ! do we meet once  
more ?" [prise,

She starts, she turns—the lightning of sur-  
Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes ;  
But that is fleeting—it is past—and now

Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow :  
Changed is her aspect, and her tone severe—  
" Hence Aben-Zurrah ! death surrounds  
thee here !"

" Zayda ! what means that glance, un-  
like thine own !

What mean those words, and that un-  
wonted tone ?

I will not deem thee changed—but in thy  
face,

It is not joy, it is not love, I trace !  
It was not thus in other days we met :  
Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to  
forget ? [dispel :

Oh ! speak once more—these rising doubts  
One smile of tenderness, and all is well !"

" Not thus we met in other days !—oh,  
no ! [foe.

Thou wert not, warrior ! then thy country's  
Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet  
again [then.

With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as  
But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,  
Leader of hostile bands ! away, away !

On in thy path of triumph and of power,  
Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted  
flower."

" And *thou*, too, changed ! thine earthly  
vow forgot !

This, this alone, was wanting to my lot !  
Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,  
Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left ;  
And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering  
beam, [dream,

Thou ! the good angel of each brighter  
Wert all the barrenness of life possessed  
To wake one soft affection in my breast !  
That vision ended, fate hath naught in  
store

Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.  
Go, Zegri maid ! to scenes of sunshine fly,  
From the stern pupil of adversity !  
And now to hope, to confidence adieu !  
If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true ?"

" Hamet ! oh, wrong me not ! I too could  
speak [cheek,

Of sorrows. Trace them on my faded  
In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,  
That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-  
worm ! [there,

But words were idle—read my sufferings  
Where grief is stamped on all that once  
was fair.

—Oh, wert thou still what once I fondly  
deemed,

All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit  
seemed,

My love had been devotion !—till in death  
Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.  
But not the chief who leads a lawless band  
To crush the altars of his native land ;

The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace  
Hath stained the trophies of a glorious  
race ; [name

Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful  
Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.

Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's  
cloud [shroud,

O'er that young name had gathered as a  
I then had mourned thee proudly, and my  
grief

In its own loftiness had found relief ;  
A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,  
When every manner woe had long been  
past.

Yes ! let affection weep—no common tear  
She sheds when bending o'er a hero's bier.  
Let nature mourn the dead—a grief like  
this, [bliss !"

To pangs that rend my bosom, had been

"High-minded maid! the time admits  
not now

To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow.  
That vow, too dread, too solemn to recall,  
Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.  
Yet this believe—no meaner aim inspires  
My soul, no dream of power ambition fires.  
No! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,  
Behold me but the avenger of the dead!  
One whose changed heart no tie, no kindred  
knows,

And in thy love alone hath sought repose.  
Zayda! wilt *thou* his stern accuser be?  
False to his country, he is true to thee!  
Oh, hear me yet!—if Hamet e'er was dear,  
By our first vows, our young affection,  
hear!

Soon must this fair and royal city fall,  
Soon shall the Cross be planted on her wall;  
Then who can tell what tides of blood may  
flow,

While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe?  
Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee far  
From horrors thronging in the path of war:  
Fly, and repose in safety—till the blast  
Hath made a desert in its course—and  
passed!"

"Thou that wilt triumph when the hour  
is come, [doom,  
Hastened by thee to seal thy country's  
With *thee* from scenes of death shall Zayda  
fly [die!

To peace and safety?—Woman, too, can  
And die exulting, though unknown to fame,  
In all the stainless beauty of her name!  
Be mine, unmurmuring, undismayed, to  
share

The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.  
And deem thou not my feeble heart shall  
fail, [assail,

When the clouds gather and the blasts  
Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour  
Called into life my spirit's latent power;  
But I have energies that idly slept,  
While withering o'er my silent woes I wept;  
And now, when hope and happiness are  
fled,

My soul is firm—for what remains to dread?  
Who shall have power to suffer and to bear  
If strength and courage dwell not with  
Despair?

[again,  
"Hamet! farewell—retrace thy path  
To join thy brethren on the tented plain.  
There wave and wood in mingling murmurs  
tell

How, in far other cause thy father fell!

Yes! on that soil hath Glory's footstep  
been,

Names unforgotten consecrate the scene!  
Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee  
there, [air  
Whose voices call thee in the whispering  
Unheard, in vain they call—their fallen son  
Hath stained the name those mighty spirits  
won,

And to the hatred of the brave and free  
Bequeathed his own through ages yet to  
be!"

Still as she spoke, the enthusiast's kind-  
ling eye

Was lighted up with inborn majesty,  
While her fair form and youthful features  
caught

All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,  
Severely beauteous. Awe-struck and  
amazed,

In silent trance awhile the warrior gazed,  
As on some lofty vision—for she seemed  
One all-inspired—each look with glory  
beamed, [of woes,

While, brightly bursting through its clouds  
Her soul at once in all its light arose.  
Oh! ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt  
enshrined

In form so fragile that unconquered mind;  
And fixed, as by some high enchantment,  
there

He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

"The dream is vanished—daughter of  
my foes!

Reft of each hope the lonely wanderer goes.  
Thy words have pierced his soul; yet deem  
thou not

Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er  
forgot!

Oh, formed for happier love, heroic maid!  
In grief sublime, in danger undismayed,  
Farewell, and be thou blest!—all words  
were vain [again—

From him who ne'er may view that form  
Him, whose sole thought resembling bliss,  
must be [thee!"

He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved by

And is the warrior gone?—doth Zayda  
hear

His parting footstep, and without a tear?  
Thou weep'st not, lofty maid!—yet who  
can tell [dwell?

What secret pangs within thy heart may  
*They* feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,  
Who best each feeling's agony control.

Yes! we may judge the measure of the grief  
Which finds in misery's eloquence relief;  
But who shall pierce those depths of silent  
woe

Whence breathes no language, whence no  
tears may flow,

The pangs that many a noble breast hath  
proved,

Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved?  
He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,  
Views all its weakness, pities all its throes;  
He who hath mercy when mankind con-  
temn,

Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.

### III.

FAIR City! thou that 'midst thy stately fanes  
And gilded minarets, towering o'er the  
plains,

In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise  
Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies;  
While streams that bear thee treasures in  
their wave,\*

The citron-groves and myrtle-gardens lave:  
Mourn, for thy doom is fixed—the days of  
fear,

Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness are near!  
Within, around thee, are the trophied  
graves [slaves.

Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be  
Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,  
But there a race that reared them not shall  
dwell:

For 'midst thy councils discord still presides,  
Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch  
guides—

Last of a line whose regal spirit flown  
Hath to her offspring but bequeathed a  
throne, [high,

Without one generous thought, or feeling  
To teach his soul how kings should live  
and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,  
The hearts of warriors echo to its call.  
Whose are those tones, with power electric  
fraught

To reach the source of pure exalted thought?  
—See, on a fortress tower, with beckoning  
hand,

A form, majestic as a prophet, stand!

\* Granada stands upon two hills, separated by the Darro. The Xenil runs under the walls. The Darro is said to carry with its streams small particles of gold, and the Xenil of silver.

His mien is all impassioned, and his eye  
Filled with a light whose fountain is on  
high;

Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,  
And inspiration beams upon his brow;  
While, thronging round him, breathless  
thousands gaze  
As on some mighty seer of elder days.

“Saw ye the banners of Castile dis-  
played, [rayed?

The helmets glittering, and the line ar-  
Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts?’  
he cries; [arise!

“Children of conquerors! in your strength  
O high-born tribes! O names unstained  
by fear!

Azarques, Zegrís, Almoradis,\* hear!  
Be every feud forgotten, and your hands  
Dyed with no blood but that of hostile  
bands. [come,

Wake, princes of the land! the hour is  
And the red sabre must decide your doom.  
Where is that spirit which prevailed of yore,  
When Tarik's band o'erspread the western  
shore?

When the long combat raged on Xeres'  
plain, [Spain?

And Afric's tebir† swelled through yielding  
Is the lance broken, is the shield decayed,  
The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dis-  
mayed?

Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth  
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth?

To guard the regions where our fathers  
blood [each flood;

Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with  
Where long their dust hath blended with  
the soil [toil?

Won by their swords, made fertile by their  
—O ye Sierras of eternal snow!

Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes  
flow! [their might

Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain! ye saw  
In many a fierce and unforgotten fight—

Shall ye behold their lost degenerate race  
Dwell midst your scenes in fetters and dis-  
grace,

With each memorial of the past around,  
Each mighty monument of days renowned?  
May this indignant heart ere then be cold,  
This frame be gathered to its kindred  
mould.

\* Tribes of the Moors of Granada, all of high distinction

† The shout of onset used by the Saracans in battle



And the last life-drop circling through my veins  
 Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains !  
 —And yet one struggle ere our doom is sealed,  
 One mighty effort, one deciding field !  
 If vain each hope, we still have choice to be  
 In life the fettered, or in death the free !”

Still while he speaks each gallant heart  
 beats high,  
 And ardour flashes from each kindling eye ;  
 Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have  
 caught  
 The glow of lofty hope and daring thought ;  
 And all is hushed around—as every sense  
 Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.  
 But when his voice had ceased, the impetuous cry  
 Of eager thousands burst at once on high ;  
 Rampart, and rock, and fortress ring  
 around,  
 And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound.  
 “Lead us, O chieftain ! lead us to the  
 strife—  
 To fame in death, or liberty in life !”  
 —O zeal of noble hearts ! in vain displayed ;  
 O chainless valour ! roused too late to aid !  
 Now, while the burning spirit of the brave  
 Is roused to energies that yet might save—  
 Even now, enthusiasts ! while ye rush to  
 claim  
 Your glorious trial on the field of fame,  
 Your King hath yielded ! Valour's dream  
 is o'er ;  
 Power, wealth, and freedom are your own  
 no more ; [mains  
 And for your children's portion, but re-  
 That bitter heritage—the stranger's chains.

## CANTO THIRD.

“*Fernossi ai fin il cor che balzo tanto.*”  
 PINDEMONTE.

I.

HEROES of elder days ! untaught to yield,  
 Who bled for Spain on many an ancient  
 field ;  
 Ye that around the Oaken Cross\* of yore  
 Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,  
 And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,  
 Hallowed the wild Cantabrian solitude !

\* The oaken cross, carried by Pelagius in battle.

Rejoice !—for Spain, arising in her strength,  
 Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at  
 length ; [drain,

And they, in turn, the cup of woe must  
 And bathe their fetters with their tears in  
 vain.

And thou, the warrior born in happy hour,\*  
 Valencia's lord, whose name alone was  
 power, [by,

Theme of a thousand songs in days gone  
 Conqueror of kings ! exult, O Cid, on high ;  
 For still 'twas thine to guard thy country's  
 weal,

In life, in death, the watcher for Castile !  
 Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's  
 bands [ing lands,

Rushed from their palmy groves and burn-  
 Even in the realm of spirits didst retain

A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain !  
 Then at deep midnight rose the mighty,  
 sound,

By Leon heard in shuddering awe profound,  
 As through her echoing streets, in dread  
 array, [way—

Beings once mortal held their viewless  
 Voices from worlds we know not—and the  
 tread

Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,  
 Thou and thy buried chieftains. From the  
 grave

Then did thy summons rouse a king to save,  
 And join thy warriors with unearthly might  
 To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.

Those days are past—the Crescent on thy  
 shore,

O Realm of Evening ! † sets, to rise no more.  
 What banner streams afar from Vela's  
 tower ?

The Cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power !  
 What the glad shout of each exulting voice ?  
 “Castile and Aragon ! rejoice, rejoice !”

Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,  
 The Moorish city sees her gates unclose,  
 And Spain's proud host, with pennon,  
 shield, and lance, [advance,

Through her long streets in knightly garb  
 —Oh ! ne'er in lofty dreams hath fancy's eye  
 Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry,  
 At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,  
 High masque or solemn festival of yore.

\* In the “Chronicles of the Cid,” Ruy Diaz is frequently so styled.

† The name of Andalusia, the *Region of Evening, or of the West*, was applied by the Arabs to the whole Peninsula, as well as to the Southern Province.



The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise  
O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean skies;  
Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric  
towers,

Fountains and palaces, and cypress bowers :  
And they, the splendid and triumphant  
through,

With helmets glittering as they move along,  
With brodered scarf and gem-bestudded  
mail, [gale ;

And graceful plumage streaming on the  
Shields gold-embossed, and pennons float-  
ing far,

And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,  
All brightened by the rich transparent hues  
That southern suns o'er heaven and earth  
diffuse—

Blend in one scene of glory, formed to throw  
O'er memory's page a never-fading glow.

And there, too, foremost midst the con-  
quering brave,

Your azure plumes, O *Aben-Zurrahs* ! wave.  
There *Hamet* moves ; the chief whose lofty  
port [court ;

Seems nor reproach to shun, nor praise to  
Calm, stern, collected—yet within his breast  
Is there no pang, no struggle, unconfessed ?  
If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,  
Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn yet exulting  
sound

Of the deep anthem floating far around ?

The choral voices, to the skies that raise

The full majestic harmony of praise ?

Lo ! where, surrounded by their princely  
train, [Spain,

They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing  
Borne on their trophied car—lo ! bursting  
thence

A blaze of chivalrous magnificence :

Onward their slow and stately course they  
bend

To where the *Alhambra's* ancient towers  
ascend,

Reared and adorned by Moorish kings of  
yore, [more.

Whose lost descendants there shall dwell no  
—They reach those towers : irregularly vast,

And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast.  
They enter : to their wondering sight is  
given

A *Genii* palace—an Arabian heaven !

A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,  
Its forms and colour seem alike of air.

Here, by sweet orange-boughs half shaded  
o'er,

The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor,

Its margin fringed with flowers, whose  
glowing hues

The calm transparence of its waves suffuse.

There round the court, where Moorish  
arches bend,

Aërial columns, richly decked, ascend ;

Unlike the models of each classic race,

Of Doric grandeur or Corinthian grace,

But answering well each vision that portrays

Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze.

Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a mingling  
glow

Of rainbow-tints, above, around, below ;

Bright streaming from the many tinctured  
veins

Of precious marble, and the vivid stains

Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,

In gay festoons and fairy knots displayed.

On through the enchanted realm, that only  
seems [dreams,

Meet for the radiant creatures of our

The royal conquerors pass—while still their  
sight [delight.

On some new wonder dwells with fresh

Here the eye roves through slender colon-  
nades,

O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades ;

Dark olive-woods beyond, and far on high

The vast *Sierra* mingling with the sky.

There, scattering far around their diamond  
spray,

Clear streams from founts of alabaster play,  
Through pillared halls, where, exquisitely  
wrought, [fraught,

Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage

Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the  
scene

A wild, romantic, Oriental mien : [of old,

While many a verse, from Eastern bards

Borders the walls in characters of gold.

Here *Moslem* luxury, in her own domain,

Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign,

'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall  
silence brood,

And all be lone—a splendid solitude.

Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,

From mingling voices of exulting throngs ;

Tambour, and flute, and *atabal*\* are there,

And joyous clarions pealing on the air ;

While every hall resounds, " *Granada* won !

*Granada* ! for *Castile* and *Aragon* ! "

II.

'TIS night. From dome and tower, in  
dazzling maze,

The festal lamps innumerably blaze ;

\* *Atabal*, a kind of Moorish drum.

Through long arcades their quivering lustre  
gleams,  
From every lattice tremulously streams,  
'Midst orange-gardens plays on fount and  
rill,  
And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil.  
Red flame the torches on each minaret's  
height,  
And shines each street an avenue of light ;  
And midnight feasts are held and music's  
voice [rejoice.  
Through the long night still summons to  
Yet there, while all would seem to heedless  
eye  
One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry,  
Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive  
hours, [with flowers ;  
Galled by the chain, though decked awhile  
Stern passions working in the indignant  
breast, [pressed,  
Deep pangs untold, high feelings unex-  
Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet—  
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain  
regret.

From yon proud height, whose olive-  
shaded brow  
Commands the wide luxuriant plains below,  
Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,  
Anguish and shame contending in his mien ?  
He who, of heroes and of kings the son,  
Hath lived to lose what'er his fathers won ;  
Whose doubts and fears his people's fate  
hath sealed,  
Wavering alike in council and in field ;  
Weak timid ruler of the wise and brave,  
Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.  
Far from these vine-clad hills and azure  
skies,  
To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;  
Yet pauses on his way to weep in vain  
O'er all he never must behold again.  
Fair spreads the scene around—for him *too*  
fair ;  
Each glowing charm but deepens his despair.  
The Vega's meads, the city's glittering  
spires,  
The old majestic palace of his sires ;  
The gay pavilions and retired alcoves,  
Bosomed in citron and pomegranate groves ;  
Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind  
in light,  
All in one moment bursting on his sight,  
Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,  
And wake the source of unavailing tears.  
—Weep'st thou, Abdallah ! Thou dost well  
to weep, [keep !  
O feeble heart ! o'er all thou couldst not

Well do a woman's tears befit the eye  
Of him who knew not as a man to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through  
Zayda's bower : [flower.  
The hand is gone that nursed each infant  
No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,  
Mute are the echoes of their marble walls,  
No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,  
But all is hushed, and void, and desolate.  
There, through each tower and solitary  
shade,  
In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid.  
Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,  
Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown,  
And through the scenes she loved, unheeded  
flows [repose.  
The stream whose music lulled her to  
—But oh ! to him, whose self-accusing  
thought  
Whispers 'twas *he* that desolation wrought ;  
He who his country and his faith betrayed,  
And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid ;  
A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,  
Each wave low rippling tells a mournful  
tale ;  
And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,  
In wild exuberance rustle to the wind,  
Each leaf hath language to his startled  
sense, [her hence !"  
And seems to murmur—" Thou hast driven  
And well he feels to trace her flight were  
vain— [again ?  
Where hath lost love been once recalled  
In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,  
His name can rouse no feeling now—but  
scorn.

O bitter hour ! when first the shuddering  
heart  
Wakes to behold the void within—and start  
To feel its own abandonment, and brood  
O'er the chill bosom's depths of solitude !  
The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast  
Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at rest.  
The avenger's task is closed :—he finds too  
late [fate.  
It hath not changed his feelings, but his  
His was a lofty spirit, turned aside  
From its bright path by woes, and wrongs,  
and pride,  
And onward, in its new tumultuous course,  
Borne with too rapid and intense a force  
To pause one moment in the dread career,  
And ask if such could be its native sphere.  
Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,  
Their fears and hopes excite his soul no  
more :

The feverish energies of passion close,  
And his heart sinks in desolate repose,  
Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks  
not less  
From its own deep and utter loneliness.

## III.

THERE is a sound of voices on the air,  
A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,  
'Midst the wild Alpuxarras. There, on  
high, [the sky,  
Where mountain-snows are mingling with  
A few brave tribes, with spirits yet unbroke,  
Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's  
yoke. [alone,  
O ye dread scenes! where Nature dwells  
Severely glorious on her craggy throne;  
Ye citadels of rock! gigantic forms,  
Veiled by the mists and girdled by the  
storms — [caves!  
Ravines, and glens, and deep resounding  
That hold communion with the torrent-  
waves; [snows!  
And ye, the unstained and everlasting  
That dwell above in bright and still repose;  
To you, in every clime, in every age,  
Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's  
rage, [keep  
Hath Freedom led her sons—untired to  
Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.  
She, like the mountain-eagle, still delights  
To gaze exulting from unconquered heights,  
And build her eyrie in defiance proud,  
To dare the wind, and mingle with the  
cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener,  
swells, [dells.  
Wild Alpuxarras! through your inmost  
There, the dark glens and lonely rocks  
among,  
As at the clarion's call, her children throng,  
She with enduring strength has nerved each  
frame, [flame,  
And made each heart, the temple of her  
Her own resisting spirit, which shall glow  
Unquenchably, surviving all below.  
There high-born maids, that moved upon  
the earth  
More like bright creatures of ærial birth,  
Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share  
The fate of brothers and of sires; to bear,  
All undismayed, privation and distress,  
And smile, the roses of the wilderness:  
And mothers with their infants, there to  
dwell  
In the deep forest or the cavern cell,

And rear their offspring 'midst the rocks  
to be,  
If now no more the mighty, still the free.  
And 'midst that band are veterans, o'er  
whose head  
Sorrows and years their mingled snows  
have shed.  
They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,  
O royal city! and the wreck of all  
They loved and hallowed most:—doth  
ought remain  
For these to prove of happiness or pain?  
Life's cup is drained—earth fades before  
their eye;  
Their task is closing—they have but to die.  
Ask ye why fled they hither?—that their  
doom  
Might be, to sink unfettered to the tomb.  
And youth, in all its pride of strength, is  
there,  
And buoyancy of spirit, formed to dare  
And suffer all things—fallen on evil days,  
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,  
As on the arena where its powers may find  
Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.  
Such are the tenants of the mountain-hold,  
The high in heart, unconquered, uncon-  
trolled;  
By day, the huntsmen of the wild—by  
night,  
Unwearied guardians of the watch-fire's  
light, [caught  
They from their bleak majestic home have  
A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,  
While all around them bids the soul arise  
To blend with Nature's dread sublimities.

But these are lofty dreams, and must  
not be  
Where tyranny is near. The bended knee,  
The eye whose glance no inborn grandeur  
fires,  
And the tamed heart, are tributes she re-  
quires;  
Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down  
On regal conquerors and defy their frown.  
What warrior-band is toiling to explore  
The mountain-pass, with pine-wood sha-  
dowed o'er,  
Startling with martial sounds each rude  
recess,  
Where the deep echo slept in loneliness?  
These are the sons of Spain!—Your foes  
are near,  
O exiles of the wild Sierra! hear!  
Hear! wake! arise! and from your inmost  
caves  
Pour like the torrent in its might of waves!



Who leads the invaders on? His features  
bear

The deep-worn traces of a calm despair ;  
Yet his dark brow is haughty, and his eye  
Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy.  
'Tis he ! 'tis he again ! the apostate chief ;  
He comes in all the sternness of his grief.  
He comes, but changed in heart, no more  
to wield

Falchions for proud Castile in battle-field :  
Against his country's children though he  
leads

Castilian bands again to hostile deeds,  
His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,  
To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die.  
So shall remorse and love the heart release,  
Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for  
peace.

—The mountain-echoes are awake ! A  
sound

Of strife is ringing through the rocks  
around—

Within the steep defile that winds between  
Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark terrific scene,  
Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight  
Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.  
Red flows the foaming streamlet of the  
glen,

Whose bright transparency ne'er was  
stained till then ;

While swell the war-note and the clash of  
spears

To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,  
Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada !  
wait

In dread suspense the tidings of their fate.  
But he—whose spirit, panting for its rest,  
Would fain each sword concentrate in his  
breast—

Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance  
Aimed at another's breast, would still ad-  
vance—

[by,  
Courts death in vain ; each weapon glances  
As if for him 'twere bliss too great to die.  
Yes, *Aben-Zurrah* ! there are deeper woes  
Reserved for thee ere nature's last repose ;  
Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate  
can wreak,

Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.  
Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely  
fell

The sons of battle in that narrow dell ;  
Youth in its light of beauty there hath  
passed,

And age, the weary, found repose at last ;  
Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,  
Borne down by numbers and o'erpowered  
by toil.

Dispersed, disheartened, through the pass  
they fly,

Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff on  
high ;

While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor  
dare

Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of  
[despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath be-  
come

A dark delight, and every wild a home,  
Still urges onward—undismayed to tread  
Where life's fond lovers would recoil with  
dread.

But fear is for the happy. *They* may shrink  
From the steep precipice or torrent's  
brink—

[doom  
They to whom earth is paradise : their  
Lends no stern courage to approach the  
tomb.

Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate  
severe,

Were but too blest if aught remained to  
fear.

Up the rude crags, whose giant masses  
throw

Eternal shadows o'er the glen below ;  
And by the fall, whose many-tinctured spray  
Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,  
He holds his venturesome track :—supported  
now

By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough ;  
Now by some jutting stone, that seems to  
dwell

Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell.  
Now hath his footstep gained the summit's  
head,

A level span, with emerald verdure spread,  
A fairy circle. There the heath-flowers rise,  
And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms and  
dies :

[tide  
And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its  
In foam and thunder cleave the mountain-  
side.

But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's eye  
Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.  
That dell beneath, where even at noon of  
day

Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam,  
scarce can stray ;

Around, untrodden woods ; and far above,  
Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope to  
rove,

Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed inherent dyes  
Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies ;  
And the pure glittering snow-realm, yet  
more high,

That seems a part of heaven's eternity.



There is no track of man where Hamet stands,  
 I athless the scene as Lybia's desert sands ;  
 Yet on the calm still air a sound is heard  
 Of distant voices, and the gathering-word  
 Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter  
 grown,  
 Now but the lingering echo of a tone.  
 That sound, whose cadence dies upon his ear,  
 He follows, reckless if his bands are near.  
 On by the rushing stream his way he bends,  
 And through the mountain's forest-zone  
 ascends ;  
 Piercing the still and solitary shades  
 Of ancient pine and dark luxuriant glades,  
 Eternal twilight's reign. Those mazes  
 past, [last,  
 The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at  
 And the lone wanderer now hath reached  
 the source  
 Where the wave gushes, foaming on its  
 course.  
 But there he pauses—for the lonely scene  
 Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,  
 And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's  
 cry.  
 From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky,  
 So deep the solemn and majestic sound  
 Of forests, and of waters murmuring  
 round— [gets  
 That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart for-  
 Its fleeting struggles and its vain regrets.  
 —What earthly feelings unabashed can  
 dwell [swell  
 'n Nature's mighty presence?—'midst the  
 Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,  
 And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving  
 woods? [press,  
 These their own grandeur on the soul im-  
 And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave  
 Rears its broad arch beside the rushing  
 wave ;  
 Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude and lone,  
 It seems the temple of some power un-  
 known,  
 Where earthly being may not dare intrude  
 To pierce the secrets of the solitude.  
 Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail  
 Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.  
 Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet ! at the  
 tone ?  
 Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan—  
 As some loved sound that long from earth  
 hath fled,  
 The unforgetten accents of the dead ?

Even thus it rose—and springing from his  
 trance  
 His eager footsteps to the sound advance.  
 He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern  
 floor ; [o'er :  
 Its dark green moss with blood is sprinkled  
 He rushes on—and lo ! where Zayda rends  
 Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire she  
 bends,  
 Lost in despair. Yet, as a step draws nigh,  
 Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,  
 She lifts her head, and, all-subdued by  
 grief, [chief ;  
 Views with a wild sad smile the once-loved  
 While rove her thoughts unconscious of the  
 past,  
 And every woe forgetting—but the last.

"Com'st thou to weep with me?—for I  
 am left  
 Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.  
 Low lies the warrior on his blood-stained  
 bier ; [hear.  
 His child may call, but he no more shall  
 He sleeps—but never shall those eyes un-  
 close : [pose ;  
 'Twas not my voice that lulled him to re-  
 Nor can it break his slumbers. Dost thou  
 mourn ? [torn ?  
 And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish  
 Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall  
 know, [flow !"  
 That o'er his grave my tears with Hamet's

But scarce her voice had breathed that  
 well-known name  
 When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit, came  
 Each dark remembrance—by affliction's  
 power  
 Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming hour,  
 To wake with tenfold strength. 'Twas  
 then her eye  
 Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,  
 And o'er her wasted cheek a burning glow  
 Spreads, while her lips' indignant accents  
 flow.

"Away ! I dream ! Oh, how hath sor-  
 row's might  
 Bowed down my soul, and quenched its  
 native light—  
 That I should thus forget ! and bid *thy* tear  
 With mine be mingled o'er a father's bier !  
 Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,  
 In the last combat with thy ruthless band ?  
 The morn beheld that conflict of despair :—  
 'Twas then he fell—he fell !—and thou  
 wert there !

Thou! who thy country's children hast  
 pursued [rude.  
 To their last refuge 'midst these mountains  
 Was it for this I loved thee? Thou hast  
 taught  
 My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!  
 'Twill soon be past. I bow to Heaven's  
 decree, [thee."  
 Which bade each pang be ministered by

"I had not deemed that aught remained  
 below  
 For me to prove of yet untasted woe;  
 But thus to meet thee, Zayda! can impart  
 One more, one keener agony of heart.  
 Oh, hear me yet!—I would have died to  
 save  
 My foe, but still thy father, from the grave;  
 But in the fierce confusion of the strife,  
 In my own stern despair and scorn of life,  
 Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,  
 Save that to perish there in vain I sought.  
 —And let me share thy sorrows! Hadst  
 thou known  
 All I have felt in silence and alone,  
 Even *thou* mightst then relent, and deem,  
 at last,  
 A grief like mine might expiate all the past.  
 But oh! for thee, the loved and precious  
 flower,  
 So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,  
 From every danger, every storm secured,  
 How hast *thou* suffered! what hast thou  
 endured!  
 Daughter of palaces! and can it be  
 That this bleak desert is a home for thee!  
 These rocks *thy* dwelling; thou who  
 shouldst have known  
 Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!  
 Oh, yet forgive!—be all my guilt forgot,  
 Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!"

"That lot is fixed—'twere fruitless to  
 repine:  
 Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.  
 I may forgive; but not at will the heart  
 Can bid its dark remembrances depart.  
 No, Hamet! no!—too deeply are these  
 traced;  
 Yet the hour comes when all shall be  
 effaced!  
 Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda  
 keep  
 Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep.  
 Even now, prophetic of my early doom,  
 Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb!  
 And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel  
 That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal.

Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side  
 Of him for whom I lived, and would have  
 died: [orphan lot,  
 Till then, one thought shall soothe me,  
 In pain and peril—I forsook him not.  
 —And now, farewell! Behold the summer  
 day  
 Is passing like the dreams of life away.  
 Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw  
 nigh,  
 With the last rites his bier to sanctify.  
 Oh, yet in time, away!—'twere not my  
 prayer [spare!  
 Could move their hearts a foe like thee to  
 This hour they come—and dost thou scorn  
 to fly?  
 Save me that one last pang to see thee die!"

Even while she speaks is heard their  
 echoing tread;  
 Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.  
 They reach the cave—they enter: slow their  
 pace, [er's face.  
 And calm deep sadness marks each mourn-  
 And all is hushed, till he who seems to wait  
 In silent stern devotedness his fate,  
 Hath met their glance—then grief to fury  
 turns; [burns,  
 Each mien is changed, each eye indignant  
 And voices rise, and swords have left their  
 sheath; [death!  
 Blood must atone for blood, and death for  
 They close around him: lofty still his mien,  
 His cheek unaltered, and his brow serene.  
 Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's cry;  
 Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her agony.  
 But as his foremost foes their weapons  
 bend  
 Against the life he seeks not to defend,  
 Wildly she darts between—each feeling  
 past, [last.  
 Save strong affection, which prevails at  
 Oh, not in vain its daring!—for the blow  
 Aimed at his heart hath bade her life-blood  
 flow;  
 And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast  
 Where in that hour her head may calmly  
 rest—  
 For he is saved! Behold the Zegri band,  
 Pale with dismay and grief, around her  
 stand:  
 While, every thought of hate and ven-  
 geance o'er,  
 They weep for her who soon shall weep no  
 more.  
 She, she alone is calm:—a fading smile,  
 Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek the  
 while.

And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell  
Those last faint rays, the parting soul's  
farewell.

—“ Now is the conflict past ; and I have  
How well, how deeply thou hast been  
beloved !

Yes ! in an hour like this 'twere vain to  
The heart so long and so severely tried :  
Still to thy name that heart hath fondly  
thrilled,

But sterner duties called—and were fulfilled.  
And I am blest ! to every holier tie  
My life was faithful,—and for thee I die !  
Nor shall the love so purified be vain ;  
Severed on earth, we yet shall meet again.  
Farewell !— And ye, at Zayda's dying  
prayer,

Spare him, my kindred tribe ! forgive and  
Oh ! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,  
While I beside my sire in peace repose.”

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath  
sunk, and death

Sits in her eye and struggles in her breath.  
One pang—'tis past : her task on earth is  
done,

And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown.  
But he for whom she died—oh ! who may  
paint

The grief to which all other woes were  
There is no power in language to impart  
The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the heart,  
By the dread Searcher of the soul surveyed :  
These have no words—nor are by words  
portrayed.

iv.

A DIRGE is rising on the mountain air,  
Whose fitful swells in plaintive murmurs  
bear,

Far o'er the Alpuxarras. Wild its tone,  
And rocks and caverns echo—*Thou art  
gone.*

“ Daughter of heroes ! thou art gone  
To share his tomb who gave thee birth :  
Peace to the lovely spirit flown !

It was not formed for earth.  
Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,  
Which brightly passed and left no trace.

“ But calmly sleep !—for thou art free,  
And hands unchained thy tomb shall  
raise.

Sleep ! they are closed at length for thee.  
Life's few and evil days !  
Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,  
The lingering death of liberty.

“ Flower of the Desert ! thou thy bloom  
Didst early to the storm resign :  
We bear it still—and dark *their* doom,  
We cannot weep for thine !  
For us, whose every hope is fled,  
The time is past to mourn the dead.

“ The days have been, when o'er thy bier  
Far other strains than these had flowed  
Now, as a home from grief and fear,  
We hail thy dark abode !  
We, who but linger to bequeath  
Our sons the choice of chains or death.

“ Thou art with those, the free, the brave,  
The mighty of departed years ;  
And for the slumberers of the grave  
Our fate hath left no tears.  
Thou loved and lost ! to weep were vain  
For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

“ Have we not seen despoiled by foes  
The land our fathers won of yore ?  
And is there yet a pang for those  
Who gaze on *this* no more ?  
Oh, that like them 'twere ours to rest !  
Daughter of heroes ! thou art blest.”

A few short years, and in the lonely cave  
Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's  
grave,

Severed in life, united in the tomb—  
Such, of the hearts that loved so well, the  
doom.

Their dirge, of woods and waves the eternal  
Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.  
And oft beside the midnight watch-fire's  
blaze,

Amidst those rocks, in long-departed days,  
(When freedom fled, to hold, sequestered  
there,

The stern and lofty councils of despair,  
Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,  
Who the lone hours with mournful strains  
beguiled,

Hath taught his mountain-home the tale of  
those  
Who thus have suffered, and who thus re-  
pose.



## THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS.

[In the reign of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul Crescentius, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes. The Consul was besieged by Otho, in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephania, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which perhaps a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him and to gain his confidence: and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death.]

"L'orage peut briser en un moment les fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée."—MADAME DE STAEL.

## PART FIRST.

## I.

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,  
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,  
Where dwelt in days departed long  
The sons of battle and of song,  
No tree, no shrub, its foliage rears  
But o'er the wrecks of other years,  
Temples and domes, which long have been  
The soil of that enchanted scene.  
There the wild fig-tree and the vine  
O'er Hadrian's mouldering Villa twine;  
The cypress, in funereal grace,  
Usurps the vanished column's place;  
O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze  
The wallflower rustles in the breeze;  
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide  
They once adorned in sculptured pride;  
And Nature hath resumed her throne  
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,  
Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,  
To Anio's banks the image lent  
Of each imperial monument? \*  
Now Athens weeps her shattered fanes,  
Thy temples, Egypt! strew thy plains;  
And the proud fabrics Hadrian reared  
From Tiber's vale have disappeared.  
We need no prescient sibyl there  
The doom of grandeur to declare.  
Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,  
Reveals some oracle of Time;

\* The gardens and buildings of Hadrian's Villa were copies of the most celebrated scenes and edifices in his dominions.

Each relic utters Fate's decree—  
The future as the past shall be.  
Halls of the dead! in Tiber's vale,  
Who now shall tell your lofty tale—  
Who trace the high patrician's dome,  
The bard's retreat, the hero's home—  
When moss-clad wrecks alone record  
There dwelt the world's departed lord,  
In scenes where verdure's rich array  
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,  
And sunshine on each glowing hill  
'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still?

Sunk is thy palace—but thy Tomb,  
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder doom.  
Though vanished with the days of old  
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;  
Though the fair forms of sculpture wrought  
Each bodying some immortal thought,  
Which o'er that temple of the dead  
Serene but solemn beauty shed,  
Have found, like glory's self, a grave  
In time's abyss or Tiber's wave;  
Yet dreams more lofty and more fair  
Than art's bold hand hath imaged e'er—  
High thoughts of many a mighty mind  
Expanding when all else declined,  
In twilight years, when only they  
Recalled the radiance passed away,  
Have made that ancient pile their home.  
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days  
Again to kindle glory's rays,  
Whose spirit sought a path of light  
For those dim ages far too bright—  
Crescentius—long maintained the strife  
Which closed but with its martyr's life,



And left the imperial tomb a name,  
 A heritage of holier fame.  
 There closed De Brescia's\* mission high,  
 From thence the patriot came to die ;  
 And thou, whose Roman soul the last  
 Spoke with the voice of ages past,  
 Whose thoughts so long from earth had fled  
 To mingle with the glorious dead,  
 That 'midst the world's degenerate race  
 They vainly sought a dwelling-place,  
 Within that house of death didst brood  
 O'er visions to thy ruin wooed.  
 Yet, worthier of a brighter lot,  
 Rienzi ! be thy faults forgot.  
 For thou, when all around thee lay  
 Chained in the slumbers of decay—  
 So sunk each heart, that mortal eye  
 Had scarce a *tear* for liberty—  
 Alone, amidst the darkness there,  
 Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not despair !

## 11.

'Tis morn—and nature's richest dyes  
 Are floating o'er Italian skies ;  
 Tints of transparent lustre shine  
 Along the snow-clad Apennine ;  
 The clouds have left Soracte's height,  
 And yellow Tiber winds in light,  
 Where tombs and fallen fanes have strewed  
 The wide Campagna's solitude.  
 'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace  
 Those relics of a vanished race ;  
 Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time  
 Such glory sheds that brilliant clime—  
 Where nature still, though empires fall,  
 Holds her triumphant festival—  
 Even desolation wears a smile,  
 Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while ;  
 And heaven's own light, earth's richest  
 bloom,  
 Arrays the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower  
 Breathes the pure freshness of the hour ;  
 She, whose rich flow of raven hair  
 Streams wildly on the morning air,  
 Heeds not how fair the scene below,  
 Robed in Italia's brightest glow.  
 Though throned 'midst Latium's classic  
 plains  
 The Eternal City's towers and fanes,  
 And they, the Pleiades of earth,  
 The seven proud hills of Empire's birth,

\* Arnold de Brescia was put to death by Hadrian IV. ; he was the champion of Roman liberty.

Lie spread beneath ; not now her glance  
 Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse.  
 Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis thrown  
 On Hadrian's massy tomb alone.  
 There, from the storm when Freedom fled  
 His faithful few Crescentius led ;  
 While she, his anxious bride, who now  
 Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,  
 Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,  
 Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,  
 And liberty shall weep no more.  
 At length imperial Otho's voice  
 Bids her devoted sons rejoice ;  
 And he, who battled to restore  
 The glories and the rights of yore,  
 Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,  
 Could burst the dead repose around,  
 Again his native Rome shall see  
 The sceptred city of the free !  
 And young Stephania waits the hour  
 When leaves her lord his fortress-tower—  
 Her ardent heart with joy elate,  
 That seems beyond the reach of fate ;  
 Her mien, like creature from above,  
 All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye  
 Lives all the soul of Italy ;  
 A meaning lofty and inspired,  
 As by her native day-star fired ;  
 Such wild and high expression, fraught  
 With glances of impassioned thought,  
 As fancy sheds in visions bright  
 O'er priestess of the God of Light ;  
 And the dark locks that lend her face  
 A youthful and luxuriant grace,  
 Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes  
 Seem from the fire within to rise,  
 But deepened by the burning heaven  
 'To her own land of sunbeams given.  
 Italian art that fervid glow  
 Would o'er ideal beauty throw,  
 And 'ith such ardent life express  
 Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness,—  
 Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,  
 The shade of glory still recall.

But see !—the banner of the brave  
 O'er Hadrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.  
 'Tis lowered—and now Stephania's eye  
 Can well the martial train descry,  
 Who issuing from that ancient dome,  
 Pour through the crowded streets of Rome  
 Now from her watch-tower on the height,  
 With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,

She flies—and swift her way pursues  
 Through the lone convent's avenues.  
 Dark cypress groves, and fields o'erspread  
 With records of the conquering dead,  
 And paths which track a glowing waste,  
 She traverses in breathless haste ;  
 And by the tombs where dust is shrined  
 Once tenanted by loftiest mind,  
 Still passing on, hath reached the gate  
 Of Rome, the proud, the desolate !  
 Thronged are the streets, and, still renewed,  
 Rush on the gathering multitude.  
 —Is it their high-souled chief to greet  
 That thus the Roman thousands meet—  
 With names that bid their thoughts ascend,  
 Crescentius ! thine in song to blend ;  
 And of triumphal days gone by  
 Recall the inspiring pageantry ?  
 —There is an air of breathless dread,  
 An eager glance, a hurrying tread ;  
 And now a fearful silence round,  
 And now a fitful murmuring sound,  
 'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem  
 Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.  
 Quick is each step and wild each mien,  
 Portentous of some awful scene.  
 Bride of Crescentius ! as the throng  
 Bore thee with whelming force along,  
 How did thine anxious heart beat high,  
 Till rose suspense to agony !—  
 Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,  
 And leave thy heart to deeper woes,

Who 'midst yon guarded precincts stands,  
 With fearless mien but fettered hands ?  
 The ministers of death are nigh,  
 Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye ;  
 And in his glance their lives a mind  
 Which was not formed for chains to bind,  
 But cast in such heroic mould  
 As theirs, the ascendant ones of old.  
 Crescentius ! freedom's daring son,  
 Is this the guerdon thou hast won ?  
 Oh, worthy to have lived and died  
 In the bright days of Latium's pride !  
 Thus must the beam of glory close  
 O'er the same hills again that rose,  
 When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,  
 The soul of Rome indignant woke ?  
 Vain dream ! the sacred shields are gone,\*  
 Sunk is the crowning city's throne :  
 The illusions, that around her cast  
 Their guardian spells, have long been past.

Thy life hath been a shot-star's ray  
 Shed on her midnight of decay ;  
 Thy death at freedom's ruined shrine  
 Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye  
 Now fixed upon the deep blue sky,  
 Now on those wrecks of ages fled  
 Around in desolation spread—  
 Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,  
 Recording triumphs passed away ;  
 Works of the mighty and the free,  
 Whose steps on earth no more shall be,  
 Though their bright course hath left a trace  
 Nor years nor sorrow can efface.  
 Why changes now the patriot's mien,  
 Erewhile so loftily serene ?  
 Thus can approaching death control  
 The might of that commanding soul  
 No !—Heard ye not that thrilling cry  
 Which told of bitterest agony ?  
 He heard it, and at once, subdued,  
 Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.  
 He heard it, and his heart too well  
 Whence rose that voice of woe can tell ;  
 And 'midst the gazing throngs around  
 One well-known form his glance hath  
 found—  
 One fondly loving and beloved,  
 In grief, in peril, faithful proved.  
 Yes ! in the wildness of despair,  
 She, his devoted bride, is there.  
 Pale, breathless, through the crowd she  
 flies,  
 The light of frenzy in her eyes :  
 But ere her eyes can clasp the form  
 Which life ere long must cease to warm—  
 Ere on his agonizing breast  
 Her heart can heave, her head can rest—  
 Checked in her course by ruthless hands,  
 Mute, motionless, at once she stands ;  
 With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,  
 Frozen and fixed in horror's trance ;  
 Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,  
 And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling dead ;  
 And the light waving of her hair,  
 And veil, far floating on the air,  
 Alone, in that dread moment, show  
 She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,  
 The patriot's heart shall throb no more .  
 But hers—so vainly formed to prove  
 The pure devotedness of love,  
 And draw from fond affection's eye  
 All thought sublime, all feeling high—  
 When consciousness again shall wake,  
 Hath now no refuge but to break.

\* The *Ancilia*, or sacred bucklers, which were kept in the temple of Mars, and were considered the Palladium of the city.

The spirit long inured to pain  
 May smile at fate in calm disdain.  
 Survive its darkest hour, and rise  
 In more majestic energies.  
 But in the glow of vernal pride,  
 If each warm hope at *once* hath died,  
 Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,  
 Dead to the sunbeam and the shower :  
 A broken gem, whose inborn light  
 Is scattered—ne'er to reunite

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 PART SECOND.

HAST thou a scene that is not spread  
 With records of thy glory fled,  
 A monument that doth not tell  
 The tale of liberty's farewell,  
 Italia? Thou art but a grave  
 Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,  
 And nature gives her treasures birth  
 O'er all that hath been great on earth.  
 Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled  
 When thou wert freedom's favoured child :  
 Though fane and tomb alike are low,  
 Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's glow ;  
 And, robed in that exulting ray,  
 Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay—  
 Oh, yet, though by thy sorrow bent,  
 In nature's pomp magnificent !  
 What marvel if, when all was lost,  
 Still on thy bright enchanted coast,  
 Though many an omen warned him thence,  
 Lingered the lord of eloquence,\*  
 Still gazing on the lovely sky,  
 Whose radiance wooed him—but to die !  
 Like him, who would not linger there,  
 Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?  
 Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,  
 Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell?  
 Hath not thy pure and genial air  
 Balm for all sadness but despair?

No! there are pangs whose deep-worn  
 trace  
 Not all thy magic can efface !  
 Heart by unkindness wrung may learn  
 The world and all its gifts to spurn ;  
 Time may steal on with silent tread,  
 And dry the tear that mourns the dead,  
 May change fond love, subdue regret,  
 And teach even vengeance to forget ;  
 But thou, Remorse! there is no charm  
 Thy sting, avenger, to disarm !  
 Vain are bright suns and laughing skies  
 To soothe thy victim's agonies ;

The heart once made thy burning throne  
 Still, while it beats, is thine alone.  
 —In vain for Otho's joyless eye  
 Smile the fair scenes of Italy,  
 As through her landscapes' rich array  
 The imperial pilgrim bends his way.  
 Thy form, Crescentius! on his sight  
 Rises when nature laughs in light,  
 Glides round him at the midnight hour,  
 Is present in his festal bower,  
 With awful voice and frowning mien,  
 By all but him unheard, unseen.  
 Oh! thus to shadows of the grave  
 Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where, through Gargano's woody dells  
 O'er bending oaks the north wind swells,  
 A sainted hermit's lowly tomb  
 Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,  
 In shades that saw him live and die  
 Beneath their waving canopy.  
 'Twas his, as legends tell, to share  
 The converse of immortals there ;  
 Around that dweller of the wild  
 There " bright appearances" have smiled,  
 And angel-wings at eve have been  
 Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.  
 And oft from that secluded bower  
 Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour  
 A swell of viewless harps, a sound  
 Of warbled anthems pealing round.  
 Oh, none but voices of the sky  
 Might wake that thrilling harmony,  
 Whose tones, whose very echoes made  
 An Eden of the lonely shade !  
 Years have gone by ; the hermit sleeps  
 Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps ;  
 Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown  
 And veiled his low sepulchral stone :  
 Yet still the spot is holy, still  
 Celestial footsteps haunt the hill ;  
 And oft the awe-struck mountaineer  
 Aërial vesper hymns may hear  
 Around those forest-precinets float,  
 Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.  
 Oft will affliction breathe her plaint  
 To that rude shrine's departed saint,  
 And deem that spirits of the blest  
 There shed sweet influence o'er her breast.  
 —And thither Otho now repairs,  
 To soothe his soul with vows and prayers  
 And if for him, on holy ground,  
 The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,  
 'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed  
 Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,  
 She dwells, remote from heedless eye,  
 With nature's lonely majesty.

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 \* *Cicero.*



Vain, vain the search!—his troubled  
breast

Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest ;  
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,  
The hopes that cheered it are no more.  
Then sinks his soul, and day by day  
Youth's buoyant energies decay.  
The light of health his eye hath flown,  
The glow that tinged his cheek is gone.  
Joyless as one on whom is laid  
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,  
Extending its mysterious power  
O'er every scene, o'er every hour :  
Even thus he withers ; and to him  
Italia's brilliant skies are dim.  
He withers—in that glorious clime  
Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time ;  
And suns, that shed on all below  
Their full and vivifying glow,  
From him alone their power withhold,  
And leave his heart in darkness cold.  
Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair—  
He only seems to perish there.  
—Yet sometimes will a transient smile  
Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,  
When breathes his minstrel boy a strain  
Of power to lull all earthly pain—  
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem  
The ethereal music of a dream,  
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,  
Deep thrilling power in every tone !  
Sweet is that lay ! and yet its flow  
Hath language only given to woe ;  
And if at times its wakening swell  
Some tale of glory seems to tell,  
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,  
Lost in a dirge's harmony.  
Oh ! many a pang the heart hath proved,  
Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,  
Ere the sad strain could catch from thence  
Such deep impassioned eloquence !

Yes ! gaze on him, that minstrel boy—  
He is no child of hope and joy !  
Though few his years, yet have they been  
Such as leave traces on the mien,  
And o'er the roses of our prime  
Breathe other blights than those of time.  
Yet seems his spirit wild and proud,  
By grief softened and unbowed.  
Oh ! there are sorrows which impart  
A sternness foreign to the heart,  
And, rushing with an earthquake's power,  
That makes a desert in an hour,  
Rouse the dread passions in their course,  
As tempests wake the billow's force !  
'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face,  
The stamp of woes like these to trace.

Oh ! where can ruins awe mankind,  
Dark as the ruins of the mind ?  
—His mien is lofty, but his gaze  
Too well a wandering soul betrays ;  
His full dark eye at times is bright  
With strange and momentary light.  
Whose quick uncertain flashes throw  
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow :  
And oft his features and his air  
A shade of troubled mystery wear,  
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught  
With some unfathomable thought :  
Whate'er that thought, still unexpressed  
Dwells the sad secret in his breast ;  
The pride his haughty brow reveals  
All other passion well conceals—  
He breathes each wounded feeling's tone  
In music's eloquence alone ;  
His soul's deep voice is only poured  
Through his full song and swelling chord

He seeks no friend, but shuns the train  
Of courtiers with a proud disdain ;  
And, save when Otho bids his lay  
Its half unearthly power essay  
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,  
His haunts are wild and lonely still.  
Far distant from the heedless throng,  
He roves old Tiber's banks along,  
Where Empire's desolate remains  
Lie scattered o'er the silent plains ;  
Or, lingering 'midst each ruined shrine  
That strews the desert Palatine,  
With mournful yet commanding mien,  
Like the sad Genius of the scene,  
Entranced in awful thought, appears  
To commune with departed years.  
Or at the dead of night, when Rome  
Seems of heroic shades the home ;  
When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls  
The mighty to their ancient halls ;  
When hushed in every meaner sound,  
And the deep moonlight-calm around  
Leaves to the solemn scene alone  
The majesty of ages flown—  
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,  
He wanders through the sacred gloom  
And midst those dwellings of decay  
At times will breathe so sad a lay,  
So wild a grandeur in each tone,  
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone !

Awake thy pealing harp again,  
But breathe a more exulting strain,  
Young Guido ! for awhile forgot  
Be the dark secrets of thy lot ;  
And rouse the inspiring soul of song  
To speed the banquet's hour along !



The feast is spread, and music's call  
 Is echoing through the royal hall,  
 And banners wave and trophies shine  
 O'er stately guests in glittering line ;  
 And Otho seeks awhile to chase  
 The thoughts he never can erase,  
 And bid the voice, whose murmurs deep  
 Rise like a spirit on his sleep—  
 The still small voice of conscience—die.  
 Lost in the din of revelry.  
 On his pale brow dejection lours,  
 But that shall yield to festal hours ;  
 A gloom is in his faded eye,  
 But that from music's power shall fly ;  
 His wasted cheek is wan with care,  
 But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there  
 Wake, Guido ! wake thy numbers high,  
 Strike the bold chord exultingly ;  
 And pour upon the enraptured ear  
 Such strains as warriors love to hear !  
 Let the rich mantling goblet flow,  
 And banish aught resembling woe ;  
 And if a thought intrude, of power  
 To mar the bright convivial hour,  
 Still must its influence lurk unseen,  
 And cloud the heart—but not the mien !

Away, vain dream ! On Otho's brow,  
 Still darker lour the shadows now ;  
 Changed are his features, now o'erspread  
 With the cold paleness of the dead ;  
 Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,  
 The burning flush of agony !  
 His lip is quivering, and his breast  
 Heaves with convulsive pangs oppressed ;  
 Now his dim eye seems fixed and glazed,  
 And now to heaven in anguish raised ;  
 And as, with unavailing aid,  
 Around him throng his guests dismayed,  
 He sinks—while scarce his struggling breath  
 Hath power to falter—"This is death !"

Then rushed that haughty child of song,  
 Dark Guido, through the awe-struck throng.  
 Filled with a strange delirious light,  
 His kindling eye shone wildly bright ;  
 And on the sufferer's mien awhile  
 Gazing with stern vindictive smile,  
 A feverish glow of triumph dyed  
 His burning cheek, while thus he cried :--  
 "Yes ! these are death-pangs—on thy brow  
 Is set the seal of vengeance now !  
 Oh ! well was mixed the deadly draught,  
 And long and deeply hast thou quaffed ;  
 And bitter as thy pangs may be,  
 They are but guerdons meet from me !  
 Yet these are but a moment's throes--  
 How'er intense, they soon shall close.

Soon shalt thou yield thy fleæing breath—  
 My life hath been a lingering death,  
 Since one dark hour of woe and crime,  
 A blood-spot on the page of time !

"Deem'st thou my mind of reason void :  
 It is not frenzied—but destroyed !  
 Ay ! view the wreck with shuddering  
 thought—  
 That work of ruin thou hast wrought !  
 The secret of thy doom to tell  
 My name alone suffices well—  
 Stephania ! once a hero's bride !  
 Otho ! thou know'st the rest : *he died.*  
 Yes ! trusting to a monarch's word,  
 The Roman fell, untried, unheard,  
 And thou, whose every pledge was vain,  
 How couldst *thou* trust in aught again ?

"He died, and I was changed—my soul  
 A lonely wanderer, spurned control.  
 From peace, and light, and glory hurled,  
 The outcast of a purer world,  
 I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,  
 And lived for one dread task alone.  
 The task is closed, fulfilled the vow—  
 The hand of death is on thee now.  
 Betrayer ! in thy turn betrayed,  
 The debt of blood shall soon be paid.  
 Thine hour is come. The time hath been  
 My heart had shrunk from such a scene :  
 That feeling long is past—my fate  
 Hath made me stern as desolate.

"Ye that around me shuddering stand  
 Ye chiefs and princes of the land !  
 Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom ?  
 Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb !  
 He sleeps unhonoured—yet be mine  
 To share his low neglected shrine.  
 His soul with freedom finds a home,  
 His grave is that of glory—Rome !  
 Are not the great of old with her,  
 The city of the sepulchre ?  
 Lead me to death ! and let me share  
 The slumbers of the mighty there !"

The day departs—that fearful day  
 Fades in calm loveliness away.  
 From purple heavens its lingering beams  
 Seems melting into Tiber's stream,  
 And softly tints each Roman hill  
 With glowing light, as clear and still  
 As if, unstained by crime or woe,  
 Its hours had passed in silent flow.  
 The day sets calmly—it hath been  
 Marked with a strange and awful scene :  
 One guilty bosom throbs no more,  
 And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.

And thou, ere yet another sun  
His burning race hath brightly run,  
Released from anguish by thy foes,  
Daughter of Rome! shalt find repose.  
Yes! on thy country's lovely sky  
Fix yet once more thy parting eye.  
A few short hours—and all shall be  
The silent and the past for thee.

Oh! thus with tempests of a day  
We struggle and we pass away,  
Like the wild billows as they sweep,  
Leaving no vestige on the deep!  
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed  
The sons of future days shall tread,  
The pangs, the conflicts of thy lot  
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

["Antony concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. . . . At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city—a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day—on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him."—PLUTARCH.]

THY foes had girt thee with their dread  
array,  
O stately Alexandria! yet the sound  
Of mirth and music, at the close of day,  
Swelled from thy splendid fabrics far  
around [hall  
O'er camp and wave. Within the royal  
In gay magnificence the feast was spread;  
And, brightly streaming from the pictured  
wall, [shed  
A thousand lamps their trembling lustre  
O'er many a column, rich with precious  
dyes, [burning skies.  
That tinge the marble's vein 'neath Afric's  
And soft and clear that wavering radiance  
played  
O'er sculptured forms that round the  
pillared scene  
Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed  
In godlike beauty, awfully serene.  
Oh! how unlike the troubled guests, reclined  
Round that luxurious board! in every face  
Some shadow from the tempest of the mind,  
Rising by fits, the searching eye might  
trace, [not mirth,  
Though vainly masked in smiles which are  
But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the  
woes of earth.  
Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose  
transient bloom [rose  
May still survive the wearers—and the

Perchance be scarcely withered, when the  
tomb  
Receives the mighty to its dark repose!  
The day must dawn on battle, and may set  
In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup  
high!  
Despair is fearless, and the Fates even yet  
Lend her one hour for parting revelry.  
They who the empire of the world possessed  
Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged  
for rest.  
Its joys! oh, mark you proud Triumvir's  
mien, [care!  
And read their annals on that brow of  
'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps have  
been: [despair.  
Earth's brightest pathway led him to  
Trust not the glance that fain would yet  
inspire  
The buoyant energies of days gone by;  
There is delusion in its meteor-fire,  
And all within is shame, is agony!  
Away! the tears in bitterness may flow,  
But there are smiles which bear a stamp of  
deeper woe.  
Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy  
fame,  
O lost devoted Roman! yet thy brow,  
To that ascendant and undying name,  
Pleads with stern loftiness thy right ever  
now.

Thy glory is departed, but hath left  
 A lingering light around thee : in decay  
 Not less than kingly—though of all bereft,  
 Thou seem'st as empire had not passed  
 away.  
 Supreme in ruin ! teaching hearts elate  
 A deep prophetic dread of still mysterious  
 fate !

But thou, enchantress queen ! whose love  
 [hath made  
 His desolation—thou art by his side,  
 In all thy sovereignty of charms arrayed,  
 To meet the storm with still uncon-  
 quered pride.  
 Imperial being ! even though many a stain  
 Of error be upon thee, there is power  
 In thy commanding nature, which shall  
 reign [hour ;  
 O'er the stern genius of misfortune's  
 And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye  
 Even now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears a  
 light  
 Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek a dye,  
 Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright  
 With the deep glow of feverish energy.  
 Proud Siren of the Nile ! thy glance is  
 fraught  
 With an immortal fire : in every beam  
 It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,  
 But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream.  
 For thou with death hast communed to  
 attain [from the chain.  
 Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom

And the stern courage by such musings lent,  
 Daughter of Afric ! o'er thy beauty throws  
 The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent  
 With all the majesty of mighty woes.  
 While he, so fondly, fatally adored,  
 Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,  
 Till scarce the soul that once exulting soared  
 Can deem the day-star of its glory set ;  
 Scarce his charmed heart believes that  
 power can be [by thee.  
 In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly loved

But there is sadness in the eyes around,  
 Which mark that ruined leader, and  
 survey [profound  
 His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom  
 Strange triumph chases haughtily away.  
 " Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests !"  
 he cries ; [deep !  
 " Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar  
 Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,  
 Your chief in cold forgetfulness may sleep,

While sounds of revel float o'er shore and  
 sea, [not for me.  
 And the red bowl again is crowned—but

" Yet weep not thus. The struggle is not  
 o'er,  
 O victors of Philippi ! Many a field  
 Hath yielded palms to us : one effort more !  
 By one stern conflict must our doom be  
 sealed.  
 Forget not, Romans ! o'er a subject world  
 How royally your eagle's wing hath  
 spread,  
 Though, from his eyrie of dominion hurled,  
 Now bursts the tempest on his crested  
 head.  
 Yet sovereign still, if banished from the sky,  
 The sun's indignant bird, he must not  
 droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of  
 night— [deep ;  
 Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and  
 From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry  
 light [sleep.  
 The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of  
 For those who wait the morn's awakening  
 beams,  
 The battle-signal to decide their doom,  
 Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled  
 dreams ;—  
 Rest that shall soon be calmer in the  
 tomb ;  
 Dreams dark and ominous, but *there* to  
 cease,  
 When sleep the lords of war in solitude  
 and peace.

Wake, slumberer ! wake ! Hark ! heard ye  
 not a sound [still  
 Of gathering tumult ? Near and nearer  
 Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,  
 Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused  
 and shrill  
 Wake, Alexandria ! through thy streets the  
 tread  
 Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note  
 Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and  
 dread  
 Is heard upon the midnight air to float ;  
 And voices clamorous as in frenzied mirth,  
 Mingle their thousand tones, which are not  
 of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds ! Their thrilling  
 strain  
 Hath more mysterious power, and birth  
 more high ;



And the deep horror chilling every vein  
Owns them of stern terrific augury.  
Beings of worlds unknown! ye pass  
away,  
O ye invisible and awful throng!

Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay  
To Cæsar's camp exulting move along.  
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! The sky  
By that dread sign reveals thy doom—  
Despair and die!

## ALARIC IN ITALY.

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, and narrating how they were foiled by a tempest in the first attempt at the invasion of Sicily, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds:—"The whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."]

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast,  
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?  
His steps have tracked that glorious clime,  
The birthplace of heroic time;  
But he, in Northern deserts bred,  
Spared not the living for the dead,  
Nor heard the voice whose pleading cries  
From temple and from tomb arise.  
He passed—the light of burning fanes  
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains;  
And woke they not—the brave, the free,  
To guard their own Thermopylæ!  
And left they not their silent dwelling,  
When Scythia's note of war was swelling?  
No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,  
Sad Freedom battled not—but wept!  
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,  
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;  
Nor one high soul from slumber broke  
When Athens owned the northern yoke.

But was there none for *thee* to dare  
The conflict, scorning to despair,  
O City of the seven proud hills!  
Whose name even yet the spirit thrills,  
As doth a clarion's battle-call?  
Didst thou, too, ancient empress, fall?  
Did no Camillus from the chain  
Ransom thy Capitol again?  
Oh, who shall tell the days to be  
No patriot rose to bleed for thee!

That fearful sound, at midnight deep,  
Bursts on the Eternal City's sleep.\*  
How woke the mighty? She whose will  
So long had bid the world be still,  
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye  
The ascendant star of destiny!  
She woke—to view the dread array  
Of Scythians rushing to their prey—  
To hear her streets resound the cries  
Poured from a thousand agonies.  
While the strange light of flames, that gave  
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,  
Bursting in that terrific hour  
From fane and palace, dome and tower,  
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine  
Clinging to many a worshipped shrine.  
Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed  
O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,  
Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,  
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! Alas, that e'er  
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!  
The time hath been when *thy* distress  
Had roused up empires for redress.  
Now, her long race of glory run,  
Without a combat Rome is won,  
And from her plundered temples forth  
Rush the fierce children of the North,

\* "At the hour of midnight the Salarian Gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet."—GIBBON

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast,  
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?



To share beneath more genial skies  
 Each joy their own rude clime denies.  
 —Ye who on bright Campania's shore  
 Bade your fair villas rise of yore,  
 With all their graceful colonnades  
 And crystal baths and myrtle shades,  
 Along the blue Hesperian deep,  
 Whose glassy waves in sunshine sleep—  
 Beneath your olive and your vine  
 Far other inmates now recline ;  
 And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed  
 With rich libations duly shed,  
 O'er guests, unlike your vanished friends,  
 Its bowery canopy extends.  
 For them the southern heaven is glowing,  
 The bright Falernian nectar flowing ;  
 For them the marble halls unfold,  
 Where nobler beings dwelt of old,  
 Whose children for barbarian lords  
 Touch the sweet lyre's resounding chords,  
 Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine  
 To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine.  
 Yet, though luxurious they repose  
 Beneath Corinthian porticoes—  
 While round them into being start  
 The marvels of triumphant art—  
 Oh ! not for them hath Genius given  
 To Parian stone the fire of heaven,  
 Enshrining in the forms he wrought  
 A bright eternity of thought.  
 In vain the natives of the skies  
 In breathing marble round them rise,  
 And sculptured nymphs of fount or glade  
 People the dark-green laurel shade.  
 Cold are the conqueror's heart and eye  
 To visions of divinity ;  
 And rude his hand which dares deface  
 The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights !  
 Chieftains ! the war-note's call invites ;  
 And other lands must yet be won,  
 And other deeds of havoc done.  
 Warriors ! your flowery bondage break ;  
 Sons of the stormy North ! awake.  
 The barks are launching from the steep—  
 Soon shall the Isle of Ceres\* weep,  
 And Afric's burning winds afar  
 Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.  
 Where shall his race of victory close ?  
 When shall the ravaged earth repose ?  
 But hark ! what wildly mingling cries  
 From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise ?  
 Why swells dread Alaric's name on all ?  
 A sterner conqueror hath been there

\* Sicily

A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,  
 He comes to bring the world's release,  
 He of the sword that knows no sheath,  
 The avenger, the deliverer—Death !

Is, then, that daring spirit fled ?  
 Doth Alaric slumber with the dead ?  
 Tamed are the warrior's pride and strength,  
 And he and earth are calm at length.  
 The land where heaven unclouded shines,  
 Where sleep the sunbeams on the vines ;  
 The land by conquest made his own,  
 Can yield him now—a grave alone.  
 But his—her lord, from Alp to sea—  
 No common sepulchre shall be !  
 Oh ! make his tomb where mortal eye  
 Its buried wealth may ne'er descry,  
 Where mortal foot may never tread  
 Above a victor-monarch's bed.  
 Let not his royal dust be hid  
 'Neath star-aspiring pyramid ;  
 Nor bid the gathered mound arise  
 To bear his memory to the skies.  
 Years roll away—oblivion claims  
 Her triumph o'er heroic names ;  
 And hands profane disturb the clay  
 That once was fired with glory's ray ;  
 And Avarice from their secret gloom  
 Drags even the treasures of the tomb.  
 But thou, O leader of the free !  
 That general doom awaits not thee :  
 Thou, where no steps may e'er intrude,  
 Shalt rest in regal solitude,  
 Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,  
 The Awakener's final trumpet sound.  
 —Turn ye the waters from their course,  
 Bid nature yield to human force,  
 And hollow in the torrent's bed  
 A chamber for the mighty dead.  
 The work is done—the captive's hand  
 Hath well obeyed his lord's command.  
 Within that royal tomb are cast  
 The richest trophies of the past,  
 The wealth of many a stately dome,  
 The gold and gems of plundered Rome.  
 And when the midnight stars are beaming,  
 And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,  
 Stern in their grief, his warriors bear  
 The Chastener of the Nations there ;  
 To rest at length from victory's toil,  
 Alone, with all an empire's spoil !

Then the freed current's rushing wave  
 Rolls o'er the secret of the grave ;  
 Then streams the martyr-captive's blood  
 To crimson that sepulchral flood.  
 Whose conscious tide alone shall keep  
 The mystery in its bosom deep

Time hath passed on since then—and swept From earth the urns where heroes slept : Temples of gods and domes of kings Are mouldering with forgotten things ;	Yet not shall ages e'er molest The viewless home of Alaric's rest : Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river, The guardian of his dust for ever
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## THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL.

[“Ths governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage—this fierce Asdrubal was so mean-spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first : there the proconsul attacked them ; and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building : there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph ; and after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus,—‘Base coward!’ said she, ‘the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee ; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children.’ Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames.”—*Ancient Universal History.*]

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw ; Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire In lurid splendour from her domes aspire ; Swayed by the wind, they wave—while glares the sky As when the desert's red simoom is nigh ; The sculptured altar and the pillared hall Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall ; Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams, Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by its beams ; While captive thousands, bound in Roman Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes ; And shouts of triumph, echoing far around, Swell from the victors' tents, with ivy crowned.* But mark ! from yon fair temple's loftiest What towering form bursts wildly on the All regal in magnificent attire, And sternly beauteous in terrific ire ? She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour Of dread communion and delirious power ; A being more than earthly, in whose eye There dwells a strange and fierce ascen- dancy.	The flames are gathering round—intensely bright, Full on her features glares their meteor light ; But a wild courage sits triumphant there, The stormy grandeur of a proud despair ; A daring spirit, in its woes elate, Mightier than death, untameable by fate. The dark profusion of her locks unbound, Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round ; Flushed is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien, She seems the avenging goddess of the scene. Are those <i>her</i> infants, that with suppliant cry Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh, Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous And fain would rush for shelter to her breast? Is that a mother's glance, where stern dis- And passion, awfully vindictive, reign ?  Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands ; On him who left her to that burning tomb, Alone to share her children's martyrdom ; Who, when his country perished, fled the strife, And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
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\* It was a Roman custom to adorn the tents of victors with ivy

"Live, traitor, live!" she cries, "since  
 dear to thee,  
 E'en in thy fetters, can existence be!  
 Scorned and dishonoured live I—with  
 blasted name, [shame.  
 The Roman's triumph not to grace, but  
 O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain  
 With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!  
 Still may the manes of thy children rise  
 To chase calm slumber from thy wearied  
 eyes;  
 Still may their voices on the haunted air  
 In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,  
 Till vain remorse thy withered heart consume,  
 Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!  
 E'en now my sons shall die—and thou,  
 their sire,

In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.  
 Think'st thou I love them not?—"Twas  
 thine to fly—  
 'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.  
 Behold their fate!—the arms that cannot  
 save [grave."  
 Have been their cradle, and shall be their  
 Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,  
 Swift from her children's hearts the life-  
 blood streams;  
 With frantic laugh she clasps them to the  
 breast  
 Whose woes and passions soon shall be at  
 rest;  
 Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,  
 Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to  
 mortal eye.

## HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE.

[From *Maccabees*, book ii., chapter 3, v. 21. "Then it would have pitied a man to see the falling down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high priest, being in such an agony.—22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them.—23. Nevertheless Heliodorus executed that which was decreed.—24. Now as he was there present himself, with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid.—25. For there appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold.—26. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.—27. And Heliodorus fell suddenly to the ground, and was compassed with great darkness; but they that were with him took him up, and put him into a litter.—28. Thus him that lately came with great train, and with all his guard, into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons, and manifestly they acknowledged the power of God.—29 For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless, without all hope of life."]

A SOUND of woe in Salem!—mournful cries  
 Rose from her dwellings—youthful cheeks  
 were pale,  
 Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,  
 And voices mingling in tumultuous wail;  
 Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,  
 And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair.

Thy daughters, Judah! weeping, laid aside  
 The regal splendour of their fair array,  
 With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's  
 pride, [wild dismay;  
 And thronged the streets in hurrying,  
 While knelt thy priests before His awful  
 shrine, [thine.  
 Who made, of old, renown and empire

But on the spoiler moves—the temple's gate,  
 The bright, the beautiful, his guards un-  
 fold;  
 And all the scene reveals its solemn state,  
 Its courts and pillars, rich with sculp-  
 tured gold; [abode,  
 And man, with eye unhallowed, views the  
 The severed spot, the dwelling-place of  
 God [yore  
 Where art thou, Mighty Presence! that of  
 Wert wont between the cherubim to rest,  
 Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er  
 Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest?  
 Thou! that didst make fair Zion's ark thy  
 throne,  
 And call the oracle's recess thine own!



Angel of God ! that through the Assyrian  
 host, [night hour,  
 Clothed with the darkness of the mid-  
 To tame the proud, to hush the invader's  
 boast, [power,  
 Didst pass triumphant in avenging  
 Till burst the day-spring on the silent scene,  
 And death alone revealed where thou hadst  
 been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener ! in thy  
 night,  
 To guard thine ancient and majestic hill,  
 Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's  
 light [fill !  
 Hath streamed the house of holiness to  
 Oh ! yet once more defend thy loved do-  
 main,  
 Eternal one ! Deliverer ! rise again !

Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undismayed,  
 Hastes on, the sacred chambers to ex-  
 plore [laid,  
 Where the bright treasures of the fane are  
 The orphan's portion, and the widow's  
 store ; [coured die,  
 What reck's *his* heart though age unsuc-  
 And want consume the cheek of infancy ?

Away, intruders !—hark ! a mighty sound !  
 Behold, a burst of light !—away, away !  
 A fearful glory fills the temple round,  
 A vision bright in terrible array !  
 And lo ! a steed of no terrestrial frame,  
 His path a whirlwind, and his breath a  
 flame !

His neck is clothed with thunder—and his  
 mane  
 Seems waving fire—the kindling of his eye  
 Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain  
 His glance—his gesture, fierce in ma-  
 jesty ! [to bear  
 Instinct with light he seems, and formed  
 Some dread archangel through the fields of  
 air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,  
 Throned on that burning charger ? bright  
 his form,  
 Yet in its brightness awful to behold,  
 And girt with all the terrors of the storm !  
 Lightning is on his helmet's crest—and fear  
 Shrinks from the splendour of his brow  
 severe.

And by his side two radiant warriors stand  
 All-armed, and kingly in commanding  
 grace— [grand ;  
 Oh ! more than kingly—godlike !—sternly  
 Their port indignant, and each dazzling  
 face  
 Beams with the beauty to immortals given,  
 Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each knee  
 is bowed [fight,  
 In trembling awe—but, as to fields of  
 The unearthly war-steed, rushing through  
 the crowd,  
 Bursts on their leader in terrific might ;  
 And the stern angels of that dread abode  
 Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of  
 God.

Darkness—thick darkness !—low on earth  
 he lies,  
 Rash Heliodorus—motionless and pale—  
 Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded  
 eyes  
 Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy  
 veil ; [train,  
 And thus the oppressor, by his fear-struck  
 Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the sky  
 Have passed, with all their dreadful  
 pomp, away ; [high.  
 Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song or  
 Triumphant as in Judah's elder day ;  
 Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill ;  
 Salem, exult ! thy God is with thee still.

## NIGHT-SCENE IN GENOA.

FROM SISMONDI'S "REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES."

["Les consuls de l'année 1169, pour rétablir la paix dans leur patrie, au milieu des faction-  
 sourdes à leur voix et plus puissantes qu'eux, furent obligés d'ourdir en quelque sorte une conspira-  
 tion. Ils commencèrent par s'assurer secrètement des dispositions pacifiques de plusieurs des  
 citoyens, qui cependant étoient entraînés dans les émeutes par leur parenté avec les chefs de  
 faction : puis se concertant avec le vénérable vieillard, Hugues, leur archevêque, ils firent, long



temps avant le lever du soleil, appeler au son des cloches les citoyens à parlement ; ils se flatoient que la surprise et l'alarme de cette convocation inattendue, au milieu de l'obscurité de la nuit, rendroit l'assemblée et plus complète et plus docile. Les citoyens, en accourant au parlement général, virent, au milieu de la place publique, le vieil archevêque, entouré de son clergé en habit de cérémonies, et portant des torches allumées, tandis que les reliques de Saint Jean Baptiste, le protecteur de Gênes, étoient exposées devant lui, et que les citoyens les plus respectables portoient à leurs mains des croix suppliantes. Dès que l'assemblée fut formée, le vieillard se leva, et de sa voix cassée il conjura les chefs de parti, au nom du Dieu de paix, au nom du salut de leurs âmes, au nom de leur patrie et de la liberté, dont leurs discordes entraîneroient la ruine, de jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de leurs querelles, et la paix à venir.

“ Les hérauts, dès qu'il eut fini de parler, s'avancèrent aussitôt vers Roland Avogado, le chef de l'une des factions, qui étoit présent à l'assemblée, et, secondés par les acclamations de tout le peuple, et par les prières de ses parens eux-mêmes, ils le sommèrent de se conformer au vœu des consuls et de la nation.

“ Roland, à leur approche, déchira ses habits et, s'assurant par terre en versant des larmes, il appela à haute voix les morts qu'il avoit juré de venger, et qui ne lui permettoient pas de pardonner leurs vieilles offenses. Comme on ne pouvoit le déterminer à s'avancer, les consuls eux-mêmes, l'archevêque et le clergé, s'approchèrent de lui, et, renouvelant leurs prières, ils l'entraînèrent enfin, et lui firent jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de ses inimitiés passées.

“ Les chefs du parti contraire, Foulques de Castro, et Ingo de Volta, n'étoient pas présents à l'assemblée, mais le peuple et le clergé se portèrent en foule à leurs maisons ; ils les trouvèrent déjà ébranlés par ce qu'ils venoient d'apprendre, et, profitant de leur émotion, ils leur firent jurer une réconciliation sincère, et donner le baiser de paix aux chefs de la faction opposée. Alors les cloches de la ville sonnèrent en témoignage d'allégresse. et l'archevêque de retour sur la place publique entonna un Te Deum avec tout le peuple, en honneur du Dieu de paix qui avoit sauvé leur patrie.”—*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.]

IN Genoa, when the sunset gave  
its last warm purple to the wave,  
No sound of war, no voice of fear,  
Was heard, announcing danger near :  
Though deadliest foes were there whose hate  
But slumbered till its hour of fate,  
Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,  
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reigned around,  
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's sound,  
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze  
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.  
Then, Genoa, from their slumber started  
Thy sons, the free, the fearless-hearted ;  
Then mingled with the awakening peal  
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.  
Arm, warriors, arm ! for danger calls,  
Arise to guard your native walls !  
With breathless haste the gathering throng  
Hurry the echoing streets along ;  
Through darkness rushing to the scene  
Where their bold counsels still convene.  
—But there a blaze of torches bright  
Pours its red radiance on the night,  
O'er fane, and dome, and column playing,  
With every fitful night-wind swaying :  
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,  
Around the pillared scene displayed,  
In light relieved by depth of shade :  
And now with ruddy meteor-glare,  
Full streaming on the silvery hair  
And the bright cross of him who stands  
Rearing that sign with suppliant hands,

Girt with his consecrated train,  
The hallowed servants of the fane.  
Of life's past woes, the fading trace  
Hath given that aged patriarch's face  
Expression holy, deep, resigned,  
The calm sublimity of mind.  
Years o'er his snowy head have passed,  
And left him of his race the last ;  
Alone on earth—yet still his mien  
Is bright with majesty serene ;  
And those high hopes, whose guidin'  
star  
Shines from the eternal worlds afar,  
Have with that light illumed his eye,  
Whose fount is immortality,  
And o'er his features poured a ray  
Of glory, not to pass away.  
He seems a being who hath known  
Communion with his God alone,  
On earth by nought but pity's tie  
Detained a moment from on high !  
One to sublimer worlds allied,  
One, from all passion purified,  
E'en now half mingled with the sky,  
And all prepared—oh ! not to die—  
But, like the prophet, to aspire,  
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.  
He speaks—and from the throngs around  
Is heard not e'en a whispered sound ;  
Awe-struck each heart, and fixed each  
glance,  
They stand as in a spell-bound trance :  
He speaks—oh ! who can hear nor own  
The might of each prevailing tone ?

"Chieftains and warriors ! ye, so long  
 Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,  
 Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate  
 Hath made your country desolate ;  
 Now by the love ye bear her name,  
 By that pure spark of holy flame  
 On freedom's altar brightly burning,  
 But, once extinguished, ne'er returning ;  
 By all your hopes of bliss to come,  
 When burst the bondage of the tomb ;  
 By him, the God who bade us live  
 To aid each other, and forgive—  
 I call upon ye to resign  
 Your discords at your country's shrine,  
 Each ancient feud in peace atone,  
 Wield your keen sword for her alone,  
 And swear, upon the cross, to cast  
 Oblivion's mantle o'er the past."

No voice replies. The holy bands  
 Advance to where yon chieftain stands,  
 With folded arms, and brow of gloom  
 O'ershadowed by his floating plume.  
 To him they lift the cross—in vain :  
 He turns—oh ! say not with disdain,  
 But with a mien of haughty grief,  
 That seeks not, e'en from heaven, relief.  
 He rends his robes—he sternly speaks—  
 Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

"Father ! not thus the wounds may close,  
 Inflicted by eternal foes.  
 Deemest thou *thy* mandate can efface  
 The dread volcano's burning trace ?  
 Or bid the earthquake's ravaged scene  
 Be smiling as it once hath been ?  
 No ! for the deeds the sword hath done  
 Forgiveness is not lightly won ;  
 The words by hatred spoke may not  
 Be as a summer breeze forgot !  
 'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's rage  
 A portion of our heritage.  
 Leaders, now slumbering with their fame,  
 Bequeathed us that undying flame ;  
 Hearts that have long been still and cold  
 Yet rule us from their silent mould ;  
 And voices, heard on earth no more,  
 Speak to our spirits as of yore.  
 Talk not of mercy—blood alone  
 The stain of bloodshed may atone ;  
 Nought else can pay that mighty debt,  
 The dead forbid us to forget."

He pauses—from the patriarch's brow  
 There beams more lofty grandeur now ;  
 His reverend form, his aged hand  
 Assume a gesture of command,

His voice is awful, and his eye  
 Filled with prophetic majesty.

"The dead !—and deemest thou *they*,  
 retain  
 Aught of terrestrial passion's stain ?  
 Of guilt incurred in days gone by,  
 Aught but the fearful penalty ?  
 And sayest thou, mortal ! blood alone  
 For deeds of slaughter may atone ?  
 There *hath* been blood—by Him 'twas shed  
 To expiate every crime who bled ;  
 The absolving God who died to save,  
 And rose in victory from the grave !  
 And by that stainless offering given  
 Alike for all on earth to heaven ;  
 By that inevitable hour  
 When death shall vanquish pride and power,  
 And each departing passion's force  
 Concentrate all in late remorse ;  
 And by the day when doom shall be  
 Passed on earth's millions, and on thee—  
 The doom that shall not be repealed,  
 Once uttered, and for ever sealed—  
 I summon thee, O child of clay !  
 To cast thy darker thoughts away,  
 And meet thy foes in peace and love,  
 As thou wouldst join the blest above."

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling  
 Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing ;  
 Oh ! not in vain the pleading cries  
 Of anxious thousands round him rise ;  
 He yields—devotion's mingled sense  
 Of faith and fear, and penitence,  
 Pervading all his soul, he bows  
 To offer on the cross his vows,  
 And that best incense to the skies,  
 Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes were  
 flowing,  
 High hearts with soft emotions glowing ;  
 Stern foes as long-loved brothers greeting,  
 And ardent throngs in transport meeting ;  
 And eager footsteps forward pressing,  
 And accents loud in joyous blessing ;  
 And when their first wild tumults cease,  
 A thousand voices echo "Peace !"

Twilight's dim mist hath rolled away,  
 And the rich Orient burns with day ;  
 Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,  
 Rises the choral hymn of earth—  
 The exulting strain through Genoa swelling,  
 Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far float the sounds o'er vale and steep,  
The seaman hears them on the deep,  
So mellowed by the gale, they seem  
As the wild music of a dream.

But not on mortal ear alone  
Peals the triumphant anthem's tone ;  
For beings of a purer sphere  
Bend with celestial joy to hear.

## THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

[' Not only the place of Richard's confinement" (when thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria), "if we believe the literary history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity, was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies: and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard, or minstrel, named Blondel, who had shared that prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled over all the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got intelligence of a certain castle in Germany, where a prisoner of distinction was confined, and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place; but the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no information relative to the name or quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity, he bethought himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard; and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it re-echoed and continued by the royal captive.—(*Hist. Troubadours*). To this discovery the English monarch is said to have eventually owed his release. —See RUSSELL'S *Modern Europe*, vol. i. p. 369.]

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain  
Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.  
O'er many a rugged mountain-scene  
And forest wild his track hath been ;  
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky  
He hath sung the songs of chivalry ;  
His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze,  
And rung through the snowy Pyrenees ;  
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,  
He hath sought his prince, the loved, the  
brave ;  
And yet, if still on earth thou art,  
Oh, monarch of the lion-heart !  
The faithful spirit, which distress  
But heightens to devotedness,  
By toil and trial vanquished not,  
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung with  
vine,  
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine  
The feudal towers that crest its height  
Frown in unconquerable might ;  
Dark is their aspect of sullen state—  
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate\*  
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,  
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest.  
Vainly rich evening's parting smile  
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,

That 'midst bright sunshine lours on high,  
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.  
Not these the halls where a child of song  
Awhile may speed the hours along ;  
Their echoes should repeat alone  
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,  
Or the Wild Huntsman's bugle-blast,  
When his phantom train are hurrying past.  
—The weary minstrel paused—his eye  
Roved o'er the scene despondingly :  
Within the lengthening shadow, cast  
By the fortress towers and ramparts vast,  
Lingering he gazed. The rocks around  
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned,  
Proud guardians of the regai flood,  
In giant strength the mountains stood—  
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,  
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.  
Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,  
But the Rhine all shadowy rolled below ;  
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,  
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild ;  
Nor pastoral pipe nor convent's bell  
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell ;  
But all was lonely, silent, rude,  
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark ! that solemn stillness breaking,  
The Troubadour's wild song is waking.  
Full oft that song in days gone by  
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry ;  
It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains lone,  
Hermon ! thy echoes have learned its tone :

\* A custom in feudal times, as a token that strangers were invited to enter the castle, and partake of hospitality.



On the Great Plain\* its notes have rung,  
The leagued Crusaders' tents among ;  
'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won  
The palm in the field of Ascalon ;  
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine  
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

" THINE hour is come, and the stake is set,"  
The Soldan cried to the captive knight ;  
" And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are  
met

To gaze on the fearful sight.

" But be our faith by thy lips professed,  
The faith of Mecca's shrine,  
Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest,  
And life shall yet be thine."

" I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,  
And gazed with undaunted eye ;  
I have borne the bright cross through fire  
and flood,  
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

" I have stood where thousands, by Salem's  
towers,  
Have fallen for the name Divine ;  
And the faith that cheered *their* closing  
hours  
Shall be the light of mine."

" Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,  
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom ?  
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,  
Or torture and the tomb."

" I have been where the crown of thorns  
was twined,  
For a dying Saviour's brow ;  
*He* spurned the treasures that lure mankind,  
And I reject them now !"

" Art thou the son of a noble line,  
In a land that is fair and blest ;  
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive !  
pine,  
Again on its shores to rest ?

---

\* The plain of Estrælon.

" Thine own is the choice to hail once more  
The soil of thy father's birth,  
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are  
o'er,  
Forgotten in foreign earth."

" Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise  
In the country of my love ;  
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,  
There's a brighter clime above !"

The bard hath paused—for another tone  
Blends with the music of his own ;  
And his heart beats high with hope again,  
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

" ARE there none within thy father's hall,  
Far o'er the wide blue main,  
Young Christian ! left to deplore thy fall,  
With sorrow deep and vain ?"

" There are hearts that still, through all the  
past,  
Unchanging have loved me well ;  
There are eyes whose tears were streaming  
fast  
When I bade my home farewell.

" Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier  
Than the apostate's living stain ;  
There's a land where those who loved when  
here  
Shall meet to love again."

" Tis he ! thy prince—long sought, long  
lost,  
The leader of the red-cross host !  
'Tis he !—to none thy joy betray,  
Young Troubadour ! away, away !  
Away to the island of the brave,  
The gem on the bosom of the wave ;  
Arouse the sons of the noble soil  
To win their Lion from the toil.  
And free the wassail-cup shall flow,  
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow ;  
The festal board shall be richly crowned,  
While knights and chieftains revel round,  
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring.  
When merry England hails her King.



## THE DEATH OF CONRADIN.

[“ La sentence de mort fut communiquée à Conradin comme il jouait aux échecs ; on lui laissa peu de temps pour se préparer à son exécution ; et le 26 d’Octobre il fut conduit, avec tous ses amis, sur la Place du Marché de Naples, le long du rivage de la mer. Charles était présent, avec toute sa cour, et un foule immense entourait le roi vainqueur et le roi condamné. Conradin était entre les mains des bourreaux ; il détacha lui-même son manteau, et s’étant mis à genoux pour prier, il se releva en s’écriant : ‘ O ma mère ! quelle profonde douleur te causera la nouvelle qu’on va te porter de moi ! ’ Puis il tourna les yeux sur la foule qui l’entourait ; il vit les larmes, il entendit les sanglots de son peuple ; alors, détachant son gant, il jeta au milieu de ses sujets ce gage d’un combat de vengeance, et rendit sa tête au bourreau.”—SISMONDI.]

No cloud to dim the splendour of the day  
Which breaks o’er Naples and her lovely  
bay,

And lights that brilliant sea and magic  
With every tint that charmed the great of  
yore—

The imperial ones of earth, who proudly  
Their marble domes even ocean’s realm  
invade.

That race is gone, but glorious Nature here  
Maintains unchanged her own sublime  
career,

And bids these regions of the sun display  
Bright hues, surviving empires passed away.  
The beam of heaven expands—its kindling  
smile

Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,  
Whose image floats, in softer colouring  
dressed,

With all its rocks and vines, on ocean’s  
breast.

Misenum’s cape hath caught the vivid ray,  
On Roman streamers there no more to play;  
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,

Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo’s height,  
With all Italia’s sunshine to illumine  
The ilex canopy of Virgil’s tomb.

Campania’s plains rejoice in light, and  
spread

Their gay luxuriance o’er the mighty dead ;  
Fair glittering to thine own transparent  
skies,

Thy palaces, exulting Naples ! rise ;  
While far on high Vesuvius rears his peak,  
Furrowed and dark with many a lava streak.

O ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse !  
Rich with all nature’s and all fiction’s hues,  
Who shall explore your regions, and declare  
The poet\* erred to paint Elysium there ?  
Call up his spirit, wanderer ! bid him guide  
Thy steps those syren-haunted seas beside ;

\* Virgil.

And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,  
And spells more potent shall pervade the  
air.

What though his dust be scattered, and his  
Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,  
Still dwell the beings of his verse around,

Hovering in beauty o’er the enchanted  
ground ;

His lays are murmured in each breeze that  
Soft o’er the sunny waves and orange-  
groves ;

His memory’s charm is spread o’er shore  
The soul, the genius of Parthenope ;

Shedding o’er myrtle shade and vine-clad  
hill

The purple radiance of Elysium still.

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky  
Have witnessed many a dark reality.

Oft o’er those bright blue seas the gale hath  
borne

The sighs of exiles never to return.

There with the whisper of Campania’s gale  
Hath mingled oft Affection’s funeral wail,

Mourning for buried heroes—while to her  
That glowing land was but their sepulchre.

And there, of old, the dread mysterious  
moan

Swelled from strange voices of no mortal  
And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly  
note

Was heard at midnight o’er the hills to flow  
Around the spot where Agrippina died,  
Denouncing vengeance on the Matricide.

Passed are those ages—yet another crime,  
Another woe, must stain the Elysian clime.

There stands a scaffold on the sunny  
shore—

It must be crimsoned ere the day is o’er !  
There is a throne in regal pomp arrayed—  
A scene of death from thence must be sur-  
veyed.

Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale ;

Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale ;

Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale ;

Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale ;

But the deep workings of the indignant  
breast,  
Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppressed ;  
The burning tears awhile must check its  
course,  
The avenging thought concentrate all its  
force ;  
For tyranny is near, and will not brook  
Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with  
mien  
Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene ;  
And in his eye a keen suspicious glance  
Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,  
Behold the conqueror ! Vainly in his face  
Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace.  
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath  
lent  
Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament :  
And pleading Mercy, in the sternness there,  
May read at once her sentence—to despair !

But thou, fair boy ! the beautiful, the brave,  
Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,  
While all is yet around thee which can give  
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live ;  
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother's  
eye, [die  
Till the deep love that not with thee shall  
Hath grown too full for utterance—can it be!  
And is this pomp of death prepared for thee,  
Young, royal Conradin ! who shouldst have  
known  
Of life as yet the sunny smile alone !  
Oh ! who can view thee, in the pride and  
bloom  
Of youth, arrayed so richly for the tomb,  
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,  
Emotions tyranny may ne'er control ?  
Bright victim ! to Ambition's altar led,  
Crowned with all flowers that heaven on  
earth can shed.  
Who, from the oppressor towering in his  
pride,  
May hope for mercy—if to thee denied ?  
There is dead silence on the breathless  
throng,  
Dead silence all the peopled shore along,  
As on the captive moves—the only sound,  
To break that calm so fearfully profound,  
The low sweet murmur of the rippling wave,  
Soft as it glides the smiling shore to lave ;  
While on that shore, his own fair heritage,  
The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage  
Is passing to his fate. The eyes are dim  
Which gaze, through tears that dare not  
flow, on him.

He mounts the scaffold—doth his footstep  
fail ? [pale ?  
Doth his lip quiver ? doth his cheek turn  
Oh ! it may be forgiven him if a thought  
Cling to that world, for him with beauty  
fraught—  
To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,  
And all the affections that with him shall  
bleed ! [rose  
If, in his life's young dayspring, while the  
Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,  
One human fear convulse his parting breath,  
And shrink from all the bitterness of death !

But no ! the spirit of his royal race  
Sits brightly on his brow : that youthful face  
Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye  
Is eloquent with injured majesty.  
He kneels—but not to man ; his heart shall  
own  
Such deep submission to his God alone !  
And who can tell with what sustaining power  
That God may visit him in fate's dread hour ?  
How the still voice, which answers every  
moan,  
May speak of hope—when hope on earth  
is gone !

That solemn pause is o'er. The youth  
hath given  
One glance of parting love to earth and  
heaven.  
The sun rejoices in the unclouded sky,  
Life all around him glows—and he must die !  
Yet 'midst his people, undismayed, he throws  
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes ;  
Vengeance that, like their own volcano's fire,  
May sleep suppressed awhile—but not  
expire.  
One softer image rises o'er his breast,  
One fond regret, and all shall be at rest !  
"Alas, for thee, my mother ! who shall bear  
To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,  
When thy lost child is gone !" That thought  
can thrill  
His soul with pangs one moment more shall  
still.  
The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—  
It falls—the race of Conradin is run !  
Yet, from the blood which flows that shore  
to stain,  
A voice shall cry to heaven—and not in vain !  
Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous  
throne,  
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,  
Charles of Anjou !—but that dread voice  
shall be  
A fearful summoner even yet to thee !

The scene of death is closed—the throngs depart,

A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.  
No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,  
High-minded boy ! may grace thine obsequies.

O vainly royal and beloved ! thy grave,  
Unsanctified, is bathed by ocean's wave ;  
Marked by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,  
Unhonoured, unadorned—but *unforgot* ;  
For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts  
shall live,  
Now mutely suffering—never to forgive !

The sunset fades from purple heavens  
away—

A bark hath anchored in the unruffled bay :  
Thence on the beach descends a female form,  
Her mien with hope and tearful transport  
warm ;

But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,  
And her soft eyes a chastened heart bespeak.  
Inured to woes—yet what were all the past !  
She sank not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,  
While one bright hope remained : who now  
shall tell

The uncrowned, the widowed, how her loved  
one fell ?

To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,  
The mother came—and she hath found his  
grave !

And by that grave, transfixed in speechless  
grief,

Whose deathlike trance denies a tear's relief.  
Awhile she kneels—till roused at length to  
know,

To feel the might, the fulness of her woe,  
On the still air a voice of anguish wild,  
A mother's cry is heard—" My Conradir  
my child !"

1819.

## WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE.

A PRIZE POEM.

" Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !"

THE morn rose bright on scenes renowned,  
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,  
Where the bold sons of other days  
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,  
And fell—but not till Carron's tide  
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.

The morn rose bright—and heard the cry  
Sent by exulting hosts on high,  
And saw the white-cross banner float,  
(While rung each clansman's gathering  
note)

O'er the dark plumes and serried spears  
Of Scotland's daring Mountaineers ;  
As all elate with hope, they stood  
To buy their freedom with their blood.

The sunset shone—to guide the flying,  
And beam a farewell to the dying !  
The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,  
Streams upon eyes in slumber sealed ;  
Deep slumber—not to pass away  
When breaks another morning's ray,  
Nor vanish, when the trumpet's voice  
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice :  
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's breath,  
May chase the still cold sleep of death ?

Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stained plaid,  
Low are her mountain-warriors laid ;  
They fell on that proud soil, whose mould  
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,  
And, guarded by the free and brave,  
Yielded the Roman—but a grave !  
Nobly they fell—yet with them died  
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.  
Vainly they fell—that martyr-host—  
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.  
Blest are the slain ! *they* calmly sleep,  
Nor hear their bleeding country weep ;  
The shouts of England's triumph telling,  
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling ;  
And those, surviving to bequeath  
Their sons the choice of chains or death,  
May give the slumberer's lowly bier  
An envying glance—but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,  
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie !  
No vassal-spirit, formed to bow  
When storms are gathering, clouds thy  
brow,  
No shade of fear, or weak despair,  
Blends with indignant sorrow there !



The ray which streams on yon red field,  
 O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,  
 Glitters not *there* alone, to shed  
 Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead ;  
 But, where smooth Carron's rippling wave,  
 Flows near that death-bed of the brave,  
 Illuming all the midnight scene,  
 Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.  
 But other beams, O Patriot ! shine  
 In each commanding glance of thine,  
 And other light hath filled thine eye,  
 With inspiration's majesty,  
 Caught from th' immortal flame divine,  
 Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine !  
 Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,  
 The grandeur Freedom lends her son ;  
 Thy bearing, a resistless power,  
 The ruling genius of the hour ;  
 And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,  
 Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,  
 Whose haughty gesture fain would seek  
 To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,  
 Feels his reluctant mind controlled  
 By thine of more heroic mould :  
 Though, struggling all in vain to war  
 With that high mind's ascendant star,  
 He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,  
 Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice ?—  
 " Proud Victor ! in thy fame rejoice !  
 Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,  
 The harvest of thy battle-plain,  
 And bathed thy sword in blood, whose  
 spot  
 Eternity shall cancel not ?  
 Rejoice !—with sounds of wild lament,  
 O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,  
 With dying moan, and dirge's wail,  
 Thy ravaged country bids thee hail !  
 Rejoice !—while yet exulting cries,  
 From England's conquering host arise,  
 And strains of choral triumph tell,  
 Her Royal Slave hath fought too well !  
 Oh ! dark the clouds of woe that rest  
 Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain-crest !  
 Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,  
 O'er martyred chiefs her daughters mourn,  
 And not a breeze, but wafts the sound  
 Of wailing through the land around.  
 Yet deem not thou, till life depart,  
 High hope shall leave the Patriot's heart,  
 Or courage to the storm inured,  
 Or stern resolve, by woes matured,  
 Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,  
 Less than unconquerable power !  
 No ! though the orbs of heaven expire,  
*Thine*, Freedom ! is a quenchless fire,

And woe to him whose might would dare,  
 The energies of *thy* despair !  
 No !—when thy chain, O Bruce ! is cast  
 O'er thy land's chartered mountain-blast,  
 Then in my yielding soul shall die  
 The glorious faith of Liberty !"

" Wild hopes ! o'er dreamer's mind that  
 rise !"

With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries,  
 (Yet his dark cheek is flushed with shame,  
 And his eye filled with troubled flame ;)  
 " Vain, brief illusions ! doomed to fly  
 England's red path of victory !  
 Is not her sword unmatched in might ?  
 Her course, a torrent in the fight ?  
 The terror of her name gone forth  
 Wide o'er the regions of the north ?  
 Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,  
 Must Freedom's footstep now repose.  
 And thou—in lofty dreams elate,  
 Enthusiast ! strive no more with Fate !  
 'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—  
 Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.  
 Where are the chiefs that stood with thee  
 First in the battles of the free ?  
 The firm in heart, in spirit high ?  
 They sought yon fatal field to die.  
 Each step of Edward's conquering host  
 Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast."

" Vassal of England, yes ! a grave  
 Where sleep the faithful and the brave,  
 And who the glory would resign,  
 Of death like theirs, for life like thine ?  
 They slumber—and the stranger's tread,  
 May spurn thy country's noble dead ;  
 Yet, on the land they loved so well,  
 Still shall their burning spirit dwell,  
 Their deeds shall hallow Minstrel's theme,  
 Their image rise on warrior's dream,  
 Their names be inspiration's breath,  
 Kindling high hope and scorn of death,  
 Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,  
 The flame that shall avenge their doom !  
 This is no land for chains—away !  
 O'er softer climes let tyrants sway !  
 Think'st thou the mountain and the storm  
 Their hardy sons for bondage form ?  
 Doth our stern wintry blast instil  
 Submission to a despot's will ?  
 No ! *we* were cast in other mould  
 Than theirs by lawless power controlled ;  
 The nurture of our bitter sky  
 Calls forth resisting energy ;  
 And the wild fastnesses are ours,  
 The rocks, with their eternal towers !



The soul to struggle and to dare,  
 Is mingled with our northern air,  
 And dust beneath our soil is lying  
 Of those who died for fame undying.  
 Tread'st thou that soil ! and can it be,  
 No loftier thought is roused in thee ?  
 Doth no high feeling proudly start  
 From slumber in thine inmost heart ?  
 No secret voice thy bosom thrill,  
 For thine own Scotland pleading still ?  
 Oh ! wake thee yet—indignant claim  
 A nobler fate, a purer fame,  
 And cast to earth thy fetters riven,  
 And take thine offered crown from heaven !  
 Wake ! in that high majestic lot,  
 May the dark past be all forgot,  
 And Scotland shall forgive the field,  
 Where with her blood thy shame was  
 sealed.

E'en I—though on that fatal plain  
 Lies my heart's brother with the slain,  
 Though reft of his heroic worth,  
 My spirit dwells alone on earth ;  
 And when all other grief is past,  
 Must *this* be cherished to the last—  
 Will lead thy battles, guard thy throne,  
 With faith unspotted as his own,  
 Nor in thy noon of fame recall,  
 Whose was the guilt that wrought his  
 fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern disdain ?  
 Are Freedom's warning accents vain ?  
 No ! royal Bruce ! within thy breast  
 Wakes each high thought, too long sup-  
 pressed.

And thy heart's noblest feelings live,  
 Blent in that suppliant word—"Forgive !"  
 "Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done !  
 Wallace ! thy fairest palm is won,  
 And, kindling at my country's shrine,  
 My soul hath caught a spark from thine.  
 Oh ! deem not in the proudest hour  
 Of triumph and exulting power—  
 Deem not the light of peace could find  
 A home within my troubled mind.  
 Conflicts, by mortal eye unseen,  
 Dark, silent, secret, there have been,  
 Known but to Him, whose glance can  
 trace

Thought to its deepest dwelling-place !  
 —'Tis past—and on my native shore  
 I tread, a rebel son no more.  
 Too blest, if yet my lot may be,  
 In glory's path to follow thee ;  
 If tears, by late repentance poured,  
 May lave the blood-stains from my  
 sword !"

Far other tears, O Wallace ! rise  
 From the heart's fountain to thine eyes,  
 Bright, holy, and unchecked thy spring,  
 While thy voice falters, "Hail ! my King !  
 Be every wrong, by memory traced,  
 In this full tide of joy effaced !  
 Hail ! and rejoice !—thy race shall claim  
 A heritage of deathless fame,  
 And Scotland shall arise, at length,  
 Majestic in triumphant strength,  
 An eagle of the rock, that won  
 A way through tempests to the sun !  
 Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,  
 The prophet-spirit of thy land !  
 By torrent-wave, in desert vast,  
 Those visions o'er my thought have passed.  
 Where mountain-vapours darkly roll,  
 That spirit hath possessed my soul !  
 And shadowy forms have met mine eye,  
 The beings of futurity !  
 And a deep voice of years to be,  
 Hath told that Scotland shall be free !  
 He comes ! exult, thou Sire of Kings !  
 From thee the chief, th' avenger springs !  
 Far o'er the land he comes to save  
 His banners in their glory wave,  
 And Albyn's thousand harps awake  
 On hill and heath, by stream and lake,  
 To swell the strains, that far around  
 Bid the proud name of Bruce resound :  
 And I—but wherefore now recall  
 The whispered omens of my fall ?  
 They come not in mysterious gloom,  
 —There is no bondage in the tomb !  
 O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,  
 And earth alone for man hath chains !  
 What though I perish ere the hour  
 When Scotland's vengeance wakes in power,  
 If shed for her, my blood shall stain  
 The field or scaffold not in vain.  
 Its voice, to efforts more sublime,  
 Shall rouse the spirit of her clime,  
 And in the noontide of her lot,  
 My country shall forget me not !"

Art thou forgot ? and hath thy worth  
 Without its glory passed from earth ?  
 —Rest with the brave, whose names belong  
 To the high sanctity of song !  
 Chartered our reverence to control,  
 And traced in sunbeams on the soul !  
 Thine, Wallace ! while the heart has still  
 One pulse a generous thought can thrill,  
 While youth's warm tears are yet the meed  
 Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,  
 Shall brightly live, from age to age,  
 Thy country's proudest heritage !

'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,  
Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling,  
Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,  
Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave,  
And cold the wanderer's heart must be,  
That holds no converse there with thee !

Yet, Scotland ! to thy champion's shade  
Still are thy grateful rites delayed ;  
From lands of old renown, o'erspread  
With proud memorials of the dead,  
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,  
The pillar, guarding noble dust,  
The shrine where heart and genius high  
Have laboured for eternity ;  
The stranger comes—his eye explores  
The wilds of thy majestic shores,

Yet vainly seeks one votive stone  
Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel-lore !  
Withhold that guerdon now no more.  
On some bold height, of awful form,  
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,  
Sublimely mingling with the skies,  
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise !  
Not to record the name that thrills  
Thy soul, the watchword of thy hills,  
Not to assert, with needless claim,  
The bright *for ever* of its fame ;  
But, in the ages yet untold,  
When *ours* shall be the days of old,  
To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride  
In him, for thee who lived and died.

1820.

## THE SCEPTIC.

["*Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne présente à leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras ; les absurdités où ils tombent en niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les vérités dont la hauteur les étonne ; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mystères incompréhensibles, ils suivent l'une après l'autre d'incompréhensibles erreurs.*"]—BOSSUET, *Oraisons funèbres*.]

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting eye,  
Has learned to dare the splendour of the  
sky,  
And leave the Alps beneath him in his  
course, [source ;  
To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal  
Will his free wing, from that majestic  
height, [light,  
Descend to follow some wild meteor's  
Which far below, with evanescent fire,  
Shines to delude, and dazzles to expire ?  
No ! still through clouds he wins his up-  
ward way,  
And proudly claims his heritage of day !  
—And shall the spirit, on whose ardent gaze  
The day-spring from on high hath poured  
its blaze,  
Turn from that pure effulgence to the beam  
Of earth-born light, that sheds a treache-  
rous gleam,  
Luring the wanderer, from the star of faith,  
To the deep valley of the shades of death ?  
What bright exchange, what treasure shall  
be given, [Heaven ?  
For the high birth-right of its hope in  
If lost the gem which empires could not  
buy,  
What yet remains ?—a dark eternity !

Is earth still Eden ?—might a Seraph  
guest,  
Still, 'midst its chosen bowers delighted  
rest ?

Is all so cloudless and so calm below,  
We seek no fairer scenes than *life* can show ?  
That the cold Sceptic, in his pride elate,  
Rejects the promise of a brighter state,  
And leaves the rock, no tempest shall dis-  
place, [base ?  
To rear his dwelling on the quicksand's

Votary of doubt ! then join the festal  
throng,  
Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the song,  
Spread the rich board, and fill the wine-cup  
high,  
And bind the wreath ere yet the roses die !  
'Tis well—thine eye is yet undimmed by  
time, [prime ;  
And thy heart bounds, exulting in its  
Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's warning  
voice,  
And in the glory of thy strength, rejoice !

But life hath sterner tasks ; e'en youth's  
brief hours  
Survive the beauty of their lovelies flowers ;

The founts of joy, where pilgrims rest from  
toil,  
Are few and distant on the desert soil ;  
The soul's pure flame the breath of storms  
must fan, [Man !  
And pain and sorrow claim their nursling—  
Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup have  
shared— [pared ?  
Proud child of reason ! how art *thou* pre-  
When years, with silent might, thy frame  
have bowed,  
And o'er thy spirit cast their wintry cloud,  
Will Memory soothe thee on thy bed of  
pain,  
With the bright images of pleasure's train ?

Yes ! as the sight of some far-distant  
shore, [no more,  
Whose well-known scenes his foot shall tread  
Would cheer the seaman, by the eddying  
wave [grave !  
Drawn, vainly struggling, to th' unfathomed  
Shall Hope, the faithful cherub, hear thy  
call, [for all ?  
She, who like heaven's own sunbeam, smiles  
Will *she* speak comfort ?—Thou hast shorn  
her plume, [tomb,  
That might have raised thee far above the  
And hushed the only voice whose angel tone  
Soothies when all melodies of joy are flown !

For she was born beyond the stars to  
soar,  
And kindling at the source of life, adore ;  
Thou couldst not, mortal ! rivet to the  
earth  
Her eye, whose beam is of celestial birth ;  
She dwells with those who leave her pinion  
free, [thee.  
And sheds the dews of heaven on all but

Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,  
But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is  
left ; [power,  
And, haply, one whose strong affection's  
Unchanged, may triumph through misfor-  
tune's hour, [head,  
Still with fond care supports thy languid  
And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou ! whose thoughts have no blest  
home above, [love ?  
Captive of earth ! and canst thou dare to  
To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,  
Within that hallowed shrine—a parent's  
breast,  
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,  
On one frail idol—destined but to die ;

Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of  
light, [unite ?  
Where severed souls, made perfect, re-  
Then tremble ! cling to every passing joy,  
Twined with the life a moment may de-  
stroy !  
If there be sorrow in a parting tear,  
Still let "*for ever*" vibrate on thine ear !  
If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath  
flown,  
Find more than anguish in the thought—  
'tis gone !

Go ! to a voice such magic influence  
give,  
Thou canst not lose its melody, and live ;  
And make an eye the load-star of thy soul,  
And let a glance the springs of thought  
control ;  
Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,  
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight ;  
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy  
trust,  
Lean on the willow, idolize the dust !  
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy  
care, [spair !  
Think on that dread "*for ever*" and de-

And oh ! no strange, unwonted storm  
there needs  
To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.  
Watch well its course—explore with anxious  
eye  
Each little cloud that floats along the sky :  
Is the blue canopy serenely fair ?  
Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,  
And the bark sink, when peace and sun-  
shine sleep  
On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep !  
Yes ! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy  
fate,  
May the blow fall which makes thee deso-  
late !  
Not always Heaven's destroying angel  
shrouds  
His awful form in tempests and in clouds ;  
He fills the summer air with latent power,  
He hides his venom in the scented flower,  
He steals upon thee in the Zephyr's breath,  
And festal garlands veil the shafts of death !

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst  
rashly cast  
Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,  
And vainly hope the tree of life to find  
Rooted in sands that flit before the wind ?  
Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well,  
It wished not in a brighter sphere to dwell



Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,  
 O'ershadowed with the midnight of the  
 tomb?  
 Where shalt thou turn?—it is not thine to  
 raise  
 To yon pure heaven thy calm confiding  
 gaze—  
 No gleam reflected from that realm of rest  
 Steals on the darkness of thy troubled  
 breast,  
 Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely shed  
 Her glory round the image of the dead;  
 And if, when slumber's lonely couch is  
 prest,  
 The form departed be thy spirit's guest,  
 It bears no light from purer worlds to this;  
 Thy future lends not e'en a dream of bliss.

But who shall dare the Gate of Life to  
 close,  
 Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy flows?  
 That fount unsealed, whose boundless  
 waves embrace  
 Each distant isle, and visit every race,  
 Pours from the throne of God its current  
 free,  
 Nor yet denies th' immortal draught to thee.  
 Oh! while the doom impends, not yet de-  
 creed,  
 While yet th' Atoner hath not ceased to  
 plead—  
 While still, suspended by a single hair,  
 The sharp bright sword hangs quivering in  
 the air,  
 Bow down thy heart to Him, who will not  
 break  
 The bruised reed; e'en yet, awake, awake!  
 Patient, because Eternal,\* He may hear  
 Thy prayer of agony with pitying ear,  
 And send his chastening spirit from above,  
 O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to move.

But seek thou mercy through his name  
 alone, [shown;  
 To whose unequalled sorrows none was  
 Through Him, who here in mortal garb  
 abode,  
 As man to suffer, and to heal, as God;  
 And, born the sons of utmost time to bless,  
 Endured all scorn, and aided all distress.

Call thou on Him—for He, in human  
 form, [the storm.  
 Hath walked the waves of Life, and stilled

He, when her hour of lingering grace was  
 past,  
 O'er Salem wept, relenting to the last,  
 Wept with such tears as Judah's monarch  
 poured,  
 O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet deplored;  
 And, offering guiltless blood that guilt  
 might live,  
 Taught from his Cross the lesson to forgive!

Call thou on Him—his prayer e'en then  
 arose,  
 Breathed in unpitied anguish for his foes.  
 And haste! ere bursts the lightning from  
 on high,  
 Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly!\*  
 So shall th' Avenger turn his steps away,  
 And sheath his falchion, baffled of its prey.

Yet must long days roll on, ere peace  
 shall brood, [dued;  
 As the soft Halycon, o'er thy heart sub-  
 Ere yet the Dove of Heaven descend, to  
 shed  
 Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen head.  
 —He who hath pined in dungeons, 'midst  
 the shade  
 Of such deep night as man for man hath  
 made,  
 Through lingering years; if called at length  
 to be,  
 Once more, by nature's boundless charter,  
 free, [shun,  
 Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon to  
 Fainting at day, and blasted by the sun.

Thus, when the captive soul hath long  
 remained  
 In its own dread abyss of darkness chained,  
 If the Deliverer, in his might, at last,  
 Its fetters, born of earth, to earth should  
 cast,  
 The beam of truth o'erpowers its dazzled  
 sight,  
 Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy in light.  
 But this will pass away—that spark of mind,  
 Within thy frame unquenchably enshrined,  
 Shall live to triumph in its brightening ray,  
 Born to be fostered with ethereal day.  
 Then wilt thou bless the hour when o'er  
 thee passed,  
 On wing of flame, the purifying blast,

\* "Then ye shall appoint you cities, to be  
 cities of refuge for you; that the slayer may flee  
 thither which killeth any person at unawares.—  
 And they shall be unto you cities of refuge from  
 the avenger."—Numbers, chap. xxxv

\* "He is patient, because he is eternal."—St.  
 AUGUSTINE.



And sorrow's voice, through paths before  
untrod,  
Like Sinai's trumpet, called thee to thy  
God!

But hop'st thou, in thy panoply of pride,  
Heaven's messenger, affliction, to deride?  
In thine own strength unaided to defy,  
With Stoic smile, the arrows of the sky?  
Torn by the vulture, fettered to the rock,  
Still, Demigod! the tempest wilt thou  
mock? [brow

Alas! the tower that crests the mountain's  
A thousand years may awe the vale below,  
Yet not the less be shattered on its  
height

By one dread moment of the earthquake's  
might!  
A thousand pangs thy bosom may have  
borne,

In silent fortitude, or haughty scorn,  
Till comes the one, the master-anguish, sent  
To break the mighty heart that ne'er was  
bent.

Oh! what is nature's strength? The  
vacant eye,  
By mind deserted, hath a dread reply!  
The wild delirious laughter of despair,  
The mirth of frenzy, seek an answer there!  
Turn not away, though pity's cheek grow  
pale,  
Close not thine ear against their awful tale,  
They tell thee reason, wandering from the  
ray  
Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,  
In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave,  
Forsook the struggling soul she could not  
save!

Weep not, sad moralist! o'er desert plains,  
Strewed with the wrecks of grandeur—  
mouldering fanes,  
Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'er-  
grown,  
And regal cities, now the serpent's own:  
Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind,  
Whose star is quenched, hath lessons for  
mankind  
Of deeper import than each prostrate dome  
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.

But who with eye unshrinking shall ex-  
plore  
That waste, illumed by reason's beam no  
more?  
Who pierce the deep, mysterious clouds  
that roll  
Around the shattered temple of the soul,

Curtained with midnight—low its columns  
lie,

And dark the chambers of its imagery;\*  
Sunk are its idols now—and God alone  
May rear the fabric by their fall o'er-  
thrown!

[bare,  
Yet from its inmost shrine, by storms laid  
Is heard an oracle that cries—"Beware!"  
Child of the dust! but ransomed of the  
skies!

[dies!  
One breath of Heaven—and thus thy glory  
Haste, ere the hour of doom, draw nigh to  
Him

Who dwells above between the cherubim!"

Spirit dethroned! and checked in mid  
career—

Son of the morning! exiled from thy sphere,  
Tell us thy tale!—Perchance thy race was  
run

With Science in the chariot of the sun;  
Free as the winds the paths of space to  
sweep,

[deep,  
Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of the  
And search the laws that Nature's springs  
control, [whole!  
There tracing all—save Him who guides the

Haply thine eye its ardent glance had cast  
Through the dim shades, the portals of the  
past;

[fed  
By the bright lamp of thought thy care had  
From the far beacon lights of ages fled,  
The depths of time exploring, to retrace  
The glorious march of many a vanished  
race.

Or did thy power pervade the living lyre,  
Till its deep chords became instinct with fire,  
Silenced all meaner notes, and swelled on  
high,

Full and alone, their mighty harmony,  
While woke each passion from its cell pro-  
found,

And nations started at th' electric sound?

Lord of the Ascendant! what avails it  
now, [brow?

Though bright the laurels waved upon thy  
What though thy name through distant  
empires heard, [word?

Bade the heart bound, as doth a battle-  
Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye,  
Kept vigil with the watch-fires of the sky,

\* "Every man in the chambers of his ima-  
gery."—*Ezekiel*, chap. viii.

To make the secrets of all ages thine,  
 And commune with majestic thoughts that  
 shine  
 O'er Time's long shadowy pathway?—hath  
 thy mind  
 Severed its lone dominions from mankind,  
 For *this* to woo their homage? Thou hast  
 sought  
 All, save the wisdom with salvation fraught,  
 Won every wreath—but that which will not  
 die,  
 Nor aught neglected—save eternity !

And did all fail thee, in the hour of wrath,  
 When burst th' o'erwhelming vials on thy  
 path? [then,  
 Could not the voice of Fame inspire thee  
 O spirit ! sceptred by the sons of men,  
 With an Immortal's courage, to sustain  
 The transient agonies of earthly pain?

—One, one there was, all-powerful to have  
 saved  
 When the loud fury of the billow raved ;  
 But Him thou knew'st not—and the light  
 he lent  
 Hath vanished from its ruined tenement,  
 But left thee breathing, moving, lingering  
 yet,  
 A thing we shrink from—vainly to forget !

—Lift the dread veil no further—hide, oh !  
 hide  
 The bleeding form, the couch of suicide !  
 The dagger, grasped in death—the brow,  
 the eye,  
 Lifeless, yet stamped with rage and agony ;  
 The soul's dark traces left in many a line  
 Graved on *his* mien, who died—"and made  
 no sign !" [brain

Approach not, gaze not—lest thy fevered  
 Too deep that image of despair retain.  
 Angels of slumber ! o'er the midnight hour  
 Let not such visions claim unhallowed  
 power,  
 Lest the mind sink with terror, and above  
 See but th' Avenger's arm, forget th'  
 Atoner's love !

O Thou ! the unseen, the all-seeing !—  
 Thou whose ways  
 Mantled with darkness, mock all finite gaze,  
 Before whose eyes the creatures of Thy  
 hand,  
 Seraph and man, alike in weakness stand,  
 And countless ages, trampling into clay  
 Earth's empires on their march, are but a  
 day ;

Father of worlds unknown, unnumbered !—  
 Thou,  
 With whom all time is one eternal *now*,  
 Who know'st no past nor future—Thou  
 whose breath [death,  
 Goes forth, and bears to myriads life or  
 Look on us, guide us !—wanderers of a sea  
 Wild and obscure, what are we, left of  
 Thee ?  
 A thousand rocks, deep hid, elude our sight,  
 A star may set—and we are lost in night ;  
 A breeze may waft us to the whirlpool's  
 brink,  
 A treacherous song allure us—and we sink !

Oh ! by *His* love, who, veiling Godhead's  
 light,  
 To moments circumscribed the Infinite,  
 And Heaven and Earth disdained not to ally  
 By that dread union—Man with Deity ;  
 Immortal tears o'er mortal woes who shed,  
 And, ere he raised them, wept above the  
 dead ;

Save, or we perish ! Let Thy word control  
 The earthquakes of that universe—the soul ;  
 Pervade the depths of passion—speak once  
 more

The mighty mandate, guard of every shore,  
 "Here shall thy waves be stayed," in grief,  
 in pain, [tain,  
 The fearful poise of reason's sphere main-  
 Thou, by whom suns are balanced !—thus  
 secure

In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude endure ;  
 Conscious of Thee, unfaltering shall the just  
 Look upward still, in high and holy trust,  
 And, by affliction guided to Thy shrine,  
 The first, last thoughts of suffering hearts  
 be Thine.

And oh ! be near when clothed with con-  
 quering power, [hour :  
 The King of Terrors claims his own dread  
 When, on the edge of that unknown abyss  
 Which darkly parts us from the realm of  
 bliss,

Awestruck alike the timid and the brave,  
 Alike subdued the monarch and the slave,  
 Must drink the cup of trembling\*—where  
 we see  
 Nought in the universe but Death and Thee,  
 Forsake us not—if still, when life was  
 young, [sprung,  
 Faith to thy bosom, as her home, hath

\* "Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup  
 of trembling, and wrung them out"—*Isaiah*.  
 chap. ii.

If Hope's retreat hath been, through all  
the past,  
The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,  
Father, forsake us not!—when tortures  
urge  
The shrinking soul to that mysterious verge,  
When from Thy justice to Thy love we fly,  
On Nature's conflict look with pitying eye,  
Bid the strong wind, the fire, the earth-  
quake cease, [Peace! \*  
Come in the small still voice, and whisper—

For oh! 'tis awful! He that hath beheld  
The parting spirit, by its fears repelled,  
Cling in weak terror to its earthly chain,  
And from the dizzy brink recoil, in vain;  
He that hath seen the last convulsive throes  
Dissolve the union formed and closed in  
woe, [pride  
Well knows that hour is awful.—In the  
Of youth and health, by sufferings yet  
untried, [twere sweet  
We talk of Death as something which  
In Glory's arms exultingly to meet,  
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,  
Where gazing nations watch the hero's  
mien,  
As, undismayed amidst the tears of all,  
He folds his mantle, regally to fall!

Hush, fond enthusiast!—still, obscure,  
and lone,  
Yet not less terrible because unknown,  
Is the last hour of thousands—they retire  
From life's thronged path, unnoticed to  
expire.  
As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears  
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,  
Descends in silence—while around waves on  
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!  
Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour be  
flown, [own.  
Start not, thou trifler!—such may be thine

But, as life's current in its ebb draws near  
The shadowy gulf, there wakes a thought  
of fear, [before,  
A thrilling thought, which, haply inocked  
We fain would stifle—but it sleeps no more!

\* "And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."—*Kings*, book i. chap. 19.

There are, who fly its murmurs 'midst the  
throng,  
That join the masque of revelry and song,  
Yet still Death's image, by its power  
restored,  
Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal board,  
And when deep shades o'er earth and ocean  
brood,  
And the heart owns the might of solitude,  
Is its low whisper heard—a note profound,  
But wild and startling as the trumpet-  
sound,  
That bursts, with sudden blast, the dead  
repose  
Of some proud city, stormed by midnight  
foes!

Oh! vainly reason's scornful voice would  
prove [love,  
That life had nought to claim such lingering  
And ask if e'er the captive, half unchained,  
Clung to the links which yet his step re-  
strained?  
In vain philosophy, with tranquil pride,  
Would mock the feelings she perchance  
can hide,  
Call up the countless armies of the dead,  
Point to the pathway beaten by their tread,  
And say—"What wouldst thou? Shall the  
fixed decree,  
Made for creation, be reversed for *thee*?"  
—Poor, feeble aid!—proud Stoic! ask not  
why,  
It is enough that nature shrinks to die!  
Enough *that* horror, which thy words up-  
braid,  
Is her dread penalty, and must be paid!  
—Search thy deep wisdom, solve the scarce  
defined  
And mystic questions of the parting mind,  
Half checked, half uttered,—tell her, what  
shall burst,  
In whelming grandeur, on her vision first,  
When freed from mortal films?—what  
viewless world  
Shall first receive her wing, but half un-  
furled?  
What awful and unbodied beings guide  
Her timid flight through regions yet untried?  
Say, if at once, her final doom to hear,  
Before her God the trembler must appear,  
Or wait that day of terror, when the sea  
Shall yield its hidden dead, and heaven and  
earth shall flee.

Hast thou no answer? Then deride no  
more [explore  
The thoughts that shrink, yet cease not to



Th' unknown, th' unseen, the future—  
though the heart,  
As at unearthly sounds, before them start,  
Though the frame shudder, and the spirits  
sigh,

They have their source in immortality !  
Whence, then, shall strength, which reason's  
aid denies,

An equal to the mortal conflict rise ?  
When, on the swift pale horse, whose light-  
ning pace,

Where'er we fly, still wins the dreadful race,  
The mighty rider comes—oh, whence shall  
aid

Be drawn, to meet his rushing, undismayed ?  
—Whence, but from thee, Messiah !—thou  
hast drained

The bitter cup, till not the dregs remained,  
To thee the struggle and the pangs were  
known,

The mystic horror—all became thine own !

But did no hand celestial succour bring,  
Till scorn and anguish haply lost their  
sting ?

Came not th' Archangel, in the final hour,  
To arm thee with invulnerable power ?  
No, Son of God ! upon thy sacred head  
The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury shed,  
From man averted—and thy path on high,  
Passed through the strait of fiercest agony :  
For thus th' Eternal, with propitious eyes,  
Received the last, th' almighty sacrifice !

But wake ! be glad, ye nations ! from the  
tomb,  
Is won the victory, and is fled the gloom !  
The vale of death in conquest hath been  
trod, [God ;  
Break forth in joy, ye ransomed ! saith your  
Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,  
And hail with harps your bright and morning  
Star.

He rose ! the everlasting gates of day  
Received the King of Glory on his way !  
The Hope, the Comforter of those who wept,  
And the first-fruits of them, in Him that  
slept,

He rose, he triumphed ! he will yet sustain  
Frail nature sinking in the strife of pain.  
Aided by Him, around the martyr's frame  
When fiercely blazed a living shroud of flame,  
Hath the firm soul exulted, and the voice  
Raised the victorious hymn, and cried,  
Rejoice !

Aided by Him, though none the bed attend,  
Where the lone sufferer dies without a friend,

He whom the busy world shall miss no more  
Than morn one dewdrop from her count-  
less store, [heart,  
Earth's most neglected child, with trusting  
Called to the hope of glory, shall depart !

And say, cold Sophist ! if by thee bereft  
Of that high hope, to misery what were left ?  
But for the vision of the days to be,  
But for the Comforter despised by thee,  
Should we not wither at the Chastener's look,  
Should we not sink beneath our God's  
rebuke,

When o'er our heads the desolating blast,  
Fought with inscrutable decrees, hath  
passed, [prey,

And the stern power who seeks the noblest  
Hath called our fairest and our best away ?  
Should we not madden when our eyes behold  
All that we loved in marble stillness cold,  
No more responsive to our smile or sigh,  
Fixed—frozen—silent—all mortality ?

But for the promise, all shall yet be well,  
Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,  
Beneath such clouds as darkened, when the  
hand

Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate land,  
And Thou,\* just lent thy gladdened isles to  
bless,

Then snatched from earth with all thy love-  
liness,

With all a nation's blessings on thy head,  
O England's flower ! wert gathered to the  
dead ? [heart,

But Thou didst teach us. Thou to every  
Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart !

When fled the hope through all thy pangs  
which smiled, [child,

When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless  
Yearned with vain longing—still thy patient  
eye,

To its last light, beamed holy constancy !  
Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine cast,  
Amidst those agonies—thy first and last,  
Thy pale lip, quivering with convulsive  
throes,

Breathed not a plaint—and settled in repose ;  
While bowed thy royal head to Him, whose  
power

Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour,  
Who from the brightest vision of a throne,  
Love, glory, empire, claimed thee for his  
own, [coast,

And spread such terror o'er the sea-girl  
As blasted Israel when her Ark was lost !

\* The Princess Charlotte of Wales.

"It is the will of God!"—yet, yet we hear  
The words which closed thy beautiful career,  
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,  
But for that thought—"It is the will of  
God!"

Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree,  
If not one murmur then escaped from thee?  
Dh! still, though vanishing without a trace,  
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,  
Still may thy memory bloom our vales  
among,

Hallowed by freedom and enshrined in song!  
Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell,  
Bright on the isles which loved thy name  
so well,

E'en as an angel, with presiding care,  
To wake and guard thine own high virtues  
there.

[skies,

For lo! the hour when storm-presaging  
Call on the watchers of the land to rise,  
To set the sign of fire on every height,\*  
And o'er the mountains rear, with patriot  
might,

Prepared, if summoned, in its cause to die,  
The banner of our faith, the Cross of victory!

By this hath England conquered—field and  
flood

Have owned her sovereignty—alone she  
stood, [were thrown,

When chains o'er all the sceptred earth  
In high and holy singleness, alone,  
But mighty, in her God—and shall she now  
Forget before th' Omnipotent to bow?  
From the bright fountain of her glory turn  
Or bid strange fire upon his altars burn?

\* "And set up a sign of fire."—*Jeremiah*,  
chap. vi.

No! severed land, 'midst rocks and billows  
rude,

Throned in thy majesty of solitude,  
Still in the deep asylum of thy breast  
Shall the pure elements of greatness rest,  
Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,  
Thy hearths that hallow, and defend thy  
towers!

[isle!

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O chosen  
In the soft beauty of their verdure smile,  
Where yew and elm o'ershade the lowly  
fanés, [mains,

That guard the peasant's records and re-  
May the blest echoes of the Sabbath-bell  
Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell,  
And from each cottage dwelling of thy  
glades,

When starlight glimmers through the  
deepening shades,

Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,  
And bear the Land's warm incense to the  
skies.

There may the mother, as with anxious joy,  
To Heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,  
Teach his young accent still th' immorta-  
lays

Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's days,  
When Angels, whispering through the  
cedar's shade,

Prophetic tones to Judah's harp conveyed;  
And as, her soul all glistening in her eyes,  
She bids the prayer of infancy arise,  
Tell of His name, who left his Throne on  
high,

Earth's lowliest lot to bear and sanctify,  
His love divine, by keenest anguish tried,  
And fondly say—"My child, for thee He  
died!"



1821.

## DARTMOOR.

## A PRIZE POEM.

"Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!  
Thy handmaid Art, shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave, and culture every shore."—CAMPBELL.

"May ne'er  
That true succession fail of English hearts,  
That can perceive, not less than heretofore,  
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,  
the charm  
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,  
And human charity, and social love."—WORDSWORTH

AMIDST the peopled and the regal Isle,  
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty,  
smile;

Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,  
And send on every breeze a voice of power;  
Hath Desolation reared herself a throne,  
And marked a pathless region for her  
own?— [wore,

Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage  
When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,  
Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers  
bent, [rent;

When empires tottered, and the earth was  
Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind  
Had stilled life's busy murmurs on the wind,  
And, flushed with power in daring Pride's  
excess,

Stamped on thy soil the curse of barrenness,  
For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,  
In vain the sunbeam and the shower are  
given; [mountains rude,

Wild DARTMOOR! thou that, 'midst thy  
Hast robbed thyself with haughty solitude,  
As a dark cloud on Summer's clear blue sky,  
A mourner, circled with festivity!

For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,  
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach  
not thee.

Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare,  
But man has left his lingering traces  
there?—

E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,  
Where noon, with attributes of midnight,  
reigns,

In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,  
As of a world unawaked to soul or sound;  
Though the sad wanderer of the burning  
zone

Feels as amidst infinity, alone,

And naught of life be near; his camel's tread  
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!  
Some column, reared by long-forgotten  
hands,

Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—  
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates  
the scene, [been.

And tells that Glory's footstep there hath  
There hath the Spirit of the Mighty passed,  
Not without record; though the desert  
blast, [away

Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept  
The proud creations, reared to brave decay.  
But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed  
name [fame,

No lofty deeds have mingled with their  
Who shall unfold *thine* annals?—who shall  
tell

If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,  
In those far ages, which have left no trace,  
No sunbeam on the pathway of their race?  
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days

Of kings and chiefs, who passed without  
their praise, [the free,  
Thou mightst have reared the valiant and  
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the  
wild,

Still rise the cairns, of yore, all rudely piled,  
But hallowed by that instinct, which reveres  
Things fraught with characters of elder  
years. [flown,

And such are these. Long centuries have  
Bowed many a crest, and shattered many a  
throne,

Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,  
With what they hide—their shrined and  
treasured dust.



Men traverse Alps and Oceans, to behold  
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with  
her mould ;

But still these nameless chroniclers of death,  
'Midst the deep silence of th' unpeopled  
heath,

Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear  
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share  
Th' eternity of nature, with the forms  
Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings  
of the storms.

Yet, what avails it, if each moss-grown  
Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,  
Guarding the dust which slumbers well  
beneath [season's breath?  
(Nor needs such care) from each cold  
Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,  
Thus rudely pillowed, on the desert's breast?  
Doth the sword sleep beside them?—Hath  
there been

A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene  
Where now the flocks repose? did the  
scythed car

Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?  
And rise these piles in memory of the slain,  
And the red combat of the mountain-plain?

It may be thus : the vestiges of strife,  
Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,  
And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell  
How by its stroke perchance the mighty fell,  
To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,  
The chieftain's power—they had no bard,  
and died. [sphere,

But other scenes, from their untroubled  
Th' eternal stars of night have witnessed  
here.

There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,  
Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,  
Propped on its granite pillars, whence the  
rains,

And pure bright dews, have laved the  
crimson stains

Left by dark rites of blood : for here, of  
yore,

When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,  
And many a crested oak, which now lies low,  
Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe ;  
Here, at dim midnight, through the haunted  
shade, [played,

On Druid harps the quivering moonbeam  
And spells were breathed, that filled the  
deepening gloom,

With the pale shadowy people of the tomb.  
Or, haply, torches waving through the night,  
Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every  
height.

Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams  
Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and  
streams

A savage grandeur ; while the starry skies  
Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,  
As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent  
forth [of the North.  
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods

But wilder sounds were there : th' im-  
ploring cry,  
That woke the forest's echo in reply,  
But not the heart's !—Unmoved the wizard  
train

Stood round their human victim, and in  
vain [glance  
His prayer for mercy rose ; in vain his  
Looked up, appealing to the blue expanse,  
Where, in their calm immortal beauty,  
shone [fainter moan,

Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and  
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,  
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebbed away ;  
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,  
And the pale moon gleamed paler on the  
dead. [stillness dwells

Have such things been, and here?—where  
'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland  
swells, [time  
Thus undisturbed?—Oh ! long the gulf of  
Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of  
crime,

And earth no vestige of their path retains,  
Save such as these, which strew her loneliest  
plains [doom,

With records of man's conflicts and his  
His spirit and his dust—the altar and the  
tomb.

But ages rolled away : and England  
stood, [flood,

With her proud banner streaming o'er the  
And with a lofty calmness in her eye,  
And regal in collected majesty,

To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze  
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue  
seas ; [drank

And other lands, redeemed and joyous,  
The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank  
On the red fields they won ; whose wild  
flowers wave

Now, in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war  
Here, for their lovely southern climes afar,  
In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded  
through [long  
Dragged at Ambition's chariot wheels &

To die—because a despot could not clasp  
A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp !

Yes ! they whose march had rocked the  
ancient thrones [tones  
And temples of the world ; the deepening  
Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose  
Had startled nations, wakening to their  
woes, [some whose dreams  
Were prisoners here.—And there were  
Were of sweet homes, by chainless moun-  
tain streams, [strain,  
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a  
And festal melody of Loire or Seine,  
And of those mothers who had watched  
and wept, [slept,  
When on the field th' unsheltered conscript  
Bathed with the midnight dews. And some  
were there,  
Of sterner spirits, hardened by despair ;  
Who, in their dark imaginings, again  
Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,  
Drank in their victim's shriek, as music's  
breath,  
And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death !

And there was mirth, too !—strange and  
savage mirth,  
More fearful far than all the woes of earth !  
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that  
spring [thing,  
From minds for which there is no sacred  
And transient bursts of fierce, exulting  
glee—  
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree !

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were  
worn,  
If, from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,  
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,  
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—  
woe.

Yet, was this all ?—Amidst the dungeon-  
gloom, [doom,  
The void, the stillness, of the Captive's  
Were there no deeper thoughts?—And that  
dark power, [hour,  
To whom guilt owes one late, but dreadful  
The might, debt through years of crime  
delayed,

But, as the grave's, inevitably paid ;  
Came he not thither, in his burning force,  
The Lord, the tamer of dark souls—  
Remorse ?

[and sky,  
Yes ! as the night calls forth from sea  
From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,

Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels of  
day, [way :  
In light and sound, are hurrying on their  
Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,  
The voice which sleeps, but never dies,  
might start,  
Called up by solitude, each nerve to thrill  
With accents heard not, save when all is  
still !

The voice, inaudible, when Havoc's train  
Crushed the red vintage of devoted Spain ;  
Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,  
And the broad light of conflagration sprung  
From the South's marble cities ;—hushed,  
'midst cries  
That told the heavens of mortal agonies ;  
But gathering silent strength, to wake, at  
last,  
In concentrated thunders of the past !

And there, perchance, some long-bewil-  
dered mind,  
Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined  
Of village duties, in the alpine glen,  
Where nature cast its lot 'midst peasant-  
men ; [blent  
Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler  
The earthquake-power of each wild element,  
To lend the tide which bore his throne on  
high  
One impulse more of desperate energy ;  
Might, when the billow's awful rush was  
o'er,  
Which tossed its wreck upon the storm-beat  
shore,  
Won from its wanderings past by suffering  
tried,  
Searched by remorse, by anguish purified,  
Have fixed at length its troubled hopes  
and fears  
On the far world, seen brightest through  
our tears !  
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,  
Whose secrets all must learn—but none  
declare,  
When, of the things to come, a deeper sense  
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,  
Have turned to Him, whose bow is in the  
cloud,  
Around life's limits gathering, as a shroud ;  
The fearful mysteries of the heart who  
knows,  
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose !

Who visited that death-bed ?—Who can  
tell [dwell,  
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might'

And learn immortal lessons?—Who beheld  
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt  
repelled—

The agony of prayer—the bursting tears—  
The dark remembrances of guilty years,  
Crowding upon the spirit in their might?—  
He, through the storm who looked, and  
there was light!

[uous breast,  
That scene is closed!—that wild, tumult-  
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest!  
He too is fallen, the master-power of strife,  
Who woke those passions to delirious life;  
and days, prepared a brighter course to  
run,  
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun!

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes  
forth [North,  
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy  
And with one radiant glance, one magic  
breath, [death;  
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of  
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,  
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her  
beams!

[the mind,  
But *Peace* hath nobler changes! O'er  
The warm and living spirit of mankind,  
*Her* influence breathes, and bids the  
blighted heart,  
To life and hope from desolation start!  
She with a look dissolves the captive's chain,  
Peopling with beauty widowed homes again;  
Around the mother, in her closing years,  
Gathering her sons once more, and from  
the tears  
Of the dim past, but winning purer light,  
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From  
clime to clime,  
In silence gliding with the stream of time,  
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a  
breeze [scas;  
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and  
And, as Heaven's breath called forth, with  
genial power, [flower;  
From the dry wand, the almond's living  
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move  
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love;  
While round its pathway nature softly  
glows,  
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting  
voice!  
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!

And thou, lone moor! where no blithe  
reaper's song

E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,  
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-  
source

Rushing in joy, make music on their course!  
Thou, whose sole records of existence mark  
The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,  
And of some nameless combat; Hope's  
bright eye

Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy!  
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,  
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!  
Yet shall thy cottage-smoke, at dewy morn,  
Rise, in blue wreaths, above the flowering  
thorn, [bosomed spire  
And, 'midst thy hamlet-shades, the em-  
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their  
earliest fire.

Thee too that hour shall bless, the balmy  
close

Of labour's day, the herald of repose,  
Which gathers hearts in peace; while  
social mirth [hearth;

Basks in the blaze of each free village-  
While peasant-songs are on the joyous  
gales, [all her vales,  
And merry England's voice floats up from  
Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou  
shalt hear [dear.

Such as to Heaven's immortal hosts are  
Oh! if there still be melody on earth,  
Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew  
birth

When angel-steps their paths rejoicing trod,  
And the air trembled with the breath of  
God;

It lives in those soft accents, to the sky  
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,  
When holy strains, from life's pure fount  
which sprung, [tongue.  
Breathed with deep reverence, falter on his

And such shall be *thy* music, when the  
cells, [dwells,  
Where guilt, the child of hopeless misery,  
(And, to wild strength by desperation  
wrought, [thought,)

In silence broods o'er many a fearful  
Resound to pity's voice; and childhood  
thence, [cence,  
Ere the cold blight hath reached its inno-  
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,  
Which vice but breathes on, and its hues  
are dead;

Shall at the call press forward, to be made  
A glorious offering, meet for Him who said,



"Mercy, not sacrifice!" and when, of old,  
Clouds of rich incense from his altars rolled,  
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid  
bare  
The heart's deep folds, to read its homage

When some crowned conqueror, o'er a  
trampled world,  
His banner, shadowing nations, hath un-  
furled,

And, like those visitations which deform  
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm  
His path-way to Dominion's lonely sphere,  
Silence behind—before him, flight and fear;  
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing  
wheels,

Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,  
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,  
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are  
still;

Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay  
The earthquake homage on its baleful way?  
Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains  
O'er burning cities and forsaken plains?  
And shall no harmony of softer close,  
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,  
And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,  
Bless the green shores its gentle currents  
lave?

Oh! there are loftier themes, for him,  
whose eyes  
Have searched the depths of life's realities,  
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,  
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far;

There are more noble strains than those  
which swell  
The triumphs Ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye Prophet-bards, who sat in elder days  
Beneath the palms of Judah! ye whose  
lays

With torrent rapture, from their source on  
high,

Burst in the strength of immortality!  
Oh! not alone, those haunted groves among,  
Of conquering hosts, of empires crushed,  
ye sung,

But of that Spirit, destined to explore,  
With the bright day-spring, every distant  
shore,

To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,  
To make the home of peace in hearts that  
bleed;

With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's  
gloom,  
And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb.

And blessed and hallowed be its haunts!  
for there [despair!—

Hath man's high soul been rescued from  
There hath th' immortal spark for heaven  
been nursed,— [burst,

There from the rock the springs of life have  
Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts,  
that rise, [thies—

Warm from the source of human sympa-  
Where'er its path of radiance may be  
traced,

Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

## WELSH MELODIES.

1832.

### THE HARP OF WALES.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS, INSCRIBED TO THE RUTHIN WELSH LITERARY SOCIETY.

HARP of the mountain-land! sound forth again  
As when the foaming Hirlas horn was crowned,  
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,  
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round:  
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!  
Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease! The Roman came  
O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars:  
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame;  
The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores:  
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—  
Ring out, thou harp! he could not silence thee.

'Tby tones are not to cease ! The Saxon passed,  
 His banners floated on Eryri's gales ;  
 But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,  
 E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !  
*Thine* was the voice that cheered the brave and free ;  
 They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and these.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,  
 The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,  
 The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—  
 Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord !  
 Call back that spirit to the days of peace,  
 Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

---

### DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS

By the dread and viewless powers  
 Whom the storms and seas obey,  
 From the Dark Isle's\* mystic bowers,  
 Romans ! o'er the deep away !  
 Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom  
 O'er our shadowy coast which broods ?  
 By the altar and the tomb,  
 Shun these haunted solitudes !

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?  
 She the rolling orbs can stay !  
 She the mighty grave compels  
 Back to yield its fettered prey !  
 Fear ye not the lightning-stroke ?  
 Mark ye not the fiery sky ?  
 Hence !—around our central oak  
 Gods are gathering—Romans, fly !

---

### THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN.†

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, reposing  
 In sunlight and beauty on ocean's calm breast ?  
 What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,  
 Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest ?  
 Oh ! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,  
 The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith ;  
 But the land hath been sad for warriors and sages,  
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death.

---

\* *Ynys Dywyll*, or the Dark Island—an ancient name for Anglesey.

† The "Green Islands of Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the *Triads* "Gwerddonan Llion," (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales,) were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own. Gafran, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage with his family to discover these islands ; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain.—*Vide* W. O. PUGHES' *Cambrian Biography* ; also *Cambro Briton*. vol. i. p. 124.

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,  
 Who steered for those distant green spots on the wave?  
 To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,  
 In the fields of their country they found not a grave.  
 Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze gathers  
 From the flowers of each vale immortality's breath;  
 But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers --  
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death.

—◆—

### THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN.

WATCH ye well! The moon is shrouded  
 On her bright throne;  
 Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,  
 Waves make wild moan.  
 'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,  
 And gay songs and wine-cups flowing;  
 But of winds, in darkness blowing,  
 O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,  
 Round the glad blaze,  
 Now the festive circle gathers  
 With harps and lays;  
 Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,  
 Steps are bounding, bards are singing,  
 —Ay, the hour to all is bringing  
 Peace, joy, or praise

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,  
 Storm-winds to brave,  
 While the very sea-bird sleeping  
 Rests in its cave!  
 Think of us when hearts are beaming,  
 Think of us when mead is streaming,  
 Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming  
 On the dark wave!

—◆—

### THE HIRLAS HORN.

FILL high the blue hirlas,\* that shines like the wave,  
 When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea:  
 And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,  
 The dragons of battle, the sons of the free!  
 To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,  
 A beam, like heaven's lightning, flashed over the field;  
 To those who came rushing as storms in their might,  
 Who have shivered the helmet, and cloven the shield;  
 The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,  
 When lances were red from the harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas! O cup-bearer, fill  
 For the lords of the field in their festival's hour,  
 And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill  
 That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power.

---

\* Hirlas, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.



## WELSH MELODIES.

Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn  
 Of honour and mirth, for the conflict is o'er :  
 And round let the golden-tipped hirlas be borne  
 To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,  
 Who rushed to the field where the glory was won,  
 As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas ! forgetting not those  
 Who shared its bright draught in the days that are fled !  
 Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,  
 Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead !  
 While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,  
 While regal Eryri with snow shall be crowned—  
 So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,  
 And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.  
 The free winds of Maelor\* shall swell with their name,  
 And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to their fame.

---

 THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night ;  
 I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light ;  
 The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,  
 The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more !

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,  
 The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill !  
 Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,  
 Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,  
 No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there !  
 Oh ! where are the warriors who circled its board ?—  
 The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was poured !

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,  
 Since he is departed whose smile made it bright !  
 I mourn ; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,  
 The pathway is short to the grave of my chief !

---

 THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN

[Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was Prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant ; and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing  
 With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom ;  
 But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,  
 The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb !

---

\* Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

Oh ! why should I live to hear music resounding,  
Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave ?  
Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps surrounding ?  
—My sons ! they but clothe the green turf of your grave !

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,  
My spirit all wrapt in the past as a dream !  
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,  
Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam ;  
Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping !  
—O grave ! why refuse to the aged thy bed,  
When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,  
When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead !

Fair were ye, my sons ! and all kingly your bearing,  
As on to the fields of your glory ye trode !  
Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,  
Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod !\*  
I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,  
Which rouses ye not, O my lovely ! my brave !  
When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are bounding,  
I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave !

---

#### GRUFYDD'S FEAST.

[“ Gruffydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys* the *Deheubarth*, Glamorgan, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors ; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song ; thus patronizing the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.”—*Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,  
By the bright festal torches around us that wave !  
Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,  
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall !  
There is peace in the land we have battled to save :  
Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high, †  
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

Let the horn whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,  
With the bee's sunny nectar now sparkle in light ; ‡  
Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crowned,  
For the strong hearts in combat that leaped at its sound !  
Like the billows' dark swell was the path of their might,  
Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,  
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,  
On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's fair streams ! §

---

\* The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British bards.

† Wine, as well as mead, is frequently mentioned in the poems of the ancient British bards.

‡ The horn was used for two purposes—to sound the alarm in war, and to drink the mead at feasts.

§ Dyfed (said to signify a land abounding with streams of water), the modern Pembrokeshire

Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free,  
 Which shall float down the waves of long ages to be.  
 Sheath the sword which hath given them unperishing theme  
 And pour the bright mead : let the wine-cup foam high,  
 That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

---

### THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying  
 On boundless lakes afar that shine ;  
 When winds amidst the palms are sighing,  
 And fragrance breathes from every pine :  
 When stars through cypress boughs are gleaming,  
 And fireflies wander bright and free,  
 Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,  
 My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell with thee !  
 Alone o'er green savannas roving,  
 Where some broad stream in silence flows,  
 Or through the eternal forests moving,  
 One only home my spirit knows !  
 Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted !  
 To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;  
 But happier could the weary-hearted  
 Look on his own blue hills and die !

---

### THE FAIR ISLE.\*

FOR THE MELODY CALLED THE "WELSH GROUND."

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country ; and, while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the Monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained — See JONES'S *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

SONS of the Fair Isle ! forget not the time  
 Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your clime :  
 All that its eagles behold in their flight  
 Was yours, from the deep of each storm-mantled height,  
 Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,  
 Unquenched is the spirit for monarchy born.

#### CHORUS.

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,  
 The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Agnes may roll ere your children regain  
 The land for which heroes have perished in vain \*  
 Yet in the sound of your names shall be power,  
 Around her still gathering in glory's full hour.  
 Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,  
 Your Britain shall sit on the throne of 'he deep.

---

\* *Vnys Prydain* was the ancient Welsh name of Britain and signifies *fair* or *beautiful* *isle*.



## CHORUS.

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,  
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

## TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

[A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect:—

“ Their God they shall worship,  
Their language they shall retain,  
Their land they shall lose,  
Except wild Wales.”]

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,  
O Cambria ! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin, sung :  
“ The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,  
The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me roll,  
A light the depths reveal’g hath o’er my spirit passed,  
A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful in the blast,  
And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue  
To which the harp of Mona’s woods by freedom’s hand was strung.

“ Green island of the mighty !\* I see thine ancient race  
Driven from their father’s realm to make the rocks their dwelling-place  
I see from Uthyr’s† kingdom the sceptre pass away,  
And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men decay.  
But long as Arvon’s mountains shall lift their sovereign forms,  
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o’er the storms,  
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue  
To which the harp of Mona’s woods by freedom’s hand was strung !”

## OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG.

SAW ye the blazing star ?  
The heavens looked down on freedom’s war,  
And lit her torch on high !  
Bright on the dragon’s crest †  
It tells that glory’s wing shall rest,  
When warriors meet to die !

Let earth’s pale tyrants read despair  
And vengeance in its flame ;  
Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair  
Of conquest and of fame,  
And swell the rushing mountain air  
With songs to Glyndwr’s name.

At the dead hour of night,  
Marked ye how each majestic height  
Burned in its awful beams ?  
Red shone the eternal snows,  
And all the land, as bright it rose,  
Was full of glorious dreams !

O eagles of the battle, rise !  
The hope of Gwynedd wakes !  
It is your banner in the skies  
Through each dark cloud which breaks,  
And mantles with triumphal dyes  
Your thousand hills and lakes !

\* *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty—an ancient name given to Britain.

† Uthyr Pendragon, king of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

‡ Owen Glyndwr styled himself the *Dragon*; a name he assumed in imitation of Uthyr, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uthyr used as his badge; and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh.—PENNANT.

A sound is on the breeze,  
A murmur as of swelling seas !  
The Saxon on his way !  
Lo ! spear and shield and lance,  
From Deva's waves with lightning glance,  
Reflected to the day !

But who the torrent-wave compels  
A conqueror's chain to bear ?  
Let those who wake the soul that dwells  
On our free winds, beware !  
The greenest and the loveliest dells  
May be the lion's lair !

Of us *they* told, the seers,  
And monarch bards of elder years,  
Who walked on earth as powers !  
And in their burning strains,  
A spell of might and mystery reigns,  
To guard our mountain-towers !

—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay :  
Before his gifted sight,  
The march of ages passed away  
With hero-footsteps bright,  
But proudest in that long array,  
Was Glyndwr's path of light !

### PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL.

WHY lingers my gaze where the last hues of day  
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep ?  
Too fair is the sight for a wanderer, whose way  
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep !  
Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil the green shore,  
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more !  
Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land  
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne ?  
Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er shall the hand  
Of minstrel with melody greet my return.  
—No ! no !—let your echoes still float on the breeze,  
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas !  
'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth  
Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh ;  
Away ! we will bear over ocean and earth  
A name and a spirit that never shall die.  
My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign ;  
But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country ! is thine.

### CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH.

[Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons (as recorded in the *Triads*), for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph ; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing.—See the *Cambrian Biography*.]

FROM the glowing southern regions,  
Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,  
Came the Roman's crested legions  
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling.  
The wave grew dazzling as he passed,  
With light from spear and helmet cast ;  
And sounds in every rushing blast  
Of a conqueror's march were telling.  
But his eagle's royal pinion,  
Bowling earth beneath its glory,  
Could not shadow with dominion  
Our wild seas and mountains hoary !

Back from their cloudy realm it flies,  
To float in light through softer skies ;  
Oh ! chainless winds of heaven arise !  
Bear a vanquished world the story !  
Lords of earth ! to Rome returning,  
Tell how Britain combat wages,  
How Caswallon's soul is burning  
When the storm of battle rages !  
And ye that shrine high deeds in song,  
O holy and immortal throng !  
The brightness of his name prolong,  
As a torch to stream through ages !

## HOWEL'S SONG.

[Howel ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed ! I hear the swell  
Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,  
Sweet floating from the holy dell  
O'er woods and waters round.  
Perchance the maid I 'ove, e'en now,  
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,  
Looks o'er the fairy world below,  
And listens to the sound !

I feel her presence on the scene !  
The summer air is more serene,  
The deep woods wave in richer green,  
The wave more gently flows !

O fair as Ocean's curling foam !  
Lo ! with the balmy hour I come—  
The hour that brings the wanderer home,  
The weary to repose !

Haste ! on each mountain's darkening crest  
The glow hath died, the shadows rest,  
The twilight star on Deva's breast  
Gleams tremulously bright ;  
Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high !  
Though scorn may wound me from her eye,  
Oh ! better by the sun to die,  
Than live in rayless night !

## THE MOUNTAIN FIRES.

["The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elved*, or new-year."—*Cambro-Briton*.]

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills ! till heaven is glowing  
As with some red meteor's rays !  
Winds of night, though rudely blowing,  
Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.  
Light the hills ! till flames are streaming  
From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,\*  
To the waves round Mona gleaming,  
Where the Roman tracked the deep !

Be the mountain watch-fires heightened,  
Pile them to the stormy sky !  
Till each torrent-wave is brightened,  
Kindling as it rushes by.

Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,  
Towers in reddening light sublime ;  
Heap the flames ! around them telling  
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,  
Many a solemn vigil kept,  
When, in ages long departed,  
O'er the noble dead they wept.  
In the winds we hear their voices—  
" Sons ! though yours a brighter lot,  
When the mountain-land rejoices,  
Be her mighty unforgot !"

## ERYRI WEN.

["Snowdon was held as sacred by the Ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon."—PENNANT.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill,  
With heaven's own azure crowned !  
Who called thee—what thou shalt be still,  
White Snowdon !—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told  
Of the dread power enshrined  
Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,  
And on thy rushing wind !

\* Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said to mean the conspicuous place, or object.



It shadowed o'er thy silent height,  
It filled thy chainless air,  
Deep thoughts of majesty and might  
For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell  
Yet holds unbroken sway,  
As when on that wild rock it fell  
Where Merddin Emyrs lay !

Though from their stormy haunts of yore  
Thine eagles long have flown,

As proud a flight the soul shall soar  
Yet from thy mountain-throne !

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams !  
And make the snows thy crest !  
The sunlight of immortal dreams  
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri !\* temple of the bard !  
And fortress of the free !  
Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,  
Thy spirit dwells with thee !

### CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR MASSACRE BY EDWARD I

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-stroke be given ;  
Oh ! swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven !  
So shall our spirits be free as our strains—  
The children of song may not languish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest ?  
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast ?  
Red with their blood do her mountain-streams flow,  
And think ye that still we would linger below ?

Rest, ye brave dead ! 'midst the hills of your sires,  
Oh ! who would not slumber when freedom expires ?  
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain—  
The children of song may not breathe in the chain !

### THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.

"All is not lost—the unconquerable will  
And courage never to submit or yield."—MILTON.

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,  
And cold the chieftain's hearth :  
It hath no mead, it hath no light ;  
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor  
Whence the free step is gone ;  
The pilgrim turns him from the door,  
Where minstrel-blood hath stained the  
threshold stone.

"And I, too, go : my wound is deep,  
My brethren long have died ;  
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,  
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone  
of pride !

'Bear it where, on his battle-plain,  
Beneath the setting sun,  
He counts my country's noble slain—  
Say to him—Saxon, think not *all* is won.

"Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,  
The minstrel's chainless hand :  
Dreamer ! that numberest with the dead  
The burning spirit of the mountain-land !

"Think'st thou, because the song hath  
ceased,  
The soul of song is flown ?  
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,  
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone ?

"No ! by our wrongs, and by our blood !  
We leave it pure and free ;  
Though hushed awhile, that sounding  
flood  
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

"We leave it 'midst our country's woe—  
The birthright of her breast ;  
We leave it as we leave the snow,  
Bright and eternal on Eryri's crest.

\* Eryri, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains

· We leave it with our tame to dwell  
 Upon our children's breath ;  
 Our voice in theirs through timeshallswell—  
 The bard hath gifts of prophecy from  
 death."

He dies ; but yet the mountains stand,  
 Yet sweeps the torrent's tide ;  
 And this is yet *Aneurin's*\* land—  
 Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone  
 of pride !

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### THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch ; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,  
 The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud ;  
 Around it for ever deep music is swelling,  
 The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud .  
 'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,  
 Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan ;  
 Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming ;  
 And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me ;  
 Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw ;  
 Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,  
 And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe,  
 I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,  
 Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath ;  
 And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,  
 For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,  
 The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms ;  
 Like the sweep of the white rolling wave was their motion—  
 I *felt* their dim presence, but knew not their forms !  
 I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—  
 The dead were around me that night on the hill :  
 From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they darted,  
 There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit  
 Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour :  
 And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit  
 A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power !  
 Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,  
 And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun ;—  
 But oh ! what new glory all nature invested,  
 When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won !

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\* *Aneurin*, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.



1823.

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Judicio ha dado esta no vista hazaña  
 Del valor que en los siglos venideros  
 Tendrán los Hijos de la fuerte España,  
 Hijos de tal padres herederos.

Hallò sola en Numancia todo quanto  
 Debe con justo titulo cantarse,  
 Y lo que puede dar materia al canto.

*Numancia de CERVANTES.*

THE history of Spain records two instances of the severe and self-devoting heroism which forms the subject of the following dramatic poem. The first of these occurred at the siege of Tarifa, which was defended in 1294 for Sancho, King of Castile, during the rebellion of his brother Don Juan, by Guzman, surnamed the Good.\* The second is related of Alonso Lopez de Texeda, who, until his garrison had been utterly disabled by pestilence, maintained the city of Zamora for the children of Don Pedro the Cruel, against the forces of Henrique of Trastamara.†

Impressive as were the circumstances which distinguished both these memorable sieges, it appeared to the author of the following pages that a deeper interest, as well as a stronger colour of nationality, might be imparted to the scenes in which she has feebly attempted "to describe high passions and high actions;" by connecting a religious feeling with the patriotism and high-minded loyalty which has thus been proved "faithful unto death," and by surrounding her ideal dramatis personæ with recollections derived from the heroic legends of Spanish chivalry. She has, for this reason, employed the agency of imaginary characters, and fixed upon "Valencia del Cid" as the scene to give them

"A local habitation and a name."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALVAR GONZALEZ . . . . .	<i>Governor of Valencia.</i>
ALPHONSO } . . . . .	<i>His Sons.</i>
CARLOS } . . . . .	
HERNANDEZ . . . . .	<i>A Priest.</i>
ABDULLAH . . . . .	{ <i>A Moorish Prince, Chief of the Army</i> <i>besieging Valencia.</i>
GARCIAS . . . . .	<i>A Spanish Knight.</i>
ELMINA . . . . .	<i>Wife to Gonzalez.</i>
XIMENA . . . . .	<i>Her Daughter.</i>
THERESA . . . . .	<i>An Attendant.</i>

*Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.*

\* See Quintana's "Vidas de Espanoles celebres," p. 53.

† See the Preface to Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid."



THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

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SCENE I.—*Room in a Palace of Valencia.*

XIMENA *singing to a lute.*

BALLAD.

- “ THOU hast not been with a festal throng,  
 At the pouring of the wine ;  
 Men bear not from the Hall of Song  
 A mien so dark as thine !  
 There's blood upon thy shield,  
 There's dust upon thy plume,—  
 Thou hast brought, from some disastrous field,  
 That brow of wrath and gloom !”
- “ And is there blood upon my shield?—  
 Maiden ! it well may be !  
 We have sent the streams from our battle-field,  
 All darkened to the sea !  
 We have given the founts a stain—  
 'Midst their woods of ancient pine,  
 And the ground is wet—but not with rain,  
 Deep-dyed—but not with wine !
- “ The ground is wet—but not with rain—  
 We have been in war array,  
 And the noblest blood of Christian Spain  
 Hath bathed her soil to-day.  
 I have seen the strong man die,  
 And the stripling meet his fate,  
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,  
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait.
- “ In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait  
 There are helms and lances cleft ;  
 And they that moved at morn elate  
 On a bed of heath are left  
 There's many a fair young face,  
 Which the war-steed hath gone o'er,  
 At many a board there is kept a place  
 For those that come no more !”
- “ Alas ! for love,—for woman's breast,  
 If woe like this must be !  
 Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,  
 And a white plume waving free ?  
 With his proud quick-flashing eye,  
 And his mien of knightly state ?  
 Doth he come from where the swords flashed high ?  
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait ?”
- “ In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait  
 I saw and marked him well ;  
 For nobly on his steed he sate,  
 When the pride of manhood fell !—  
 But it is not *youth* which turns  
 From the field of spears again ;  
 For the boy's high heart too wildly burns,  
 Till it rests amidst the slain !”

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

" Thou canst not say that *he* lies low—  
 The lovely and the brave !  
 Oh ! none could look on his joyous brow,  
 And think upon the grave !  
     Dark, dark perchance the day  
     Hath been with valour's fate,  
 But *he* is on his homeward way,  
     From the Roncesvalles' Strait !"

' There is dust upon his joyous brow,  
 And o'er his graceful head ;  
 And the war-horse will not wake him now  
     Though it bruise his greensward bed !  
     I have seen the stripling die,  
     And the strong man meet his fate,  
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,  
     In the Roncesvalles' Strait !"

ELMINA enters.

*Elm.* Your songs are not as those of other days,  
 Mine own Ximena !—Where is now the young  
 And buoyant spirit of the morn, which once  
 Breathed in your spring-like melodies, and woke  
 Joy's echo from all hearts ?

*Xim.* My mother, this  
 Is not the free air of our mountain-wilds ;  
 And these are not the halls, wherein my voice  
 First poured those gladdening strains.

*Elm.* Alas ! thy heart  
 (I see it well) doth sicken for the pure,  
 Free-wandering breezes of the joyous hills,  
 Where thy young brothers, o'er the rock and heath,  
 Bounded in glad boyhood, e'en as torrent-streams  
 Leap brightly from the heights. Had we not been  
 Within these walls thus suddenly begirt,  
 Thou shouldst have tracked ere now, with step as light  
 Their wild wood-paths.

*Xim.* I would not but have shared  
 These hours of woe and peril, though the deep  
 And solemn feelings wakening at their voice,  
 Claim all the wrought-up spirit to themselves,  
 And will not blend with mirth. The storm doth hush  
 All floating whispery sounds, all bird-notes wild  
 O' the summer-forest, filling earth and heaven  
 With its own awful music.—And 'tis well !  
 Should not a hero's child be trained to hear  
 The trumpet's blast unstartled, and to look  
 In the fixed face of Death without dismay ?

*Elm.* Woe ! woe ! that aught so gentle and so young  
 Should thus be called to stand i' the tempest's path,  
 And bear the token and the hue of death  
 On a bright soul so soon ! I had not shrunk  
 From mine own lot, but thou, my child, shouldst move  
 As a light breeze of heaven, through summer-bowers,  
 And not o'er foaming billows. We are fallen  
 On dark and evil days !

*Xim.* Ay, days, that wake  
 All to their tasks !—Youth may not loiter now

In the green walks of spring ; and womanhood  
Is summoned unto conflicts, heretofore  
The lot of warrior-souls. But we will take  
Our toils upon us nobly ! Strength is born  
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts ;  
Not amidst joy.

*Elm.* Hast thou some secret woe  
That thus thou speak'st ?

*Xim.* What sorrow should be mine,  
Unknown to thee ?

*Elm.* Alas ! the baleful air  
Wherewith the pestilence in darkness walks  
Through the devoted city, like a blight  
Amidst the rose-tints of thy cheek hath fallen,  
And wrought an early withering !—Thou hast crossed  
The paths of Death, and ministered to those  
O'er whom his shadow rested, till thine eye  
Hath changed its glancing sunbeam for a still  
Deep, solemn radiance, and thy brow hath caught  
A wild and high expression, which at times  
Fades unto desolate calmness, most unlike  
What youth's bright mien should wear. My gentle child,  
I look on thee in fear !

*Xim.* Thou hast no cause  
To fear for me. When the wild clash of steel,  
And the deep tambour, and the heavy step  
Of armed men, break on our morning dreams ;  
When, hour by hour, the noble and the brave  
Are falling round us, and we deem it much  
To give them funeral rites, and call them blest  
If the good sword, in its own stormy hour,  
Hath done its work upon them, ere disease  
Hath chilled their fiery blood ;—it is no time  
For the light mien wherewith, in happier hours,  
We trod the woodland mazes, when young leaves  
Were whispering in the gale.—My father comes—  
Oh ! speak of me no more ! I would not shade  
His princely aspect with a thought less high  
Than his proud duties claim.

GONZALEZ enters.

*Elm.* My noble lord !  
Welcome from this day's toil !—It is the hour  
Whose shadows, as they deepen, bring repose  
Unto all weary men ; and wilt not thou  
Free thy mailed bosom from the corslet's weight,  
To rest at fall of eve ?

*Gon.* There may be rest  
For the tired peasant, when the vesper-bell  
Doth send him to his cabin, and beneath  
His vine and olive, he may sit at eve,  
Watching his children's sport : but unto *him*  
Who keeps the watch-place on the mountain height,  
When Heaven lets loose the storms that chasten realms  
—Who speaks of rest ?

*Xim.* My father, shall I fill  
The wine-cup for thy lips, or bring the lute  
Whose sounds thou lovest ?

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

*Gon.* If there be strains of power  
To rouse a spirit which in triumphant scorn  
May cast off nature's feebleness, and hold  
Its proud career unshackled, dashing down  
Tears and fond thoughts to earth—give voice to those;  
I have need of such, Ximena!—we must hear  
No melting music now.

*Xim.* I know all high  
Heroic ditties of the elder time,  
Sung by the mountain-Christians, in the holds  
Of th' everlasting hills, whose snows yet bear  
The print of Freedom's step; and all wild strains  
Wherein the dark serranos\* teach the rocks  
And the pine forests deeply to resound  
The praise of later champions. Wouldst thou hear  
The war-song of thine ancestor, the Cid?

*Gon.* Ay, speak of him; for in that name is power,  
Such as might rescue kingdoms! Speak of him!  
We are his children! They that can look back  
I' th' annals of their house on such a name,  
How should *they* take dishonour by the hand,  
And o'er the threshold of their father's halls  
First lead her as a guest?

*Elm.* Oh, why is this?  
How my heart sinks!

*Gon.* It must not fail thee yet,  
Daughter of heroes!—thine inheritance  
Is strength to meet all conflicts. Thou canst number  
In thy long line of glorious ancestry  
Men, the bright offering of whose blood hath made  
The ground it bathed e'en as an altar, whence  
High thoughts shall rise for ever. Bore they not,  
'Midst flame and sword, their witness of the Cross,  
With its victorious inspiration girt  
As with a conqueror's robe, till th' infidel  
O'erawed, shrank back before them?—Ay, the earth  
Doth call them martyrs, but *their* agonies  
Were of a moment, tortures whose brief aim  
Was to destroy, within whose powers and scope  
Lay nought but dust.—And earth doth call them *martyrs!*  
Why, Heaven but claimed their blood, their lives, and not  
The things which grow as tendrils round their hearts;  
No, not their children!

*Elm.* Mean'st thou?—know'st thou aught?—  
I cannot utter it—My sons! my sons!  
Is it of them?—Oh! wouldst thou speak of them?

*Gon.* A mother's heart divineth but too well!

*Elm.* Speak, I adjure thee!—I can bear it all—  
Where are my children?

*Gon.* In the Moorish camp  
Whose lines have girt the city.

*Xim.* But they live?

--All is not lost, my mother!

*Elm.* Say, they live.

*Gon.* Elmina, still they live.

\* "Serranos," mountaineers



*Elm.* But captives!—They  
Whom my fond heart had imaged to itself  
Bounding from cliff to cliff amidst the wilds  
Where the rock-eagle seemed not more secure  
In its rejoicing freedom!—And my boys  
Are captives with the Moor!—Oh! how was this?

*Gon.* Alas! our brave Alphonso, in the pride  
Of boyish daring, left our mountain-halls,  
With his young brother, eager to behold  
The face of noble war. Thence on their way  
Were the rash wanderers captured.

*Elm.* 'Tis enough.—  
And when shall they be ransomed?

*Gon.* There is asked  
A ransom far too high.

*Elm.* What! have we wealth  
Which might redeem a monarch, and our sons  
The while wear fetters?—Take thou all for them,  
And we will cast our worthless grandeur from us,  
As 'twere a cumbrous robe!—Why, *thou* art one  
To whose high nature pomp hath ever been  
But as the plumage to a warrior's helm,  
Worn or thrown off as lightly. And for me,  
Thou knowest not how serenely I could take  
The peasant's lot upon me, so my heart,  
Amidst its deep affections undisturbed,  
May dwell in silence.

*Xim.* Father! doubt thou not  
But we will bind ourselves to poverty,  
With glad devotedness, if this, but this,  
May win them back.—Distrust us not, my father,  
We can bear all things.

*Gon.* Can ye bear disgrace?

*Xim.* We were not *born* for this.

*Gon.* No, thou sayest well!  
Hold to that lofty faith.—My wife, my child!  
Hath earth no treasures richer than the gems  
Torn from her secret caverns?—If by them  
Chains may be riven, then let the captive spring  
Rejoicing to the light!—But he, for whom  
Freedom and life may but be worn with shame,  
Hath nought to do, save fearlessly to fix  
His steadfast look on the majestic heavens,  
And proudly die!

*Elm.* Gonzalez, *who* must die?

*Gon.* (*hurriedly*). They on whose lives a fearful price is set,  
But to be paid by treason!—Is't enough?  
Or must I yet seek words?

*Elm.* That look saith more!  
Thou canst not mean—

*Gon.* I do! why dwells there not  
Power in a glance to speak it? they must die!  
They—must their names be told—*Our sons* must die  
Unless I yield the city!

*Xim.* Oh! look up!  
My mother, sink not thus!—Until the grave  
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.

[*not theirs!*]

*Elm.* (*in a low voice*). Whose knell was in the breeze? No, no.

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Whose was the blessed voice that spoke of hope?  
 —And there *is* hope!—I will not be subdued—  
 I will not hear a whisper of despair!  
 For Nature is all-powerful, and her breath  
 Moves like a quickening spirit o'er the depths  
 Within a father's heart.—Thou too, Gonzaler,  
 Wilt tell me there is hope?

*Gon. (solemnly).* Hope but in Him  
 Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son  
 Bound on the shrine of sacrifice, and when  
 The bright steel quivered in the father's hand  
 Just raised to strike, sent forth His awful voice  
 Through the still clouds, and on the breathless air,  
 Commanding to withhold!—Earth has no hope:  
 It rests with Him.

*Elm.* Thou canst not tell me this!  
 Thou father of my sons; within whose hands  
 Doth lie thy children's fate.

*Gon.* If there have been  
 Men in whose bosoms Nature's voice hath made  
 Its accents as the solitary sound  
 Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing  
 Th' austere and yet divine remonstrances  
 Whispered by faith and honour, lift thy hands,  
 And, to that Heaven which arms the brave with strength,  
 Pray, that the father of thy sons may ne'er  
 Be thus found wanting!

*Elm.* Then their doom is sealed?  
 Thou wilt not save thy children?

*Gon.* Hast thou cause,  
 Wife of my youth! to deem it lies within  
 The bounds of possible things, that I should link  
 My name to that word—*traitor*?—They that sleep  
 On their proud battle-fields, thy sires and mine,  
 Died not for this!

*Elm.* Oh, cold and hard of heart!  
 Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul  
 Thus lightly from all human bonds can free  
 Its haughty flight!—Men! men! too much is yours  
 Of vantage: ye, that with a sound, a breath,  
 A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space  
 Of rooted up affections, o'er whose void  
 Our yearning hearts must wither! So it is,  
 Dominion must be won!—Nay, leave me not—  
 My heart is bursting, and I *must* be heard!  
 Heaven hath given power to mortal agony  
 As to the elements in their hour of might  
 And mastery o'er creation!—Who shall dare  
 To mock that fearful strength?—I *must* be heard!  
 Give me my sons!

*Gon.* That they may live to hide  
 With covering hands th' indignant flush of shame  
 On their young brows, when men shall speak of him  
 They called their father!—Was the oath, whereby,  
 On th' altar of my faith, I bound myself,  
 With an unswerving spirit to maintain  
 This free and Christian city for my God  
 And for my king, a writing traced on sand?

That passionate tears should wash it from the earth,  
 Or e'en the life-drops of a bleeding heart  
 Efface it, as a billow sweeps away  
 The last light vessel's wake?—Then never more  
 Let man's deep vows be trusted!—though enforced  
 By all th' appeals of high remembrances,  
 And silent claims o' th' sepulchres, wherein  
 His fathers with their stainless glory sleep,  
 On their good swords! Thinkst thou I feel no pangs?  
 He that hath given me sons, doth know the heart  
 Whose treasure she recalls.—Of this no more.  
 'Tis vain. I tell thee that th' inviolate cross  
 Still, from our ancient temples, must look up  
 Through the blue heavens of Spain, though at its foot  
 I perish, with my race. Thou *darest* not ask  
 That I, the son of warriors—men who died  
 To fix it on that proud supremacy—  
 Should tear the sign of our victorious faith  
 From its high place of sunbeams, for the Moor  
 In impious joy to trample!

*Elm.* Scorn me not

In mine extreme of misery!—Thou art strong—  
 Thy heart is not as mine.—My brain grows wild;  
 I know not what I ask!—And yet 'twere but  
 Anticipating fate—since it must fall,  
 That cross *must* fall at last! There is no power,  
 No hope within this city of the grave,  
 To keep its place on high. Her sultry air  
 Breathes heavily of death, her warriors sink  
 Beneath their ancient banners, ere the Moor  
 Hath bent his bow against them; for the shaft  
 Of pestilence flies more swiftly to its mark  
 Than the arrow of the desert. E'en the skies  
 O'erhang the desolate splendour of her domes  
 With an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,  
 From the dull clouds, wild menacing forms and signs  
 Foreboding ruin. *Man* might be withstood,  
 But who shall cope with famine and disease,  
 When leagued with armed foes?—Where now the aid,  
 Where the long-promised lances of Castile?—  
 We are forsaken, in our utmost need,  
 By Heaven and earth forsaken!

*Gon.* If this be,

(And yet I will not deem it) we must fall  
 As men that in severe devotedness  
 Have chosen their part, and bound themselves to death,  
 Through high conviction that their suffering land,  
 By the free blood of martyrdom alone,  
 Shall call deliverance down.

*Elm.* Oh! I have stood

Beside thee through the beating storms of life,  
 With the true heart of unrepining love,  
 As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily,  
 In the parched vineyard, or the harvest-field,  
 Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat  
 And burden of the day;—but now the hour,  
 The heavy hour is come, when human strength  
 Sinks down, a toil-worn pilgrim, in the dust,

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Owing that woe is mightier !—Spare me yet  
 This bitter cup, my husband !—Let not her  
 The mother of the lovely, sit and mourn  
 In her unpeopled home, a broken stem,  
 O'er its fallen roses dying !

*Gon.* Urge me not,  
 Thou that through all sharp conflicts hast been found  
 Worthy a brave man's love, oh ! urge me not  
 To guilt, which through the midst of blinding tears,  
 In its own hues thou seest not !—Death may scarce  
 Bring aught like this !

*Elm.* All, all thy gentle race,  
 The beautiful beings that around thee grew,  
 Creatures of sunshine ! Wilt thou doom them all ?  
 —She, too, thy daughter—doth her smile unmarked  
 Pass from thee, with its radiance, day by day ?  
 Shadows are gathering round her—seest thou not  
 The misty dimness of the spoiler's breath  
 Hangs o'er her beauty, and the face which made  
 The summer of our hearts, now doth but send,  
 With every glance, deep bodings through the soul  
 Telling of early fate.

*Gon.* I see a change  
 Far nobler on her brow !—She is as one  
 Who, at the trumpet's sudden call, hath risen  
 From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down  
 The wine-cup, and the garland, and the lute  
 Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm,  
 Beseeming sterner tasks.—Her eye hath lost  
 The beam which laughed upon th' awakening heart,  
 E'en as morn breaks o'er earth. But far within  
 Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose source  
 Lies deeper in the soul.—And let the torch  
 Which but illumed the glittering pageant fade !  
 The altar-flame, i' th' sanctuary's recess,  
 Burns quenchless, being of heaven !—She hath put on  
 Courage, and faith, and generous constancy,  
 E'en as a breastplate.—Ay, men look on her,  
 As she goes forth serenely to her tasks,  
 Binding the warrior's wounds, and bearing fresh  
 Cool draughts to fevered lips ; they look on her  
 Thus moving in her beautiful array  
 Of gentle fortitude, and bless the fair  
 Majestic vision, and un murmuring turn  
 Unto their heavy toils.

*Elm.* And seest thou not  
 In that high faith and strong collectedness,  
 A fearful inspiration ?—*They* have cause  
 To tremble, who behold th' unearthly light  
 Of high, and, it may be, prophetic thought,  
 Investing youth with grandeur !—From the grave  
 It rises, on whose shadowy brink thy child  
 Waits but a father's hand to snatch her back  
 Into the laughing sunshine.—Kneel with me,  
 Ximena, kneel beside me, and implore  
 That which a deeper, more prevailing voice  
 Than ours doth ask, and will not be denied,—  
 His children's lives !



*Xim.* Alas! this may not be,  
Mother!—I cannot.

[*Exit XIMENA*]

*Gon.* My heroic child!—  
A terrible sacrifice thou claim'st, O God,  
From creatures in whose agonizing hearts  
Nature is strong as death!

*Elm.* Is't thus in thine?  
Away!—what time is given thee to resolve  
On!—what I cannot utter!—Speak, thou knowest  
Too well what I would say.

*Gon.* Until—ask not!  
The time is brief.

*Elm.* Thou saidst—I heard not right—

*Gon.* The time is brief.

*Elm.* What! must we burst all ties  
Wherewith the thrilling chords of life are twined;  
And, for this task's fulfilment, can it be  
That man, in his cold heartlessness, hath dared  
To number and to mete us forth the sands  
Of hours—nay, moments?—Why, the sentenced wretch,  
He on whose soul there rests a brother's blood  
Poured forth in slumber, is allowed more time  
To wean his turbulent passions from the world  
His presence doth pollute!—It is not thus!  
We must have Time to school us.

*Gon.* We have but  
To bow the head in silence, when Heaven's voice  
Calls back the things we love.

*Elm.* Love! love!—there are soft smiles and gentle words,  
And there are faces, skilful to put on  
The look we trust in—and 'tis mockery all!  
—A faithless mist, a desert-vapour, wearing  
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat  
The thirst that semblance kindled!—There is none,  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart.—It is but pride, wherewith  
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,  
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,  
The bright glad creature springing in his path,  
But as the heir of his great name, the young  
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long  
Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love!  
This is *man's* love!—What marvel!—*You* ne'er made  
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,  
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings  
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair  
Waved softly to your breath!—*You* ne'er kept watch  
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,  
And morn all dazzling, as in triumph, broke  
On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face  
Which, early faded through fond care for him,  
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as Heaven's light,  
Was there to greet his waking! *You* ne'er smoothed  
His couch, ne'er sang him to his rosy rest,  
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours  
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,  
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love !  
 No ! these are *woman's* tasks !—In these her youth  
 And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,  
 Steal from her all unmark'd !—My boys ! my boys !  
 Hath vain affection borne with all for this ?  
 —Why were ye given me ?

*Gon.* Is there strength in man  
 Thus to endure ?—That thou couldst read, through all  
 Its depths of silent agony, the heart  
 Thy voice of woe doth rend !

*Elm.* Thy heart !—*thy* heart !—Away ! it feels not *now* !  
 But an hour comes to tame the mighty man  
 Unto the infant's weakness ; nor shall Heaven  
 Spare you that bitter chastening !—May you live  
 To be alone, when loneliness doth seem  
 Most heavy to sustain !—For me, my voice  
 Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be soon  
 With all forgotten sounds ; my quiet place  
 Low with my lovely ones, and we shall sleep,  
 Though kings lead armies o'er us, we shall sleep,  
 Wrapt in earth's covering mantle !—you the while  
 Shall sit within your vast, forsaken halls,  
 And hear the wild and melancholy winds  
 Moan through their drooping banners, never more  
 To wave above your race. Ay, then call up  
 Shadows—dim phantoms from ancestral tombs,  
 But all—all *glorious*—conquerors, chieftains, kings—  
 To people that cold void !—And when the strength  
 From your right arm hath melted, when the blast  
 Of the shrill clarion gives your heart no more  
 A fiery wakening ; if at last you pine  
 For the glad voices, and the bounding steps,  
 Once through your home re-echoing, and the clasp  
 Of twining arms, and all the joyous light  
 Of eyes that laughed with youth, and made your board  
 A place of sunshine ;—when those days are come,  
 Then in your utter desolation, turn  
 To the cold world, the smiling, faithless world,  
 Which hath swept past you long, and bid it quench  
 Your soul's deep thirst with *fame* ! immortal *fame* !  
 Fame to the sick of heart !—a gorgeous robe,  
 A crown of victory, unto him that dies  
 I' th' burning waste, for water !

*Gon.* This from *thee* !  
 Now the last drop of bitterness is poured.  
 Elmina—I forgive thee !

[*Exit* ELMINA.]

Aid me, Heaven !  
 From whom alone is power !—Oh ! thou hast set  
 Duties, so stern of aspect, in my path,  
 They almost, to my startled gaze, assume  
 The hue of things less hallowed ! Men have sunk  
 Unblamed beneath such trials !—Doth not He  
 Who made us know the limits of our strength ?  
 My wife ! my sons !—Away ! I must not pause  
 To give my heart one moment's mastery thus !

[*Exit* GONZALEZ.]

SCENE—*The Aisle of a Gothic Church.*

HERNANDEZ, GARCIAS, and others.

*Her.* The rites are closed. Now, valiant men, depart,  
Each to his place—I may not say, of rest ;  
Your faithful vigils for your sons may win  
What must not be your own. Ye are as those  
Who sow, in peril and in care, the seed  
Of the fair tree, beneath whose stately shade  
They may not sit. But blessed be they who toil  
For after-days !—All high and holy thoughts  
Be with you, warriors, through the lingering hours  
Of the night-watch !

*Gar.* Ay, father ! we have need  
Of high and holy thoughts, wherewith to fence  
Our hearts against despair. Yet have I been  
From youth a son of war. The stars have looked  
A thousand times upon my couch of heath,  
Spread 'midst the wild sierras, by some stream  
Whose dark-red waves looked e'en as though their source  
Lay not in rocky caverns, but the veins  
Of noble hearts ; while many a knightly crest  
Rolled with them to the deep. And in the years  
Of my long exile and captivity,  
With the fierce Arab, I have watched beneath  
The still, pale shadow of some lonely palm,  
At midnight, in the desert ; while the wind  
Swelled with the lion's roar, and heavily  
The fearfulness and might of solitude  
Pressed on my weary heart.

*Her.* (*thoughtfully.*) Thou little know'st  
Of what is solitude !—I tell thee, those  
For whom—in earth's remotest nook—howe'er  
Divided from their path by chain on chain  
Of mighty mountains, and the amplitude  
Of rolling seas—there beats one human heart,  
There breathes one being unto whom their name  
Comes with a thrilling and a gladdening sound  
Heard o'er the din of life are not alone !  
Not on the deep, nor in the wild, alone ;  
For there is that on earth with which they hold  
A brotherhood of soul !—Call *him* alone,  
Who stands shut out from this !—And let not those  
Whose homes are bright with sunshine and with love,  
Put on the insolence of happiness,  
Glorying in that proud lot !—A lonely hour  
Is on its way to each, to all ; for Death  
Knows no companionship.

*Gar.* I have looked on Death  
In field, and storm, and flood. But never yet  
Hath aught weighed down my spirit to a mood  
Of sadness, dreaming o'er dark auguries,  
Like this, our watch by midnight. Fearful things  
Are gathering round us. Death upon the earth,  
Omens in Heaven !—The summer-skies put forth  
No clear bright stars above us, but at times,  
Catching some comet's fiery hue of wrath,

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Marshal their clouds to armies, traversing  
 Heaven with the rush of meteor-steeds, the array  
 Of spears and banners, tossing like the pines  
 Of Pyrenean forests, when the storm  
 Doth sweep the mountains.

*Her.* Ay, last night I too  
 Kept vigil, gazing on the angry heavens ;  
 And I beheld the meeting and the shock  
 Of those wild hosts i' th' air, when, as they closed,  
 A red and sultry mist, like that which mantles  
 The thunder's path, fell o'er them. Then were flung  
 Through the dull glare, broad cloudy banners forth,  
 And chariots seemed to whirl, and steeds to sink,  
 Bearing down crested warriors. But all this  
 Was dim and shadowy ;—then swift darkness rushed  
 Down on th' unearthly battle, as the deep  
 Swept o'er the Egyptian's armament—I looked—  
 And all that fiery field of plumes and spears  
 Was blotted from heaven's face !—I looked again—  
 And from the brooding mass of cloud leaped forth  
 One meteor-sword, which o'er the reddening sea  
 Shook with strange motion, such as earthquakes give  
 Unto a rocking citadel !—I beheld,  
 And yet my spirit sank not.

*Gar.* Neither deem  
 That mine hath blenched.—But these are sights and sounds,  
 To awe the firmest.—Knowest thou what we hear  
 At midnight from the walls?—Were't but the deep  
 Barbaric horn, or Moorish tambour's peal,  
 Thence might the warrior's heart catch impulses,  
 Quickening its fiery currents. But our ears  
 Are pierced by other tones. We hear the knell  
 For brave men in their noon of strength cut down,  
 And the shrill wail of woman, and the dirge  
 Faint swelling through the streets. Then e'en the air  
 Hath strange and fitful murmurs of lament,  
 As if the viewless watchers of the land  
 Sighed on its hollow breezes !—To my soul,  
 The torrent-rush of battle, with its din  
 Of trampling steeds and ringing panoply,  
 Were, after these faint sounds of drooping woe,  
 As the free sky's glad music unto him  
 Who leaves a couch of sickness.

*Her.* (*with solemnity*). If to plunge  
 In the mid-waves of combat, as they bear  
 Chargers and spearmen onwards ; and to make  
 A reckless bosom's front the buoyant mark  
 On that wild current, for ten thousand arrows ;  
 If *thus* to dare were valour's noblest aim,  
 Lightly might fame be won !—but there are things  
 Which ask a spirit of more exalted pitch,  
 And courage tempered with a holier fire !  
 Well mayst thou say, that these are fearful times,  
 Therefore be firm, be patient !—There is strength,  
 And a fierce instinct, e'en in common souls,  
 To bear up manhood with a stormy joy,  
 When red swords meet in lightning !—But our task  
 Is more, and nobler !—We have to endure,



And to keep watch, and to arouse a land,  
 And to defend an altar!—If we fall,  
 So that our blood make but the millionth part  
 Of Spain's great ransom, we may count it joy  
 To die upon her bosom, and beneath  
 The banner of her faith!—Think but on this,  
 And gird your hearts with silent fortitude,  
 Suffering, yet hoping all things—Fare ye well.

*Gar.* Father, farewell. [*Exeunt GARCÍAS and his followers.*]

*Her.* These men have earthly ties  
 And bondage on their natures!—To the cause  
 Of God, and Spain's revenge, they bring but half  
 Their energies and hopes. But he whom Heaven  
 Hath called to be th' awakener of a land,  
 Should have his soul's affections all absorbed  
 In that majestic purpose, and press on  
 To its fulfilment, as a mountain-born  
 And mighty stream, with all its vassal-rills  
 Sweeps proudly to the ocean, pausing not  
 To dally with the flowers.

Hark! What quick step  
 Comes hurrying through the gloom at this dead hour?

*ELMINA enters.*

*Elm.* Are not all hours as one to misery?—Why  
 Should *she* take note of time, for whom the day  
 And night have lost their blessed attributes  
 Of sunshine and repose?

*Her.* I know thy griefs;  
 But there are trials for the noble heart  
 Wherein its own deep fountains must supply  
 All it can hope of comfort. Pity's voice  
 Comes with vain sweetness to th' unheeding ear  
 Of anguish, e'en as music heard afar  
 On the green shore, by him who perishes  
 'Midst rocks and eddying waters.

*Elm.* Think thou not  
 I sought thee but for pity. I am come  
 For that which grief is privileged to demand  
 With an imperious claim, from all whose form,  
 Whose human form, doth seal them unto suffering!  
 Father! I ask thine aid.

*Her.* There is no aid  
 For thee or for thy children, but with Him  
 Whose presence is around us in the cloud,  
 As in the shining and the glorious light.

*Elm.* There is no aid!—Art thou a man of God!  
 Art thou a man of sorrow—(for the world  
 Doth call thee such)—and hast thou not been taught  
 By God and sorrow—mighty as they are,  
 To own the claims of misery?

*Her.* Is there power  
 With me to save thy sons?—Implore of Heaven!

*Elm.* Doth not Heaven work its purposes by man?  
 I tē'l thee, *thou* canst save them!—Art thou not  
 Gonzalez' counsellor?—Unto him thy words  
 Are e'en as oracles—

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

*Her.* And therefore?—Speak !  
The noble daughter of Pelayo's line  
Hath nought to ask, unworthy of the name  
Which is a nation's heritage.—Dost thou shrink ?

*Elm.* Have pity on me, father !—I must speak  
That, from the thought of which, but yesterday,  
I had recoiled in scorn !—But this is past.  
Oh ! we grow humble in our agonies,  
And to the dust—their birth-place—bow the head:  
That wore the crown of glory !—I am weak—  
My chastening is far more than I can bear.

*Her.* These are no times for weakness. On our hills  
The ancient cedars, in their gathered might,  
Are battling with the tempest ; and the flower  
Which cannot meet its driving blast must die.—  
But thou hast drawn thy nurture from a stem  
Unwont to bend or break.—Lift thy proud head,  
Daughter of Spain !—What wouldst thou with thy lord ?

*Elm.* Look not upon me thus !—I have no power  
To tell thee. Take thy keen disdainful eye  
Off from my soul !—What ! am I sunk to this ?  
I, whose blood sprung from heroes !—How my sons  
Will scorn the mother that would bring disgrace  
On their majestic line !—My sons ! my sons !—  
Now is all else forgotten !—I had once  
A babe that in the early spring-time lay  
Sickening upon my bosom, till at last,  
When earth's young flowers were opening to the sun,  
Death sunk on his meek eyelid, and I deemed  
All sorrow light to mine !—But now the fate  
Of all my children seems to brood above me  
In the dark thunder-clouds !—Oh ! I have power  
And voice unfaltering now to speak my prayer,  
And my last lingering hope, that thou shouldst win  
The father to relent, to save his sons !

*Her.* By yielding up the city ?

*Elm.* Rather say

By meeting that which gathers close upon us  
Perchance one day the sooner !—Is't not so ?  
Must we not yield at last ?—How long shall man  
Array his single breast against disease,  
And famine, and the sword ?

*Her.* How long ?—While he,  
Who shadows forth his power more gloriously  
In the high deeds and sufferings of the soul  
Than in the circling heavens, with all their start,  
Or the far-sounding deep, doth send abroad  
A spirit, which takes affliction for its mate,  
In the good cause, with solemn joy !—How long ?—  
And who art *thou*, that, in the littleness  
Of thine own selfish purpose, wouldst set bounds  
To the free current of all noble thought  
And generous action, bidding its bright waves  
Be stayed, and flow no further ?—But the Power  
Whose interdict is laid on seas and orbs,  
To chain them in from wandering, hath assigned  
No limits unto that which man's high strength  
Shall, through its aid, achieve !

*Elm.* Ob ! there are times  
When *all* that hopeless courage can achieve  
But sheds a mournful beauty o'er the fate  
Of those who die in vain.

*Her.* *W*hose in vain  
Upon his country's war-fields, and within  
The shadow of her altars?—Feeble heart !  
I tell thee that the voice of noble blood,  
Thus poured for faith and freedom, hath a tone  
Which, from the night of ages, from the gulf  
Of death, shall burst, and make its high appeal  
Sound unto earth and heaven ! Ay, let the land,  
Whose sons, through centuries of woe, have striven,  
And perished by her temples, sink awhile,  
Borne down in conflict !—But immortal seed  
Deep, by heroic suffering, hath been sown  
On all her ancient hills ; and generous hope  
Knows that the soil, in its good time, shall yet  
Bring forth a glorious harvest !—Earth receives  
Not one red drop, from faithful hearts, in vain.

*Elm.* Then it must be !—And ye will make those lives,  
Those young bright lives, an offering—to retard  
Our doom one day !

*Her.* The mantle of that day  
May wrap the fate of Spain !

*Elm.* What led me here ?  
Why did I turn to *thee* in my despair ?  
Love hath no ties upon thee ; what had I  
To hope from *thee*, thou lone and childless man !  
Go to thy silent home !—there no young voice  
Shall bid thee welcome, no light footstep spring  
Forth at the sound of thine !—What knows thy heart ?

*Her.* Woman ! how dar'st thou taunt me with my woes ?  
*Thy* children too shall perish, and I say  
It shall be well !—Why tak'st thou thought for *them* ?  
Wearing thy heart, and wasting down thy life  
Unto its dregs, and making night thy time  
Of care yet more intense, and casting health,  
Unprized, to melt away, i' th' bitter cup  
Thou minglest for thyself?—Why, what hath earth  
To pay thee back for this?—Shall they not live,  
(If the sword spare them now) to prove how soon  
All love may be forgotten?—Years of thought,  
Long faithful watchings, looks of tenderness,  
That changed not, though to change be this world's law ?  
Shall they not flush thy cheek with shame, whose blood  
Marks, e'en like branding iron?—to thy sick heart  
Make death a want, as sleep to weariness ?  
Doth not all hope end thus?—or e'en at best,  
Will they not leave thee?—far from thee seek room  
For th' overflowings of their fiery souls,  
On life's wide ocean?—Give the bounding steed,  
Or the winged bark to youth, that his free course  
May be o'er hills and seas : and weep thou not  
In thy forsaken home, for the bright world  
Lies all before him, and be sure he wastes  
No thought on thee !

*Elm.* Not so ! it is not so !

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Thou dost but torture me !—*My* sons are kind,  
And brave, and gentle.

*Her.* Others too have worn  
The semblance of all good. Nay, stay thee yet ;  
I will be calm, and thou shalt learn how earth,  
The fruitful in all agonies, hath woes  
Which far outweigh thine own.

*Elm.* It may not be !

*Whose* grief is like a mother's for her sons ?

*Her.* *My* son lay stretched upon his battle-bier,  
And there were hands wrung o'er him, which had caught  
Their hue from his young blood !

*Elm.* What tale is this ?

*Her.* Read you no records in this mien, of things  
Whose traces on man's aspect are not such  
As the breeze leaves on water ?—Lofty birth,  
War, peril, power ?—Affliction's hand is strong,  
If it erase the haughty characters  
They grave so deep !—I have not always been  
That which I am. The name I bore is not  
Of those which perish !—I was once a chief—  
A warrior !—nor as now, a lonely man !  
I was a father !

*Elm.* Then thy heart can *feel* !

Thou wilt have pity !

*Her.* Should I pity *thee* ?

*Thy* sons will perish gloriously—their blood—

*Elm.* Their blood ! my children's blood !—thou speak'st as 'twere  
Of casting down a wine-cup, in the mirth  
And wantonness of feasting !—My fair boys !—  
Man ! hast *thou* been a father ?

*Her.* Let them die !

Let them die *now*, thy children ! so thy heart  
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimmed,  
Within it, to the last ! Nor shalt thou learn  
The bitter lesson, of what worthless dust  
Are framed the idols, whose false glory binds  
Earth's fetters on our souls !—Thou think'st it much  
To mourn the early dead ; but there are tears  
Heavy with deeper anguish ! We endow  
Those whom we love, in our fond passionate blindness.  
With power upon our souls, too absolute  
To be a mortal's trust ! Within their hands  
We lay the flaming sword, whose stroke alone  
Can reach our hearts, and *they* are merciful,  
As they are strong, that wield it not to pierce us !—  
Ay, fear them, fear the loved !—Had I but wept  
O'er my son's grave, as o'er a babe's, where tears  
Are as spring dew-drops, glittering in the sun,  
And brightening the young verdure, I might stil  
Have loved and trusted !

*Elm.* (*disdainfully*). But he fell in war !  
And hath not glory medicine in her cup  
For the brief pangs of nature ?

*Her.* Glory !—Peace,  
And listen !—By my side the stripling grew,  
Last of my line. I reared him to take joy  
I' th' blaze of arms, as eagles train their young



To look upon the day-king !—His quick blood  
 Ev'n to his boyish cheek would mantle up,  
 When the heavens rang with trumpets, and his eye  
 Flash with the spirit of a race whose deeds—  
 But this availeth not !—Yet he *was* brave.  
 I've seen him clear himself a path in fight  
 As lightning through a forest, and his plume  
 Waved like a torch, above the battle-storm,  
 The soldier's guide, when princely crests had sunk,  
 And banners were struck down.—Around my steps  
 Floated his fame, like music, and I lived  
 But in the lofty sound. But when my heart  
 In one frail ark had ventured all, when most  
 He seemed to stand between my soul and heaven,—  
 Then came the thunder-stroke !

*Elm.* 'Tis ever thus !

And the unquiet and foreboding sense  
 That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself  
 Darkly with all deep love !—He died ?

*Her.* Not so !—

Death ! Death !—Why, earth should be a paradise,  
 To make that name so fearful !—Had he died,  
 With his young fame about him for a shroud,  
 I had not learned the might of agony,  
 To bring proud natures low !—No ! he fell off —  
 Why do I tell thee this ?—What right hast *thou*  
 To learn how passed the glory from my house ?  
 Yet listen !—He forsook me !—He, that was  
 As mine own soul, forsook me ! trampled o'er  
 The ashes of his sires !—Ay, leagued himself  
 E'en with the infidel, the curse of Spain,  
 And, for the dark eye of a Moorish maid,  
 Abjured his faith, his God !—Now talk of death !

*Elm.* Oh ! I can pity thee—

*Her.* There's more to hear.

I braced the corslet o'er my heart's deep wound,  
 And cast my troubled spirit on the tide  
 Of war and high events, whose stormy waves  
 Might bear it up from sinking ;—

*Elm.* And ye met  
 No more ?

*Her.* Be still !—We did !—we met *once more*,  
 God had his own high purpose to fulfil,  
 Or think'st thou that the sun in his bright heaven  
 Had looked upon such things ?—We met *once more*.—  
 That was an hour to leave its lightning-mark  
 Seared upon brain and bosom !—there had been  
 Combat on Ebro's banks, and when the day  
 Sank in red clouds, it faded from a field  
 Still held by Moorish lances. Night closed round,  
 A night of sultry darkness, in the shadow  
 Of whose broad wing, ev'n unto death I strove  
 Long with a turbaned champion ; but my sword  
 Was heavy with God's vengeance—and prevailed !  
 He fell—my heart exulted—and I stood  
 In gloomy triumph o'er him—Nature gave  
 No sign of horror, for 'twas Heaven's decree !  
 He strove to speak—but I had done the work

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Of wrath too well—yet in his last deep moan  
 A dreadful something of familiar sound  
 Came o'er my shuddering sense.—The moon looked forth,  
 And I beheld—speak not!—'twas he—my son!  
 My boy lay dying there! He raised one glance,  
 And knew me—for he sought with feeble hand  
 To cover his glazed eyes. A darker veil  
 Sank o'er them soon.—I will not have thy look  
 Fixed on me thus!—Away!

*Elm.* Thou hast seen this,  
 Thou hast *done* this—and yet thou liv'st?

*Her.* I live!  
 And know'st thou wherefore?—On my soul there fell  
 A horror of great darkness, which shut out  
 All earth, and heaven, and hope. I cast away  
 The spear and helm, and made the cloister's shade  
 The home of my despair. But a deep voice  
 Came to me through the gloom, and sent its tones  
 Far through my bosom's depths. And I awoke,  
 Ay, as the mountain cedar doth shake off  
 Its weight of wintry snow, e'en so I shook  
 Despondence from my soul, and knew myself  
 Sealed by that blood wherewith my hands were dyed,  
 And set apart, and fearfully marked out  
 Unto a mighty task!—To rouse the soul  
 Of Spain, as from the dead: and to lift up  
 The cross, her sign of victory, on the hills,  
 Gathering her sons to battle!—And my voice  
 Must be as freedom's trumpet on the winds,  
 From Roncesvalles to the blue sea-waves  
 Where Calpe looks on Afric; till the land  
 Have filled her cup of vengeance!—Ask me *not*  
 To yield the Christian city, that its fanes  
 May rear the minaret in the face of Heaven!—  
 But death shall have a bloodier vintage-feast  
 Ere that day come!

*Elm.* I ask thee this no more,  
 For I am hopeless now.—But yet one boon—  
 Hear me, by all thy woes!—Thy voice hath power  
 Through the wide city—here I cannot rest:—  
 Aid me to pass the gates!

*Her.* And wherefore?

*Elm.* Thou,  
 That wert a father, and art now—alone!  
 Canst thou ask "wherefore?"—Ask the wretch whose sands  
 Have not an hour to run, whose failing limbs  
 Have but one earthly journey to perform,  
 Why, on his pathway to the place of death,  
 Ay, when the very axe is glistening cold  
 Upon his dizzy sight, his pale, parched lip  
 Implores a cup of water?—Why, the stroke  
 Which trembles o'er him in itself shall bring  
 Oblivion of all wants, yet who denies  
 Nature's last prayer?—I tell thee that the thirst  
 Which burns my spirit up is agony  
 To be endured no more!—And I *must* look  
 Upon my children's faces, I must hear  
 Their voices, ere they perish!—But hath Heaven

Decreed that they *must* perish?—Who shall say  
If in yon Moslem camp there beats no heart  
Which prayers and tears may melt?

*Her.* There!—With the Moor!

Let him fill up the measure of his guilt!—  
'Tis madness all!—How wouldst thou pass th' array  
Of armed foes?

*Elm.* Oh! free doth sorrow pass,  
Free and unquestioned, through a suffering world!

*Her.* This must not be. Enough of woe is laid  
E'en now, upon my lord's heroic soul,  
For man to bear, unsinking. Press thou not  
Too heavily th' o'erburthened heart.—Away!  
Bow down the knee, and send thy prayers for strength  
Up to Heaven's gate.—Farewell! [*Exit* HERNANDEZ

*Elm.* Are all men thus?—

Why, wer't not better they should fall e'en now  
Than live to shut their hearts, in haughty scorn,  
Against the sufferer's pleadings?—But no, no!  
Who can be like *this* man, that slew his son,  
Yet wears his life still proudly, and a soul  
Untamed upon his brow?

(*After a pause.*)

There's one, whose arms  
Have borne my children in their infancy,  
And on whose knees they sported, and whose hand  
Hath led them oft—a vassal of their sire's;  
And I will seek him; he may lend me aid,  
When all beside pass on.

DIRGE HEARD WITHOUT.

Thou to thy rest art gone,  
High heart! and what are we,  
While o'er our heads the storm sweeps on  
That we should mourn for thee?

Free grave and peaceful bier  
To the buried son of Spain!  
'To those that live, the lance and spear,  
And well if not the chain!

Be *theirs* to weep the dead  
As they sit beneath their vines,  
Whose flowery land hath borne no tread  
Of spoilers o'er its shrines!

Thou hast thrown off the load  
Which we must yet sustain,  
And pour our blood where *thine* hath flowed,  
Too blest if not in vain!

We give thee holy rite,  
Slow knell, and chanted strain!—  
For those that fall to-morrow night,  
May be left no funeral-train.

Again, when trumpets wake,  
We must brace our armour on;  
But a deeper note *thy* sleep must break—  
Thou to thy rest art gone!

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Happier in *this* than all,  
That, now thy race is run,  
Upon thy name no stain may fall,  
Thy work hath well been done !

*Elm.* " Thy work hath well been done ! "—so thou mayst rest !—  
There is a solemn lesson in those words—  
But now I may not pause.

[ *Exit* ELMINA ]

SCENE—*A Street in the City.*

HERNANDEZ, GONZALEZ.

*Her.* Would they not hear ?

*Gon.* They heard, as one that stands  
By the cold grave which hath but newly closed  
O'er his last friend, doth hear some passer-by  
Bid him be comforted !—Their hearts have died  
Within them !—We must perish, not as those  
That fall when battle's voice doth shake the hills,  
And peal through Heaven's great arch, but silently,  
And with a wasting of the spirit down,  
A quenching, day by day, of some bright spark,  
Which lit us on our toils !—Reproach me not ;  
My soul is darkened with a heavy cloud—  
Yet fear not I shall yield !

*Her.* Breathe not the word,  
Save in proud scorn !—Each bitter day, o'erpassed  
By slow endurance, is a triumph won  
For Spain's red cross. And be of trusting heart !  
A few brief hours, and those that turned away  
In cold despondence, shrinking from your voice,  
May crowd around their leader, and demand  
To be arrayed for battle. We must watch  
For the swift impulse, and await its time,  
As the bark waits the ocean's. You have chosen  
To kindle up their souls, an hour, perchance,  
When they were weary ; they had cast aside  
Their arms to slumber ; or a knell, just then  
With its deep hollow tone, had made the blood  
Creep shuddering through their veins ; or they had caught  
A glimpse of some new meteor, and shaped forth  
Strange omens from its blaze.

*Gon.* Alas ! the cause  
Lies deeper in their misery !—I have seen,  
In my night's course through this beleaguered city  
Things whose remembrance doth not pass away  
As vapours from the mountains.—There were some  
That sat beside their dead, with eyes, wherein  
Grief had ta'en place of sight, and shut out all  
But its own ghastly object. To my voice  
Some answered with a fierce and bitter laugh,  
As men whose agonies were made to pass  
The bounds of sufferance, by some reckless word,  
Dropt from the light of spirit.—Others lay—  
Why should I tell thee, father ! how despair  
Can bring the lofty brow of manhood down



Unto the very dust?—and yet for this,  
 Fear not that I embrace my doom—O God!  
 That 'twere *my* doom alone!—with less of fixèd  
 And solemn fortitude.—Lead on, prepare  
 The holiest rites of faith, that I by them  
 Once more may consecrate my sword, my life,—  
 But what are these?—Who hath not dearer lives  
 Twined with his own?—I shall be lonely soon—  
 Childless!—Heaven wills it so. Let us begone.  
 Perchance before the shrine my heart may beat  
 With a less troubled motion.

[*Exeunt* GONZALEZ and HERNANDEZ.

SCENE.—*A Tent in the Moorish Camp.*

ABDULLAH, ALPHONSO, CARLOS.

*Abd.* These are bold words: but hast thou looked on death,  
 Fair stripling?—On thy cheek and sunny brow  
 Scarce fifteen summers of their laughing course  
 Have left light traces. If thy shaft hath piercèd  
 The ibex of the mountains, if thy step  
 Hath climbed some eagle's nest, and thou hast made  
 His nest thy spoil, 'tis much!—And fear'st thou not  
 The leader of the mighty?

*Alph.* I have been  
 Reared amongst fearless men, and midst the rocks  
 And the wild hills, whereon my fathers fought  
 And won their battles. There are glorious tales  
 Told of their deeds, and I have learned them all.  
 How should I fear thee, Moor?

*Abd.* So, thou hast seen  
 Fields, where the combat's roar hath died away  
 Into the whispering breeze, and where wild flowers  
 Bloom o'er forgotten graves!—But know'st thou aught  
 Of those, where sword from crossing sword strikes fire,  
 And leaders are borne down, and rushing steeds  
 Trample the life from out the mighty hearts  
 That ruled the storm so late?—Speak not of death,  
 Till thou hast looked on such.

*Alph.* I was not born  
 A shepherd's son, to dwell with pipe and crook,  
 And peasant-men, amidst the lowly vales;  
 Instead of ringing clarions, and bright spears,  
 And crested knights!—I am of princely race,  
 And, if my father would have heard my suit,  
 I tell thee, infidel! that long ere now  
 I should have seen how lances meet, and swords  
 Do the field's work.

*Abd.* Boy! know'st thou there are sights  
 A thousand times more fearful?—men may die  
 Full proudly, when the skies and mountains ring  
 To battle-horn and *tecbir*.\*—But not all

\**Tecbir*, the war-cry of the Moors and Arabs.

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

So pass away in glory. There are those  
 'Midst the dead silence of pale multitudes,  
 Led forth in fetters—dost thou mark me, boy?—  
 To take their last look of th' all-gladdening sun,  
 And bow, perchance, the stately head of youth  
 Unto the death of shame!—Hadst thou seen this—

*Alph. (to Carlos).* Sweet brother, God is with us—fear thou not!  
 We have had heroes for our sires—this man  
 Should not behold us tremble.

*Abd.* There are means  
 To tame the loftiest natures. Yet again  
 I ask thee, wilt thou, from beneath the walls,  
 Sue to thy sire for life; or wouldst thou die,  
 With this, thy brother?

*Alph.* Moslem! on the hills,  
 Around my father's castle, I have heard  
 The mountain-peasants, as they dressed the vines,  
 Or drove the goats, by rock and torrent home,  
 Singing their ancient songs; and these were all  
 Of the Cid Campeador; and how his sword  
 Tizona cleared its way through turbaned hosts,  
 And captured Afric's kings, and how he won  
 Valencia from the Moor.—I will not shame  
 The blood we draw from him!

(*A Moorish Soldier enters.*)

*Soldier.* Valencia's lord  
 Sends messengers, my chief.

*Abd.* Conduct them hither.

[*The Soldier goes out, and re-enters with ELMINA, disguised, and an Attendant*

*Carlos (springing forward to the Attendant).* Oh! take me hence,  
 Diego; take me hence  
 With thee, that I may see my mother's face  
 At morning, when I wake. Here dark-browed men  
 Frown strangely, with their cruel eyes, upon us.  
 Take me with thee, for thou art good and kind,  
 And well I know thou lov'st me, my Diego!

*Abd.* Peace, boy!—What tidings, Christian, from thy lord?  
 Is he grown humbler, doth he set the lives  
 Of these fair nurslings at a city's worth?

*Alph. (rushing forward impatiently).* Say not he doth—Yet  
 wherefore art thou here?

If it be so—I could weep burning tears  
 For very shame!—If this *can* be, return!  
 Tell him, of all his wealth, his battle-spoils,  
 I will but ask a war-horse and a sword,  
 And that beside him in the mountain chase,  
 And in his halls and at his stately feasts,  
 My place shall be no more!—but no!—I wrong,  
 I wrong my father!—Moor! believe it not!  
 He is a champion of the cross and Spain,  
 Sprung from the Cid;—and I too, I can die  
 As a warrior's high-born child!

*Elm.* Alas! alas!  
 And wouldst thou die, thus early die, fair boy?  
 What hath life done to thee, that thou shouldst cast

Its flower away, in very scorn of heart,  
Ere yet the blight be come?

*Alph.* That voice doth sound——

*Abd.* Stranger, who art thou?—this is mockery! speak!

*Elm.* (*throwing off a mantle and helmet and embracing her son*)

My boys! whom I have reared through many hours  
Of silent joys and sorrows, and deep thoughts  
Untold and unimagined; let me die  
With you, now I have held you to my heart,  
And seen once more the faces, in whose light  
My soul hath lived for years!

*Carlos.* Sweet mother! now  
Thou shalt not leave us more.

*Abd.* Enough of this!

Woman! what seek'st thou here?—How hast thou dared  
To front the mighty thus amidst his hosts?

*Elm.* Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in breasts  
That set their mail against the ringing spears,  
When helmets are struck down? Thou little know'st  
Of nature's marvels!—Chief! my heart is nerved  
To make its way through things which warrior-men,—  
Ay, they that master death by field or flood,  
Would look on, ere they braved!—I have no thought,  
No sense of fear!—Thou'rt mighty! but a soul  
Wound up like mine is mightier, in the power  
Of that one feeling, poured through all its depths,  
Than monarchs with their hosts!—Am I not come  
To die with these, my children?

*Abd.* Doth thy faith

Bid thee do this, fond Christian? Hast thou not  
The means to save them?

*Elm.* I have prayers and tears,  
And agonies!—and He—my God—the God  
Whose hand, or soon or late, doth find its hour  
To bow the crested head—hath made these things  
Most powerful in a world where all must learn  
That one deep language, by the storm called forth  
From the bruised reeds of earth!—For thee, perchance,  
Affliction's chastening lesson hath not yet  
Been laid upon thy heart, and thou may'st love  
To see the creatures, by its might brought low,  
Humbled before thee. [*She throws herself at his feet*]

Conqueror! I can kneel!

I, that drew birth from princes, bow myself  
E'en to thy feet! Call in thy chiefs, thy slaves,  
If this will swell thy triumph, to behold  
The blood of kings, of heroes, thus abased!  
Do this, but spare my sons!

*Alph.* (*attempting to raise her*). Thou shouldst not kneel  
Unto this infidel!—Rise, rise, my mother!  
This sight doth shame our house!

*Abd.* Thou daring boy!

They that in arms have taught thy father's land  
How chains are worn, shall school that haughty mien  
Unto another language.

*Elm.* Peace, my son!

Have pity on my heart!—Oh, pardon, chief!  
He is of noble blood!—Hear, hear me yet!

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Are there no lives through which the shafts of Heaven  
 May reach your soul?—He that loves aught on earth,  
 Dares far too much, if he be merciless !  
 Is it for those whose frail mortality  
 Must one day strive alone with God and death,  
 To shut their souls against th' appealing voice  
 Of nature, in her anguish?—Warrior ! man !  
 To you too, ay, and haply with your hosts,  
 By thousands and ten thousands marshalled round,  
 And your strong armour on, shall come that stroke  
 Which the lance wards not !—Where shall your high heart  
 Find refuge then, if in the day of might  
 Woe hath lain prostrate, bleeding at your feet,  
 And you have pitied not ?

*Abd.* The are vain words.

*Elm.* Have you no children?—fear you not to bring  
 The lightning on their heads?—In your own land  
 Doth no fond mother, from the tents beneath  
 Your native palms, look o'er the deserts out,  
 To greet your homeward step?—You have not yet  
 Forgot so utterly her patient love—  
 For is not woman's, in all climes, the same?—  
 That you should scorn *my* prayer !—Oh, Heaven ! his eye  
 Doth wear no mercy !

*Abd.* Then it mocks you not.

I have swept o'er the mountains of your land,  
 Leaving my traces, as the visitings  
 Of storms upon them !—Shall I now be stayed !  
 Know, unto me it were as light a thing,  
 In this, my course, to quench your children's lives,  
 As, journeying through a forest, to break off  
 The young wild branches that obstruct the way  
 With their green sprays and leaves.

*Elm.* Are there such hearts  
 Amongst Thy works, O God ?

*Abd.* Kneel not to me,  
 Kneel to your lord ! on his resolves doth hang  
 His children's doom. He may be lightly won  
 By a few bursts of passionate tears and words.

*Elm. (rising indignantly).* Speak not of noble men !—he bears a soul  
 Stronger than love or death.

*Alph. (with exultation).* I knew 'twas thus !  
 He could not fail !

*Elm.* There is no mercy, none,  
 On this cold earth !—To strive with such a world,  
 Hearts should be void of love !—We will go hence,  
 My children ! we are summoned. Lay your heads,  
 In their young radiant beauty, once again  
 To rest upon this bosom. He that dwells  
 Beyond the clouds which press us darkly round,  
 Will yet have pity, and before His face  
 We three will stand together ! Moslem ! now  
 Let the stroke fall at once !

*Abd.* 'Tis thine own will.  
 These might e'en yet be spared.

*Elm.* Thou wilt not spare !  
 And he beneath whose eye their childhood grew,  
 And in whose paths they sported, and whose ear



From their first lisping accents caught the sound  
Of that word—*Father*—once a name of love—  
Is—Men shall call him *steadfast*.

*Abd.* Hath the blast

Of sudden trumpets ne'er at dead of night,  
When the land's watchers feared no hostile step,  
Startled the slumberers from their dreamy world,  
In cities, whose heroic lords have been  
*Steadfast* as thine.

*Elm.* There's meaning in thine eye,  
More than thy words.

*Abd.* (*pointing to the city*). Look to yon towers and walls,  
Think you no hearts within their limits pine,  
Wearied of hopeless warfare, and prepared  
To burst the feeble links which bind them still  
Unto endurance?

*Elm.* Thou hast said too well.  
But what of this?

*Abd.* Then there are those to whom  
The Prophet's armies not as foes would pass  
Yon gates, but as deliverers. Might they not  
In some still hour, when weariness takes rest,  
Be won to welcome us?—Your children's steps  
May yet bound lightly through their father's halls.

*Alph.* (*indignantly*). Thou treacherous Moor!

*Elm.* Let me not thus be tried  
Beyond all strength, oh, Heaven!

*Abd.* Now, 'tis for thee,  
Thou Christian mother! on thy sons to pass  
The sentence—life or death!—the price is set  
On their young blood, and rests within thy hands.

*Alph.* Mother! thou tremblest!

*Abd.* Hath thy heart resolved?

*Elm.* (*covering her face with her hands*). My boy's proud eye is on  
me, and the things

Which rush, in stormy darkness, through my soul,  
Shrink from his glance. I cannot answer *here*.

*Abd.* Come forth. We'll commune elsewhere.

*Carlos* (*to his mother*). Wilt thou go?  
Oh! let me follow thee!

*Elm.* Mine own fair child!—

Now that thine eyes have poured once more on mine  
The light of their young smile, and thy sweet voice  
Hath sent its gentle music through my soul,  
And I have felt the twining of thine arms—  
How shall I leave thee?

*Abd.* Leave him, as 'twere but  
For a brief slumber, to behold his face  
At morning, with the sun's.

*Alph.* Thou hast no look

For me, my mother!

*Elm.* Oh! that I should live  
To say, I *dare* not look on thee!—Farewel  
My first born, fare thee well!

*Alph.* Yet, yet beware!

It were a grief more heavy on thy soul,  
That I should blush for thee, than o'er my grave:  
That thou shouldst proudly weep!

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

*Abd.* Away! we trifle here. The night wanes fast.  
Come forth!

*Elm.* One more embrace! My sons, farewell!

[*Exeunt* ABDULLAH with ELMINA and her Attendant

*Alph.* Hear me yet once, my mother!

Art thou gone?

But one word more!

[*He rushes out, followed by* CARLOS.

SCENE—*The Garden of a Palace in Valencia.*

XIMENA, THERESA.

*Ther.* Stay yet awhile. A purer air doth rove  
Here through the myrtles whispering, and the limes,  
And shaking sweetness from the orange boughs,  
Than waits you in the city.

*Xim.* There are those  
In their last need, and on their bed of death,  
At which no hand doth minister but mine  
That wait me in the city. Let us hence.

*Ther.* You have been wont to love the music made  
By founts, and rustling foliage, and soft winds,  
Breathing of citron-groves. And will you turn  
From these to scenes of death?

*Xim.* To me the voice  
Of summer, whispering through young flowers and leaves,  
Now speaks too deep a language! and of all  
Its dreamy and mysterious melodies,  
The breathing soul is sadness!—I have felt  
That summons through my spirit, after which  
The hues of earth are changed, and all her sounds  
Seem fraught with secret warnings.—There is cause  
That I should bend my footsteps to the scenes  
Where Death is busy, taming warrior-hearts,  
And pouring winter through the fiery blood,  
And fettering the strong arm!—For now no sigh  
In the dull air, nor floating cloud in heaven,—  
No, not the lightest murmur of a leaf,  
But of his angel's silent coming bears  
Some token to my soul.—But nought of this  
Unto my mother!—These are awful hours!  
And on their heavy steps, afflictions crowd  
With such dark pressure, there is left no room  
For one grief more.

*Ther.* Sweet lady, talk not thus!  
Your eye this morn doth wear a calmer light,  
There's more of life in its clear tremulous ray  
Than I have marked of late. Nay, go not yet;  
Rest by this fountain, where the laurels dip  
Their glossy leaves. A fresher gale doth spring  
From the transparent waters, dashing round  
Their silvery spray, with a sweet voice of coolness  
O'er the pale glistening marble. 'Twill call up  
Faint bloom, if but a moment's, to your cheek  
Rest here, ere you go forth, and I will sing  
The melody you love.

Theresa sings.

Why is the Spanish maiden's grave  
So far from her own bright land?  
The sunny flowers that o'er it wave  
Were sown by no kindred hand.

'Tis not the orange-bough that sends  
Its breath on the sultry air,  
'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends  
To the breeze of evening there!

But the Rose of Sharon's eastern bloom  
By the silent dwelling fades,  
And none but strangers pass the tomb  
Which the Palm of Judah shades.

The lowly Cross, with flowers o'ergrown,  
Marks well that place of rest;  
But who hath graved, on its mossy stone,  
A sword, a helm, a crest?

These are the trophies of a chief,  
A lord of the axe and spear!—  
Some blossom plucked, some faded leaf,  
Should grace a maiden's bier!

Scorn not her tomb—deny not her  
The honours of the brave!  
O'er that forsaken sepulchre,  
Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried,  
Her fearless heart above,  
And stood with brave men, side by side,  
In the strength and faith of love!

That strength prevailed—that faith was blessed?  
True was the javelin thrown;  
Yet pierced it not her warrior's breast,  
She met it with her own!

And nobly won, where heroes fell  
In arms for the holy shrine,  
A death which saved what she loved so well,  
And a grave in Palestine.

Then let the Rose of Sharon spread  
Its breast to the glowing air,  
And the Palm of Judah lift its head,  
Green and immortal there!

And let yon grey stone, undefaced,  
With its trophy mark the scene,  
Telling the pilgrim of the waste,  
Where Love and Death have been.

*Kim.* Those notes were wont to make my heart beat quick,  
As at a voice of victory; but to-day  
The spirit of the song is changed, and seems

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

All mournful, Oh! that ere my early grave  
Shuts out the sunbeam, I may hear one peal  
Of the Castilian trumpet, ringing forth  
Beneath my father's banner!—In that sound  
Were life to you, sweet brothers!—But for me—  
Come on—our tasks await us. They who know  
Their hours are numbered out, have little time  
To give the vague and slumberous languor way,  
Which doth steal o'er them in the breath of flowers,  
And whisper of soft winds.

*ELMINA enters hurriedly.*

*Elm.* This air will calm my spirit, ere yet I meet  
*His* eye, which must be met.—Thou here, Ximena!

[*She starts back on seeing XIMENA.*]

*Xim.* Alas! my mother! In that hurrying step  
And troubled glance I read—

*Elm. (wildly).* Thou read'st it not!  
Why, who would live, if unto mortal eye  
The things lay glaring, which within our hearts  
We treasure up for God's?—Thou read'st it not!  
I say, thou canst not!—There's not one on earth  
Shall know the thoughts, which for themselves have made  
And kept dark places in the very breast  
Whereon he hath laid his slumber, till the hour  
When the graves open!

*Xim.* Mother! what is this?  
Alas! your eye is wandering, and your cheek  
Flushed, as with fever! To your woes the night  
Hath brought no rest.

*Elm.* Rest?—who should rest?—not he  
That holds one earthly blessing to his heart  
Nearer than life!—No! if this world have aught  
Of bright or precious, let not him who calls  
Such things his own, take rest!—Dark spirits keep watch,  
And they to whom fair honour, chivalrous fame,  
Were as heaven's air, the vital element  
Wherein they breathed, may wake, and find their souls  
Made marks for human scorn!—Will they bear on  
With life struck down, and thus disrobed of all  
Its glorious drapery?—Who shall tell us this?  
—Will *he* so bear it?

*Xim.* Mother! let us kneel,  
And blend our hearts in prayer!—What else is left  
To mortals when the dark hour's might is on them?  
—Leave us, Theresa.—Grief like this doth find  
Its balm in solitude.

[*Exit* THERESA.]

My mother! peace  
Is heaven's benignant answer to the cry  
Of wounded spirits. Wilt thou kneel with me?

*Elm.* Away! 'tis but for souls unstained to wear  
Heaven's tranquil image on their depths.—The stream  
Of my dark thoughts, all broken by the storm,  
Reflects but clouds and lightnings!—Didst thou speak  
Of peace?—'tis fled from earth!—but there is joy!  
Wild, troubled joy!—And who shall know, my child!



It is not happiness?—Why, our own hearts  
 Will keep the secret close!—Joy, joy! if but  
 To leave this desolate city, with its dull  
 Slow knells and dirges, and to breathe again  
 Th' untainted mountain-air—But hush! the trees,  
 The flowers, the waters, must hear nought of this!  
 They are full of voices, and will whisper things—  
 We'll speak of it no more.

*Xim.* Oh, pitying Heaven!  
 This grief doth shake her reason!

*Elm.* (*starting*). Hark! a step!  
 'Tis—'tis thy father's!—come away—not now—  
 He must not see us now!

*Xim.* Why should this be?

GONZALEZ enters, and detains ELMINA.

*Gon.* Elmina, dost thou shun me?—Have we not,  
 E'en from the hopeful and the sunny time  
 When youth was as a glory round our brows,  
 Held on through life together?—And is this,  
 When eve is gathering round us, with the gloom  
 Of stormy clouds, a time to part our steps  
 Upon the darkening wild?

*Elm.* (*coldly*). There needs not this.  
 Why shouldst thou think I shunned thee?

*Gon.* Should the love  
 That shone o'er many years, th' unfading love,  
 Whose only change hath been from gladdening smiles  
 To mingling sorrows and sustaining strength,  
 Thus lightly be forgotten?

*Elm.* Speak'st thou thus?—  
 I have knelt before thee with that very plea,  
 When it availed me not!—But there are things  
 Whose very breathings on the soul erase  
 All record of past love, save the chill sense,  
 Th' unquiet memory of its wasted faith,  
 And vain devotedness!—Ay! they that fix  
 Affection's perfect trust on aught of earth,  
 Have many a dream to start from!

*Gon.* This is but  
 The wildness and the bitterness of grief,  
 Ere yet th' unsettled heart hath closed its long  
 Impatient conflicts with a mightier power,  
 Which makes all conflict vain.

—Hark! was there not

A sound of distant trumpets, far beyond  
 The Moorish tents, and of another tone  
 Than th' Afric horn, Ximena?

*Xim.* Oh, my father!  
 I know that horn too well.—'Tis but the wind,  
 Which, with a sudden rising, bears its deep  
 And savage war-note from us, wafting it  
 O'er the far hills.

*Gon.* Alas! this woe must be!  
 I do but shake my spirit from its height  
 So startling it with hope!—But the dread hour  
 Shall be met bravely still. I can keep down  
 Yet for a little while—and Heaven will ask

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

No more—the passionate workings of my heart :—  
And thine—Elmina?

*Elm.* 'Tis—I am prepared.

I *have* prepared for all.

*Gon.* Oh, well I knew

Thou wouldst not fail me !—Not in vain my soul,  
Upon thy faith and courage, hath built up  
Unshaken trust.

*Elm.* (*wilfully*). Away !—thou know'st me not !  
Man dares too far, his rashness would invest  
This our mortality with an attribute  
Too high and awful, boasting that he knows  
One human heart !

*Gon.* These are wild words, but yet  
I will not doubt thee !—Hast thou not been found  
Noble in all things, pouring thy soul's light  
Undimm'd o'er every trial ?—And, as our fates,  
So must our names be, undivided !—Thine,  
I' th' record of a warrior's life, shall find  
Its place of stainless honour.—By his side—

*Elm.* May this be borne ?—How much of agony  
Hath the heart room for ?—Speak to me in wrath—  
I can endure it !—But no gentle words !  
No words of love ! no praise !—Thy sword might slay,  
And be more merciful !

*Gon.* Wherefore art thou thus ?

Elmina, my beloved !

*Elm.* No more of love !—

Have I not said there's that within my heart,  
Whereon it falls as living fire would fall  
Upon an unclosed wound ?

*Gon.* Nay, lift thine eyes,  
That I may read *their* meaning !

*Elm.* Never more

With a free soul—What have I said ?—'twas nought !  
Take thou no heed ! The words of wretchedness  
Admit not scrutiny. Wouldst thou mark the speech  
Of troubled dreams ?

*Gon.* I have seen thee in the hour  
Of thy deep spirit's joy, and when the breath  
Of grief hung chilling round thee ; in all change,  
Bright health and drooping sickness ; hope and fear :  
Youth and decline ; but never yet, Elmina,  
Ne'er hath thine eye till now shrunk back perturbed  
With shame or dread, from mine !

*Elm.* Thy glance doth search  
A wounded heart too deeply.

*Gon.* Hast thou there  
Aught to conceal ?

*Elm.* Who hath not ?

*Gon.* Till this hour

Thou never hadst !—Yet hear me !—by the free  
And unattainted fame which wraps the dust  
Of thine heroic fathers—

*Elm.* This to me !—

Bring your inspiring war-notes, and your sounds  
Of festal music round a dying man !  
Will his heart echo them ?—But if thy words

Were spells, to call up, with each lofty tone,  
The grave's most awful spirits, they would stand  
Powerless before my anguish !

*Gon.* Then, by her

Who there looks on thee in the purity  
Of her devoted youth, and o'er whose name  
No blight must fall, and whose pale cheek must ne'er  
Burn with that deeper tinge, caught painfully  
From the quick feeling of dishonour—Speak !  
Unfold this mystery !—By thy sons—

*Elm.* My sons !

And canst *thou* name them ?

*Gon.* Proudly !—Better far

They died with all the promise of their youth,  
And the fair honour of their house upon them,  
Than that with manhood's high and passionate soul  
To fearful strength unfolded, they should live,  
Barred from the lists of crested chivalry,  
And pining, in the silence of a woe,  
Which from the heart shuts daylight ;—o'er the shame  
Of those who gave them birth !—But *thou* couldst ne'er  
Forget their lofty claims !

*Elm.* (*wildly*). 'Twas but for them !

'Twas for them only !—Who shall dare arraign  
Madness of crime ?—And He who made us, knows  
There are dark moments of all hearts and lives,  
Which bear down reason !

*Gon.* Thou whom I have loved

With such high trust, as o'er our nature threw  
A glory, scarce allowed ;—what hast thou done ?—  
*Ximena*, go thou hence !

*Elm.* No, no ! my child !

There's pity in thy look !—All other eyes  
Are full of wrath and scorn !—Oh ! leave me not !

*Gon.* That I should live to see thee thus abased !—

Yet speak !—What hast thou done ?

*Elm.* Look to the gate !

Thou'rt worn with toil—but take no rest to-night !  
The western gate !—Its watchers have been won—  
The Christian city hath been bought and sold !  
They will admit the Moor !

*Gon.* They have been won !

Brave men and tried so long !—Whose work was this ?

*Elm.* Think'st thou all hearts like thine ?—Can mothers stand  
To see their children perish ?

*Gon.* Then the guilt

Was thine ?

*Elm.* Shall mortal dare to call it guilt ?

I tell thee, Heaven, which made all holy things,  
Made nought more holy than the boundless love  
Which fills a mother's heart !—I say, 'tis woe  
Enough, with such an aching tenderness,  
To love aught earthly !—and in vain ! in vain !—  
We are pressed down too sorely !

*Gon.* (*in a low desponding voice*). Now my life  
Is struck to worthless ashes !—In my soul  
Suspicion hath ta'en root. The nobleness  
Henceforth is blotted from all human brows,

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

And fearful power, a dark and troublous gift,  
 Almost like prophecy, is poured upon me,  
 To read the guilty secrets in each eye  
 That once looked bright with truth!—

Why then I have gain'd!

What men call wisdom!—A new sense, to which  
 All tales that speak of high fidelity,  
 And holy courage, and proud honour, tried,  
 Searched, and found steadfast, even to martyrdom,  
 Are food for mockery!—Why should I not cast  
 From my thinned locks the wearing helm at once,  
 And in the heavy sickness of my soul  
 Throw the sword down for ever?—Is there aught  
 In all this world of gilded hollowness,  
 Now the bright hues drop off its loveliest things,  
 Worth striving for again?

*Xim.* Father! look up!  
 Turn unto me, thy child!

*Gon.* Thy face is fair;  
 And hath been unto me, in other days,  
 As morning to the journeyer of the deep;  
 But now—'tis too like hers!

*Elm.* (*falling at his feet*). Woe, shame and woe,  
 Are on me in their might!—forgive, forgive!

*Gon.* (*starting up*). Doth the Moor deem that I have part or share,  
 Or counsel in this vileness?—Stay me not!  
 Let go thy hold—'tis powerless on me now—  
 I linger here, while treason is at work!

[*Exit GONZALEZ*]

*Elm.* Ximena, dost thou scorn me?

*Xim.* I have found  
 In mine own heart too much of feebleness,  
 Hid. beneath many foldings, from all eyes  
 But *His* whom nought can blind;—to dare do aught  
 But pity thee, dear mother!

*Elm.* Blessings light  
 On thy fair head, my gentle child, for this!  
 Thou kind and merciful!—My soul is faint—  
 Worn with long strife!—Is there aught else to do,  
 Or suffer, ere we die?—O God! my sons!—  
 I have betrayed them!—All their innocent blood  
 Is on my soul

*Xim.* How shall I comfort thee?  
 Oh! hark! what sounds come deepening on the wind,  
 So full of solemn hope!

*A procession of Nuns passes across the Scene, bearing relics, and chanting:*

## CHANT.

A sword is on the land!  
 He that bears down young tree and glorious flower,  
 Death is gone forth, he walks the wind in power!  
 Where is the warrior's hand?  
 Our steps are in the shadows of the grave,  
 Hear us, we perish! Father, hear, and save!

If, in the days of song,  
 The days of gladness, we have called on Thee,  
 When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,  
 And joyous hearts were strong:



Now, that alike the feeble and the brave  
Must cry, "We perish!"—Father! hear, and save!

The days of song are fled!  
The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by,  
But they that linger soon unmourned must die;  
—The dead weep not the dead!  
Wilt thou forsake us midst the stormy wave?—  
We sink, we perish!—Father, hear, and save!

Helmet and lance are dust!  
Is not the strong man withered from our eye?  
The arm struck down that held our banners high?  
Thine is our spirit's trust!  
Look through the gathering shadows of the grave!  
Do we not perish?—Father, hear, and save!

HERNANDEZ enters.

*Elm.* Why comest thou, man of vengeance?—What have I  
To do with thee?—Am I not bowed enough?  
Thou art no mourner's comforter!

*Her.* Thy lord  
Hath sent me unto thee. Till this day's task  
Be closed, thou daughter of the feeble heart!  
He bids thee seek him not, but lay thy woes  
Before Heaven's altar, and in penitence  
Make thy soul's peace with God.

*Elm.* Till this day's task  
Be closed!—there is strange triumph in thine eyes—  
Is it that I have fallen from that high place  
Whereon I stood in fame?—But I can feel  
A wild and bitter pride in thus being past  
The power of thy dark glance!—My spirit now  
Is wound about by one sole mighty grief;  
Thy scorn hath lost its sting.—Thou mayst reproach—

*Her.* I come not to reproach thee. Heaven doth work  
By many agencies; and in its hour  
There is no insect which the summer breeze  
From the green leaf shakes trembling, but may serve  
Its deep unsearchable purposes, as well  
As the great ocean, or th' eternal fires,  
Pent in earth's caves!—Thou hast but speeded that  
Which, in th' infatuate blindness of thy heart,  
Thou wouldst have trampled o'er all holy ties,  
But to avert one day!

*Elm.* My senses fail—  
Thou saidst—speak yet again!—I could not catch  
The meaning of thy words.

*Her.* E'en now thy lord  
Hath sent our foes defiance. On the walls  
He stands in conference with the boastful Moor,  
And awful strength is with him. Through the blood  
Which this day must be poured in sacrifice  
Shall Spain be free. On all her olive-hills  
Shall men set up the battle-sign of fire,  
And round its blaze, at midnight, keep the sense  
Of vengeance wakeful in each other's hearts  
E'en with thy children's tale!

*Xim.* Peace, father! peace!

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Behold she sinks!—the storm hath done its work  
Upon the broken reed. Oh! lend thine aid  
To bear her hence.

[*They lead her away.*]

SCENE—*A Street in Valencia. Several Groups of Citizens and Soldiers, many of them lying on the Steps of a Church. Arms scattered on the Ground around them.*

*An old Citizen.* The air is sultry, as with thunder-clouds.  
I left my desolate home, that I might breathe  
More freely in heaven's face, but my heart feels  
With this hot gloom o'erburthened. I have now  
No sons to tend me. Which of you, kind friends,  
Will bring the old man water from the fount,  
To moisten his parched lip?

[*A citizen goes out*]

*Second Cit.* This wasting siege,  
Good Father Lopez, hath gone hard with you!  
'Tis sad to hear no voices through the house,  
Once peopled with fair sons!

*Third Cit.* Why, better thus,  
Than to be haunted with their famished cries,  
E'en in your very dreams!

*Old Cit.* Heaven's will be done!  
These are dark times! I have not been alone  
In my affliction.

*Third Cit. (with bitterness).* Why, we have but this thought  
Left for our gloomy comfort!—And 'tis well!  
Ay, let the balance be awhile struck even  
Between the noble's palace and the hut,  
Where the worn peasant sickens!—They that bear  
The humble dead unhonoured to their homes,  
Pass now i' th' streets no lordly bridal train,  
With its exulting music; and the wretch  
Who on the marble steps of some proud hall  
Flings himself down to die, in his last need  
And agony of famine, doth behold  
No scornful guests, with their long purple robes,  
To the banquet sweeping by. Why, this is just!  
These are the days when pomp is made to feel  
Its human mould!

*Fourth Cit.* Heard you last night the sound  
Of Saint Jago's bell!—How sullenly  
From the great tower it pealed!

*Fifth Cit.* Ay, and 'tis said  
No mortal hand was near when so it seemed  
To shake the midnight streets.

*Old Cit.* Too well I know  
The sound of coming fate!—'Tis ever thus  
When Death is on his way to make it night  
In the Cid's ancient house.—Oh! there are things  
In this strange world of which we have all to learn  
When its dark bounds are passed.—Yon bell, untouched  
(Save by the hands we see not), still doth speak—  
When of that line some stately head is marked,—  
With a wild hollow peal, at dead of night,  
Rocking Valencia's towers. I have heard it oft,  
Nor known its warning false.

*Fourth Cit.* And will our chief

Buy with the price of his fair children's blood  
A few more days of pining wretchedness  
For this forsaken city?

*Old Cit.* Doubt it not!—

But with that ransom he may purchase still  
Deliverance for the land!—And yet 'tis sad  
To think that such a race, with all its fame,  
Should pass away!—For she, his daughter too,  
Moves upon earth as some bright thing whose time  
To sojourn there is short.

*Fifth Cit.* Then woe for us

When she is gone!—Her voice—the very sound  
Of her soft step was comfort, as she moved  
Through the still house of mourning!—Who like her  
Shall give us hope again?

*Old Cit.* Be still!—she comes,

And with a mien how changed!—A hurrying step,  
And a flushed cheek!—What may this bode?—Be still

*XIMENA enters, with Attendants carrying a banner.*

*Xim.* Men of Valencia! in an hour like this,  
What do ye here?

*A Cit.* We die!

*Xim.* Brave men die now

Girt for the toil, as travellers suddenly  
By the dark night o'ertaken on their way!  
These days require such death!—It is too much  
Of luxury for our wild and angry times,  
To fold the mantle round us, and to sink  
From life, as flowers that shut up silently,  
When the sun's heat doth scorch them!—Hear ye not?

*A Cit.* Lady! what wouldst thou with us?

*Xim.* Rise and arm!

E'en now the children of your chief are led  
Forth by the Moor to perish!—Shall this be,  
Shall the high sound of such a name be hushed,  
I' th' land to which for ages it hath been  
A battle-word, as 'twere some passing note  
Of shepherd-music?—Must this work be done,  
And ye lie pining here, as men in whom  
The pulse which God hath made for noble thought  
Can be so thrilled no longer?

*Cit.* 'Tis even so!

Sickness, and toil, and grief, have breathed upon us,  
Our hearts beat faint and low.

*Xim.* Are ye so poor

Of soul, my countrymen! that ye can draw  
Strength from no deeper source than that which sends  
The red blood mantling through the joyous veins,  
And gives the fleet step wings?—Why, how have age  
And sensitive womanhood ere now endured,  
Through pangs of searching fire, in some proud cause  
Blessing that agony?—Think ye the Power  
Which bore them nobly up, as if to teach  
The torturer where eternal Heaven had set  
Bounds to his sway, was earthy, of this earth,  
This dull mortality?—Nay, then look on me!  
Death's touch hath marked me, and I stand amongst you

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

As one whose place, i' th' sunshine of your world,  
 Shall soon be left to fill!—I say, the breath  
 Of th' incense, floating through yon fane, shall scaroe  
 Pass from your path before me! But even now  
 I have that within me, kindling through the dust,  
 Which from all time hath made high deeds its voice  
 And token to the nations:—Look on me!  
 Why hath Heaven poured forth courage, as a flame  
 Wasting the womanish heart, which must be stilled  
 Yet sooner for its swift consuming brightness,  
 If not to shame your doubt, and your despair,  
 And your soul's torpor?—Yet, arise and arm!  
 It may not be too late.

*A Cit.* Why, what are we,  
 To cope with hosts?—Thus faint, and worn, and few,  
 O'ernumbered and forsaken, is't for us  
 To stand against the mighty?

*Xim.* And for whom  
 Hath He, who shakes the mighty with a breath  
 From their high places, made the fearfulness,  
 And ever-wakeful presence of his power,  
 To the pale startled earth most manifest,  
 But for the weak?—Was 't for the helmed and crowned  
 That suns were stayed at noonday?—Stormy seas  
 As a rill parted!—Mailed archangels sent  
 To wither up the strength of kings with death?—  
 I tell you, if these marvels have been done,  
 'Twas for the wearied and th' oppressed of men,  
 They needed such!—And generous faith hath power  
 By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work  
 Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those  
 Of the great elder time!—Be of good heart!  
*Who* is forsaken?—He that gives the thought  
 A place within his breast!—'Tis not for you.—  
 Know ye this banner?

*Citizens (murmuring to each other).* Is she not inspired?  
 Doth not Heaven call us by her fervent voice?

*Xim.* Know ye this banner?

*Cits.* 'Tis the Cid's.

*Xim.* The Cid's!

Who breathes that name but in th' exulting tone  
 Which the heart rings to?—Why, the very wind  
 As it swells out the noble standard's fold  
 Hath a triumphant sound!—The Cid's!—it moved  
 Even as a sign of victory through the land,  
 From the free skies ne'er stooping to a foe!

*Old Cit.* Can ye still pause, my brethren?—Oh! that youth  
 Through this worn frame were kindling once again!

*Xim.* Ye linger still!—Upon this very air,  
 He that was born in happy hour for Spain  
 Poured forth his conquering spirit!—'Twas the breeze  
 From your own mountains which came down to wave  
 'This banner of his battles, as it drooped  
 Above the champion's death-bed. Nor even then  
 Its tale of glory closed.—They made no moan  
 O'er the dead hero, and no dirge was sung,  
 But the deep tambour and shrill horn of war  
 Told when the mighty passed!—They wrapt him not



With the pale shroud, but braced the warrior's form  
 In war-array, and on his barbed steed,  
 As for a triumph, reared him ; marching forth  
 In the hushed midnight from Valencia's walls,  
 Beleaguered then, as now. All silently  
 The stately funeral moved :—but who was he  
 That followed, charging on the tall white horse,  
 And with the solemn standard, broad and pale,  
 Waving in sheets of snow-light ? And the cross,  
 The bloody cross, far-blazing from his shield,  
 And the fierce meteor-sword !—They fled, they fled !  
 The kings of Afric, with their countless hosts,  
 Were dust in his red path !—The scimitar  
 Was shivered as a reed !—for in that hour  
 The warrior-saint that keeps the watch for Spain,  
 Was armed betimes !—And o'er that fiery field,  
 The Cid's high banner streamed all joyously,  
 For still its lord was there !

*Cits. (rising tumultuously).* Even unto death  
 Again it shall be followed !

*Xim.* Will he see

The noble stem hewn down, the beacon-light  
 Which from his house for ages o'er the land  
 Hath shone through cloud and storm, thus quenched at once ?  
 Will he not aid his children in the hour  
 Of this their utmost peril ?—Awful power  
 Is with the holy dead, and there are times  
 When the tomb hath no chain they cannot burst !—  
 Is it a thing forgotten, how he woke  
 From its deep rest of old, remembering Spain  
 In her great danger ?—At the night's mid-watch  
 How Leon started, when the sound was heard  
 That shook her dark and hollow-echoing streets,  
 As with the heavy-tramp of steel-clad men,  
 By thousands marching through !—For he had risen !  
 The Campeador was on his march again,  
 And in his arms, and followed by his hosts  
 Of shadowy spearmen !—He had left the world  
 From which we are dimly parted, and gone forth,  
 And called his buried warriors from their sleep,  
 Gathering them round him to deliver Spain ;  
 For Afric was upon her !—Morning broke—  
 Day rushed through clouds of battle ;—but at eve  
 Our God had triumphed, and the rescued land  
 Sent up a shout of victory from the field,  
 That rocked her ancient mountains.

*The Cits.* Arm ! to arms !

On to our chief !—We have strength within us yet  
 To die with our blood roused !—Now, be the word,  
 For the Cid's house ! *[They begin to arm themselves.]*

*Xim.* Ye know his battle-song ?

The old rude strain wherewith his bands went forth  
 To strike down Paynim swords !

*(She sings.)*

#### THE CID'S BATTLE SONG.

The Moor is on his way !  
 With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout.

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA

And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,  
He hath marshalled his dark array !

Shout through the vine-clad land !  
That her sons on all their hills may hear,  
And sharpen the point of the red wolf-spear,  
And the sword for the brave man's hand !

*(The CITIZENS join in the song, while they continue arming themselves.)*

Banners are in the field  
The chief must rise from his joyous board,  
And turn from the feast ere the wine be poured,  
And take up his father's shield !

The Moor is on his way !  
Let the peasant leave his olive-ground,  
And the goats roam wild through the pine-woods round !—  
There is nobler work to-day !

Send forth the trumpet's call !  
Till the bridegroom cast the goblet down,  
And the marriage-robe and the flowery crown,  
And arm in the banquet-hall !

And stay the funeral-train !  
Bid the chanted mass be hushed awhile,  
And the bier laid down in the holy aisle,  
And the mourners girt for Spain !

*(They take up the banner, and follow XIMENA out. Their voices are heard gradually dying away at a distance.)*

Ere night, must swords be red !  
It is not an hour for knells and tears,  
But for helmets braced, and serried spears !  
To-morrow for the dead !

The Cid is in array !  
His steed is barbed, his plume waves high,  
His banner is up in the sunny sky,  
Now, joy for the Cross to-day !

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SCENE—*The walls of the City. The Plain beneath, with the Moorish Camp and Army.*

GONZALEZ, GARCAS, HERNANDEZ.

*(A wild sound of Moorish music heard from below.)*

*Her.* What notes are these in their deep mournfulness  
So strangely wild ?

*Gar.* 'Tis the shrill melody  
Of the Moor's ancient death-song. Well I know  
The rude barbaric sound, but, till this hour,  
It seemed not fearful.—Now, a shuddering chill  
Comes o'er me with its tones.—Lo ! from yon tent  
They lead the noble boys !

*Her.* The young, and pure,  
And beautiful victims !—'Tis on things like these  
We cast our hearts in wild idolatry,

Sowing the winds with hope!—Yet this is well.  
Thus brightly crowned with life's most gorgeous flowers,  
And all unblemished, earth should offer up  
Her treasures unto Heaven!

*Gar. (to Gonzalez).* My chief, the Moor  
Hath led your children forth.

*Gon. (starting).* Are my sons there?  
I knew they could not perish; for yon Heaven  
Would ne'er behold it!—Where is he that said  
I was no more a father?—They look changed—  
Pallid and worn, as from a prison-house!  
Or is't mine eye sees dimly?—But their steps  
Seem heavy as with pain.—I hear the clank—  
O God! their limbs are fettered!

*Abd. (coming forward beneath the walls).*

Christian! look

Once more upon thy children. There is yet  
One moment for the trembling of the sword;  
Their doom is still with thee.

*Gon.* Why should this man  
So mock us with the semblance of our kind?—  
Moor! Moor! thou dost too daringly provoke,  
In thy bold cruelty, th' all-judging One,  
Who visits for such things!—Hast thou no sense  
Of thy frail nature?—'Twill be taught thee yet,  
And darkly shall the anguish of my soul,  
Darkly and heavily, pour itself on thine,  
When thou shalt cry for mercy from the dust,  
And be denied!

*Abd.* Nay, is it not thyself  
That hast no mercy and no love within thee?  
These are thy sons, the nurslings of thy house:  
Speak! must they live or die?

*Gon. (in violent emotion).* Is it Heaven's will  
To try the dust it kindles for a day,  
With infinite agony?—How have I drawn  
This chastening on my head?—They bloomed around me,  
And my heart grew too fearless in its joy,  
Glorying in their bright promise!—If we fall,  
Is there no pardon for our feebleness?

(*Her. without speaking, holds up a Cross before him.*)

*Abd.* Speak!

*Gon. (snatching the Cross and lifting it up).* Let the earth be shaken  
through its depths,  
But *this* must triumph!

*Abd. (coldly).* Be it as thou wilt.—  
Unsheath the scimitar!

[*To his Guards.*]

*Gar. (to Gonzalez).* Away, my chief!  
This is your place no longer. There are things  
No human heart, though battle-proof as yours,  
Unmaddened may sustain.

*Gon.* Be still! I have now  
No place on earth but this!

*Alph. (from beneath).* Men! give me way,  
That I may speak forth once before I die!

*Gar.* The princely boy! how gallantly his brow  
Wears its high nature in the face of death!

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

*Alph.* Father !

*Gon.* My son ! my son !—Mine eldest-born !

*Alph.* Stay but upon the ramparts !—Fear thou not—  
There is good courage in me : oh ! my father !  
I will not shame thee !—only let me fall  
Knowing thine eye looks proudly on thy child,  
So shall my heart have strength.

*Gon.* Would, would to God,  
That I might die for thee, my noble hoy !  
Alphonso, my fair son !

*Alph.* Could I have lived,  
I might have been a warrior !—Now, farewell !  
But look upon me still !—I will not blench  
When the keen sabre flashes—Mark me well !  
Mine eyelids shall not quiver as it falls,  
So thou wilt look upon me !

*Gar. (to Gonzalez).* Nay, my lord !  
We must begone !—Thou *canst* not bear it !

*Gon.* Peace !—  
Who hath told *thee* how much man's heart can bear ?—  
Lend me thine arm—my brain whirls fearfully—  
How thick the shades close round !—my boy ! my boy !  
Where art thou in this gloom ?

*Gar.* Let us go hence !  
This is a dreadful moment !

*Gon.* Hush !—What saidst thou ?  
Now let me look on him !—Dost *thou* see aught  
Through the dull mist which wraps us ?

*Gar.* I behold—  
Oh ! for a thousand Spaniards to rush down—

*Gon.* Thou seest—My heart stands still to hear thee speak !  
There seems a fearful hush upon the air,  
As 'twere the dead of night !

*Gar.* The hosts have closed  
Around the spot in stillness. Through the spears,  
Ranged thick and motionless, I see him not ;—  
But now—

*Gon.* He bade me keep mine eye upon him,  
And all is darkness round me !—Now ?

*Gar.* A sword,  
A sword, springs upward, like a lightning burst,  
Through the dark serried mass !—Its cold blue glare  
Is wavering to and fro—'tis vanished—hark !

*Gon.* I heard it, yes !—I heard the dull dead sound  
That heavily broke the silence !—Didst thou speak ?—  
I lost thy words—come nearer !

*Gar.* 'Twas—'tis past !—  
The sword fell *then* !

*Her. (with exultation).* Flow forth, thou noble blood !  
Fount of Spain's ransom and deliverance, flow  
Unchecked and brightly forth !—Thou kingly stream ?  
Blood of our heroes ! blood of martyrdom !  
Which through so many warrior-hearts has poured  
Thy fiery currents, and hast made our hills  
Free, by thine own free offering !—Bathe the land,  
But there thou shalt not sink !—Our very air  
Shall take thy colouring, and our loaded skies  
O'er th' infidel hang dark and ominous.



With battle-hues of thee!—and thy deep voice  
Rising above them to the judgment-seat  
Shall call a burst of gathered vengeance down,  
To sweep th' oppressor from us!—For thy wave  
Hath made his guilt run o'er!

*Gon.* (*endeavouring to rouse himself*). 'Tis all a dream!  
There is not one—no hand on earth could harm  
That fair boy's graceful head!—Why look you thus?

*Abd.* (*pointing to Carlos*). Christian! e'en yet thou hast a son!

*Gon.* E'en yet!

*Car.* My father! take me from these fearful men!  
Wilt thou not save me, father?

*Gon.* (*attempting to unsheath his sword*). Is the strength  
From mine arm shivered?—Garcias, follow me!

*Gar.* Whither, my chief?

*Gon.* Why, we can die as well  
On yonder plain,—ay, a spear's thrust will do  
The little that our misery doth require,  
Sooner than e'en this anguish! Life is best  
Thrown from us in such moments. [*Voices heard at a distance.*]

*Her.* Hush! what strain

Floats on the wind?

*Gar.* 'Tis the Cid's battle-song!  
What marvel hath been wrought?

[*Voices approaching heard in chorus:*

The Moor is on his way!  
With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,  
And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,  
He hath marshalled his dark array!

*XIMENA enters, followed by the CITIZENS, with the Banner.*

*Xim.* Is it too late?—My father, these are men  
Through life and death prepared to follow thee  
Beneath this banner!—Is their zeal too late?—  
Oh! there's a fearful history on thy brow!  
What hast thou seen?

*Gar.* It is not *all* too late.

*Xim.* My brothers!

*Her.* All is well.

(*To Garcias.*) Hush! wouldst thou chill  
That which hath sprung within them, as a flame  
From th' altar-embers mounts in sudden brightness?  
I say, 'tis not too late, ye men of Spain!  
On to the rescue!

*Xim.* Bless me, oh, my father!  
And I will hence, to aid thee with my prayers,  
Sending my spirit with thee through the storm,  
Lit up by flashing swords!

*Gon.* (*falling upon her neck*). Hath aught been spared?  
Am I not all bereft?—Thou'rt left me still!  
Mine own, my loveliest one, thou'rt left me still!  
Farewell!—thy father's blessing, and thy God's,  
Be with thee, my Ximena!

*Xim.* Fare thee well!

If, ere thy steps turn homeward from the field,  
'The voice is hushed that still hath welcomed thee.  
Think of me in thy victory!

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

*Her.* Peace ! no more !  
 This is no time to melt our nature down  
 To a soft stream of tears !—Be of strong heart !  
 Give me the banner ! Swell the song again !

## THE CITIZENS.

Ere night, must swords be red !  
 It is not an hour for knells and tears,  
 But for helmets braced and serried spears !—  
 To-morrow for the dead !

[*Exeunt citizes.*]

SCENE—*Before the Altar of a Church.*

*ELMINA rises from the steps of the Altar.*

*Elm.* The clouds are fearful that o'erhang thy ways,  
 Oh, thou mysterious Heaven !—It cannot be  
 That I have drawn the vials of thy wrath,  
 To burst upon me through the lifting up  
 Of a proud heart, elate in happiness !  
 No ! in my day's full noon, for me life's flowers  
 But wreathed a cup of trembling ; and the love,  
 The boundless love, my spirit was formed to bear,  
 Hath ever, in its place of silence, been  
 A trouble and a shadow, tinging thought  
 With hues too deep for joy !—I never looked  
 On my fair children, in their buoyant mirth,  
 Or sunny sleep, when all the gentle air  
 Seemed glowing with their quiet blessedness,  
 But o'er my soul there came a shuddering sense  
 Of earth, and its pale changes ; even like that  
 Which vaguely mingles with our glorious dreams,  
 A restless and disturbing consciousness  
 That the bright things must fade !—How have I shrunk  
 From the dull murmur of th' unquiet voice,  
 With its low tokens of mortality,  
 Till my heart fainted 'midst their smiles !—their smiles !  
 Where are those glad looks now ?—Could they go down,  
 With all their joyous light, that seemed not earth's,  
 To the cold grave ?—My children !—Righteous Heaven !  
 There floats a dark remembrance o'er my brain  
 Of one who told me, with relentless eye,  
 That *this* should be the hour !

*XIMENA enters.*

*Xim.* They are gone forth  
 Unto the rescue !—strong in heart and hope,  
 Faithful, though few !—My mother, let thy prayers  
 Call on the land's good saints to lift once more  
 The sword and cross that sweep the field for Spain,  
 As in old battle ; so thine arms e'en yet  
 May clasp thy sons !—For me my part is done !  
 The flame, which dimly might have lingered yet  
 A little while, hath gathered all its rays  
 Brightly to sink at once ; and it is well !  
 The shadows are around me ; to thy heart  
 Fold me, that I may die.

*Elm.* My child!—What dream  
Is on thy soul?—Even now thine aspect wears  
Life's brightest inspiration!

*Xim.* Death's!

*Elm.* Away!  
Thine eye hath starry clearness, and thy cheek  
Doth glow beneath it with a richer hue  
Than tinged its earliest flower!

*Xim.* It well may be!  
There are far deeper and far warmer hues  
Than those which draw their colouring from the founts  
Of youth, or health, or hope.

*Elm.* Nay, speak not thus!  
There's that about thee shining which would send  
E'en through *my* heart a sunny glow of joy,  
Were't not for these sad words. The dim cold air  
And solemn light, which wrap these tombs and shrines  
As a pale gleaming shroud, seem kindled up  
With a young spirit of ethereal hope  
Caught from thy mien!—Oh no! this is not death!

*Xim.* Why should not He, whose touch dissolves our chain  
Put on his robes of beauty when He comes  
As a deliverer:—He hath many forms,  
They should not all be fearful!—If his call  
Be but our gathering to that distant land  
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,  
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne  
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath  
Of summer-winds, a voice or melody,  
Solemn, yet lovely!—Mother! I depart!—  
Be it thy comfort, in the after-days,  
That thou hast seen me thus!

*Elm.* Distract me not  
With such wild fears! Can I bear on with life  
When thou art gone?—Thy voice, thy step, thy smile,  
Passed from my path?—Alas! even now thine eye  
Is changed—thy cheek is fading!

*Xim.* Ay, the clouds  
Of the dim hour are gathering o'er my sight,  
And yet I fear not, for the God of Help  
Comes in that quiet darkness!—It may soothe  
Thy woes, my mother! if I tell thee now,  
With what glad calmness I behold the veil  
Falling between me and the world, wherein  
My heart so ill hath rested.

*Elm.* Thine!

*Xim.* Rejoice  
For her, that, when the garland of her life  
Was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried,  
Received her summons hence; and had no time,  
Bearing the canker at th' impatient heart,  
To wither, sorrowing for that gift of Heaven,  
Which lent one moment of existence light,  
That dimmed the rest for ever!

*Elm.* How is this?  
My child, what meanest thou?

*Xim.* Mother! I have loved,  
And been beloved!—the sunbeam of an hour

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Which gave life's hidden treasures to mine eye,  
 As they lay shining in their secret founts,  
 Went out, and left them colourless.—'Tis past—  
 And what remains on earth?—the rainbow mist,  
 Through which I gazed, hath melted, and my sight  
 Is cleared to look on all things as they are !—  
 But this is far too mournful ! Life's dark gift  
 Hath fallen too early and too cold upon me !—  
 Therefore I would go hence !

*Elm.* And thou hast loved

Unknown—

*Xim.* Oh ! pardon, pardon that I veiled  
 My thoughts from thee !—But thou hadst woes enough  
 And mine came o'er me when thy soul had need  
 Of more than mortal strength !—For I had scarce  
 Given the deep consciousness that I was loved  
 A treasure's place within my secret heart,  
 When earth's brief joy went from me !

"Twas at morn

I saw the warriors to their field go forth,  
 And he—my chosen—was there amongst the rest  
 With his young glorious brow !—I looked again—  
 The strife grew dark beneath me—but his plume  
 Waved free above the lances.—Yet again—  
 It had gone down ! and steeds were trampling o'er  
 The spot to which mine eyes were riveted,  
 Till blinded by th' intenseness of their gaze !—  
 And then—at last—I hurried to the gate,  
 And met him there !—I met him !—on his shield,  
 And with his cloven helm, and shivered sword,  
 And dark hair steeped in blood !—They bore him past—  
 Mother !—I saw his face !—Oh ! such a death  
 Works fearful changes on the fair of earth,  
 The pride of woman's eye !

*Elm.* Sweet daughter, peace !

Wake not the dark remembrance ; for thy frame—

*Xim.* There *will* be peace ere long. I shut my heart  
 Even as a tomb, o'er that lone silent grief,  
 That I might spare it thee !—But now the hour  
 Is come when that which would have pierced thy soul  
 Shall be its healing balm. Oh ! weep thou not,  
 Save with a gentle sorrow !

*Elm.* Must it be ?

Art thou indeed to leave me ?

*Xim.* (*exultingly*). Be thou glad !  
 I say, rejoice above thy favoured child !  
 Joy, for the soldier when his field is fought,  
 Joy, for the peasant when his vintage-task  
 Is closed at eve !—But most of all for her  
 Who, when her life had changed its glittering robes  
 For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling  
 So heavily around the journeyers on,  
 Cast down its weight—and slept !

*Elm.* Alas ! thine eye

Is wandering—yet how brightly !—Is this death,  
 Or some high wondrous vision?—Speak, my child !  
 How is it with thee now ?

*Xim.* (*wildly*). I see it still !



'Tis floating, like a glorious cloud on high,  
 My father's banner!—Hear'st thou not a sound?  
 The trumpet of Castile?—Praise, praise to Heaven!—  
 Now may the weary rest!—Be still!—Who calls  
 The night so fearful?—

[*She dies.*]

*Elm.* No! she is not dead!—  
 Ximena!—speak to me!—Oh! yet a tone  
 From that sweet voice, that I may gather in  
 One more remembrance of its lovely sound,  
 Ere the deep silence fall!—What! is all hushed?—  
 No, no!—it cannot be!—How should we bear  
 The dark misgivings of our souls, if Heaven  
 Left not such beings with us?—But is this  
 Her wonted look?—too sad a quiet lies  
 On its dim fearful beauty!—Speak, Ximena!  
 Speak!—my heart dies within me!—She is gone,  
 With all her blessed smiles!—My child! my child!  
 Where art thou?—Where is that which answered me,  
 From thy soft shining eyes?—Hush! doth she move?—  
 One light lock seemed to tremble on her brow,  
 As a pulse throbb'd beneath;—'twas but the voice  
 Of my despair that stirred it!—She is gone!

[*She throws herself on the body.* GONZALEZ enters, alone, and wounded]

*Elm.* (*rising as he approaches.*) I must not now be scorned!—  
 No, not a look,

A whisper of reproach!—Behold my woe!—  
 Thou canst not scorn me now!

*Gon.* Hast thou heard all?

*Elm.* Thy daughter on my bosom laid her head,  
 And passed away to rest.—Behold her there,  
 Even such as death hath made her!

*Gon.* (*bending over Ximena's body.*) Thou art gone  
 A little while before me, oh, my child!  
 Why should the traveller weep to part with those  
 That scarce an hour will reach their promised land  
 Ere he too cast his pilgrim staff away,  
 And spread his couch beside them?

*Elm.* Must it be  
 Henceforth enough that once a thing so fair  
 Had its bright place amongst us?—Is this all,  
 Left for the years to come?—We will not stay!  
 Earth's chain each hour grows weaker.

*Gon.* (*still gazing upon Ximena.*) And thou'rt laid  
 To slumber in the shadow, blessed child!  
 Of a yet stainless altar, and beside  
 A sainted warrior's tomb!—Oh, fitting place  
 For thee to yield thy pure heroic soul  
 Back unto Him that gave it!—And thy cheek  
 Yet smiles in its bright paleness!

*Elm.* Hadst thou seen  
 The look with which she passed!

*Gon.* (*still bending over her.*) Why, 'tis almost  
 Like joy to view thy beautiful repose!  
 The faded image of that perfect calm  
 Floats, 'en as long-forgotten music, back  
 Into my weary heart!—No dark wild spot  
 On thy clear brow doth tell of bloody hands

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

That quenched young life by violence!—We have seen  
Too much of horror, in one crowded hour,  
To weep for aught, so gently gathered hence!—  
Oh! *man* leaves other traces!

*Elm.* (*suddenly starting*). It returns  
On my bewildered soul!—Went ye not forth  
Unto the rescue?—And thou'rt here alone!—  
Where are my sons?

*Gon.* (*solemnly*). We were too late!

*Elm.* Too late!

Hast thou nought else to tell me?

*Gon.* I brought back

From that last field the banner of my sires,  
And my own death-wound.

*Elm.* Thine!

*Gon.* Another hour

Shall hush its throbs for ever. I go hence,  
And with me——

*Elm.* No!—*Man could not lift his hands—*  
Where hast thou left thy sons?

*Gon.* I have no sons.

*Elm.* What hast thou said?

*Gon.* That now there lives not one

To wear the glory of mine ancient house,  
When I am gone to rest.

*Elm.* (*throwing herself on the ground, and speaking in  
a low hurried voice*).

In one brief hour, all gone!—and *such* a death!—  
I see their blood gush forth!—their graceful heads—  
—Take the dark vision from me, oh, my God!  
And such a death for *them*!—I was not there!  
They were but mine in beauty and in joy,  
Not in that mortal anguish!—All, all gone!—  
Why should I struggle more?—What *is* this Power,  
Against whose might, on all sides pressing us,  
We strive with fierce impatience, which but lays  
Our own frail spirits prostrate?

(*After a long pause.*)

Now I know  
Thy hand, my God!—and they are soonest crushed  
That most withstand it!—I resist no more.

(*She rises.*)

A light, a light springs up from grief and death,  
Which with its solemn radiance doth reveal  
Why we have thus been tried!

*Gon.* Then I may still

Fix my last look on thee, in holy love,

Parting, but yet with hope!

*Elm.* (*falling at his feet*). Canst thou forgive?—

Oh! I have driven the arrow to thy heart,

That should have buried it within mine own,

And borne the pang in silence!—I have cast

Thy life's fair honour, in my wild despair,

As an unvalued gem upon the waves,

Whence thou hast snatched it back, to bear from earth,

All stainless, on thy breast.—Well hast thou done—  
But I—canst thou forgive?

*Gon.* Within this hour  
I have stood upon that verge whence mortals fall,  
And learned how 'tis with one whose sight grows dim  
And whose foot trembles on the gulf's dark side.—  
Death purifies all feeling,—we will part  
In pity and in love.

*Elm.* Death!—And thou too  
Art on thy way!—Oh, joy for thee, high heart!  
Glory and joy for thee!—The day is closed,  
And well and nobly hast thou borne thyself  
Through its long battle-toils, though many swords  
Have entered thine own soul!—But on my head  
Recoil the fierce invoking of despair,  
And I am left far distanced in the race,  
The lonely one of earth!—Ay, this is just.  
I am not worthy that upon my breast  
In this, thine hour of victory, thou shouldst yield  
Thy spirit unto God!

*Gon.* Thou art! thou art!  
Oh! a life's love, a heart's long faithfulness,  
E'en in the presence of eternal things,  
Wearing their chastened beauty all undimmed,  
Assert their lofty claims; and these are not  
For one dark hour to cancel!—We are here,  
Before that altar which received the vows  
Of our unbroken youth, and meet it is  
For such a witness, in the sight of Heaven,  
And in the face of death, whose shadowy arm  
Comes dim between us, to record th' exchange  
Of our tried hearts' forgiveness.—Who are they,  
That in one path have journeyed, needing not  
Forgiveness at its close?

(A CITIZEN enters hastily.)

*Cit.* The Moors! the Moors!

*Gon.* How! is the city stormed?  
Oh! righteous Heaven!—for this I looked not yet!  
Hath all been done in vain?—Why, then, 'tis time  
For prayer, and then to rest!

*Cit.* The sun shall set,  
And not a Christian voice be left for prayer,  
To-night within Valencia!—Round our walls  
The Paynim host is gathering for th' assault,  
And we have none to guard them.

*Gon.* Then my place  
Is here no longer.—I had hoped to die  
Ev'n by the altar and the sepulchre  
Of my brave sires—but this was not to be!  
Give me my sword again, and lead me hence  
Back to the ramparts. I have yet an hour,  
And it hath still high duties.—Now, my wife,  
The mother of my children—of the dead—  
Whom I name unto thee in steadfast hope—  
Farewell!

*Elm.* No, *not* farewell!—My soul hath risen  
To mate itself with thine; and by thy side

Amidst the hurtling lances I will stand,  
As one on whom a brave man's love hath been  
Wasted not utterly.

*Gon.* I thank thee, Heaven !  
That I have tasted of the awful joy  
Which thou hast given to temper hours like this,  
With a deep sense of thee, and of thine ends  
In these dread visitings ! (*To Elm.*) We will not part,  
But with the spirit's parting !

*Elm.* One farewell  
To her that, mantled with sad loveliness,  
Doth slumber at our feet !—My blessed child !  
Oh ! in thy heart's affliction thou wert strong,  
And holy courage did pervade thy woe,  
As light the troubled waters !—Be at peace !  
Thou whose bright spirit made itself the soul  
Of all that were around thee !—And thy life  
E'en then was struck, and withering at the core !—  
Farewell !—thy parting look hath on me fallen,  
E'en as a gleam of heaven, and I am now  
More like what thou hast been !—My soul is hushed,  
For a still sense of purer worlds hath sunk  
And settled on its depths with that last smile  
Which from thine eye shone forth.—Thou hast not lived  
In vain—my child, farewell !

*Gon.* Surely for thee  
Death had no sting, Ximena !—We are blest,  
To learn one secret of the shadowy pass,  
From such an aspect's calmness. Yet once more  
I kiss thy pale young cheek, my broken flower !  
In token of th' undying love and hope,  
Whose land is far away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The Walls of the City.*

HERNANDEZ.—*A few CITIZENS gathered round him.*

*Her.* Why, men have cast the treasures, which their lives  
Had been worn down in gathering, on the pyre,  
Ay, at their household hearths have lit the brand,  
Even from that shrine of quiet love to bear  
The flame which gave their temples and their homes,  
In ashes, to the winds !—They have done this,  
Making a blasted void where once the sun  
Looked upon lovely dwellings ; and from earth  
Razing all record that on such a spot  
Childhood had sprung, age faded, misery wept,  
And frail Humanity knelt before her God ;—  
They have done *this*, in their free nobleness,  
Rather than see the spoiler's tread pollute  
Their holy places !—Praise, high praise be theirs,  
Who have left man such lessons !—And these things,  
Made your own hills their witnesses !—The sky,  
Whose arch bends o'er you, and the seas, where  
Your rivers pour their gold, rejoicing saw  
The altar, and the birthplace, and the tomb,  
And all memorials of man's heart and faith.



Thus proudly honoured !—Be ye not outdore  
By the departed !—Though the godless foe  
Be close upon us, we have power to snatch  
The spoils of victory from him. Be but strong !  
A few bright torches and brief moments yet  
Shall baffle his flushed hope, and we may die,  
Laughing him unto scorn.—Rise, follow me,  
And thou, Valencia ! triumph in thy fate,  
The ruin, not the yoke, and make thy towers  
A beacon unto Spain !

*Cit.* We'll follow thee !—

Alas ! for our fair city, and the homes  
Wherein we reared our children !—But away !  
The Moor shall plant no crescent o'er our fanes !

*Voice (from a Tower on the Walls).* Succours ! Castile ! Castile !

*Cits. (rushing to the spot).* It is even so !

Now blessing be to Heaven, for we are saved !  
Castile, Castile !

*Voice (from the Tower).* Line after line of spears,  
Lance after lance, upon the horizon's verge,  
Like festal lights from cities bursting up,  
Doth skirt the plain !—In faith, a noble host !

*Another Voice.* The Moor hath turned him from our walls, to front  
Th' advancing might of Spain !

*Cits. (shouting).* Castile ! Castile !

(GONZALEZ enters, supported by ELMINA and a CITIZEN.)

*Gon.* What shouts of joy are these ?

*Her.* Hail, chieftain ! hail !

Thus even in death 'tis given thee to receive  
The conqueror's crown !—Behold our God hath heard,  
And armed Himself with vengeance !—Lo ! they come !  
The lances of Castile ?

*Gon.* I knew, I knew

Thou wouldst not utterly, my God, forsake  
Thy servant in his need !—My blood and tears  
Have not sunk vainly to th' attesting earth !  
Praise to Thee, thanks and praise, that I have lived  
To see this hour !

*Elm.* And I too bless Thy name,  
Though Thou hast proved me unto agony !  
O God !—Thou God of chastening !

*Voice (from the Tower).* They move on !  
I see the royal banner in the air,  
With its emblazoned towers !

*Gon.* Go, bring ye forth  
The banner of the Cid, and plant it here,  
To stream above me, for an answering sign  
That the good cross doth hold its lofty place  
Within Valencia still !—What see ye now ?

*Her.* I see a kingdom's might upon its path,  
Moving, in terrible magnificence,  
Unto revenge and victory !—With the flash  
Of knightly swords, up-springing from the ranks,  
As meteors from a still and gloomy deep,  
And with the waving of ten thousand plumes,  
Like a land's harvest in the autumn wind,  
And with fierce light, which is not of the sun

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

But flung from sheets of steel—it comes, it comes,  
The vengeance of our God ?

*Gon.* I hear it now,  
The heavy tread of mail-clad multitudes,  
Like thunder-showers upon the forest-paths.

*Her.* Ay, earth knows well the omen of that sound,  
And she hath echoes, like a sepulchre's,  
Pent in her secret hollows, to respond  
Unto the step of death !

*Gon.* Hark ! how the wind  
Swells proudly with the battle-march of Spain !  
Now the heart feels its power !—A little while  
Grant me to live, my God !—What pause is this ?

*Her.* A deep and dreadful one !—the serried files  
Level their spears for combat ; now the hosts  
Look on each other in their brooding wrath,  
Silent, and face to face.

## VOICES HEARD WITHOUT, CHANTING.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul, to its place on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

*Elm.* (*to Gon.*). It is the death-hymn o'er thy daughter's bier !—  
But I am calm, and e'en like gentle winds,  
That music, through the stillness of my heart,  
Sends mournful peace.

*Gon.* Oh ! well those solemn tones  
Accord with such an hour, for all her life  
Breathed of a hero's soul !

[*A sound of trumpets and shouting from the plain*

*Her.* Now, now they close !—Hark ! what a dull dead sound  
Is in the Moorish war-shout !—I have known  
Such tones prophetic oft.—The shock is given—  
Lo ! they have placed their shields before their hearts,  
And lowered their lances with the streamers on,  
And on their steeds bend forward !—God for Spain !  
The first bright sparks of battle have been struck  
From spear to spear, across the gleaming field !—  
There is no sight on which the blue sky looks  
To match with this !—'Tis not the gallant crests,  
Nor banners with their glorious blazonry ;  
The very nature and high soul of man  
Doth now reveal itself !

*Gon.* Oh ! raise me up,  
That I may look upon the noble scene !—  
It will not be !—That this dull mist would pass  
A moment from my sight !—Whence rose that shout,  
As in fierce triumph ?

*Her.* (*clasping his hands*). Must I look on this ?  
The banner sinks—'tis taken !

*Gon.* Whose?

*Her.* Castile's!

*Gon.* Oh, God of Battles!

*Elm.* Calm thy noble heart!

Thou wilt not pass away without thy meed.

Nay, rest thee on my bosom.

*Her.* Cheer thee yet!

Our knights have spurred to rescue.—There is now  
A whirl, a mingling of all terrible things,  
Yet more appalling than the fierce distinctness  
Wherewith they moved before!—I see tall plumes  
All wildly tossing o'er the battle's tide,  
Swayed by the wrathful motion, and the press  
Of desperate men, as cedar-boughs by storms.  
Many a white streamer there is dyed with blood,  
Many a false corslet broken, many a shield  
Pierced through!—Now, shout for Santiago, shout!  
Lo! javelins with a moment's brightness cleave  
The thickening dust, and barbed steeds go down  
With their helmed riders!—Who, but One, can tell  
How spirits part amidst that fearful rush  
And trampling on of furious multitudes?

*Gon.* Thou'rt silent!—See'st thou more?—My soul grows dark

*Her.* And dark and troubled, as an angry sea,  
Dashing some gallant armament in scorn  
Against its rocks, is all on which I gaze!—  
I can but tell thee how tall spears are crossed,  
And lances seem to shiver, and proud helms  
To lighten with the stroke!—but round the spot,  
Where, like a storm-felled mast, our standard sank,  
The heat of battle burns.

*Gon.* Where is that spot?

*Her.* It is beneath the lonely tuft of palms,  
That lift their green heads o'er the tumult still,  
In calm and stately grace.

*Gon.* There, didst thou say?

Then God is with us, and we *must* prevail!  
For on that spot they died!—My children's blood  
Calls on th' avenger thence!

*Elm.* They perished there!—

And the bright locks that waved so joyously  
To the free winds, lay trampled and defiled  
E'en on that place of death!—Oh, Merciful!  
Hush the dark thought within me!

*Her.* (*with sudden exultation.*) Who is he  
On the white steed, and with the castled helm,  
And the gold-broidered mantle, which doth float  
E'en like a sunny cloud above the fight;  
And the pale cross, which from his breastplate gleams  
With star-like radiance?

*Gon.* (*eagerly.*) Didst thou say the cross?

*Her.* On his mailed bosom shines a broad whitetcross,  
And his long plumage through the darkening air  
Streams like a snow-wreath.

*Gon.* That should be—

*Her.* The king!—

Was it not told us how he sent, of late,  
To the Cid's tomb, e'en for the silver cross,

## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Which he who slumbers there was wont to bind  
O'er his brave heart in fight ?

*Gon.* (*springing up joyfully.*) My king ! my king !  
Now all good saints for Spain !—My noble king !  
And thou art there !—That I might look once more  
Upon thy face !—But yet I thank thee, Heaven !  
That thou hast sent him, from my dying hands  
Thus to receive his city !

[*He sinks back into ELMINA'S arms*]

*Her.* He hath cleared  
A pathway 'midst the combat, and the light  
Follows his charge through yon close living mass,  
E'en as the gleam on some proud vessel's wake  
Along the stormy waters !—'Tis redeemed—  
The castled banner !—It is flung once more  
In joy and glory, to the sweeping winds !—  
There seems a wavering through the Paynim hosts—  
Castile doth press them sore—Now, now rejoice !

*Gon.* What hast thou seen ?

*Her.* Abdullah falls ! He falls !  
The man of blood !—the spoiler !—he hath sunk  
In our king's path !—Well hath that royal sword  
Avenged thy cause, Gonzalez !

They give way,  
The Crescent's van is broken !—On the hills  
And the dark pine-woods may the infidel  
Call vainly, in his agony of fear,  
To cover him from vengeance !—Lo ! they fly !  
They of the forest and the wilderness  
Are scattered, e'en as leaves upon the wind !  
Woe to the sons of Afric !—Let the plains,  
And the vine-mountains, and Hesperian seas,  
Take their dead unto them !—that blood shall wash  
Our soil from stains of bondage.

*Gon.* (*attempting to raise himself.*) Set me free !  
Come with me forth, for I must greet my king,  
After his battle-field !

*Her.* Oh, blest in death !  
Chosen of Heaven, farewell !—Look on the Cross,  
And part from earth in peace !

*Gon.* Now charge once more !  
God is with Spain, and Santiago's sword  
Is reddening all the air !—Shout forth " Castile !"  
The day is ours !—I go ; but fear ye not !  
For Afric's lance is broken, and my sons  
Have won their first good field !

[*He dies*]

*Elm.* Look on me yet !  
Speak one farewell, my husband !—Must thy voice  
Enter my soul no more !—Thine eye is fixed—  
Now is my life uprooted,—and 'tis well.

(*A sound of triumphant Music is heard, and many Castilian  
Knights and Soldiers enter*),

*A Citizen.* Hush your triumphal sounds, although ye come  
E'en as deliverers !—But the noble dead,  
And those that mourn them, claim from human hearts  
Deep silent reverence.

*Elm.* (*rising proudly.*) No, swell forth, Castile,  
Thy trumpet-music, till the seas and heavens.



And the deep hills, give every stormy note  
 Echoes to ring through Spain!—How, know ye not  
 That all arrayed for triumph, crowned and robed  
 With the strong spirit which hath saved the land,  
 E'en now a conqueror to his rest is gone?—  
 Fear not to break that sleep, but let the wind  
 Swell on with victory's shout!—*He* will not hear—  
 Hath earth a sound more sad?

*Her.* Lift ye the dead,  
 And bear him with the banner of his race  
 Waving above him proudly, as it waved  
 O'er the *Cid's* battles, to the tomb, wherein  
 His warrior-sires are gathered.

[*They raise the body.*]

*Elm.* Ay, 'tis thus  
 'Thou shouldst be honoured!—And I follow thee  
 With an unfaltering and lofty step,  
 To that last home of glory. She that wears  
 In her deep heart the memory of thy love  
 Shall thence draw strength for all things, till the God,  
 Whose hand around her hath unpeopled earth,  
 Looking upon her still and chastened soul,  
 Call it once more to thine!

(*To the Castilians.*)

Awake, I say,  
 Tambour and trumpet, wake!—And let the land  
 Through all her mountains hear your funeral peal!  
 So should a hero pass to his repose.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## SONGS OF THE CID.

[The following ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the *Cid*.]

### THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE.

With sixty knights in his gallant train,  
 Went forth the *Campeador* of Spain;  
 For wild sierras and plains afar,  
 He left the lands of his own *Bivar*.\*

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,  
 From his home in good *Castile* he went;  
 To the wasting siege and the battle's van,—  
 For the noble *Cid* was a banished man!

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze  
 played,  
 And his native streams wild music made,  
 And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,  
 When for march and combat he took his  
 way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,  
 And he turned his steed for a parting look,  
 For a parting look at his own fair towers;—  
 Oh! the *Exile's* heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band  
 arrayed, [stayed,  
 But the *Cid* at the threshold a moment  
 It was but a moment—the halls were lone,  
 And the gates of his dwelling all open  
 thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,  
 Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,  
 Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the  
 door,  
 Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swelled to the warrior's eye,  
 As the voice of his native groves went by;  
 And he said—"My foemen their wish have  
 won, [done!"  
 —Now the will of God be in all things

\* The birthplace of the *Cid*, two leagues from *Burgos*.

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,  
And the winds of the morning swept off the  
tear,  
And the fields of his glory lay distant far,—  
He is gone from the towers of his own  
Bivar!

### THE CID'S DEATHBED.

IT was an hour of grief and fear  
Within Valencia's walls, [clear  
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and  
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,  
And steps of hurrying feet, [rise,  
Where the Zambra's\* notes were wont to  
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,  
On bright Valencia's shore,  
For Death was busy with her chief,  
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,  
With sounds and signs of war,  
For the Cid was passing to his sleep  
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of  
state,  
No weeper's aspect seen,  
But by the couch Ximena sate,  
With pale, yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,  
Warriors stood mournful nigh,  
And banners, o'er his glorious head,  
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,  
And cold the valiant breast;—  
He had fought the battles of the land,  
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the Ruler of the field?—  
His voice is faint and low;  
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and  
shield  
Hath louder accents now.

“Raise ye no cry, and let no moan  
Be made when I depart;  
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone;  
Be ye of mighty heart!

“Let the cymbal clash and the trumpet  
strain  
From your walls ring far and shrill,  
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain  
Shall grant you victory still.

“And gird my form with mail array,  
And set me on my steed,  
So go ye forth on your funeral way,  
And God shall give you speed.

“Go with the dead in the front of war,  
All armed with sword and helm,  
And march by the camp of King Bucar,  
For the good Castilian realm.

“And let me slumber in the soil  
Which gave my fathers birth;  
I have closed my day of battle-toil,  
And my course is done on earth.”

—Now wave, ye glorious banners, wave!  
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,  
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of the  
brave,  
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight!  
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;  
The wind and the banners fall hushed as  
night,  
The Campeador—he sleeps!

Sound the battle horn on the breeze of  
morn,  
And swell out the trumpet's blast,  
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail  
For the noble Cid hath passed!

### THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE Moor hath beleaguered Valencia's  
towers,  
And lances gleamed up through her citron-  
bowers,  
And the tents of the desert had girt her  
plain, [Spain;  
And camels were trampling the vines of  
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the  
death-wind sweeps, [lion sleeps,  
There were spears from hills where the  
There were bows from sands where the  
ostrich runs, [sons  
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her  
To the battles of the West.

\* A Moorish dance.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,  
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred ;  
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,  
And the camp lay hushed, as a wizard's  
cave ;  
But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbèd steed,  
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,  
And they fixed the sword in the cold right  
hand  
Which had fought so well for his father's  
land,  
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard on Valencia's  
halls,  
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ;  
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,  
When the knights had girded the noble  
dead,  
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,  
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;  
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;  
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight  
deep,  
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was  
sleep ;  
When the last through the city's gates had  
gone,  
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,  
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went  
armed before, [bore ;  
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard  
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,  
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,  
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,  
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men ;  
The helmet was down o'er the face of the  
dead,  
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,  
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good  
sword,  
And Ximena following her noble lord ;  
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,  
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,  
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,  
The churches were empty, the masses done ;  
There was not a voice through the wide  
streets far,  
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,  
—So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,  
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;  
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;  
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,  
When the Christians burst on the Paynim  
throng !  
—With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,  
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,  
It was Alvar Fañez came !

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,  
Had passed before like a threatening cloud !  
And the storm rushed down on the tented  
plain, [slain ;  
And the Archer-Queen, with her bands, lay  
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,  
And the Libyan kings who had joined his  
war ;  
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away.  
And their hands could not wield an assagay,  
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,  
There were seventy thousand knights  
arrayed,  
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,  
And they came like the foam of a roaring  
deep ;  
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior tall,  
With a sword of fire went before them all ;  
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,  
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail ;  
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim white  
horse, [course !  
There was death in the giant-warrior's  
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly  
light, [ing flight—  
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurry  
For it seemed not the sword of man !

The field and the river grew darkly red.  
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;



There was work for the men of the Cid  
that day !

—They were weary at eve, when they ceased  
to slay,  
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !  
The sails of their galleys in haste were  
spread ;

But the sea had its share of the Paynim  
slain,  
And the bow of the desert was broke in  
Spain,  
—So the Cid to his grave passed on !

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### THE CID'S RISING.

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent  
night,  
And Leon in slumber lay,  
When a sound went forth in rushing might,  
Like an army on its way !  
In the stillness of the hour,  
When the dreams of sleep have power,  
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,  
Till the slumberers woke in dread ;—

The sound of a passing armament,  
With the charger's stony tread.  
There was heard no trumpet's peal,  
But the heavy tramp of steel,  
As a host's to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it passed,  
And the hollow pavement rang,  
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,  
Rocked to the stormy clang !  
But the march of the viewless train  
Went on to a royal fane,  
Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble  
floor,  
And a voice at the gate, which said—  
"That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador  
Was there in his arms arrayed ;  
And that with him, from the tomb,  
Had the Count Gonzalez come  
With a host, uprisen to aid !

"And they came for the buried king that lay  
At rest in that ancient fane ;  
For he must be armed on the battle-day,  
With them to deliver Spain !"  
—Then the march went sounding on,  
And the Moors by noontide sun  
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

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1823.

### GREEK SONGS.

I.

#### THE STORM OF DELPHI.

FAR through the Delphian shades  
An Eastern trumpet rung !  
And the started eagle rushed on high,  
With a sounding flight through the fiery sky,  
And banners, o'er the shadowy glades,  
To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold  
All waving, as a flame, [head  
And a fitful glance from the bright spear-  
On the dim wood-paths of the mountain  
shed,

And a peal of Asia's war-notes told  
That in arms the Persian came.

He came, with starry gems  
On his quiver and his crest ;

With starry gems, at whose heart the day  
Of the cloudless Orient burning lay ;  
And they cast a gleam on the laurel-stems,  
As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,  
And a heavy moan went by !  
A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,  
When its voice grows wild amidst cave and  
dell,

But a mortal murmur of dismay,  
Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell o'er their way !  
'Twas not the shadow cast  
By the dark pine-boughs, as they crossed  
the blue [hue ;  
Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn  
The air was filled with a mightier sway. —  
But on the spearmen passed !



And hollow, to their tread,  
 Came the echoes of the ground,  
 And banners drooped, as with the dew o'er-  
 borne,  
 And the wailing blast of the battle-horn  
 Had an altered cadence dull and dead,  
 Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain  
 When the steep defiles were passed !  
 And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,  
 To shine through heaven with his radiant  
 snows,  
 And in golden light the Delphian fane  
 Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,  
 'Midst the laurels gleaming lone,  
 For the Sun-God yet, with a lovely smile,  
 O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,  
 Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood  
 Grew deep round its mountain-throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !  
 But the marble walls replied,  
 With a clash of steel, and a sullen roar  
 Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,  
 And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,  
 Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armour of the god  
 Then a viewless hand was laid ;  
 There were helm and spear, with a clanging  
 din,  
 And corslet brought from the shrine within,  
 From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,  
 And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell  
 Through the dim and loaded air !  
 On the wild bird's wing, and the myrtle-  
 spray,  
 And the very founts, in their silvery way,  
 With a weight of sleep came down the spell,  
 Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !  
 'Twas not by song or lyre ;  
 For the Delphian maids had left their  
 bowers, [towers,  
 And the hearths were lone in the city's  
 But there burst a sound through the misty  
 noon,  
 That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !  
 It rolled from crag and cloud !  
 For a moment of the mountain-blast,  
 With a thousand stormy voices passed,

And the purple gloom of the sky was riven,  
 When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play  
 Flashed forth, like javelins thrown ;  
 Like sun-darts winged from the silver-bow,  
 They smote the spear and the turbaned brow,  
 And the bright gems flew from the crest like  
 spray,  
 And the banners were struck down !

And the massy oak-boughs crashed  
 To the fire-bolts from on high ;  
 And the forest lent its billowy roar,  
 While the glorious tempest onward bore,  
 And lit the streams, as they foamed and  
 dashed,  
 With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men  
 On the pale and scattered host ;  
 Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,  
 They rushed from the dim Corycian cave,  
 And the singing blast o'er wood and glen  
 Rolled on, with the spears they tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,  
 There were shouts of warrior-glee,  
 There were savage sounds of the tempest's  
 mirth,  
 That shook the realm of their eagle-birth ;  
 But the mount of song, when they died away,  
 Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long,  
 Io Pæan ! from the fane ;  
 Io Pæan ! for the war array,  
 On the crowned Parnassus riven that day !—  
 Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song  
 With thy bounding streams again.

## II.

## THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.

BEFORE the fiery sun, [less eye  
 The sun that looks on Greece with cloud-  
 In the free air, and on the war-field won,  
 Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,  
 The tombs of heroes ! with the solemn skies.  
 And the wide plain around, where patriot-  
 blood  
 Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious dead,  
 In the strong faith which brings the view  
 less nigh,

And poured rich odours o'er the battle-bed,  
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them from the shades,  
The golden-fruited shades, where minstrels  
tell

How softer light th' immortal clime pervades,  
And music floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine  
Flowed to *their* names who taught the  
world to die, [shrine,  
And made the land's green turf a living  
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth [gave,  
Took from her vines again the blood she  
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew  
birth [brave.  
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the

*We* have the battle-fields,  
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic  
sky, [yields;—  
We have the founts the purple vintage  
When shall *we* crown the Bowl of Liberty?

## III.

## THE VOICE OF SCIO.

A VOICE from Scio's isle—

A voice of song, a voice of old,  
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled;  
And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke!  
Where lies the land whose hills among  
That voice of Victory hath not rung,  
As if a trumpet spoke?

To sky, and sea, and shore  
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,  
Swept from the rivers to the main,  
A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun-bright deep,  
With all the fame that fiery lay  
Threw round them, in its rushing way,  
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned!  
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave  
Brought garlands there: so rest the brave,  
Who thus their bard have found!

A voice from Scio's isle,  
A voice as deep hath risen again!  
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,  
Where'er our sun may smile!

Let not its tones expire!  
Such power to waken earth and heaven,  
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given  
To mortal song or lyre!

Know ye not whence it comes?  
From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,  
From kindred blood on yon red plains,  
From desolated homes.

'Tis with us through the night!  
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—  
Hear it, ye heavens! when swords flash high,  
O'er the mid-waves of fight!

## IV.

## THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

["The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle," says Thucydides, "because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."—CAMPBELL, *On the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.*]

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,  
Where peasants dressed the vines,  
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,  
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers  
Eurotas wandered by,  
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers  
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain  
To the woodland-goddess poured?  
Did virgin-hands in Pallas' fane  
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,  
Spears ranged in close array,  
And shields flung back a glorious beam  
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain-echoes of the land  
Swell'd through the deep-blue sky,  
While to soft strains moved forth a band  
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast  
Nor bade the horn peal out;  
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,  
Rang with no battle-shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire  
Their souls with an impulse high!

But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre  
For the sons of liberty !

And still sweet flutes, their path around,  
Sent forth Eolian breath ;  
They needed not a sterner sound  
To marshal them for death !

So moved they calmly to their field,  
Thence never to return,  
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,  
Or on it proudly borne !

v.

## THE URN AND SWORD.

THEY sought for treasures in the tomb,  
Where gentler hands were wont to spread  
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom,  
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.

They scattered far the greensward-heap,  
Where once those hands the bright wine  
poured ;

What found they in the home of sleep ?—  
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword !

An urn, which held the dust of one  
Who died when hearths and shrines were  
free ;

A sword, whose work was proudly done,  
Between our mountains and the sea.

And these are treasures !— undismayed,  
Still for the suffering land we trust,  
Wherein the past its fame hath laid,  
With freedom's sword, and valour's dust

v.

## THE MYRTLE-BOUGH.

STILL green, along our sunny shore  
The flowering myrtle waves,  
As when its fragrant boughs of yore  
Were offered on the graves ;  
The graves, wherein our mighty men  
Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves ! as when the hearth  
Was sacred through the land ;  
And fearless was the banquet's mirth,  
And free the minstrel's hand ;  
And guests, with shining myrtle crowned,  
Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup round.

Still green ! as when on holy ground  
The tyrant's blood was poured :—  
Forget ye not what garlands bound  
The young deliverer's sword !—  
Though earth may shroud Harmodius  
now,  
We still have sword and myrtle-bough !

1823.

## THE MAREMMA.

[“ Nello Della Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which, then as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits ; one was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino ; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este ; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words :—

Recorditi di me ; che son la Pia,  
Sienna mi fe, disfeceml Maremma,



## THE MAREMMA.

Salsi colui che inanellata pria  
Disposando m' avea con la sua genuina."

*Purgatorio*, cant. v.—*Edinburgh Review*, No 52.]

" Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses  
Ont le pire destin ;  
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
L'espace d'un matin."—MALHERBE.

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian  
skies, [diffuse,  
Where glowing suns their purest light  
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,  
And nature lavishes her warmest hues ;  
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy  
breath, [Death !  
Away ! her charms are but the pomp of  
He, in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is  
dwelling,  
Where the cool shade its freshness round  
thee throws,  
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swell-  
ing ;  
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose ;  
And the soft sounds that through the foliage  
sigh,  
But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a syren there,  
Not robed in terrors or announced in gloom,  
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,  
And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck  
thy tomb : [array,  
How may we deem, amidst their deep  
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray ?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure ! Can  
it be [wiles ?  
That these but charm us with destructive  
Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in thee  
Danger is masked in beauty—death in  
smiles ?  
Oh ! still the Circe of that fatal shore,  
Where she, the Sun's bright daughter,  
dwelt of yore !

There, year by year, that secret peril  
spreads,  
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,  
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape  
sheds,  
Gay with the riches of the south, in vain ;  
O'er fairy bowers and palaces of state  
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.

And pillared halls, whose airy colonnades  
Were formed to echo music's choral tone.

Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,  
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms  
alone ;  
And fountains dash unheard, by lone  
alcoves,  
Neglected temples, and forsaken groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty  
gleaming, [rise,  
'Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress  
By wave or grot might Fancy linger,  
dreaming  
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.  
Wild visions !—there no sylvan powers  
convene : [scene.  
Death reigns the genius of the Elysian

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome ! that bear  
Traces of mightier beings on your brow,  
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air  
Extends the desert of his empire now ;  
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and  
dome, [home.  
And make the Cæsar's ruined halls his  
Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt his  
power, [lot  
His crowned and chosen victims : o'er their  
Hath fond affection wept—each blighted  
flower  
In turn was loved and mourned, and is  
forgot.  
But one who perished, left a tale of woe,  
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,  
Is floating joyous on the summer air ;  
And there are banquets in her stately halls,  
And graceful revels of the gay and fair,  
And brilliant wreaths the altar have  
arrayed, [maid.  
Where meet her noblest youth and loveliest

To that young bride each grace hath  
Nature given [eye  
Which glows on Art's divinest dream. Her  
Hat a pure sunbeam of her native  
heaven— [dye ;  
Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest



Fair as that daughter of the south, whose  
form [warm.\*  
Still breathes and charms in Vinci's colours

But is she blest?—for sometimes o'er her  
smile

A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast ;  
And in her liquid glance there seems awhile  
To dwell some thought whose soul is with  
the past ; [trace,  
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves no  
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may  
rise

Remembrance of some early love or woe,  
Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her eyes  
Wakening the half-formed tear that may  
not flow,

Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,  
Where still some pining thought comes  
darkly o'er our mirth.

The world before her smiles—its changeful  
gaze [gay

She hath not proved as yet ; her path seems  
With flowers and sunshine, and the voice  
of praise

Is still the joyous herald of her way ;  
And beauty's light around her dwells, to  
throw

O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced with all  
That nature, fortune, youth, at once can  
give ;

Pure in their loveliness, her looks recall  
Such dreams as ne'er life's early bloom  
survive ; [is fraught

And when she speaks, each thrilling tone  
With sweetness, born of high and heavenly  
thought.

And he to whom are breathed her vows of  
faith

Is brave and noble. Child of high descent,  
He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death,  
'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's monu-  
ment ; [way

And proudly marshalled his carroccio's†  
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous commanding mien,  
Where high-born grandeur blends with  
courtly grace ! [seen,

Yet may a lightning glance at times be  
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face,  
And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye—  
But even while yet we gaze, its quick wild  
flashes die.

And calmly can Pietra smile, concealing,  
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse,  
And veil the workings of each darker  
feeling,

Deep in his soul concentrating its force :  
But yet he loves—oh ! who hath loved nor  
known [own !  
Affection's power exalt the bosom all its

The days roll on—and still Bianca's lot  
Seems as a path of Eden. Thou might'st  
deem

That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot  
To wake her soul from life's enchanted  
dream ;

And, if her brow a moment's sadness wear,  
It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed : her  
fate [o'ercast.

Seems with some deep mysterious cloud  
Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath  
and hate [surpassed?

The love whose glow expression's power  
Lo ! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom  
Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her  
doom.

Oh ! can he meet that eye, of light serene,  
Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance  
forth,

And view that bright intelligence of mien  
Formed to express but thoughts of loftiest  
worth, [reign ?

Yet deem that vice within that heart can  
—How shall he e'er confide in aught on  
earth again ?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive gaze,  
Transient, yet filled with meaning strange  
and wild,

Her features calm in beauty he surveys,  
Then turns away, and fixes on her child  
So dark a glance that thrills a mother's  
mind [undefined.

With some vague fear scarce owned, and

There stands a lonely dwelling by the wave  
Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's shore.

\* An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife Mona Lisa, supposed to be the most perfect imitation of nature ever exhibited in painting."—See VASARI'S *Lives of the Painters*.

† Carroccio, a sort of consecrated war-chariot.

Far from all sounds but rippling seas that  
lave [o'er,  
Grey rocks with foliage richly shadowed  
And sighing winds, that murmur through  
the wood,  
Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood.

Fair is that house of solitude—and fair  
The green Maremma, far around it spread,  
A sun-bright waste of beauty. Yet an air  
Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed !  
No human footstep tracks the lone domain,  
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise  
'Mid founts, and cypress walks, and olive  
groves :  
All sleep in sunshine 'neath cerulean skies,  
And still around the sea-breeze lightly roves ;  
Yet every trace of man reveals alone,  
That there once life hath flourished—and  
is gone.

There, till around them slowly, softly  
stealing,  
The summer air, deceit in every sigh,  
Came fraught with death, its power no sign  
revealing,  
Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt in days gone by ;  
And strains of mirth and melody have  
flowed [abode.  
Where stands, all voiceless now, the still

And thither doth her lord remorseless bear  
Bianca with her child. His altered eye  
And brow a stern and fearful calmness  
wear,  
While his dark spirit seals their doom—to  
die ;  
And the deep bodings of his victim's heart  
Tell her from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—and  
blending [deep,  
Its blue transparence with the skies, the  
Each tint of heaven upon its breast descend-  
ing,  
Scarce murmurs as it heaves in glassy sleep,  
And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,  
That lovely shore of solitude and light.

Fragrance in each warm southern gale is  
breathing,  
Decked with young flowers the rich Ma-  
remma glows,  
Neglected vines the trees are wildly  
wreathing,  
And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows,

And, far and round, a deep and sunny  
bloom [tomb.  
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the

Yes ! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca, fairest flower !  
The voice that calls thee speaks in every  
gale, [power,  
Which, o'er thee breathing with insidious  
Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale ;  
And fatal in its softness, day by day,  
Steals from that eye some trembling spark  
away.

But sink not yet ; for there are darker woes,  
Daughter of Beauty ! in thy spring-morn  
fading— [those  
Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than  
Of lingering death, which thus thine eye  
are shading !  
Nerve then thy heart to meet that bitter lot :  
'Tis agony—but soon to be forgot !

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can  
wring,  
Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath  
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of  
spring, [death ?  
O'er infancy's fair cheek the blight of  
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades  
o'ercast [last !  
The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to the

Such pangs were thine, young mother !  
Thou didst bend [head ;  
O'er thy fair boy, and raise his drooping  
And faint and hopeless, far from every  
friend,  
Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his bed,  
And watch his patient supplicating eye  
Fixed upon thee—on thee !—who couldst  
no aid supply !

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe  
Through those dark hours ; to thee the  
wind's low sigh,  
And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow,  
Came like some spirit whispering—" He  
must die !"  
And thou didst vainly clasp him to the  
breast [hope had blest.  
His young and sunny smile so oft with

'Tis past, that fearful trial !—he is gone !  
But thou, sad mourner ! hast not long to  
weep ; [on,  
The hour of nature's chartered peace comes  
And thou shalt share thine infant's holy  
sleep.

A few short sufferings yet—and death shall  
be  
As a bright messenger from heaven to thee.

But ask not—hope not—one relenting  
thought [away,  
From him who doomed thee thus to waste  
Whose heart, with sullen speechless ven-  
geance fraught,

Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay;  
And coldly, sternly, silently can trace  
The gradual withering of each youthful  
grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,  
When thou, bright victim! on his dreams  
shalt rise

As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,  
A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his eyes!  
Then shall thine innocence his bosom  
wring, [pangs could sting.  
More than thy fancied guilt with jealous

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven—for all on  
earth, [art lone:  
Young sufferer, fades before thee. Thou  
Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on  
thy birth,

Thine hour of death is all Affliction's own!  
It is our task to suffer—and our fate  
To learn that mighty lesson soon or late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-lay  
Through joyous Italy resounds no more;  
But mortal loveliness hath passed away,  
Fairer than aught in summer's glowing  
store. [such  
Beauty and youth are gone—behold them  
As death has made them with his blighting  
couch!

The summer's breath came o'er them—and  
they died!

Softly it came to give luxuriance birth,  
Called forth young nature in her festal  
pride,

But bore to them their summons from the  
earth!

Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,  
And wake to light and life—all flowers—  
but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues  
telling,

O lost and loveliest one! adorns thy grave,  
But o'er that humble cypress-shaded dwell-  
ing. [wave—

The dewdrops glisten and the wild-flowers  
Emblems more meet, in transient light and  
bloom,

For thee, who thus didst pass in brightness  
to the tomb!

## A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

[The following account of the extraordinary association called the Secret Tribunal is given by Madame de Staël:—"Des juges mystérieux, inconnus l'un à l'autre, toujours masqués, et se rassemblant pendant la nuit, punissaient dans le silence, et gravaient seulement sur le poignard qu'ils enfonçaient dans le sein du coupable ce mot terrible: TRIBUNAL SECRET. Ils prevenaient le condamné, en faisant crier trois fois sous les fenêtres de sa maison, Malheur, Malheur, Malheur! Alors l'infortuné savait que par-tout, dans l'étranger, dans son concitoyen, dans son parent même, il pouvoit trouver son meurtrier. La solitude, la foule, les villes, les campagnes, tout était rempli par la présence invisible de cette conscience armée qui poursuivait criminels."]

### PART FIRST.

NIGHT veiled the mountains of the vine,  
And storms had roused the foaming Rhine,  
And, mingling with the pinewood's roar,  
Its billows hoarsely chafed the shore,  
While glen and cavern, to their moans  
Gave answer with a thousand tones.  
Then, as the voice of storms appalled  
The peasant of the Odenwald,  
Shuddering he deemed, that far on high,  
'Twas the Wild Huntsman rushing by,  
Riding the blast with phantom speed,  
With cry of hound and tramp of steed,

While his fierce train, as on they flew,  
Their horns in savage chorus blew,  
Till rock, and tower, and convent round,  
Rang to the shrill unearthly sound.

Vain dreams! far other footsteps traced  
The forest paths, in secret haste;  
Far other sounds were on the night,  
Though lost amidst the tempest's might,  
That filled the echoing earth and sky  
With its own awful harmony.  
There stood a lone and ruined fane  
Far on in Odenwald's domain.



'Midst wood and rock, a deep recess  
Of still and shadowy loneliness.  
Long grass its pavement had o'ergrown,  
The wild-flower waved o'er the altar stone,  
The night-wind rocked the tottering pile,  
As it swept along the roofless aisle,  
For the forest boughs and the stormy sky  
Were all that minster's canopy.

Many a broken image lay  
In the mossy mantle of decay,  
And partial light the moonbeams darted  
O'er trophies of the long departed ;  
For there the chiefs of other days,  
The mighty, slumbered with their praise :  
'Twas long since aught but the dews of  
heaven

A tribute to their bier had given,  
Long since a sound but the moaning blast  
Above their voiceless home had passed.  
—So slept the proud, and with them all  
The records of their fame and fall ;  
Helmet and shield, and sculptured crest,  
Adorned the dwelling of their rest,  
And emblems of the Holy Land  
Were carved by some forgotten hand.  
But the helm was broke, the shield defaced,  
And the crest through weeds might scarce  
be traced ;

And the scattered leaves of the northern pine  
Half hid the palm of Palestine.  
So slept the glorious—lowly laid,  
As the peasant in his native shade ;  
Some hermit's tale, some shepherd's rhyme,  
All that high deeds could win from time !

What footsteps move with measured tread  
Amid those chambers of the dead ?  
What silent shadowy beings glide  
Low tombs and mouldering shrines beside,  
Peopling the wild and solemn scene  
With forms well suited to its mien ?  
Wanderer, away ! let none intrude  
On their mysterious solitude !  
Lo ! these are they, that awful band,  
The secret watchers of the land—  
They that unknown and uncontrolled,  
Their dark and dread tribunal hold.  
They meet not in the monarch's dome,  
They meet not in the chieftain's home ;  
But where, unbounded o'er their heads,  
All heaven magnificently spreads,  
And from its depths of cloudless blue  
The eternal stars their deeds may view !  
Where'er the flowers of the mountain sod  
By roving foot are seldom trod ;  
Where'er wild legends mark a spot,  
By mortals shunned, but unforgot :

There, circled by the shades of night,  
They judge of crimes that shrink from  
light ;  
And guilt that deems its secret known  
To the One unslumbering eye alone,  
Yet hears their name with a sudden start,  
As an icy touch had chilled the heart,  
For the shadow of the avenger's hand  
Rests dark and heavy on the land.

There rose a voice from the ruin's gloom,  
And woke the echoes of the tomb,  
As if the noble hearts beneath  
Sent forth deep answers to its breath.  
—" When the midnight stars are burning,  
And the dead to earth returning ;  
When the spirits of the blest  
Rise upon the good man's rest ;  
When each whisper of the gale  
Bids the cheek of guilt turn pale ;  
In the shadow of the hour  
That o'er the soul hath deepest power,  
Why thus meet we, but to call  
For judgment on the criminal ?  
Why, but the doom of guilt to seal  
And point the avenger's holy steel ?  
A fearful oath has bound our souls,  
A fearful power our arm controls !  
There is an ear awake on high  
Even to thought's whispers ere they die ;  
There is an eye whose beam pervades  
All depths, all deserts, and all shades :  
That ear hath heard our awful vow,  
That searching eye is on us now !  
Let him whose heart is unprofaned,  
Whose hand no blameless blood hath  
stained—  
Let him whose thoughts no record keep  
Of crimes in silence buried deep,  
Here, in the face of heaven, accuse  
The guilty whom its wrath pursues ! "

'Twas hushed—that voice of thrilling  
sound !  
And a dead silence reigned around.  
Then stood forth one, whose dim-seen form  
Towered like a phantom in the storm ;  
Gathering his mantle, as a cloud,  
With his dark folds his face to shroud,  
Through pillared arches on he passed,  
With stately step, and paused at last,  
Where, on the altar's mouldering stone,  
The fitful moonbeam brightly shone ;  
Then on the fearful stillness broke  
Low solemn tones, as thus he spoke.

" Before that eye whose glance pervades  
All depths, all deserts, and all shades ;



Heard by that ear awake on high  
 Even to thought's whispers ere they die—  
 With all a mortal's awe I stand,  
 Yet with pure heart and stainless hand.  
 To heaven I lift that hand, and call  
 For judgment on the criminal :  
 The earth is dyed with bloodshed's hues—  
 It cries for vengeance. I accuse !”

“Name thou the guilty ! Say for whom  
 Thou claim'st the inevitable doom.”

“Albert of Lindheim—to the skies  
 The voice of blood against him cries ;  
 A brother's blood—his hand is dyed  
 With the deep stain of fratricide.  
 One hour, one moment, hath revealed  
 What years in darkness had concealed,  
 But all in vain—the gulf of time  
 Refused to close upon his crime ;  
 And guilt that slept on flowers shall know  
 The earthquake was but hushed below !  
 —Here, where amidst the noble dead,  
 Awed by their fame, he dare not tread ;  
 Where, left by him to dark decay,  
 Their trophies moulder fast away,  
 Around us and beneath us lie  
 The relics of his ancestry—  
 The chiefs of Lindheim's ancient race,  
 Each in his last low dwelling-place.  
 But one is absent—o'er *his* grave  
 The palmy shades of Syria wave ;  
 Far distant from his native Rhine,  
 He died unmourned in Palestine ;  
 The Pilgrim sought the Holy Land  
 To perish by a brother's hand !  
 Peace to his soul ! though o'er his bed  
 No dirge be poured, no tear be shed,  
 Though all he loved his name forget,  
*They* live who shall avenge him yet !”

“Accuser ! how to thee alone  
 Became the fearful secret known ?”

“There is an hour when vain remorse  
 First wakes in her eternal force ;  
 When pardon may not be retrieved,  
 When conscience will not be deceived.  
 He that beheld the victim bleed—  
 Beheld and aided in the deed—  
 When earthly fears had lost their power,  
 Revealed the tale in such an hour,  
 Unfolding with his latest breath  
 All that gave keener pangs to death.”

“By Him, the All-seeing and Unseen,  
 Who is for ever, and hath been,

And by the atoner's cross adored,  
 And by the avenger's holy sword,  
 By truth eternal and divine,  
 Accuser ! wilt thou swear to thine ?”  
 —“The cross upon my heart is prest,  
 I hold the dagger to my breast !  
 If false the tale whose truth I swear,  
 Be mine the murderer's doom to bear !”  
 Then sternly rose the dread reply—  
 “His days are numbered—he must die !”  
 There is no shadow of the night  
 So deep as to conceal his flight ;  
 Earth doth not hold so lone a waste  
 But there his footsteps shall be traced ;  
 Devotion hath no shrine so blest  
 That there in safety he may rest.  
 Where'er he treads, let vengeance there  
 Around him spread her secret snare.  
 In the busy haunts of men,  
 In the still and shadowy glen,  
 When the social board is crowned,  
 When the wine-cup sparkles round ;  
 When his couch of sleep is pressed,  
 And a dream his spirit's guest ;  
 When his bosom knows no fear,  
 Let the dagger still be near,  
 Till, sudden as the lightning's dart,  
 Silent and swift it reach his heart.  
 One warning voice, one fearful word,  
 Ere morn beneath his towers be heard,  
 Then vainly may the guilty fly,  
 Unseen, unaided,—he must die !  
 Let those he loves prepare his tomb,  
 Let friendship lure him to his doom !  
 Perish his deeds, his name, his race,  
 Without a record or a trace !  
 Away ! be watchful, swift and free,  
 To break the invisible's decree.  
 'Tis passed—the avenger claims his prey :  
 On to the chase of death—away !”

And all was still. The sweeping blast  
 Caught not a whisper as it passed ;  
 The shadowy forms were seen no more,  
 The tombs deserted as before ;  
 And the wide forest waved immense  
 In dark and lone magnificence.

## II.

IN Lindheim's towers the feast had closed  
 The song was hushed, the bard reposed ;  
 Sleep settled on the weary guest,  
 And the castle's lord retired to rest.  
 To rest ? The captive doomed to die  
 May slumber, when his hour is nigh ;  
 The seaman, when the billows foam,  
 Rocked on the mast, may dream of home :

The warrior, on the battle's eve,  
 May win from care a short reprieve :  
 But earth and heaven alike deny  
 Their peace to guilt's o'erwearied eye ;  
 And night, that brings to grief a calm,  
 To toil a pause, to pain a balm,  
 Hath spells terrific in her course,  
 Dread sounds and shadows, for Remorse—  
 Voices, that long from earth have fled,  
 And steps and echoes from the dead,  
 And many a dream whose forms arise  
 Like a dark world's realities !  
 Call them not vain illusions—born  
 But for the wise and brave to scorn !  
 Heaven, that the penal doom defers,  
 Hath yet its thousand ministers,  
 To scourge the heart, unseen, unknown,  
 In shade, in silence, and alone,  
 Concentrating in one brief hour  
 Ages of retribution's power !  
 —If thou wouldst know the lot of those  
 Whose souls are dark with guilty woes,  
 Ah ! seek them not where pleasure's throng  
 Are listening to the voice of song ;  
 Seek them not where the banquet glows,  
 And the red vineyard's nectar flows :  
 There, mirth may flush the hollow cheek,  
 The eye of feverish joy may speak,  
 And smiles, the ready mask of pride,  
 The canker-worm within may hide.  
 Heed not those signs—they but delude ;  
 Follow, and mark their solitude !

The song is hushed, the feast is done,  
 And Lindheim's lord remains alone—  
 Alone in silence and unrest,  
 With the dread secret of his breast ;  
 Alone with anguish and with fear—  
 There needs not an avenger here !  
 Behold him ! Why that sudden start ?  
 Thou hear'st the beating of thy heart !  
 Thou hear'st the night-wind's hollow sigh,  
 Thou hear'st the rustling tapestry !  
 No sound but these may near thee be ;  
 Sleep ! all things earthly sleep, but thee.  
 —No ! there are murmurs on the air,  
 And a voice is heard that cries—“ Despair ! ”  
 And he who trembles fain would deem  
 'Twas the whisper of a waking dream.  
 Was it but this ? Again ! 'tis there :  
 Again is heard—“ Despair ! Despair ! ”  
 'Tis past—its tones have slowly died  
 In echoes on the mountain side ;  
 Heard but by him, they rose, they fell,  
 He knew their fearful meaning well,  
 And shrinking from the midnight gloom,  
 As from the shadow of the tomb,

Yet shuddering, turned in pale dismay,  
 When broke the dawn's first kindling ray,  
 And sought, amidst the forest wild,  
 Some shade where sunbeam never smiled.

Yes ! hide thee, Guilt ! The laughing  
 morn  
 Wakes in a heaven of splendour born ;  
 The storms that shook the mountain crest  
 Have sought their viewless world of rest.  
 High from his cliffs, with ardent gaze,  
 Soars the young eagle in the blaze,  
 Exulting as he wings his way,  
 To revel in the fount of day.  
 And brightly past his banks of vine,  
 In glory, flows the monarch Rhine ;  
 And joyous peals the vintage song  
 His wild luxuriant shores along,  
 As peasant bands, from rock and dell,  
 Their strains of choral transport swell.  
 And cliffs of bold fantastic forms,  
 Aspiring to the realm of storms,  
 And woods around and waves below  
 Catch the red Orient's deepening glow,  
 That lends each tower and convent spire  
 A tinge of its ethereal fire.

## III.

SWELL high the song of festal hours !  
 Deck ye the shrine with living flowers !  
 Let music o'er the water breathe !  
 Let beauty twine the bridal wreath !  
 While she, whose blue eye laughs in light,  
 Whose cheek with love's own hue is bright,  
 The fair-haired maid of Lindheim's hall  
 Wakes to her nuptial festival.  
 —Oh ! who hath seen, in dreams that soar  
 To worlds the soul would fain explore,  
 When, for her own blest country pining,  
 Its beauty o'er her thought is shining,—  
 Some form of heaven, whose cloudless eye  
 Was all one beam of ecstasy ;  
 Whose glorious brow no traces wore  
 Of guilt, or sorrow known before ;  
 Whose smile undimmed by aught of earth,  
 A sunbeam of immortal birth,  
 Spoke of bright realms far distant lying,  
 Where love and joy are both undying ?  
 Even thus—a vision of delight,  
 A beam to gladden mortal sight,  
 A flower whose head no storm has bowed,  
 Whose leaves ne'er dropped beneath a  
 cloud—  
 Thus, by the world unstained, untried,  
 Seemed that beloved and lovely bride ;  
 A being all too soft and fair  
 One breath of earthly woe to bear.

Yet lives there many a lofty mind  
 In light and fragile form enshrined ;  
 And oft smooth cheek and smiling eye  
 Hide strength to suffer and to die.  
 Judge not of woman's heart in hours  
 That strew her path with summer flowers,  
 When joy's full cup is mantling high,  
 When flattery's blandishments are nigh :  
 Judge her not then ! within her breast  
 Are energies unseen, that rest.  
 They wait their call—and grief alone  
 May make the soul's deep secrets known.  
 Yes ! let her smile 'midst pleasure's train,  
 Leading the reckless and the vain !  
 Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,  
 Besprinkled with the martyr's blood ;  
 Her voice the patriot's heart hath steeled,  
 Her spirit glowed on battlefield ;  
 Her courage freed from dungeon's gloom  
 The captive brooding o'er his doom ;  
 Her faith the fallen monarch saved,  
 Her love the tyrant's fury braved ;  
 No scene of danger or despair,  
 But she hath won her triumph there !

Away ! nor cloud the festal morn  
 With thoughts of boding sadness born.  
 Far other, lovelier dreams are thine,  
 Fair daughter of a noble line !  
 Young Ella ! from thy tower whose height  
 Hath caught the flush of eastern light,  
 Watching, while soft the morning air  
 Parts on thy brow the sunny hair,  
 Yon bark, that o'er the calm blue tide  
 Bears thy loved warrior to his bride—  
 Him, whose high deeds romantic praise  
 Hath hallowed with romantic lays.

He came, that youthful chief—he came,  
 That favoured lord of love and fame ;  
 His step was hurried—as of one  
 Who seeks a voice within to shun ;  
 His cheek was varying, and expressed  
 The conflict of a troubled breast ;  
 His eye was anxious—doubt and dread,  
 And a stern grief, might there be read.  
 Yet all that marked his altered mien  
 Seemed struggling to be still unseen.

With shrinking heart, with nameless fear,  
 Young Ella met the brow austere,  
 And the wild look, which seemed to fly  
 The timid welcomes of her eye.  
 Was that a lover's gaze which chilled  
 The soul, its awful sadness thrilled ?  
 A lover's brow, so darkly fraught  
 With all the heaviest gloom of thought ?  
 She trembled. Ne'er to grief inured,  
 By its dread lessons ne'er matured,

Unused to meet a glance of less  
 Than all a parent's tenderness,  
 Shuddering she felt through every sense  
 The deathlike faintness of suspense.

High o'er the windings of the flood,  
 On Lindheim's terraced rocks they stood,  
 Whence the free sight afar might stray  
 O'er that imperial river's way,  
 Which, rushing from its Alpine source,  
 Makes one long triumph of its course,  
 Rolling in tranquil grandeur by  
 'Midst nature's noblest pageantry.  
 But they, o'er that majestic scene,  
 With clouded brow and anxious mien,  
 In silence gazed. For Ella's heart  
 Feared its own terrors to impart :  
 And he, who vainly strove to hide  
 His pangs, with all a warrior's pride,  
 Seemed gathering courage to unfold  
 Some fearful tale that must be told.

At length his mien, his voice, obtained  
 A calm that seemed by conflicts gained,  
 As thus he spoke—" Yes ! gaze awhile  
 On the bright scenes that round thee smile ;  
 For, if thy love be firm and true,  
 Soon must thou bid their charms adieu.  
 A fate hangs o'er us whose decree  
 Must bear me far from them or thee.  
 Our path is one of snares and fear—  
 I lose thee if I linger here.  
 Droop not, beloved ! thy home shall rise  
 As fair, beneath far-distant skies ;  
 As fondly tenderness and truth  
 Shall cherish there thy rose of youth.  
 But speak ! and when yon hallowed shrine  
 Hath heard the vows which make thee  
 mine,  
 Say, wilt thou fly with me, no more  
 To tread thine own loved mountain-shore,  
 But share and soothe, repining not,  
 The bitterness of exile's lot ?"

" Ulric ! thou know'st how dearly loved  
 The scenes where first my childhood roved ;  
 The woods, the rocks, that tower supreme  
 Above our own majestic stream ;  
 The halls where first my heart beat high  
 To the proud songs of chivalry.  
 All, all are dear—yet *these* are ties  
 Affection well may sacrifice ;  
 Loved though they be, where'er thou art,  
*There* is the country of my heart !  
 Yet there is one, who, reft of me,  
 Were lonely as a blasted tree :  
 One, who still hoped my hand should close  
 His eye in nature's last repose.



Eye gathers round him—on his brow  
 Already rests the wintry snow ;  
 His form is bent, his features wear  
 The deepening lines of age and care ;  
 His faded eye hath lost its fire ;  
 Thou wouldst not tear me from my sire !  
 Yet tell me all—thy woes impart,  
 My Ulric ! to a faithful heart,  
 Which sooner far—oh ! doubt not this—  
 Would share *thy* pangs than others' bliss."

"Ella, what wouldst thou?—'tis a tale  
 Will make that cheek as marble pale !  
 Yet what avails it to conceal  
 All thou too soon must know and feel ?  
 It must, it must be told ; prepare,  
 And nerve that gentle heart to bear.  
 But I—oh, was it then for *me*  
 The herald of thy woes to be—  
 Thy soul's bright calmness to destroy,  
 And wake thee first from dreams of joy ?  
 Forgive ! I would not ruder tone  
 Should make the fearful tidings known—  
 I would not that unpitying eyes  
 Should coldly watch thine agonies.  
 Better 'twere mine—that task severe,  
 To cloud thy breast with grief and fear.  
 —Hast thou not heard, in legends old,  
 Wild tales that turn the life-blood cold,  
 Of those who meet in cave or glen,  
 Far from the busy walks of men ;  
 Those who mysterious vigils keep,  
 When earth is wrapped in shades and sleep,  
 To judge of crimes, like Him on high,  
 In stillness and in secrecy—  
 The unknown avengers, whose decree  
 'Tis fruitless to resist or flee—  
 Whose name hath cast a spell of power  
 O'er peasant's cot and chieftain's tower ?  
 Thy sire—O Ella ! hope is fled !  
 Think of him, mourn him, as the dead !  
 Their sentence, theirs hath sealed his doom,  
 And thou may'st weep as o'er the tomb.  
 Yes, weep !—relieve thy heart oppressed,  
 Pour forth thy sorrows on my breast.  
 Thy cheek is cold—thy tearless eye  
 Seems fixed in frozen vacancy.  
 Oh, gaze not thus !—thy silence break :  
 Speak ! if 'tis but in anguish, speak !"

She spoke at length, in accents low,  
 Of wild and half-indignant woe :—  
 "He doomed to perish ! he decreed  
 By their avenging arm to bleed !  
 He, the renowned in holy fight, [might !  
 The Paynim's scourge, the Christian's  
 Ulric ! what mean'st thou ? Not a thought  
 Of that high mind with guilt is fraught !

Say for which glorious trophy won,  
 Which deed of martial prowess done,  
 Which battlefield in days gone by  
 Gained by his valour, must he die ?  
 Away ! 'tis not *his* lofty name  
 Their sentence hath consigned to shame :  
 'Tis not his life they seek. Recall  
 Thy words, or say he shall not fall !"

Then sprang forth tears, whose blest relief  
 Gave pleading softness to her grief :  
 "And wilt thou not, by all the ties  
 Of our affianced love," she cries—  
 "By all my soul hath fixed on thee,  
 Of cherished hope for years to be,  
 Wilt *thou* not aid him ? Wilt not thou  
 Shield his grey head from danger now ?  
 And didst thou not in childhood's morn,  
 That saw our young affections born,  
 Hang round his neck and climb his knee,  
 Sharing his parent smile with me ?  
 Kind, gentle Ulric ! best beloved !  
 Now be thy faith in danger proved !  
 Though snares and terrors round him  
 wait,  
 Thou wilt not leave him to his fate.  
 Turn not away in cold disdain—  
 Shall thine own Ella plead in vain ?  
 How art thou changed ! and must I bear  
 That frown, that stern averted air ?  
 What mean they ?"

"Maiden, need'st thou ask ?  
 These features wear no specious mask.  
 Doth sorrow mark this brow and eye  
 With characters of mystery ?  
 This—*this* is anguish ! Can it be ?  
 And plead'st thou for thy sire to *me* ?  
 Know, though thy prayers a death-pang  
 give,  
 He must not meet my sight—and live !  
 Well may'st thou shudder ! Of the band  
 Who watch in secret o'er the land,  
 Whose thousand swords 'tis vain to shun,  
 The unknown, the unslumbering—I am  
 one !  
 My arm defend him ! What were *then*  
 Each vow that binds the souls of men,  
 Sworn on the cross, and deeply sealed  
 By rites that may not be revealed ?  
 A breeze's breath, an echo's tone,  
 A passing sound, forgot when gone  
 —Nay, shrink not from me. I would fly,  
 That he by other hands may die.  
 What I think'st thou I would live to trace  
 Abhorrence in that angel face ?  
 Beside thee should the lover stand,  
 The father's life-blood on his brand ?



No! I have bade my home adieu,  
For other scenes mine eyes must view.  
Look on me, love! Now all is known.  
O Ella! must I fly alone?"

[breath ;

But she was changed. Scarce heaved her  
She stood like one prepared for death,  
And wept no more. Then casting down  
From her fair brows the nuptial crown,  
As joy's last vision from her heart,  
Cried, with sad firmness, "We must part!  
'Tis past! These bridal flowers so frail,  
They may not brook one stormy gale,  
Survive—too dear as still thou art—  
Each hope they imaged;—we must part.  
One struggle yet, and all is o'er:  
We love—and may we meet no more!  
Oh! little knowest thou of the power  
Affection lends in danger's hour,  
To deem that fate should thus divide  
My footsteps from a father's side!  
Speed thou to other shores: I go  
To share his wanderings and his woe.  
Where'er his path of thorns may lead,  
Whate'er his doom by heaven decreed,  
If there be guardian powers above  
To nerve the heart of filial love,  
If courage may be won by prayer,  
Or strength by duty—I can bear!  
Farewell!—though in that sound be years  
Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears,  
Though the soul vibrate to its knell  
Of joys departed—yet, farewell!"

Was *this* the maid who seemed, erewhile,  
Born but to meet life's vernal smile?  
A being almost on the wing,  
As an embodied breeze of spring?  
A child of beauty and of bliss,  
Sent from some purer sphere to this—  
Not, in her exile, to sustain  
The trial of one earthly pain;  
But as a sunbeam on to move,  
Wakening all hearts to joy and love?  
That airy form, with footsteps free,  
And radiant glance—could this be she?  
From her fair cheek the rose was gone,  
Her eyes' blue sparkle thence had flown;  
Of all its vivid glow bereft,  
Each playful charm her lip had left.  
But what were these? On that young face,  
Far nobler beauty filled their place.  
'Twas not the pride that scorns to bend,  
Though all the bolts of heaven descend;  
Not the fierce grandeur of despair,  
That half exults its fate to dare;  
Nor that wild energy which leads  
Th' enthusiast to fantastic deeds.

*Her* mien, by sorrow unsubdued,  
Was fixed in silent fortitude;  
Not in its haughty strength elate,  
But calmly, mournfully sedate.  
'Twas strange yet lovely to behold  
That spirit in so fair a mould,  
As if a rose-tree's tender form,  
Unbent, unbroke, should meet the storm.  
—One look she cast where firmness strove  
With the deep pangs of parting love;  
One tear a moment in her eye  
Dimmed the pure light of constancy;  
And pressing, as to still, her heart,  
She turned in silence to depart.  
But Ulric, as with frenzy wrought,  
Then started from his trance of thought.

"Stay thee! oh, stay! It must not be:  
All, all were well resigned for thee!  
Stay! till my soul each vow disown,  
But those which make me thine alone.  
If there be guilt—there is no shrine  
More holy than that heart of thine.  
*There* be my crime absolved: I take  
The cup of shame for thy dear sake.  
Oh *shame!*—oh no! to virtue true,  
Where *thou* art, there is glory too.  
Go now! and to thy sire impart,  
He hath a shield in Ulric's heart,  
And thou a home. Remain, or flee,  
In life, in death—I follow thee!"

"There shall not rest one cloud of shame  
O Ulric! on thy lofty name;  
There shall not one accusing word  
Against thy spotless faith be heard!  
Thy path is where the brave rush on,  
Thy course must be where palms are won,  
Where banners wave, and falchions glare,  
Son of the mighty! be thou there.  
Think on the glorious names that shine  
Along thy sire's majestic line;  
Oh, last of that illustrious race!  
Thou wert not born to meet disgrace.  
Well, well I know each grief, each pain,  
Thy spirit nobly could sustain;  
Even I, unshrinking, see them near,  
And what hast thou to do with fear?  
But when have warriors calmly borne  
The cold and bitter smile of scorn?  
'Tis not for thee! Thy soul hath force  
To cope with all things—but remorse;  
And this my brightest thought shall be,  
Thou hast not braved its pangs for me.  
Go! break thou not one solemn vow;  
Closed be the fearful conflict now;  
Go! but forget not how my heart  
Still at thy name will proudly start.

When chieftains hear and minstrels tell  
Thy deeds of glory. Fare thee well!"

And thus they parted. Why recall  
The scene of anguish known to all?  
The burst of tears, the blush of pride,  
That fain those fruitless tears would hide;  
The lingering look, the last embrace,  
Oh! what avails it to retrace?  
They parted—in that bitter word  
A thousand tones of grief are heard,  
Whose deeply-seated echoes rest  
In the fair cells of every breast.  
Who hath not known, who shall not know,  
That keen yet most familiar woe?  
Where'er affection's home is found,  
It meets her on the holy ground;  
The cloud of every summer hour,  
The canker-worm of every flower.  
Who but hath proved, or yet shall prove,  
The mortal agony of love?

The autumn moon slept bright and still  
On fading wood and purple hill;  
The vintager had hushed his lay,  
The fisher shunned the blaze of day,  
And silence o'er each green recess  
Brooded in misty sultriness,  
But soon a low and measured sound  
Broke on the deep repose around;  
From Lindheim's tower a glancing oar  
Bade the stream ripple to the shore.  
Sweet was that sound of waves which parted  
The fond, the true, the noble-hearted;  
And smoothly seemed the bark to glide,  
And brightly flowed the reckless tide,  
Though, mingling with its current, fell  
The last warm tears of love's farewell.

## PART SECOND.

### I.

SWEET is the gloom of forest shades,  
Their pillared walks and dim arcades,  
With all the thousand flowers that blow  
A waste of loveliness, below,  
To him whose soul the world would fly  
For nature's lonely majesty:  
To bard, when wrapt in mighty themes,  
To lover, lost in fairy dreams,  
To hermit, whose poetic thought  
By fits a gleam of heaven hath caught,  
And in the visions of his rest  
Held bright communion with the blest,  
'Tis sweet but solemn! There alike  
Silence and sound with awe can strike,

The deep Eolian murmur made  
By sighing breeze and rustling shade,  
And caverned fountain gushing nigh,  
And wild-bees plaintive lullaby:  
Or the dead stillness of the bowers,  
When dark the summer tempest lours;  
When silent nature seems to wait  
The gathering thunder's voice of fate;  
When the aspen scarcely waves in air,  
And the clouds collect for the lightning's  
glare—  
Each, each alike is awful there,  
And thrills the soul with feelings high  
As some majestic harmony.

But she, the maid, whose footsteps traced  
Each green retreat in breathless haste—  
Young Ella—lingered not to hear  
The wood-notes, lost on mourner's ear.  
The shivering leaf, the breeze's play,  
The fountain's gush, the wild-bird's lay—  
These charm not now. Her sire she  
sought, [thought,  
With trembling frame, with anxious  
And, starting if a forest deer  
But moved the rustling branches near,  
First felt that innocence may fear.  
—She reached a lone and shadowy dell,  
Where the free sunbeam never fell.  
'Twas twilight there at summer noon,  
Deep night beneath the harvest moon,  
And scarce might one bright star be seen  
Gleaming the tangled boughs between:  
For many a giant rock around  
Dark in terrific grandeur frowned,  
And the ancient oaks that waved on high,  
Shut out each glimpse of the blessed sky.  
Then the cold spring, in its shadowy cave,  
Ne'er to heaven's beam one sparkle gave,  
And the wild flower on its brink that grew  
Caught not from day one glowing hue.  
'Twas said, some fearful deed untold  
Had stained that scene in days of old;  
Tradition o'er the haunt had thrown  
A shade yet deeper than its own;  
And still, amidst the umbrageous gloom,  
Perchance above some victim's tomb,  
O'ergrown with ivy and with moss,  
There stood a rudely sculptured Cross,  
Which, haply silent record bore,  
Of guilt and penitence of yore.

Who by that holy sign was kneeling,  
With brow unuttered pangs revealing,  
Hands clasped convulsively in prayer,  
And lifted eyes and streaming hair,  
And cheek all pale, as marble mould,  
Seen by the moonbeam's radiance cold?

Was it some image of despair  
Still fixed that stamp of woe to bear?  
—Oh! ne'er could Art her forms have  
wrought

To speak such agonies of thought!  
Those deathlike features gave to view  
A mortal's pangs too deep and true.  
Starting he rose, with frenzied eye,  
As Ella's hurried step drew nigh:  
He turned, with aspect darkly wild,  
Trembling he stood—before his child!  
On, with a burst of tears she sprung,  
And to her father's bosom clung.

"Away! what seek'st thou here?" he  
cried,  
"Art thou not now thine Ulric's bride?  
Hence, leave me—leave me to await  
In solitude the storm of Fate.  
Thou know'st not what my doom may be,  
Ere evening comes in peace to thee."

"My father! shall the joyous throng  
Swell high for me the bridal song?  
Shall the gay nuptial board be spread,  
The festal garland bind my head,  
And thou in grief, in peril, roam,  
And make the wilderness thy home?  
No! I am here with thee to share  
All suffering mortal strength may bear.  
And, oh! whate'er thy foes decree,  
In life, in death, in chains, or free—  
Well, well I feel, in thee secure;  
Thy heart and hand alike are pure!"

Then was there meaning in his look,  
Which deep that trusting spirit shook;  
So wildly did each glance express  
The strife of shame and bitterness,  
As thus he spoke: "Fond dreams, oh  
hence!

Is this the mien of Innocence?  
This furrowed brow, this restless eye—  
Read thou the fearful tale, and fly!  
Is it enough? or must I seek  
For words, the tale of guilt to speak?  
Then be it so—I will not doom  
Thy youth to wither in its bloom;  
I will not see thy tender frame  
Bowed to the earth with fear and shame.  
No! though I teach thee to abhor  
The sire so fondly loved before;  
Though the dread effort rend my breast,  
Yet shalt thou leave me and be blest!  
Oh! bitter penance! Thou wilt turn  
Away in horror and in scorn;  
Thy looks, that still through all the past  
Affection's gentlest beams have cast,

As lightning on my heart shall fall,  
And I must mark and bear it all.  
Yet, though of life's best ties bereaved,  
Thou shalt not, must not, be deceived.

"I linger—let me speed the tale  
Ere voice, and thought, and memory fail.  
Why should I falter thus to tell  
What Heaven so long hath known too  
well?

Yes! though from mortal sight concealed,  
There hath a brother's blood appealed!  
He died—'twas not where banners wave,  
And war-steeds trample on the brave;  
He died—it was in Holy Land—  
Yet fell he not by Paynim hand;  
He sleeps not with his sires at rest,  
With trophied shield and knightly crest;  
Unknown his grave to kindred eyes,—  
But I can tell thee where he lies!  
It was a wild and savage spot,  
But once beheld and ne'er forgot!  
I see it now! That haunted scene  
My spirit's dwelling still hath been.  
And he is there—I see him laid  
Beneath that palm-tree's lonely shade.  
The fountain-wave that sparkles nigh  
Bears witness with its crimson dye.  
I see th' accusing glance he raised,  
Ere that dim eye by death was glazed.  
Ne'er will that parting look forgive!  
I still behold it—and I live!  
I live! from hope, from mercy driven,  
A mark for all the shafts of Heaven!

"Yet had I wrongs. By fraud he won  
My birthright; and my child, my son,  
Heir to high name, high fortune born,  
Was doomed to penury and scorn,  
An alien 'midst his father's halls,  
An exile from his native walls.  
Could I bear this? the rankling thought,  
Deep, dark within my bosom wrought.  
Some serpent kindling hate and guile,  
Lurked in my infant's rosy smile,  
And when his accents lisped my name,  
They woke my inmost heart to flame!  
I struggled—are there evil powers  
That claim their own ascendant hours?  
—Oh! what should thine unspotted soul  
Or know or fear of *their* control?  
Why on the fearful conflict dwell?  
Vainly I struggled, and I fell—  
Cast down from every hope of bliss—  
Too well thou know'st to what abyss!

"'Twas done!—that moment hurried by  
To darken all eternity.



Years rolled away, long evil years,  
 Of woes, of fetters, and of fears ;  
 Nor aught but vain remorse I gained  
 By the deep guilt my soul which stained,  
 For, long a captive in the lands  
 Where Arabs tread their burning sands,  
 The haunted midnight of the mind  
 Was round me while in chains I pined,  
 By all forgotten, save by one  
 Dread presence—which I could not shun.  
 —How oft, when o'er the silent waste  
 Nor path nor landmark might be traced,  
 When slumbering by the watch-fire's ray  
 The Wanderers of the Desert lay,  
 And stars as o'er an ocean shone,  
 Vigil I kept—but not alone !  
 That form, that image from the dead,  
 Still walked the wild with soundless tread !  
 I've seen it in the fiery blast,  
 I've seen it when the sand-storms passed ;  
 Beside the Desert's fount it stood,  
 Tinging the clear cold wave with blood !  
 And even when viewless, by the fear  
 Curdling my veins, I knew 'twas near.  
 —*Was* near ! I feel the unearthly thrill,  
 Its power is on my spirit still :  
 A mystic influence, undefined,  
 The spell, the shadow of my mind !

"Wilt thou yet linger ? Time speeds on ;  
 One last farewell, and then begone !  
 Unclasp the hands that shade thy brow,  
 And let me read thine aspect *now* !  
 No ! stay thee yet, and learn the meed  
 Heaven's justice to my crime decreed.  
 Slow came the day that broke my chain,  
 But I at large was free again ;  
 And freedom brings a burst of joy,  
 Even guilt itself can scarce destroy.  
 I thought upon my own fair towers,  
 My native Rhine's gay vineyard bowers,  
 And in a father's visions pressed  
 Thee and thy brother to my breast.

"'Twas but in visions. Canst thou yet  
 Recall the moment when we met ?  
 Thy step to greet me lightly sprung,  
 Thy arms around me fondly clung ;  
 Scarce aught than infant seraph less  
 Seemed thy poor childhood's loveliness.  
 But he was gone—that son for whom  
 I rushed on guilt's eternal doom ;  
 He for whose sake alone were given  
 My peace on earth—my hope in heaven—  
 He met me not. A ruthless band  
 Whose name with terror filled the land,  
 Fierce outlaws of the wood and wild,  
 Had *ref* the father of his child.

Foes to my race, the hate they nursed  
 Full on that cherished scion burst.  
 Unknown his fate.—No parent nigh,  
 My boy ! my first-born—didst thou die ?  
 Or did they spare thee for a life  
 Of shame, of rapine, and of strife ?  
 Livest thou unfriended, unallied,  
 A wanderer lost, without a guide ?  
 Oh ! to thy fate's mysterious gloom  
 Blest were the darkness of the tomb !

"Ella ! 'tis done. My guilty heart  
 Before thee all unveiled—depart !  
 Few pangs 'twill cost thee now to fly  
 From one so stained—so lost as I.  
 Yet peace to thine untainted breast,  
 Even though it hate me—be thou blest !  
 Farewell ! thou shalt not linger here—  
 Even now the avenger may be near.  
 Where'er I turn, the foe, the snare,  
 The dagger may be ambushed there ;  
 One hour—and haply all is o'er,  
 And we must meet on earth no more.  
 No, nor beyond !—to those pure skies  
 Where thou shalt be, I may not rise.  
 Heaven's will for ever parts our lot,  
 Yet, O my child ! abhor me not !  
 Speak once, to soothe this broken heart--  
 Speak to me once ! and then depart."

But still—as if each pulse were dead,  
 Mute—as the power of speech were fled,  
 Pale—as if life-blood ceased to warm  
 The marble beauty of her form ;  
 On the dark rocks she leaned her head,  
 That seemed as there 'twere riveted,  
 And dropped the hands, till then which  
 pressed  
 Her burning brow or throbbing breast.  
 There beamed no tear-drop in her eye,  
 And from her lip there breathed no sigh,  
 And on her brow no trace there dwelt  
 That told she suffered or she felt.  
 All that once glowed, or smiled, or beamed,  
 Now fixed, and quenched, and frozen seemed ;  
 And long her sire, in wild dismay,  
 Deemed her pure spirit passed away.

But life returned. O'er that cold frame  
 One deep convulsive shudder came ;  
 And a faint light her eye relumed,  
 And sad resolve her mien assumed,  
 But there was horror in the gaze,  
 Which yet to his she dared not raise ;  
 And her sad accents, wild and low,  
 As rising from a depth of woe,  
 At first with hurried trembling broke,  
 But gathered firmness as she spoke.



"I leave thee not—whate'er betide,  
 My footsteps shall not quit thy side;  
 Pangs keen as death my soul may thrill,  
 But yet thou art my father still!  
 And, oh! if stained by guilty deed,  
 For some kind spirit tenfold need,  
 To speak of Heaven's absolving love,  
 And waft desponding thought above.  
 Is there not power in mercy's wave  
 The blood-stain from thy soul to lave?  
 Is there not balm to heal despair,  
 In tears, in penitence, and prayer?  
 My father! kneel at His pure shrine,  
 Who died to expiate guilt like thine;  
 Weep—and my tears with thine shall blend,  
 Pray—while my prayers with thine ascend,  
 And, as our mingling sorrows rise,  
 Heaven will relent, though earth despise!"

"My child, my child, these bursting tears,  
 The first my eyes have shed for years,  
 Though deepest conflicts they express,  
 Yet flow not all in bitterness.  
 Oh! thou hast bid a withered heart  
 From desolation's slumber start;  
 Thy voice of pity and of love,  
 Seems o'er its icy depths to move  
 Even as a breeze of health, which brings  
 Life, hope, and healing on its wings.  
 And there is mercy yet—I feel  
 Its influence o'er my spirit steal;  
 How welcome were each pang below,  
 If guilt might be atoned by woe.  
 Think'st thou I yet may be forgiven?  
 Shall prayers unclose the gate of heaven?  
 Oh! if it yet avail to plead,  
 If judgment be not yet decreed,  
 Our hearts shall blend their suppliant cry,  
 Till pardon shall be sealed on high.  
 Yet still I shrink?—Will mercy shed  
 Her dews upon this fallen head?  
 —Kneel, Ella, kneel! till full and free,  
 Descend forgiveness, won by thee."

They knelt—before the Cross, that sign  
 Of love eternal and divine;  
 That symbol, which so long hath stood  
 A rock of strength on time's dark flood,  
 Clasped by despairing hands, and laved  
 By the warm tears of nations saved.  
 In one deep prayer their spirits blent,  
 The guilty and the innocent.  
 Youth, pure as if from heaven its birth,  
 Age, soiled with every stain of earth.  
 Knelt, offering up one heart, one cry,  
 One sacrifice of agony.  
 Oh! blest, though bitter be their source—  
 Though dark the fountain of remorse,

Blest are the tears which pour from thence  
 The atoning stream of penitence.  
 And let not pity check the tide  
 By which the heart is purified;  
 Let not vain comfort turn its course,  
 Or timid love repress its force.  
 Go! bind the flood, whose waves expand  
 To bear luxuriance o'er the land;  
 Forbid the life-restoring rains  
 To fall on Afric's burning plains;  
 Close up the fount that gushed to cheer  
 The pilgrim o'er the waste who trode,  
 But check thou not one holy tear  
 Which penitence devotes to God.

## II.

THROUGH scenes so lone the wild-deer ne'er  
 Was roused by huntsman's bugle there—  
 So rude that scarce might human eye  
 Sustain their dread sublimity—  
 So awful that the timid swain,  
 Nurtured amidst their dark domain,  
 Had peopled with unearthly forms  
 Their mists, their forests, and their storms,—  
 She, whose blue eye of laughing light  
 Once made each festal scene more bright;  
 Whose voice in song of joy was sweetest,  
 Whose step in dance of mirth was fleetest,  
 By torrent-wave and mountain-brow  
 Is wandering as an outcast now,  
 To share with Lindheim's fallen chief  
 His shame, his terror, and his grief.

Hast thou not marked the ruin's flower,  
 That blooms in solitary grace,  
 And, faithful to its mouldering tower,  
 Waves in the banner's place? [passed,  
 From those grey haunts renown hath  
 Time wins his heritage at last;  
 The day of glory hath gone by,  
 With all its pomp and minstrelsy;  
 Yet still the flower of golden hues  
 There loves its fragrance to diffuse,  
 To fallen and forsaken things  
 With constancy unaltered clings,  
 And smiling o'er the wreck of state,  
 With beauty clothes the desolate.  
 —Even such was she, the fair-haired maid  
 In all her light of youth arrayed,  
 Forsaking every joy below  
 To soothe a guilty parent's woe,  
 And clinging thus, in beauty's prime,  
 To the dark ruin made by crime.  
 Oh! ne'er did Heaven's propitious eyes  
 Smile on a purer sacrifice;  
 Ne'er did young love at duty's shrine,  
 More nobly brightest hopes resign!

O'er her own pangs she brooded not,  
 Nor sank beneath her bitter lot ;  
 No ! that pure spirit's lofty worth  
 Still rose more buoyantly from earth,  
 And drew from an eternal source  
 Its gentle, yet triumphant force ;  
 Roused by affliction's chastening might  
 To energies more calmly bright,  
 Like the wild harp of airy sigh  
 Woke by the storm to harmony.

He that in mountain-holds hath sought  
 A refuge for unconquered thought,  
 A chartered home, where freedom's child  
 Might rear her altars in the wild,  
 And fix her quenchless torch on high,  
 A beacon for eternity ;  
 Or they, whose master-spirits wage  
 Proud war with Persecution's rage,  
 And to the deserts bear the faith  
 That bids them smile on chains and death ;  
 Well may *they* draw, from all around,  
 Of grandeur clothed in form or sound,  
 From the deep power of earth and sky,  
 Wild nature's might of majesty,  
 Strong energies, immortal fires,  
 High hopes, magnificent desires !  
 But dark, terrific, and austere,  
 To *him* doth Nature's mien appear,  
 Who 'midst her wilds would seek repose  
 From guilty pangs and vengeful foes !  
 For him the wind hath music dread,  
 A dirge-like voice that mourns the dead ;  
 The forest's whisper breathes a tone  
 Appalling, as from worlds unknown ;  
 The mystic gloom of wood and cave  
 Is filled with shadows of the grave ;  
 In noon's deep calm the sunbeams dart  
 A blaze that seems to search his heart ;  
 The pure eternal stars of night  
 Upbraid him with their silent light ;  
 And the dread spirit, which pervades  
 And hallows earth's most lonely shades,  
 In every scene, in every hour,  
 Surrounds him with chastising power—  
 With nameless fear his soul to thrill,  
 Heard, felt, acknowledged, present still !

'Twas the chilly close of an autumn day,  
 And the leaves fell thick o'er the wanderers'  
 way ;  
 The rustling pines with a hollow sound  
 Foretold the tempest gathering round ;  
 And the skirts of the western clouds were  
 spread  
 With a tinge of wild and stormy red,  
 That seemed, through the twilight forest-  
 bowers,  
 Like the glare of a city's blazing towers.

But they who far from cities fled,  
 And shrank from the print of human tread  
 Had reached a desert scene unknown,  
 So strangely wild, so deeply lone,  
 That a nameless feeling, unconfessed  
 And undefined, their souls oppressed.  
 Rocks piled on rocks, around them hurled,  
 Lay like the ruins of a world,  
 Left by an earthquake's final throes  
 In deep and desolate repose—  
 Things of eternity whose forms  
 Bore record of ten thousand storms !  
 While rearing its colossal crest  
 In sullen grandeur o'er the rest,  
 One, like a pillar, vast and rude,  
 Stood monarch of the solitude.  
 Perchance by Roman conqueror's hand  
 The enduring monument was planned ;  
 Or Odin's sons, in days gone by,  
 Had shaped its rough immensity,  
 To rear, 'midst mountain, rock, and wood,  
 A temple meet for rites of blood.  
 But they were gone who might have told  
 That secret of the times of old ;  
 And there in silent scorn it frowned  
 O'er all its vast coevals round.  
 Darkly those giant masses loured,  
 Countless and motionless they towered ;  
 No wild-flower o'er their summits hung,  
 No fountain from their caverns sprung ;  
 Yet ever on the wanderer's ear  
 Murmured a sound of waters near,  
 With music deep of lulling falls,  
 And louder gush at intervals,  
 Unknown its source—nor spring nor stream  
 Caught the red sunset's lingering gleam ;  
 But ceaseless, from its hidden caves,  
 Arose that mystic voice of waves.  
 Yet, bosomed 'midst that savage scene,  
 One chosen spot of gentler mien  
 Gave promise to the pilgrim's eye  
 Of shelter from the tempest nigh.  
 Glad sight ! the ivied Cross it bore,  
 The sculptured saint that crowned its door  
 Less welcome now were monarch's dome  
 Than that low cell, some hermit's home.

Thither the outcasts bent their way,  
 By the last lingering gleam of day ;  
 When from a caverned rock, which cast  
 Deep shadows o'er them as they past,  
 A form, a warrior form of might,  
 As from earth's bosom, sprang to sight.  
 His port was lofty—yet the heart  
 Shrank from him with recoiling start ;  
 His mien was youthful—yet his face  
 Had naught of youth's ingenuous grace ;

Nor chivalrous nor tender thought  
 Its traces on his brow had wrought.  
 Yet dwelt no fierceness in his eye,  
 But calm and cold severity,  
 A spirit haughtily austere,  
 Stranger to pity as to fear.  
 It seemed as pride had thrown a veil  
 O'er that dark brow and visage pale,  
 Leaving the searcher naught to guess,  
 All was so fixed and passionless.

He spoke—and they who heard the tone  
 Felt, deeply felt, all hope was flown.  
 "I've sought thee far in forest-bowers,  
 I've sought thee long in peopled towers,  
 I've borne the dagger of the UNKNOWN  
 Through scenes explored by me alone ;  
 My search is closed—nor toils nor fears  
 Repel the servants of the Seers.  
 We meet—'tis vain to strive or fly :  
 Albert of Lindheim, thou must die !"  
 Then with clasped hands the fair-haired  
 maid

Sank at his feet, and wildly prayed :—  
 "Stay, stay thee ! sheath that lifted steel !  
 Oh ! thou art human, and canst feel !  
 Hear me ! if e'er 'twas thine to prove  
 The blessing of a parent's love ;  
 By thine own father's hoary hair,  
 By her who gave thee being, spare !  
 Did they not, o'er thy infant years,  
 Keep watch in sleepless hopes and fears ?  
 Young warrior ! thou wilt hear my prayers,  
 As thou wouldst hope for grace to theirs !"

But cold the Avenger's look remained,  
 His brow its rigid calm maintained :  
 "Maiden ! 'tis vain—my bosom ne'er  
 Was conscious of a parent's care ;  
 The nurture of my infant years  
 Froze in my soul the source of tears ;  
 'Tis not for me to pause or melt,  
 Or feel as happier hearts have felt.  
 Away ! the hour of fate goes by !  
 Thy prayers are fruitless—he must die !"

"Rise, Ella ! rise !" with steadfast brow  
 The father spoke—unshrinking now,  
 As if from Heaven a martyr's strength  
 Had settled on his soul at length :  
 "Kneel thou no more, my noble child !  
 Thou by no taint of guilt defiled ;  
 Kneel not to man !—for mortal prayer,  
 Oh ! when did mortal vengeance spare ?  
 Since hope of earthly aid is flown,  
 Lift thy pure hands to Heaven alone,  
 And know, to calm thy suffering heart,  
 My spirit is resigned to part,

Trusting in Him who reads and knows  
 This guilty breast, with all its woes.  
 Rise ! I would bless thee once again,  
 Be still, be firm—for all is vain !"

And she *was* still. She heard him not—  
 Her prayers were hushed, her pangs forgot ;  
 All thought, all memory, passed away,  
 Silent and motionless she lay,  
 In a brief death, a blest suspense  
 Alike of agony and sense.  
 She saw not when the dagger gleamed  
 In the last red light from the west that  
 streamed ;  
 She marked not when the life-blood's flow  
 Came rushing to the mortal blow ;  
 While, unresisting, sank her sire,  
 Yet gathered firmness to expire,  
 Mingling a warrior's courage high  
 With a penitent's humility.  
 And o'er him there the Avenger stood,  
 And watched the victim's ebbing blood,  
 Still calm, as if his faithful hand  
 Had but obeyed some just command,  
 Some power whose stern yet righteous will  
 He deemed it virtue to fulfil,  
 And triumphed when the palm was won,  
 For duty's task austere done.

But a feeling dread and undefined,  
 A mystic presage of the mind,  
 With strange and sudden impulse ran  
 Chill through the heart of the dying man,  
 And his thoughts found voice, and his bosom  
 breath,

And it seemed as fear suspended death,  
 And nature from her terrors drew  
 Fresh energy and vigour new.  
 —"Thou saidst thy lonely bosom ne'er  
 Was conscious of a parent's care ;  
 Thou saidst thy lot, in childhood's years,  
 Froze in thy soul the source of tears :  
 The time will come, when thou, with me,  
 The judgment throne of God will see—  
 Oh ! by thy hopes of mercy, then,  
 By His blest love who died for men,  
 By each dread rite, and shrine, and vow,  
 Avenger ! I adjure thee now !  
 To him who bleeds beneath thy steel,  
 Thy lineage and thy name reveal.  
 And haste thee ! for his closing ear  
 Hath little more on earth to hear—  
 Haste ! for the spirit, almost flown,  
 Is lingering for thy words alone."

Then first a shade, resembling fear,  
 Passed o'er th' Avenger's mien austere ;



A nameless awe his features crossed,  
 Soon in their haughty coldness lost.  
 —“What wouldst thou? Ask the rock and  
 wild,  
 And bid them tell thee of their child !  
 Ask the rude winds, and angry skies,  
 Whose tempests were his lullabies !  
 His chambers were the cave and wood,  
 His fosterers men of wrath and blood ;  
 Outcasts alike of earth and heaven,  
 By wrongs to desperation driven.  
 Who, in their pupil, now could trace  
 The features of a nobler race?  
 Yet such was mine !—if one who cast  
 A look of anguish o'er the past,  
 Bore faithful record on the day  
 When penitent in death he lay.  
 But still deep shades my prospects veil ;  
 He died—and told but half the tale.  
 With him it sleeps—I only know  
 Enough for stern and silent woe,  
 For vain ambition's deep regret,  
 For hopes deceived, deceiving yet,  
 For dreams of pride, that vainly tell  
 How high a lot had suited well  
 The heir of some illustrious line,  
 Heroes and chieftains of the Rhine !”

Then swift through Albert's bosom passed  
 One pang, the keenest and the last,  
 Ere with his spirit fled the fears,  
 The sorrows, and the pangs of years ;  
 And, while his grey hairs swept the dust,  
 Faltering he murmured, “Heaven is just !  
 For thee that deed of guilt was done,  
 By thee avenged, my son ! my son !”

The day was closed—the moonbeam  
 shed  
 Light on the living and the dead ;  
 And as through rolling clouds it broke,  
 Young Ella from her trance awoke—  
 Awoke to bear, to feel, to know  
 Even more than all an orphan's woe.  
 Oh ! ne'er did moonbeam's light serene !  
 With beauty clothe a sadder scene !  
 There, cold in death, the father slept—  
 There, pale in woe, the daughter wept !  
 Yes ! *she* might weep—but one stood nigh,  
 With horror in his tearless eye,  
 That eye which ne'er again shall close  
 In the deep quiet of repose :  
 No more on earth beholding aught  
 Save one dread vision, stamped on thought.  
 But, lost in grief, the Orphan Maid  
 His deeper woe had scarce surveyed,  
 Till his wild voice revealed a tale  
 Which seemed to bid the heavens turn pale !

He called her, “Sister !” and the word  
 In anguish breathed, in terror heard,  
 Revealed enough ; all else were weak—  
 That sound a thousand pangs could speak ;  
 He knelt beside that breathless clay,  
 Which fixed in utter stillness lay—  
 Knelt, till his soul imbibed each trace,  
 Each line of that unconscious face ;  
 Knelt, till his eye could bear no more  
 Those marble features to explore ;  
 Then, starting, turning, as to shun  
 The image thus by Memory won,  
 A wild farewell to her he bade,  
 Who by the dead in silence prayed ;  
 And, frenzied by his bitter doom,  
 Flew thence—to find all earth a tomb !

## III.

DAYS passed away—and Rhine's fair shore  
 In the light of summer smiled once more ;  
 The vines were purpling on the hill,  
 And the corn-fields waved in the sunshine  
 still.

There came a bark up the noble stream,  
 With pennons that shed a golden gleam,  
 With the flash of arms and the voice of song,  
 Gliding triumphantly along ;  
 For warrior-forms were glittering there,  
 Whose plumes waved light in the whisper-  
 ing air ;  
 And as the tones of oar and wave  
 Their measured cadence mingling gave,  
 'Twas thus the exulting chorus rose,  
 While many an echo swelled the close :—

“From the fields where dead and dying  
 On their battle-bier are lying,  
 Where the blood unstanch'd is gushing,  
 Where the steed unchecked is rushing,  
 Trampling o'er the noble-hearted,  
 Ere the spirit yet be parted ;  
 Where each breath of heaven is swaying  
 Knightly plumes and banners playing,  
 And the clarion's music swelling  
 Calls the vulture from his dwelling ;  
 He comes with trophies worthy of his line,  
 The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !  
 To his own fair woods, enclosing  
 Vales in sunny peace reposing,  
 Where his native stream is laving  
 Banks, with golden harvests waving,  
 And the summer light is sleeping  
 On the grape, through tendrils peeping ;  
 To the halls, where harps are ringing,  
 Bards the praise of warriors singing,  
 Graceful footsteps bounding fleetly,  
 Joyous voices mingling sweetly ;



Where the cheek of mirth is glowing,  
And the wine-cup brightly flowing,  
He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,  
The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !'

He came—he sought his Ella's bowers,  
He traversed Lindheim's lonely towers ;  
But voice and footstep thence had fled,  
As from the dwellings of the dead,  
And the sounds of human joy and woe  
Gave place to the moan of the wave below.  
The banner still the rampart crowned,  
But the tall rank grass waved thick around ;  
Still hung the arms of a race gone by  
In the blazoned halls of their ancestry ;  
But they caught no more, at fall of night,  
The wavering flash of the torch's light,  
And they sent their echoes forth no more  
To the Minnesinger's\* tuneful lore.  
For the hands that touched the harp were  
gone,  
And the hearts were cold that loved its tone ;  
And the soul of the chord lay mute and still,  
Save when the wild wind bad it thrill,  
And woke from its depth a dream-like moan,  
For life, and power, and beauty gone.

The warrior turned from that silent scene,  
Where a voice of woe had welcome been ;  
And his heart was heavy with boding  
thought,  
As the forest paths alone he sought.  
He reached a convent's fane, that stood  
Deep bosomed in luxuriant wood ;  
Still, solemn, fair—it seemed a spot  
Where earthly care might be all forgot,  
And sounds and dreams of heaven alone  
To musing spirit might be known.  
—And sweet even then were the sounds  
that rose  
On the holy and profound repose.  
Oh ! they came o'er the warrior's breast  
Like a glorious anthem of the blest ;  
And fear and sorrow died away  
Before the full majestic lay.  
He entered the secluded fane,  
Which sent forth that inspiring strain ;  
He gazed—the hallowed pile's array  
Was that of some high festal day ;  
Wreaths of all hues its pillars bound,  
Flowers of all scents were strewed around ;  
The rose exhaled its fragrant sigh,  
Blest on the altar to smile and die ;  
And a fragrant cloud from the censor's  
breath  
Half hid the sacred pomp beneath ;

\* German minstrel.

And still the peal of choral song  
Swelled the resounding aisles along ;  
Wakening, in its triumphant flow,  
Deep echoes from the graves below.

Why, from its woodland birthplace torn  
Doth summer's rose that scene adorn ?  
Why breathes the incense to the sky ?  
Why swells the exulting harmony ?  
—And see'st thou not yon form, so light !  
It seems half floating on the sight,  
As if the whisper of a gale,  
That did but wave its snowy veil,  
Might bear it from the earth afar,  
A lovely but receding star ?  
Know that devotion's shrine even now  
Receives that youthful vestal's vow—  
For this, high hymns, sweet odours rise,  
A jubilee of sacrifice.  
Mark yet a moment ! from her brow  
Yon priest shall lift the veil of snow,  
Ere yet a darker mantle hide  
The charms to heaven thus sanctified :  
Stay thee ! and catch their parting gleam,  
That ne'er shall fade from memory's  
dream.

A moment? Oh ! to Ulric's soul,  
Poised between hope and fear's control,  
What slow unmeasured hours went by,  
Ere yet suspense grew certainty !  
It came at length. Once more that face  
Revealed to man its mournful grace :  
A sunbeam on its features fell,  
As if to bear the world's farewell ;  
And doubt was o'er. His heart grew chill,  
'Twas she—though changed—'twas Ella  
still !

Though now her once-rejoicing mien  
Was deeply, mournfully serene ;  
Though clouds her eye's blue lustre shaded  
And the young cheek beneath had faded,  
Well, well he knew the form which cast  
Light on his soul through all the past !  
'Twas with him on the battle-plain ;  
'Twas with him on the stormy main ;  
'Twas in his visions, when the shield  
Pillowed his head on tented field ;  
'Twas a bright beam that led him on  
Where'er a triumph might be won—  
In danger as in glory nigh,  
An angel-guide to victory !

She caught his pale bewildered gaze  
Of grief half lost in fixed amaze.  
Was it some vain illusion, wrought  
By frenzy of impassioned thought ?  
Some phantom, such as Grief hath power  
To summon in her wandering hour ?

No ! it was he ! the lost, the mourned—  
 Too deeply loved, too late returned !  
 —A feverish blush, a sudden start,  
 Spoke the last weakness of her heart :  
 'Twas vanquished soon—the hectic red  
 A moment flushed her cheek and fled.  
 Once more serene, her steadfast eye  
 Looked up as to eternity ;  
 Then gazed on Ulric, with an air  
 That said—the home of Love is *there !*

Yes ! *there* alone it smiled for him,  
 Whose eyes before that look grew dim.

Not long 'twas his even *thus* to view  
 The beauty of its calm adieu ;  
 Soon o'er those features, brightly pale,  
 Was cast the impenetrable veil ;  
 And, if one human sigh were given  
 By the pure bosom vowed to Heaven,  
 'Twas lost, as many a murmured sound  
 Of grief, "not loud but deep," is drowned  
 In hymns of joy, which proudly rise  
 To tell the calm untroubled skies  
 That earth hath banished care and woe,  
 And man holds festival below !

## THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

CALL it not loneliness to dwell  
 In woodland shade or hermit dell,  
 Or the deep forest to explore,  
 Or wander Alpine regions o'er ;  
 For nature there all joyous reigns,  
 And fills with life her wild domains :—  
 A bird's light wing may break the air,  
 A wave, a leaf, may murmur there ;  
 A bee the mountain flowers may seek,  
 A chamois bound from peak to peak ;  
 An eagle, rushing to the sky,  
 Wake the deep echoes with his cry ;  
 And still some sound, thy heart to cheer,  
 Some voice though not of man is near.  
 But he whose weary step hath traced  
 Mysterious Afric's awful waste—  
 Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed,  
 Can tell thee what is solitude ?  
 It is to traverse lifeless plains,  
 Where everlasting stillness reigns,  
 And billowy sands and dazzling sky  
 Seem boundless as infinity !  
 It is to sink, with speechless dread,  
 In scenes unmeet for mortal tread,  
 Severed from earthly being's trace,  
 Alone amidst eternal space !

'Tis noon—and, fearfully profound,  
 Silence is on the desert round ;  
 Alone she reigns, above, beneath,  
 With all the attributes of death !  
 No bird the blazing heaven may dare,  
 No insect bide the scorching air ;  
 The ostrich, though of sunborn race,  
 Seeks a more sheltered dwelling-place ;  
 The lion slumbers in his lair,  
 The serpent shuns the noontide glare.  
 But slowly winds the patient train  
 Of camels o'er the blasted plain,

Where they and man may brave alone  
 The terrors of the burning zone.

Faint not, O pilgrims ! though on high  
 As a volcano flames the sky :  
 Shrink not, though as a furnace glow  
 The dark-red seas of sand below ;  
 Though not a shadow, save your own,  
 Across the dread expanse is thrown.  
 Mark where, your feverish lips to lave,  
 Wide spreads the fresh transparent wave !  
 Urge your tired camels on, and take  
 Your rest beside yon glistening lake ;  
 Thence, haply, cooler gales may spring,  
 And fan your brows with lighter wing.  
 Lo ! nearer now, its glassy tide  
 Reflects the date-tree on its side.  
 Speed on ! pure draughts and genial air,  
 And verdant shade, await you there.  
 Oh ! glimpse of heaven, to him unknown  
 That hath not trod the burning zone !  
 Forward they press—they gaze dismayed—  
 The waters of the desert fade !  
 Melting to vapours that elude  
 The eye, the lip, they vainly wooed.\*

What meteor comes ? A purple haze  
 Hath half obscured the noontide rays :  
 Onward it moves in swift career,  
 A blush upon the atmosphere.  
 Haste, haste ! avert th' impending doom !  
 Fall prostrate ! 'tis the dread Simoom !  
 Bow down your faces—till the blast  
 On its red wing of flame hath passed,  
 Far bearing o'er the sandy wave  
 The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came—'tis vanished—but hath left  
 The wanderers even of hope bereft ;

\* The mirage.

The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,  
Pride, courage, strength, its power could  
tame.

Faint with despondence, worn with toil,  
They sink upon the burning soil,  
Resigned, amidst those realms of gloom,  
To find their deathbed and their tomb.

But onward still!—yon distant spot  
Of verdure can deceive you not ;  
Yon palms, which tremulously seeme  
Reflected as the waters gleamed,  
Along the horizon's verge displayed,  
Still rear their slender colonnades—  
A landmark, guiding o'er the plain  
The Caravan's exhausted train.  
Fair is that little Isle of Bliss,  
The desert's emerald oasis !  
A rainbow on the torrent's wave,  
A gem embosomed in the grave,  
A sunbeam on the stormy day,  
Its beauty's image might convey !  
Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,  
While silence round her vigil keeps.

Rest, weary pilgrims ! calmly laid  
To slumber in the acacia shade :  
Rest, where the shrubs your camels bruise  
Their aromatic breath diffuse ;  
Where softer light the sunbeams pour  
Through the tall palm and sycamore ;  
And the rich date luxuriant spreads  
Its pendant clusters o'er your heads.  
Nature once more, to seal your eyes,  
Murmurs her sweetest lullabies ;  
Again each heart the music hails  
Of rustling leaves and sighing gales :  
And oh ! to Afric's child how dear  
The voice of fountains gushing near !  
Sweet be your slumbers ! and your dreams  
Of waving groves and rippling streams !  
Far be the serpent's venom'd coil  
From the brief respite won by toil ;  
Far be the awful shades of those  
Who deep beneath the sands repose—  
The hosts, to whom the desert's breath  
Bore swift and stern the call of death.  
Sleep ! nor may scorching blast invade  
The freshness of the acacia shade,  
But gales of heaven your spirits bless  
With life's best balm—forgetfulness !  
Till night from many an urn diffuse  
The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed—the moon on high  
Walks in her cloudless majesty,  
A thousand stars to Afric's heaven  
Serene magnificence have given—

Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame  
Shines forth eternally the same.

Blest be their beams, whose holy light  
Shall guide the camel's footsteps right.  
—Rise ! bid your Isle of Palms adieu !  
Again your lonely march pursue,  
While airs of night are freshly blowing,  
And heavens with softer beauty glowing.

'Tis silence all. The solemn scene  
Wears at each step a ruder mien ;  
For giant-rocks, at distance piled,  
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.  
Darkly they rise—what eye hath view'd  
The caverns of their solitude ?  
Away ! within those awful cells  
The savage lord of Afric dwells.  
Heard ye his voice?—the lion's roar  
Swell as when billows break on shore.  
Well may the camel shake with fear,  
And the steed pant—his foe is near.  
Haste ! light the torch ; bid watchfires  
throu

Far o'er the waste a ruddy glow ;  
Keep vigil—guard the bright array  
Of flames that scare him from his prey ;  
Within their magic circle press,  
O wanderer of the wilderness !  
Heap high the pile, and by its blaze  
Tell the wild tales of elder days,—  
Arabia's wondrous lore, that dwells  
On warrior deeds and wizard spells ;  
Enchanted domes 'mid scenes like these  
Rising to vanish with the breeze ;  
Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that shed  
Their light where mortal may not tread ;  
And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls  
The eternal billow heaves and falls.  
—With charms like these, of mystic power,  
Watchers ! beguile the midnight hour.

Slowly that hour hath rolled away,  
And star by star withdraws its ray.  
Dark children of the sun ! again  
Your own rich orient hails his reign,  
He comes, but veiled—with sanguine glare  
Tinging the mists that load the air ;  
Sounds of dismay and signs of flame  
The approaching hurricane proclaim.  
'Tis death's red banner streams on high—  
Fly to the rocks for shelter !—fly !  
Lo ! darkening o'er the fiery skies,  
The pillars of the desert rise !  
On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,  
A giant-host, the heavens concealing,  
They move like mighty genii-forms  
Towering immense 'midst clouds and  
storms



Who shall escape? With awful force The whirlwind bears them on their course ; They join, they rush resistless on— The landmarks of the plain are gone ; The steps, the forms, from each effaced, Of those who trod the burning waste All whelmed, all hushed !—none left to bear	Sad record how they perished there ! No stone their tale of death shall tell— The desert guards its mysteries well ; And o'er the unfathomed sandy deep, Where low their nameless relics sleep, Oft shall the future pilgrim tread, Nor know his steps are on the dead.
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## MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

["Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, where an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him :— 'Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as a public enemy.' Marius upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer inquired what answer he should carry to the governor. 'Go and tell him,' said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, 'that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.'"—PLUTARCH.]

'Twas noon,—and Afric's dazzling sun on high  
 With fierce resplendence filled the un-  
 No zephyrs waved the palm's majestic head,  
 And smooth alike the seas and deserts  
 While desolate, beneath a blaze of light,  
 Silent and lonely, as at dead of night,  
 The wreck of Carthage lay. Her prostrate  
 fanes  
 Had strewed their precious marble o'er the  
 Dark weeds and grass the column had o'er-  
 grown,  
 The lizard basked upon the altar-stone ;  
 Whelmed by the ruins of their own abodes,  
 Had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods ;  
 While near—dread offspring of the burning  
 day !—  
 Coiled 'midst forsaken halls the serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate pur-  
 sued,  
 To shelter in that awful solitude.  
 Well did that wanderer's high yet faded  
 mien  
 Suit the sad grandeur of the desert scene.  
 Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of wintry  
 snow,  
 Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed  
 Time hath not quenched the terrors of his  
 eye,  
 Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascendancy ;  
 While the deep meaning of his features told  
 Ages of thought had o'er his spirit rolled,  
 Nor dimmed the fire that might not be  
 controlled ;

And still did power invest his stately form,  
 Shattered, but yet unconquered, by the  
 storm.  
 [o'erthrown,  
 But slow his step—and where, not yet  
 Still towered a pillar 'midst the waste alone,  
 Faint with long toil, his weary limbs he  
 laid,  
 To slumber in its solitary shade.  
 He slept—and darkly, on his brief repose,  
 The indignant Genius of the scene arose.  
 Clouds robbed his dim unearthly form, and  
 spread  
 [head,  
 Mysterious gloom around his crownless  
 Crownless, but regal still. With stern dis-  
 dain,  
 The kingly shadow seemed to lift his chain,  
 Gazed on the palm, his ancient sceptre torn,  
 And his eye kindled with immortal scorn.

"And sleep'st thou, Roman?" cried his  
 voice austere ;  
 "Shall son of Latium find a refuge *here* ?  
 Awake ! arise ! to speed the hour of Fate,  
 When Rome shall fall, as Carthage deso-  
 late. [the brave,  
 Go ! with her children's flower, the free,  
 People the silent chambers of the grave :  
 So shall the course of ages yet to be  
 More swiftly waft the day, avenging me.

"Yes ! from the awful gulf of years to  
 come,  
 I hear a voice that prophecies her doom ;  
 I see the trophies of her pride decay,  
 And her long line of triumphs pass away,



Lost in the depth of time—while sinks the  
star

That led her march of heroes from afar.  
Lo! from the frozen forests of the North,  
The sons of slaughter pour in myriads forth.  
Who shall awake the mighty?—will thy  
woe,

City of thrones! disturb the realms below?  
Call on the dead to hear thee! let thy cries  
Summon their shadowy legions to arise,  
Array the ghost of conquerors on thy walls!  
—Barbarians revel in their ancient halls,  
And their lost children bend the subject  
knee, [free.

'Midst the proud tombs and trophies of the  
Bird of the sun! dread eagle! born on the  
high, [eye

A creature of the empyreal—thou, whose  
Was lightning to the earth—whose pinion  
waved

In haughty triumph o'er a world enslaved;  
Sink from thy heavens! for glory's noon is  
o'er, [more.

And rushing storms shall bear thee on no  
Closed is thy regal course—thy crest is torn,  
And thy plume banished from the realms  
of morn. [chiefs and kings,

The shaft hath reached thee: rest with  
Who conquered in the shadow of thy  
wings. [prey,

Sleep! while thy foes exult around their  
And share thy glorious heritage of day.

But darker years shall mingle with the past,  
And deeper vengeance shall be mine at last.  
O'er the seven hills I see destruction spread,  
And Empire's widow veils with dust her  
head.

Her gods forsake each desolated shrine,  
Her temples moulder to the earth like mine:  
'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,  
Calling heroic shades from ages gone,

Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts wait  
To learn the fearful oracle of Fate.

"Still sleep'st thou, Roman? Son of  
Victory, rise!

Wake to obey the avenging Destinies.  
Shed by thy mandate, soon thy country's  
blood

Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow flood.  
My children's manes call. Awake! prepare  
The feast they claim!—exult in Rome's  
despair! [cries,

Be thine ear closed against her suppliant  
Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies;

Let carnage revel even her shrines among;  
Spare not the valiant, pity not the young!  
Haste! o'er her hills the sword's libation  
shed, [head!"

And wreak the curse of Carthage on her

The vision flies. A mortal step is near  
Whose echoes vibrate on the slumberer's  
ear. [stands

He starts—he wakes to woe. Before him  
The unwelcome messenger of harsh com-  
mands,

Whose faltering accents tell the exiled chief  
To seek on other shores a home for grief.

—Silent the wanderer sat—but on his cheek  
The burning glow far more than words  
might speak; [broke

And, from the kindling of his eye, there  
Language where all the indignant soul  
awoke,

Till his deep thought found voice: then  
calmly stern,

And sovereign in despair, he cried,  
"Return! [seen

Tell him who sent thee hither, thou hast  
Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage once  
hath been!"

## A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

## A FRAGMENT

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the wave,  
Sleeps in pale gold on wood and hill,  
The wild wind slumbers in its cave,  
And heaven is cloudless—earth is still.  
The pile that crowns yon savage height  
With battlements of Gothic might,  
Rises in softer pomp arrayed,  
Its massy towers half lost in shade,  
Half touched with mellowing light.

The rays of night, the tints of time,  
Soft-mingling on its dark-grey stone,  
O'er its rude strength and mien sublime,  
A placid smile have thrown.  
And far beyond, where wild and high,  
Bounding the pale-blue summer sky,  
A mountain vista meets the eye,  
Its dark, luxuriant woods assume  
A pencilled shade, a softer gloom:

Its jutting cliffs have caught the light,  
 Its torrents glitter through the night,  
 While every cave and deep recess  
 Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.  
 Scarce moving on the glassy deep  
 Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep ;  
 But darting from its side,  
 How swiftly does its boat design  
 A slender, silvery, waving line  
 Of radiance o'er the tide !  
 No sound is on the summer seas  
 But the low dashing of the oar,  
 And faintly sighs the midnight breeze  
 Through woods that fringe the rocky  
 shore.

That boat had reached the silent bay—  
 The dashing oar has ceased to play ;  
 The breeze has murmured and has died  
 In forest shades, on ocean's tide.  
 No step, no tone, no breath of sound  
 Disturbs the loneliness profound ;  
 And midnight spreads o'er earth and main  
 A calm so holy and so deep,  
 That voice of mortal were profane  
 To break on nature's sleep.  
 It is the hour for thought to soar  
 High o'er the cloud of earthly woes ;  
 For rapt devotion to adore—  
 For passion to repose ;  
 And virtue to forget her tears  
 In visions of sublimer spheres.  
 For oh ! those transient gleams of heaven,  
 To calmer, purer spirits given,  
 Children of hallowed peace, are known  
 In solitude and shade alone.  
 Like flowers that shun the blaze of noon  
 To blow beneath the midnight moon,  
 The garish world they will not bless,  
 But only live in loneliness.  
 Hark ! did some note of plaintive swell  
 Melt on the stillness of the air ?  
 Or was it fancy's powerful spell  
 That woke such sweetness there ?  
 For wild and distant it arose,  
 Like sounds that bless the bard's repose,  
 When in lone wood or mossy cave  
 He dreams beside some fountain-wave,  
 And fairy worlds delight the eyes  
 Wearied with life's realities.

Was it illusion ? Yet again  
 Rises and falls the enchanted strain,  
 Mellow, and sweet, and faint—  
 As if some spirit's touch had given  
 The soul of sound to harp of heaven,  
 To soothe a dying saint.  
 Is it the mermaid's distant shell,  
 Warbling beneath the moonlit wave ?

Such witching tones might lure full well  
 The seaman to his grave.  
 Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,  
 Wild, soft, aerial melodies !  
 Is it the song of woodland-fay  
 From sparry grot, or haunted bower ?  
 Hark ! floating on the magic lay  
 Draws near yon livid tower !  
 Now nearer still, the listening ear  
 May catch sweet harp-notes, faint yet clear  
 And accents low, as if in fear,  
 Thus murmur, half-suppressed :—  
 "Awake ! the moon is bright on high,  
 The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,  
 The world is hushed to rest !"  
 Then sinks the voice—the strain is o'er,  
 Its last low cadence dies along the shore.

Fair Bertha hears the expected song,  
 Swift from her tower she glides along ;  
 No echo to her tread awakes,  
 Her fairy step no slumber breaks ;  
 And, in that hour of silence deep,  
 While all around the dews of sleep  
 O'erpower each sense, each eyelid steep,  
 Quick throbs her heart with hope and  
 fear,  
 Her dark eye glistens with a tear.  
 Half-wavering now, the varying cheek  
 And sudden pause her doubts bespeak,  
 The lip now flushed, now pale as death,  
 The trembling frame, the fluttering breath  
 Oh ! in that moment, o'er her soul  
 What struggling passions claim control !  
 Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,  
 By turns have won the ascendancy ;  
 And as, all tremulously bright,  
 Streams o'er her face the beam of night  
 What thousand mixed emotions play  
 O'er that fair face, and melt away !  
 Like forms whose quick succession gleams  
 O'er fancy's rainbow-tinted dreams ;  
 Like the swift glancing lights that rise  
 'Midst the wild cloud of stormy skies,  
 And traverse ocean o'er ;  
 So in that full, impassioned eye  
 The changeful meanings rise and die,  
 Just seen—and then no more.  
 But oh ! too short that pause. Again  
 Thrills to her heart that witching strain :—  
 "Awake ! the midnight moon is bright ;  
 Awake ! the moments wing their flight ;  
 Haste ! or thy speed in vain !"

O call of Love ! thy potent spell  
 O'er that weak heart prevails too well.  
 The "still small voice" is heard no more  
 That pleaded duty's cause before,

And fear is hushed, and doubt is gone,  
 And pride forgot, and reason flown !  
 Her cheek, whose colour came and fled,  
 Resumes its warmest brightest red,  
 Her step its quick elastic tread,  
 Her eye its beaming smile.  
 Through lonely court and silent hall,  
 Flits her light shadow o'er the wall ;  
 And still that low harmonious cail  
 Melts on her ear the while,  
 Though love's quick ear alone could tell  
 The words its accents faintly swell :—  
 " Awake ! while yet the lingering night  
 And stars and seas befriend our flight :  
 Oh ! haste, while all is well !"—  
 The halls, the courts, the gates, are past,  
 She gains the moonlit beach at last.  
 Who waits to guide her trembling fee ?  
 Who flies the fugitive to greet ?  
 He, to her youthful heart endeared  
 By all it e'er had hoped and feared,  
 Twined with each wish, with every thought,  
 Each day-dream fancy e'er had wrought,  
 Whose tints portray with flattering skill  
 What brighter worlds alone fulfil.  
 — Alas ! that aught so fair should fly  
 Thy blighting wand, Reality !

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,  
 A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore—  
 Disguise that vainly strove to hide  
 Bearing and glance of martial pride :  
 For he in many a battle-scene,  
 On many a rampart breach had been ;  
 Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,  
 Had seen the valiant bleed and die,  
 And proudly reared on hostile tower,  
 'Midst falchion's clash and arrow shower,  
 Britannia's banner high.  
 And though some ancient feud had taught  
 His Bertha's sire to loathe his name,  
 More noble warrior never fought  
 For glory's prize or England's fame.  
 And well his dark commanding eye,  
 And form and step of stately grace,  
 Accorded with achievements high,  
 Soul of emprise and chivalry,  
 Bright name, and generous race !  
 His cheek, embrowned by many a sun,  
 Tells a proud tale of glory won,  
 Of vigil, march, and combat rude,  
 Valour, and toil, and fortitude.  
 Even while youth's earliest blushes threw  
 Warm o'er that cheek their vivid hue,  
 His gallant soul, his stripling form,  
 Had braved the battle's rudest storm !  
 When England's conquering archers stood,  
 And dyed thy plain, Poitiers ! with blood :

When shivered axe and cloven shield  
 And shattered helmet strewed the field,  
 And France around her king in vain  
 Had marshalled valour's noblest train.  
 In that dread strife his lightning eye  
 Had flashed with transport keen and high,  
 And 'midst the battle's wildest tide  
 Throbb'd his young heart with hope and  
 pride.

Alike that fearless heart could brave  
 Death on the war-field or the wave ;  
 Alike in tournament or fight  
 That ardent spirit found delight.  
 Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,  
 Bright o'er his soul a vision came,  
 Rising like some benignant star  
 On stormy seas or plains of war,  
 To soothe, with hopes more dear than fame,  
 The heart that throbb'd to Bertha's name,  
 And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,  
 And in the deepest calm of night,  
 To her his thoughts would wing their flight  
 With fond devotion warm.  
 Oft would those glowing thoughts portray  
 Some home, from tumults far away,  
 Graced with that angel form !  
 And now his spirit fondly deems  
 Fulfilled its loveliest dearest dreams.

Who, with pale cheek and locks of snow  
 In minstrel garb attends the chief ?  
 The moonbeam on his thoughtful brow  
 Reveals a shade of grief.  
 Sorrow and time have touched his face  
 With mournful yet majestic grace,  
 Soft as the melancholy smile  
 Of sunset on some ruined pile.  
 —It is the bard, whose song had power  
 To lure the maiden from her tower—  
 The bard, whose wild inspiring lays,  
 Even in gay childhood's earliest days,  
 First woke in Osbert's kindling breast  
 The flame that will not be repress,  
 The pulse that throbs for praise.  
 Those lays had banished from his eye  
 The bright soft tears of infancy,  
 Had soothed the boy to calm repose,  
 Had hushed his bosom's earliest woes ;  
 And when the light of thought awoke,  
 When first young reason's day-spring broke,  
 More powerful still, they bade arise  
 His spirit's burning energies.  
 Then the bright dream of glory warmed,  
 Then the loud pealing war-song charmed,  
 The legends of each martial line,  
 The battle-tales of Palestine :  
 And oft, since then, *his* deeds had proved  
 Themes of the lofty lays he loved.



Now, at triumphant love's command,  
 Since Osbert leaves his native land,  
 Forsaking glory's high career  
 For her than glory far more dear ;  
 Since hope's gay dream and meteor ray  
 To distant regions point his way,  
 That there Affection's hands may dress  
 A fairy bower for happiness ;  
 That fond devoted bard, though now  
 Time's wintry garland wreathes his brow,  
 Though quenched the sunbeam of his eye,  
 And fled his spirit's buoyancy,  
 And strength and enterprise are past,  
 Still follows constant to the last.  
 Though his sole wish was but to die  
 'Midst the calm scenes of days gone by,  
 And all that hallows and endears  
 The memory of departed years—  
 Sorrow, and joy, and time, have twined  
 To those loved scenes his pensive mind ;  
 Ah ! what can tear the links apart  
 That bind his chieftain to his heart ?  
 What smile but *his* with joy can light  
 The eye obscured by age's night ?  
 Last of a loved and honoured line,  
 Last tie to earth in life's decline.  
 Till death its lingering spark shall dim,  
 That faithful eye must gaze on him !

Silent and swift, with footstep light  
 Haste on those fugitives of night.  
 They reach the boat—the rapid oar  
 Soon wafts them from the wooded shore.  
 The bark is gained ! A gallant few,  
 Vassals of Osbert, form the crew ;  
 The pennant, in the moonlight beam,  
 With soft suffusion glows ;  
 From the white sails a silvery gleam  
 Falls on the wave's repose ;  
 Long shadows undulating play,  
 From mast and streamer, o'er the bay ;  
 But still so hushed the summer air,  
 They tremble, 'midst the scene so fair,  
 Lest morn's first beam behold them there !

Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze of night !  
 From river-wave or mountain-height,  
 Or dew-bright couch of moss and flowers,  
 By haunted spring in forest-bowers,  
 Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,  
 In amber grot, where mermaids dwell,  
 And caverned gems their lustre throw  
 O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow—  
 Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,  
 In solitary splendour blaze,  
 And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal ear,  
 Swell through the deep's unfathomed  
 sphere ?

What grove of that mysterious world  
 Holds thy light wing in slumber furled ?  
 Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove ;  
 Awake ! to guide the bark of love !  
 Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon  
 Shall fade the bright propitious moon ;  
 Soon shall the waning stars grow pale,  
 Even now—but lo ! the rustling sail  
 Swells to the new-sprung ocean gale.  
 The bark glides on—their fears are o'er,  
 Recedes the bold romantic shore,  
 Its features mingling fast.  
 Gaze, Bertha ! gaze ! Thy lingering eye  
 May still each lovely scene descry  
 Of years for ever past ! [shade  
 There wave the woods, beneath whose  
 With bounding step thy childhood played,  
 'Midst ferny glades and mossy lawns,  
 Free as their native birds and fawns ;  
 Listening the sylvan sounds, that float  
 On each low breeze, 'midst dells remote—  
 The ringdove's deep melodious moan,  
 The rustling deer in thickets lone :  
 The wild bee's hum, the aspen's sigh,  
 The wood-stream's plaintive harmony.  
 Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,  
 There thine own mountains darkly tower :  
 'Midst their grey rocks no glen so rude  
 But thou hast loved its solitude :  
 No path so wild but thou hast known,  
 And traced its rugged course alone :  
 The earliest wreath that bound thy hair  
 Was twined of glowing heath-flowers there.  
 There in the day-spring of thy years,  
 Undimmed by passions or by tears ;  
 Oft, while thy bright enraptured eye  
 Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,  
 While the wild breeze that round thee blew,  
 Tinged thy warm cheek with richer hue ;—  
 Pure as the skies that o'er thy head  
 Their clear and cloudless azure spread ;  
 Pure as that gale whose light wing drew  
 Its freshness from the mountain dew,  
 Glowed thy young heart with feelings high,  
 A heaven of hallowed ecstasy.  
 Such days were thine, ere love had drawn  
 A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !  
 As the clear dews in morning's beam  
 With soft reflected colouring stream,  
 Catch every tint of eastern gem  
 To form the rose's diadem,  
 But vanish when the noontide hour  
 Glows fiercely on the shrinking flower—  
 Thus in thy soul each calm delight,  
 Like morn's first dewdrops, pure and  
 bright,  
 Flew swift from passion's blighting fire,  
 Or lingered only to expire.



Spring on thy native hills again  
 Shall bid neglected wild flowers rise,  
 And call forth in each grassy glen  
 Her brightest emerald dyes.  
 There shall the lonely mountain rose,  
 Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose ;  
 'Midst rocky dells, each well-known stream  
 Shall sparkle in the summer beam ;  
 The birch, o'er precipice and cave,  
 Its feathery foliage still shall wave ;  
 The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil  
 Its choral clusters to the gale ;  
 And autumn shed a warmer bloom  
 O'er the rich heath and glowing broom.  
 But thy light footstep there no more  
 Each path, each dingle shall explore.  
 In vain may smile each green recess—  
 Who now shall pierce its loneliness ?  
 The stream through shadowy glens may  
 stray—

Who now shall trace its glistening way ?  
 In solitude, in silence deep,  
 Shrined 'midst her rocks shall Echo sleep ;  
 No lute's wild swell again shall rise  
 To wake her mystic melodies.  
 All soft may blow the mountain air—  
 It will not wave thy graceful hair !  
 The mountain-rose may bloom and die—  
 It will not meet thy smiling eye !  
 But like those scenes of vanished days,  
 Shall others ne'er delight ;  
 Far lovelier lands shall meet thy gaze,  
 Yet seem not half so bright.  
 O'er the dim woodlands' fading hue  
 Still gleams yon Gothic pile on high ;  
 Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view  
 That home of infancy !  
 Heed not the night-dew's chilling power,  
 Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,  
 But pause and linger on the deck,  
 Till of those towers no trace, no speck,  
 Is gleaming o'er the main ;  
 For when the mist of morn shall rise,  
 Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,  
 That home once vanished from thine eyes,  
 Shall bless them ne'er again.

There the dark tales and songs of yore  
 First with strange transport thrilled thy  
 soul,  
 Even while their fearful mystic lore  
 From thy warm cheek the life-bloom stole.  
 There, while thy father's raptured ear  
 Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,  
 And in his eye the trembling tear  
 Revealed his spirit's trance ;  
 How oft, those echoing halls along,  
 Thy thrilling voice has swelled the song—

Tradition wild of other days,  
 Or troubadour's heroic lays,  
 Or legend of romance !  
 Oh ! many an hour has there been thine.  
 That memory's pencil oft shall dress  
 In softer shades, and tints that shine  
 In mellowed loveliness !  
 While thy sick heart and fruitless tears  
 Shall mourn, with fond and deep regret  
 The sunshine of thine early years,  
 Scarce deemed so radiant—till it set !  
 The cloudless peace, unprired till gone,  
 The bliss, till vanished hardly known !

On rock and turret, wood and hill,  
 The fading moonbeams linger still ;  
 Still, Bertha ! gaze on yon grey tower,  
 At evening's last and sweetest hour,  
 While varying still, the western skies  
 Flushed the clear seas with rainbow dyes,  
 Whose warm suffusions glowed and passed  
 Each richer, lovelier than the last.  
 How oft, while gazing on the deep,  
 That seemed a heaven of peace to sleep,  
 As if its wave, so still, so fair,  
 More frowning mien might never wear,  
 The twilight calm of mental rest  
 Would steal in silence o'er thy breast,  
 And wake that dear and balmy sigh  
 That breathes the spirit's harmony !—  
 Ah ! ne'er again shall hours to thee be  
 given

Of joy on earth, so near allied to heaven !

Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye ?  
 Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh ?  
 Is there a grief his voice, his smile,  
 His words, are fruitless to beguile ?  
 —Oh ! bitter to the youthful heart,  
 That scarce a pang, a care has known,  
 The hour when first from scenes we part,  
 Where life's bright spring has flown,—  
 Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,  
 That little shrine of peace—our home !  
 E'en if delighted fancy throw  
 O'er that cold world her brightest glow  
 Painting its untried paths with flowers  
 That will not live in earthly bowers,  
 (Too frail, too exquisite, to bear  
 One breath of life's ungenial air ;)  
 E'en if such dreams of hope arise  
 As heaven alone can realize,  
 Cold were the breast that would not heave  
 One sigh, the home of youth to leave ;  
 Stern were the heart that would not swell  
 To breathe life's saddest word—farewell !  
 Though earth has many a deeper woe,  
 Though tears more bitter far must flow

That hour, whate'er our future lot,  
That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot !

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,  
The thought, that bade the tear-drop start ;  
And Osbert by her side  
Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting swell  
Nature's fond struggle told too well ;  
And days of future bliss portrayed,  
And love's own eloquence essayed,  
To soothe his plighted bride !  
Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,  
In that sweet land to which they fly ;  
The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant dells  
Of blooming Italy.

For he had roved a pilgrim there,  
And gazed on many spots so fair,  
It seemed like some enchanted grove,  
Where only peace, and joy, and love,  
Those exiles of the world, might rove,  
And breathe its heavenly air ;  
And all unmixed with ruder tone,  
Their " wood-notes wild " be heard alone ;  
Far from the frown of stern control,  
That vainly would subdue the soul,  
There shall their long-affianced hands  
Be joined in consecrated bands.  
And in some rich romantic vale,  
Circled with heights of Alpine snow,  
Where citron-woods enrich the gale,  
And scented shrubs their balm exhale,  
And flowering myrtles blow ;  
And 'midst the mulberry boughs on high  
Weaves the wild vine her tapestry ;  
On some bright streamlet's emerald side,  
Where cedars wave in graceful pride,  
Bosomed in groves, their home shall rise,  
A sheltered bower of paradise !  
Thus would the lover soothe to rest  
With tales of hope her anxious breast :  
Nor vain that dear enchanting lore  
Her soul's bright visions to restore,  
And bid gay phantoms of delight  
Float in soft colouring o'er her sight.

O Youth ! sweet May-morn, fled so soon,  
Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,  
How oft thy spirit's buoyant power  
Will triumph e'en in sorrow's hour,  
Prevailing o'er regret !  
As rears its head the elastic flower,  
Though the dark tempest's recent shower  
Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay smile  
The aged bard to joy beguile ;  
Those silent years that steal away [ray,  
The cheek's warm rose, the eye's bright

Win from the mind a nobler prize,  
Even all its buoyant energies !  
For him the April days are past,  
When grief was but a fleeting cloud ;  
No transient shade will sorrow cast,  
When age the spirit's might has bowed :  
And, as he sees the land grow dim,  
That native land now lost to him,  
Fixed are his eyes and clasped his hands,  
And long in speechless grief he stands ;  
So desolately calm his air,  
He seems an image wrought to bear  
The stamp of deep, though hushed despair  
Motion and life no sign bespeaks,  
Save that the night-breeze o'er his cheeks  
Just waves his silvery hair :  
Naught else could teach the eye to know  
His was no sculptured form of woe.  
Long gazing o'er the darkened flood,  
Pale in that silent grief he stood,  
Till the cold moon was waning fast,  
And many a lovely star had died,  
And the grey heavens deep shadows cast  
Far o'er the slumbering tide ;  
And, robed in one dark solemn hue,  
Arose the distant shore to view.  
Then, starting from his trance of woe,  
Tears, long suppressed, in freedom flow,  
While thus his wild and plaintive strain  
Blends with the murmur of the main :

#### THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

" THOU setting moon ! when next thy rays  
Are trembling on the shadowy deep,  
The land now fading from thy gaze,  
These eyes in vain shall weep ;  
And wander o'er the lovely sea,  
And fix their tearful glance on thee—  
On thee ! whose light so softly gleams  
Through the green oaks that fringe my  
native streams.

" But 'midst those ancient groves no more  
Shall I thy quivering lustre hail ;  
Its plaintive strain my harp must pour  
To swell a foreign gale.  
The rocks, the woods, whose echoes woke  
When in full tones their stillness broke,  
Deserted now, shall hear alone  
The brook's wild voice, the wind's myste-  
rious moan.

" And oh ! ye fair forsaken halls,  
Left by your lord to slow decay,  
Soon shall the trophies on your walls  
Be mouldering fast away !  
There shall no choral songs resound,  
There shall no festal board be crowned :

But ivy wreath the silent gate,  
And all be hushed, and cold, and desolate.

" No banner from the stately tower  
Shall spread its blazoned folds on high ;  
There the wild briar and summer flower  
Unmarked shall wave and die.  
Home of the mighty ! thou art lone,  
The noonday of thy pride is gone,  
And midst thy solitude profound  
A step shall echo like unearthly sound !

" From thy cold hearths no festal blaze  
Shall fill the hall with ruddy light,  
Nor welcome with convivial rays  
Some pilgrim of the night.  
But there shall grass luxuriant spread,  
As o'er the dwellings of the dead ;  
And the deep swell of every blast  
Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur  
past.

" And I—my joy of life is fled,  
My spirit's power, my bosom's glow .  
The raven locks that graced my head  
Wave in a wreath of snow !  
And where the star of youth arose  
I deemed life's lingering ray should close,  
And those loved trees my tomb o'ershade  
Beneath whose arching bowers my child-  
hood played.

" Vain dream ! that tomb in distant earth  
Shall rise, forsaken and forgot ;  
And thou, sweet land that gavest me  
birth !  
A grave must yield me not.  
Yet, haply, he for whom I leave  
Thy shores, in life's dark winter eve,  
When cold the hand, and closed the lays,  
And mute the voice he loved to praise,  
O'er the hushed harp one tear may shed,  
And one frail garland o'er the minstrel's  
bed !"

1823.

## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

"T'WAS night in Babylon : yet many a beam  
Of lamps, far-glittering from her domes on high,  
Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream,  
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky  
Whose azure knows no cloud ;—each whispered sigh  
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace-bowers  
Bore deepening tones of joy and melody  
O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers ;  
And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,  
Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band !  
High at the stately midnight festival,  
Belshazzar sat enthroned.—There Luxury's hand  
Had showered around all treasures that expand  
Beneath the burning East ;—all gems that pour  
The sunbeams back ;—all sweets of many a land  
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore ;—  
But mortal Pride looked on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,  
A loftier theme may swell th' exulting strain !  
The Lord of nations spoke,—and forth were brought  
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane :  
Thrice holy vessels !—pure from earthly stain,  
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,  
Who deigned within the oracle to reign,  
Revealed, yet shadowed ; making noonday dim,  
To that most glorious cloud between the Cherubim.



## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,  
 And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eyes,  
 And He who sleeps not heard th' elated throng,  
 In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy  
 The Rock of Zion!—Fill the nectar high,  
 High in the cups of consecrated gold!  
 And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,  
 And bid the censers of the Temple hold  
 Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old!

Peace!—is it but a phantom of the brain,  
 Thus shadowed forth the senses to appal,  
 Yon fearful vision?—Who shall gaze again  
 To search its cause?—Along the illumined wall,  
 Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,  
 Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human hand,  
 O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall  
 In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,  
 Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,  
 And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,  
 And fitful starts!—the wine, in triumph poured,  
 Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,  
 The waving censer drops to earth—and lo!  
 The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with might,  
 Trembles before a shadow!—Say not so!—  
 The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,  
 Shrinks from the Dread Unknown, th' avenging Infinite!

But haste ye!—bring Chaldea's gifted seers,  
 The men of prescience!—haply to *their* eyes,  
 Which track the future through the rolling spheres,  
 Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.  
 They come—the readers of the midnight skies,  
 They that give voice to visions—but in vain!  
 Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,  
 It hath no language 'midst the starry train,  
 Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,  
 And other inspiration!—One of those  
 Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,  
 And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.  
 His eye was bright, and yet the deep repose  
 Of his pale features half o'erawed the mind,  
 And imaged forth a soul, whose joys and woes  
 Were of a loftier stamp than aught assigned  
 To Earth; a being sealed and severed from mankind.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose spirit passed  
 Time's utmost bounds?—on whose unshrinking sight  
 Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast  
 Their full resplendence?—Majesty and might  
 Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of light  
 Shrouding heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,  
 The curtain of th' unutterably bright  
 Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour shown,  
 Ancient of days!—e'en Thou, mad'st Thy dread presence known.



He spoke : the shadows of the things to come  
 Passed o'er his soul :—" O King, elate in pride !  
 God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom,  
 The one, the living God, by thee defied !  
 He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,  
 Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed  
 The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,  
 The stranger to thy throne of power succeed !  
 The days are full, they come ;—the Persian and the Mede !"

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round,  
 A breathless pause ! the hush of hearts that beat  
 And limbs that quiver ;—is there not a sound,  
 A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet ?—  
 'Twas but some echo, in the crowded street,  
 Of far-heard revelry ; the shout, the song,  
 The measured dance to music wildly sweet,  
 That speeds the stars their joyous course along ;—  
 Away ! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng !

Peace yet again !—Hark ! steps in tumult flying,  
 Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-field !  
 The shout of hosts exulting or defying,  
 The press of multitudes that strive or yield !  
 And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,  
 Sudden as earthquake's burst !—and, blent with these,  
 The last wild shriek of those whose doom is sealed  
 In their full mirth !—all deepening on the breeze  
 As the long stormy roar of far-advancing seas !

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,  
 Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry !  
 And lo ! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,  
 Death bursting on the halls of revelry !  
 Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die,  
 The sword hath raged through joy's devoted train,  
 Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,  
 Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and fane ;  
 Empire is lost and won, Belshazzar with the slain.

Fallen is the golden city ! in the dust,  
 Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of her state,  
 She that hath made the Strength of Towers her trust,  
 Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate !  
 She that beheld the nations at her gate,  
 Thronging in homage, shall be called no more  
 Lady of kingdoms !—Who shall mourn her fate ?  
 Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'er ;—  
 What widowed land shall now *her* widowhood deplore,

Sit thou in silence ! Thou that wert enthroned  
 On many waters ! thou, whose augurs read  
 The language of the planets, and disowned  
 The mighty name it blazons !—Veil thy head,  
 Daughter of Babylon ! the sword is red  
 From thy destroyers' harvest, and the yoke  
 Is on thee, O most proud !—for thou hast said,  
 " I am, and none beside !"—Th' Eternal spoke,  
 Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods were broke.

## THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

But go thou forth, O Israel ! wake ! rejoice !  
 Be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day.  
 Renew the sound of harps, th' exulting voice,  
 The mirth of timbrels !—loose the chain, and say  
 God hath redeemed his people !—from decay  
 The silent and the trampled shall arise ;—  
 Awake ; put on thy beautiful array ;  
 O long-forsaken Zion !—to the skies  
 Send up on every wind thy choral melodies !

And lift thy head !—Behold thy sons returning,  
 Redeemed from exile, ransomed from the chain !  
 Light hath revisited the house of mourning ;  
 She that on Judah's mountains wept in vain  
 Because her children were not—dwells again  
 Girt with the lovely !—through thy streets once more,  
 City of God ! shall pass the bridal train,  
 And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour,  
 And the triumphal hymns thy joy of youth restore !

## THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

. . . . . "Thou strivest nobly,  
 When hearts of sterner stuff perhaps had sunk ;  
 And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,  
 Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.  
 . . . . . Fame I look not for ;  
 But to sustain, in Heaven's all-seeing eye,  
 Before my fellow-men, in mine own sight,  
 With graceful virtue and becoming pride,  
 The dignity and honour of a man.  
 Thus stationed as I am, I will do all  
 That man may do."—*Constantine Palæologus.*

I.

THE fires grew pale on Rome's deserted  
 shrines ;  
 In the dim grot the Pythia's voice had died  
 Shout for the city of the Constantines,  
 The rising city of the billow-side,  
 The City of the Cross !—great Ocean's  
 bride, [ages past,  
 Crowned from her birth she sprang ! Long  
 And still she looked in glory o'er the tide,  
 Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,  
 Poured by the burning East all joyously  
 and fast.

II.

Long ages passed ! They left her porphyry  
 halls [gold  
 Still trod by kingly footsteps. Gems and  
 Broïdered her mantle, and her castled walls  
 Frowned in her strength ; yet there were  
 signs which told [of old  
 The days were full. The pure high faith

Was changed ; and on her silken couch of  
 sleep  
 She lay, and murmured if a rose-leaf's fold  
 Disturbed her dreams ; and called her  
 slaves to keep  
 Their watch, that no rude sound might  
 reach her o'er the deep.

III.

But there are sounds that from the regal  
 dwelling  
 Free hearts and fearless only may exciude ;  
 'Tis not alone the wind at midnight swelling  
 Breaks on the soft repose by luxury wooed.  
 There are unbidden footsteps, which intrude  
 Where the lamps glitter and the wine-cup  
 flows ; [strewed  
 And darker hues have stained the marble,  
 With the fresh myrtle and the short-lived  
 rose ; [march of foes.  
 And Parian walls have rung to the dread

## IV.

A voice of multitudes is on the breeze,  
Remote, yet solemn as the night-storm's roar  
Through Ida's giant-pines. Across the seas  
A murmur comes, like that the deep winds  
bore

From Tempe's haunted river to the shore  
Of the reed-crowned Eurotas; when of old  
Dark Asia sent her battle-myrriads o'er  
The indignant wave, which would not be  
controlled, [freedom rolled.  
But past the Persian's chain in boundless

## V.

And it is thus again! Swift oars are dashing  
The parted waters, and a light is cast  
On their white foam-wreaths, from the  
sudden flashing [ing fast.  
Of Tartar spears, whose ranks are thicken-  
There swells a savage trumpet on the blast,  
A music of the deserts, wild and deep,  
Wakening strange echoes, as the shores  
are passed  
Where low 'midst Ilion's dust her con-  
querors sleep,  
D'ershadowing with high names each rude  
sepulchral heap.

## VI.

War from the West! The snows on  
Thracian hills [the lands  
Are loosed by Spring's warm breath; yet o'er  
Which Hæmus girds, the chainless moun-  
tain-rills [bands.  
Pour down less swiftly than the Moslem  
War from the East! 'Midst Araby's lone  
sands, [be,  
More lonely now the few bright founts may  
While Ismael's bow is bent in warrior-hands  
Against the Golden City of the sea.  
—Oh! for a soul to fire thy dust, Ther-  
mopylæ!

## VII.

Hear yet again, ye mighty! Where are  
they [crowned,  
Who, with their green Olympic garlands  
Leaped up in proudly beautiful array,  
As to a banquet gathering, at the sound  
Of Persia's clarion? Far and joyous round,  
From the pine forests and the mountain  
snows  
And the low sylvan valleys, to the bound  
Of the bright waves, at freedom's voice  
they rose!  
Hath it no thrilling tone to break the  
tomb's repose?

## VIII.

They slumber with their swords!—The  
olive shades  
In vain are whispering their immortal tale;  
In vain the spirit of the past pervades  
The soft winds, breathing through each  
Grecian vale. [and pale,  
Yet must *thou* wake, though all unarmed  
Devoted City! Lo! the Moslem's spear,  
Red from its vintage, at thy gates; his sail  
Upon thy waves, his trumpet in thine ear!—  
Awake! and summon those who yet per-  
chance may hear.

## IX.

Be hushed, thou faint and feeble voice of  
weeping!  
Lift ye the banner of the Cross on high,  
And call on chiefs, whose noble sires are  
sleeping  
In their proud graves of sainted chivalry,  
Beneath the palms and cedars, where they  
sigh [line  
To Syrian gales! The sons of each brave  
From their baronial halls shall hear your  
cry, [Salem's shrine,  
And seize the arms which flashed round  
And wield for you the swords once waved  
for Palestine.

## X.

All still, all voiceless!—and the billow's roar  
Alone replies! Alike their soul is gone  
Who shared the funeral feast on Cæta's  
shore,  
And theirs that o'er the field of Ascalon  
Swell'd the Crusaders' hymn! Then gird  
thou on [the hour  
Thine armour, Eastern Queen! and meet  
Which waits thee ere the day's fierce work  
is done [tower  
With a strong heart: so may thy helmet  
Unshivered through the storm, for generous  
hope is power!

## XI.

But linger not,—array thy men of might!  
The shores, the seas, are peopled with thy  
foes.  
Arms through thy cypress groves are  
gleaming bright,  
And the dark huntsmen of the wild repose  
Beneath the shadowing marble porticoes  
Of thy proud villas. Nearer and more near,  
Around thy walls the sons of battle close;  
Each hour, each moment, hath its sound  
of fear, [not to hear.  
Which the deep grave alone is chartered

## XII.

Away! bring wine, bring odours to the shade [high!

Where the tall pine and poplar bend on  
Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to fade!

Snatch every brief delight,—since we must die!

Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks! gone by,  
For feast in vine-wreathed bower or pillared hall;

Dim gleams the torch beneath yon fiery  
And deep and hollow is the tambour's call,  
And from the startled hand th' untasted  
cup will fall.

## XIII.

The night—the glorious Oriental night  
Hath lost the silence of her purple heaven,  
With its clear stars. The red artillery's  
light, [driven,

Athwart her worlds of tranquil splendour  
To the still firmament's expanse had given  
Its own fierce glare, wherein each cliff and  
tower

Starts wildly forth; and now the air is riven  
With thunder-bursts, and now dull smoke-  
clouds lour,

Veiling the gentle moon in her most hal-  
lowed hour.

## XIV.

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the  
earth, [these

Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet with  
A voice is mingling, whose deep tones give  
birth

To faith and courage. From luxurious ease  
A gallant few have started. O'er the seas,  
From the Seven Towers, their banner waves  
its sign;

And hope is whispering in the joyous breeze,  
Which plays amidst its folds. That voice  
was thine— [stantine!

Thy soul was on that band, devoted Con-

## XV.

Was Rome thy parent? Didst thou catch  
from her

The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye?  
That city of the throne and sepulchre [die.  
Hath given proud lessons how to reign and  
Heir of the Cæsars! did that lineage high,  
Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath  
passed,

With its long march of spectred imagery,  
The heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast?

Thou of an eagle race the noblest and the  
last!

## XVI.

Vain dreams! Upon that spirit hath de-  
scended [each thought

Light from the living Fountain, whence  
Springs pure and holy. In that eye is  
blended

A spark, with earth's triumphal memories  
fraught

And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught  
From worlds unseen. A hope, a lofty trust,  
Whose resting-place on buoyant wind is  
sought [the dust]

(Though through its veil seen darkly from  
In realms where Time no more hath power  
upon the just.

## XVII.

Those were proud days, when on the  
battle-plain, [array

And in the sun's bright face, and 'midst th'  
Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the slain,  
The Roman cast his glittering mail away,  
And while a silence as of midnight lay

O'er breathless thousands at his voice who  
started, [sway

Called on the unseen terrific powers that  
The heights, the depths, the shades; then  
fearless-hearted [departed.

Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave

## XVIII.

But then, around him as the javelins rushed,  
From earth to heaven swelled up the loud  
acclaim;

And, ere his heart's last free libation gushed,  
With a bright smile the warrior caught his  
name [came,

Far-floating on the winds! And Victory  
And made the hour of that immortal deed  
A life, in fiery feeling. Valour's aim

Had sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to  
bleed [and had his meed.

Was to be Rome's high star. He died—

## XIX.

But praise—and dearer, holier praise be  
theirs,

Who, in the stillness and the solitude  
Of hearts pressed earthwards by a weight of  
cares, [real food

Uncheered by Fame's proud hope, his ethe-  
Of restless energies, and only viewed

By Him whose eye, from his eternal throne,  
Is on the soul's dark places—have subdued  
And vowed themselves, with strength till  
then unknown, [alone.

To some high martyr-task, in secret and



## xx.

Theirs be the bright and sacred names, enshrined  
 Far in the bosom ! For their deeds belong,  
 Not to the gorgeous faith which charmed  
 mankind  
 With its rich pomp of festival and song,  
 Garland, and shrine, and incense-bearing  
 throng ;  
 But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it tries  
 Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet more  
 strong [thence arise  
 Than storm or earthquake's voice ; for  
 All that mysterious world's unseen sub-  
 limities.

## xxi.

Well might thy name, brave Constantine !  
 awake [again  
 Such thought, such feeling !—But the scene  
 Bursts on my vision, as the day-beams break  
 Through the red sulphurous mists : the  
 camp, the plain,  
 The terraced palaces, the dome-capt fane,  
 With its bright cross fixed high in crowning  
 grace ;  
 Spears on the ramparts, galleys on the main,  
 And, circling all with arms, that turbaned  
 race— [haughty face.  
 The sun, the desert, stamped in each dark

## xxii.

Shout, ye seven hills ! Lo ! Christian pen-  
 nons streaming [hail !  
 Red o'er the waters ! Hail, deliverers,  
 Along your billowy wake the radiance  
 gleaming [ing sail—  
 In Hope's own smile. They crowd the swell-  
 On with the foam, the sunbeam, and the  
 gale, [pour  
 Borne as a victor's car ! The batteries  
 Their clouds and thunders ; but the rolling  
 veil [fore ;  
 Of smoke floats up the exulting winds be-  
 And oh ! the glorious burst of that bright  
 sea and shore !

## xxiii.

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's,  
 Asia's coast,  
 All thronged, one theatre for kingly war !  
 A monarch, girt with his barbaric host,  
 Points o'er the beach his flashing scimitar.  
 Dark tribes are tossing javelins from afar,  
 Hands waving banners o'er each battle-  
 ment, [bar  
 Decks with their serried guns arrayed to

The promised aid : but hark ! a shout is  
 sent [is rent !  
 Up from the noble barks ;—the Moslem line

## xxiv.

On, on through rushing flame and arrowy  
 shower [way ;  
 The welcome prows have cleft their rapid  
 And, with the shadows of the vesper hour,  
 Furl'd their white sails and anchored in the  
 bay. [fire gay,  
 Then were the streets with song and torch-  
 Then the Greek wines flowed mantling in  
 the light  
 Of festal halls ; and there was joy—the ray  
 Of dying eyes, a moment wildly bright—  
 The sunset of the soul, ere lost to mortal  
 sight.

## xxv.

For vain that feeble succour ! Day by day  
 The imperial towers are crumbling, and the  
 sweep  
 Of the vast engines in their ceaseless play  
 Comes powerful, as when heaven unbinds  
 the deep. [steep,  
 Man's heart is mightier than the castled  
 Yet will it sink when earthly hope is fled ;  
 Man's thoughts work darkly in such hours,  
 and sleep [tread,  
 Flies far ; and in their mien, the walls who  
 Things by the brave untold may fearfully  
 be read.

## xxvi.

It was a sad and solemn task, to hold  
 Their midnight watch on that beleaguered  
 wall !  
 As the sea-wave beneath the bastions rolled,  
 A sound of fate was in its rise and fall ;  
 The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall,  
 The giant shadows of each tower and fane  
 Lay like the graves ; a low mysterious call  
 Breathed in the wind, and from the tented  
 plain [strain.  
 A voice of omens rose with each wild martial

## xxvii.

For they might catch the Arab chargers  
 neighing, [song ;  
 The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy  
 Might almost hear the Soldan's banner  
 swaying, [tongue.  
 The watchword muttered in some Eastern  
 Then flashed the gun's terrific light along  
 The marble streets, all stillness—not repose ;  
 And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark  
 and strong ;

For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to those  
Who see their numbered hours fast pressing to the close.

## XXVIII.

But strength is from the Mightiest ! There is one  
Still in the breach and on the rampart seen,  
Whose cheek shows paler with each morning sun,  
And tells in silence how the night hath been  
In kingly halls a vigil. Yet serene  
The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye ;  
And there is that in his collected mien,  
To which the hearts of noble men reply  
With fires, partaking not this frame's mortality.

## XXIX.

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the fate  
To pass o'er earth in brightness but alone :  
High power was made their birthright, to create  
A thousand thoughts responsive to their own !  
A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone  
Starts into life, where'er their path may be,  
Still following fast ; as when the wind hath blown  
O'er Indian groves, a wanderer wild and free,  
Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree  
to tree.

## XXX.

And it is thus with thee !—Thy lot is cast  
On evil days, thou Cæsar. Yet the few,  
That set their generous bosom to the blast  
Which rocks thy throne—the fearless and the true,  
Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still  
The free devotion of the years gone by,  
When from bright dreams the ascendant Roman drew  
Enduring strength ! States vanish, ages fly,  
But leave one task unchanged—to suffer and to die.

## XXXI.

These are our nature's heritage. But thou,  
The crowned with empire ! thou wert called to share  
A cup more bitter ;—on thy fevered brow  
Thesemblance of that buoyant hope to wear,  
Which long had passed away ; alone to bear  
The rush and pressure of dark thoughts,  
As a strong billow in their weight of care ;  
And with all this to smile ! For earth-born frame  
These are stern conflicts, yet they pass un-

## XXXII.

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,  
On the red scaffold ; and where'er, in sight  
Of human eyes, the human soul is steeled  
To deeds that seem as of immortal might,  
Yet are proud Nature's. But her meteor-light  
Can pierce no depths, no clouds ; it falls not where  
In silence, and in secret, and in night,  
The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,  
And rise more strong than death from its unwitnessed prayer.

## XXXIII.

Men have been firm in battle ; they have stood  
With a prevailing hope on ravaged plains,  
And won the birthright of their hearths with blood,  
And died rejoicing 'midst their ancient fanes,  
That so their children, undefiled with chains,  
Might worship there in peace. But they that stand  
When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,  
Linked but to perish with a ruined land,  
Where freedom dies with them—call *these*  
a martyr-band.

## XXXIV.

But the world heeds them not. Or if, perchance,  
Upon their strife it bend a careless eye,  
It is but as the Roman's stoic glance  
Fell on that stage where man's last agony  
Was made his sport, who, knowing one must die,  
Recked not which champion ; but prepared [the strain,  
And bound the bloody wreath of victory  
To greet the conqueror ; while, with calm disdain,  
The vanquished proudly met the doom he met in vain.

## XXXV.

The hour of Fate comes on ; and it is fraught  
With *this* of liberty—that now the need  
Is past to veil the brow of anxious thought,  
And clothe the heart, which still beneath must bleed,  
With Hope's fair-seeming drapery. We are  
From tasks like these by misery. One alone  
Is left the brave ; and rest shall be thy meed,  
Prince, watcher, wearied one ! when thou hast shown  
How brief the cloudy space which parts the grave and throne.

## XXXVI.

The signs are full. They are not in the sky,  
 Nor in the many voices of the air,  
 Nor the swift clouds. No fiery hosts on  
 high [glare :  
 Toss their wild spears ; no meteor banners  
 No comet fiercely shakes its blazing hair.  
 And yet the signs are full : too truly seen  
 In the thinned ramparts, in the pale despair  
 Which lends one language to a people's mien,  
 And in the ruined heaps where wall and  
 towers have been.

## XXXVII.

It is a night of beauty : such a night  
 As from the sparry grot or laurel-shade,  
 Or wave in marbled cavern rippling bright,  
 Might woo the nymphs of Grecian fount  
 and glade [pervade  
 To sport beneath its moonbeams, which  
 Their forest haunts : a night to rove alone  
 Where the young leaves by vernal winds  
 are swayed,  
 And the reeds whisper with a dreamy tone  
 Of melody that seems to breathe from  
 worlds unknown.

## XXXVIII.

A night to call from green Elysium's bowers  
 The shades of elder bards ; a night to hold  
 Unseen communion with the inspiring  
 powers [place of old ;  
 That made deep groves their dwelling-  
 A night for mourners o'er the hallowed  
 mould  
 To strew sweet flowers—for revellers to fill  
 And wreath the cup—for sorrows to be  
 told  
 Which love hath cherished long. Vain  
 thoughts, be still !  
 It is a night of fate, stamped with Almighty  
 Will.

## XXXIX.

It *should* come sweeping in the storm, and  
 rending  
 The ancient summits in its dread career ;  
 And with vast billows wrathfully contending,  
 And with dark clouds o'ershadowing every  
 sphere. [with fear,  
 But He, whose footstep shakes the earth  
 Passing to lay the sovereign cities low,  
 Alike in his omnipotence is near  
 When the soft winds o'er Spring's green  
 pathway blow,  
 And when his thunders cleave the monarch-  
 mountain's brow

## XL.

The heavens in still magnificence look down  
 On the hushed Bosphorus, whose ocean-  
 stream  
 Sleeps with its paler stars : the snowy crown  
 Of far Olympus in the moonlight gleam  
 Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's  
 dream [knee.  
 Thronged it with gods, and bent the adoring  
 But that is past—and now the One Supreme  
 Fills not alone *those* haunts, but earth, air,  
 sea, [decree.  
 And Time, which presses on to finish His

## XLI.

Olympus, Ida, Delphi ! ye, the thrones  
 And temples of a visionary might,  
 Brooding in clouds above your forest zones,  
 And mantling thence the realms beneath  
 with night ; [and Flight,  
 Ye have looked down on battles—Fear  
 And armed Revenge, all hurrying past  
 below.—  
 But there is yet a more appalling sight  
 For earth prepared, than e'er with tranquil  
 brow [and snow.  
 Ye gazed on from your world of solitude

## XLII.

Last night a sound was in the Moslem  
 camp,  
 And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry  
 Of savage mirth. Wild horn and war-  
 steeds' tramp  
 Blent with the shout of barbarous revelry,  
 A hue of menace and of wrath put on,  
 Caught from red watch-fires, blazing far  
 and high,  
 And countless as the flames in ages gone,  
 Streaming to heaven's bright queen from  
 shadowy Lebanon.

## XLIII.

But all is stillness now. May this be sleep  
 Which wraps those Eastern thousands?  
 Yes ! perchance [deep,  
 Along yon moonlit shore and dark-blue  
 Bright are their visions with the Hour's  
 glance, [dance,  
 And they behold the sparkling fountains  
 Beneath the bowers of paradise that shed  
 Rich odours o'er the Faithful ; but the  
 lance, [berers spread,  
 The bow, the spear, now round the slum-  
 Ere Fate fulfil such dreams, must rest  
 beside the dead,



## XLIV.

May this be sleep, this hush? A sleepless  
eye  
Doth hold its vigil 'midst that dusky race :  
One that would scan the abyss of destiny  
Even now is gazing on the skies to trace  
In those bright worlds, the burning isles of  
space, [serene,  
Fate's mystic pathway. They the while,  
Walk in their beauty ; but Mohammed's  
face  
Kindles beneath their aspect, and his mien  
All fired with stormy joy by that soft light  
is seen.

## XLV.

Oh ! wild presumption of a conqueror's  
dream,  
To gaze on those pure altar-fires, enshrined  
In depths of blue infinitude, and deem  
They shine to guide the spoiler of mankind  
O'er fields of blood ! But with the restless  
mind  
It hath been ever thus ; and they that weep  
For worlds to conquer, o'er the bounds as-  
signed [sweep  
To human search in daring pride would  
As o'er the trampled dust wherein they soon  
must sleep.

## XLVI.

But ye that beamed on Fate's tremendous  
night,  
When the storm burst o'er golden Babylon :  
And ye that sparkled with your wonted light  
O'er burning Salem, by the Roman won ;  
And ye that calmly viewed the slaughter  
done [trumpet-blast  
In Rome's own streets, when Alaric's  
Rang through the Capitol : bright spheres !  
roll on ! [man cast  
Still bright, though empires fall ; and bid  
His humbled eyes to earth, and commune  
with the past.

## XLVII.

For it hath mighty lessons. From the tomb,  
And from the ruins of the tomb, and where,  
'Midst the wrecked cities in the desert's  
gloom, [lair,  
All tameless creatures make their savage  
Thence comes its voice, that shakes the  
midnight air, [day,  
And calls up clouds to dim the laughing  
And thrills the soul ;—yet bids us not  
despair, [stay,  
But make one Rock our shelter and our  
Beneath whose shade all else is passing to  
decay.

## XLVIII.

The hours move on. I see a wavering  
gleam  
O'er the hushed waters tremulously fall,  
Poured from the Cæsars' palace. Now the  
beam  
Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,  
And from its long arcades and pillars tall  
Soft graceful shadows undulating lie  
On the wave's heaving bosom, and recall  
A thought of Venice, with her moonlight  
sky, [pageantry.  
And festal seas and domes, and fairy

## XLIX.

But from that dwelling floats no mirthful  
sound.  
The swell of flute and Grecian lyre no more,  
Wafting an atmosphere of music round,  
Tell the hushed seaman, gliding past the  
shore, [o'er—  
How monarchs revel there. Its feasts are  
Why gleam the lights along its colonnade?  
I see a train of guests in silence pour  
Through its long avenues of terraced shade,  
Whose stately founts and bowers for joy  
alone were made.

## L.

In silence and in arms !—with helm, with  
sword ! [now  
These are no marriage garments. Yet even  
Thy nuptial feast should grace the regal  
board,  
Thy Georgian bride should wreath her  
lovely brow  
With an imperial diadem. But thou,  
O fated prince ! art called, and these with  
thee, [to bow  
To darker scenes ; and thou hast learned  
Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree,  
And count it joy enough to perish, being  
free.

## LI.

On through long vestibules, with solemn  
tread,  
As men that in some time of fear and woe  
Bear darkly to their rest the noble dead ;  
O'er whom by day their sorrows may not  
flow, [are slow,  
The warriors pass. Their measured steps  
And hollow echoes fill the marble halls,  
Whose long-drawn vistas open as they go  
In desolate pomp ; and from the pictured  
walls, [armour falls.  
Sad seems the light itself which on their



## LII.

And they have reached a gorgeous chamber,  
 bright [gloom  
 With all we dream of splendour: yet a  
 Seems gathered o'er it to the boding sight,  
 A shadow that anticipates the tomb.  
 Still from its fretted roof the lamps illumine  
 A purple canopy, a golden throne;  
 But it is empty;—hath the stroke of doom  
 Fallen there already? Where is he, the one,  
 Born that high seat to fill, supremely and  
 alone?

## LIII.

Oh! there are times whose pressure doth  
 efface [beats loud,  
 Earth's vain distinctions,—when the storm  
 When the strong towers are tottering to the  
 base, [crowd?  
 And the streets rock. Who mingle in the  
 Peasant and chief, the lowly and the proud,  
 Are in that throng. Yes, life hath many an  
 hour [bowed,  
 Which make us kindred, by one chastening  
 And feeling but, as from the storm we  
 cower, [bounded power.  
 What shrinking weakness feels before un-

## LIV.

Yet then that Power whose dwelling is on  
 high,  
 Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and speak  
 In the deep human heart more gloriously  
 Than in the bursting thunder. Thence the  
 weak,  
 They that seemed formed as flower-stems  
 but to break  
 With the first wind, have risen to deeds  
 whose name [cheek  
 Still calls up thoughts that mantle to the  
 And thrill the pulse. Ay, strength no pangs  
 could tame [sword and flame.  
 Hath looked from woman's eye upon the

## LV.

And this is of such hours! That throne is  
 void, [him stand  
 And its lord comes uncrowned. Behold  
 With a calm brow, where woes have not  
 destroyed  
 The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst his band,  
 The gathered virtue of a sinking land—  
 Alas! how scanty! Now is cast aside  
 All form of princely state; each noble hand  
 Is pressed by turns in his: for earthly pride  
 There is no room in hearts where earthly  
 hope hath died.

## LVI.

A moment's hush—and then he speaks.  
 He speaks! [gone by!  
 But not of hope—that dream hath long  
 His words are full of memory—as he seeks  
 By the strong name of Rome and Liberty,  
 Which yet are living powers that fire the eye  
 And rouse the heart of manhood, and by all  
 The sad but grand remembrances that lie  
 Deep with earth's buried heroes, to recall  
 The soul of other years, if but to grace their  
 fall.

## LVII.

His words are full of faith: and thoughts  
 more high [with light;  
 Than Rome e'er knew now fill his glance  
 Thoughts which give nobler lessons how to  
 die, [haughty might.  
 Than e'er were drawn from Nature's  
 And to that eye, with all the spirit bright,  
 Have theirs replied, in tears which may not  
 shame  
 The bravest in such moments. 'Tis a sight  
 To make all earthly splendours cold and  
 tame, [flame.  
 That generous burst of soul, with its electric

## LVIII.

They weep, those champions of the Cross—  
 they weep, [that train  
 Yet vow themselves to death. Ay, 'midst  
 Are martyrs, privileged in tears to steep  
 Their lofty sacrifice. The pang is vain,  
 And yet its gush of sorrow shall not stain  
 A warrior's sword. Those men are strangers  
 here:  
 The homes they never may behold again  
 Lie far away, with all things blest and dear  
 On laughing shores, to which their barks  
 no more shall steer.

## LIX.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the  
 orange bowers?  
 Where through dark foliage gleam the  
 citron's dyes?  
 —It is their own. They see their father's  
 towers  
 'Midst its Hesperian groves in sunlight rise:  
 They meet in soul, the bright Italian eyes  
 Which long and vainly shall explore the  
 main  
 For their white sails' return: the melodies  
 Of that sweet land are floating o'er their  
 brain: [may contain I  
 Oh! what a crowded world one moment

## LX.

Such moments come to thousands. Few  
 I nay die [brave,  
 Amid st their native shades. The young, the  
 The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and  
 eye  
 Made summer in a parent's heart, and gave  
 Light to their peopled homes; o'er land  
 and wave [fall  
 Are scattered fast and far, as rose-leaves  
 From the deserted stem. They find a grave  
 Far from the shadow of the ancestral hall :  
 A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles were  
 hope to all.

## LXI.

But life flows on, and bears us with its tide,  
 Nor may we lingering by the slumberers  
 dwell, [our side  
 Though they were those once blooming at  
 In youth's gay home. Away ! what sound's  
 deep swell  
 Comes on the wind?—It is an empire's knell,  
 Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through the  
 night. [bell  
 For the last time speaks forth the solemn  
 Which calls the Christians to their holiest  
 rite,  
 With a funereal voice of solitary might.

## LXII.

Again, and yet again ! A startling power  
 In sounds like these lives ever ; for they  
 bear  
 Full on remembrance each eventful hour  
 Checkering life's crowded path. They fill  
 the air [wear  
 When conquerors pass, and fearful cities  
 A mien like joy's ; and when young brides  
 are led [glare  
 From their paternal homes ; and when the  
 Of burning streets on midnight's cloud  
 waves red, [—the dead.  
 And when the silent house receives its guest

## LXIII.

But to those tones what thrilling soul was  
 given  
 On that last night of empire ! As a spell  
 Whereby the life-blood to its source is driven,  
 On the chilled heart of multitudes they fell.  
 Each cadence seemed a prophecy, to tell  
 Of sceptres passing from the line away,  
 An angel-watcher's long and sad farewell,  
 The requiem of a faith's departing sway,  
 A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for earth's  
 decay.

## LXIV.

Again, and yet again ! From yon high  
 dome,  
 Still the slow peal comes awfully ; and they  
 Who never more, to rest in mortal home,  
 Shall throw the breastplate off at fall of day,  
 The imperial band, in close and armed array,  
 As men that from the sword must part no  
 more, [silent way,  
 Take through the midnight streets their  
 Within their ancient temple to adore,  
 Ere yet its thousand years of Christian pomp  
 are o'er.

## LXV.

It is the hour of sleep : yet few the eyes  
 O'er which forgetfulness her balm hath shed  
 In the beleaguered city. Stillness lies,  
 With moonlight, o'er the hills and waters  
 spread ; [dread  
 But not the less with signs and sounds of  
 The time speeds on. No voice is raised to  
 greet [tread  
 The last brave Constantine ; and yet the  
 Of many steps is in the echoing street,  
 And pressure of pale crowds, scarce con-  
 scious why they meet.

## LXVI.

Their homes are luxury's yet : why pour  
 they thence  
 With a dim terror in each restless eye ?  
 Hath the dread car which bears the pesti-  
 lence, [by,  
 In darkness, with its heavy wheels rolled  
 And rocked their palaces, as if on high  
 The whirlwind passed ? From couch and  
 joyous board [die ?  
 Hath the fierce phantom beckoned them to  
 No !—what are these ? For them a cup is  
 poured [spoiler and the sword.  
 More dark than wrath. *Man* comes—the

## LXVII.

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass  
 Through those pale throngs, the streaming  
 torchlight throws  
 On some wild form amidst the living mass  
 Hues deeply red like lava's, which disclose  
 What countless shapes are worn by mortal  
 woes. [clasped in prayer,  
 Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands  
 Starts, tremblings, hurryings, tears ; all  
 outward shows  
 Betokening inward agonies, were there :  
 Greeks ! Romans ! all but such as image  
 brave despair.

## LXVIII.

But high above that scene, in bright re-  
pose, [gleams  
And beauty borrowing from the torches'  
A mien of life, yet where no life-blood flows,  
But all instinct with loftier being seems,  
Pale, grand, colossal ! lo ! th' embodied  
dreams [wrought,  
Of yore !—Gods, heroes, bards, in marble  
Look down, as powers, upon the wild ex-  
tremes [caught,  
Of mortal passion. Yet 'twas man that  
And in each glorious form enshrined im-  
mortal thought.

## LXIX.

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets of  
Rome— [days,  
That Rome which witnessed, in her sceptred  
So much of noble death? When shrine  
and dome [lays,  
'Midst clouds of incense rang with choral  
As the long triumphs passed, with all its  
blaze  
Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly borne,  
O sovereign forms ! concentrating all the rays  
Of the soul's lightnings?—did ye not adorn  
The pomp which earth stood still to gaze  
on, and to mourn ?

## LXX.

Hath it been thus? Or did ye grace the  
halls  
Once peopled by the Mighty? Haply there,  
In your still grandeur, from the pillared  
walls  
Screene ye smiled on banquets of despair,  
Where hopeless courage wrought itself to  
dare [glow  
The stroke of its deliverance, 'midst the  
Of living wreaths, the sighs of perfumed  
air, [goblet's flow,  
The sound of lyres, the flower-crowned  
Behold again !—high hearts make nobler  
offerings now.

## LXXI.

The stately fane is reached, and at its gate  
The warriors pause. On life's tumultuous  
tide  
A stillness falls, while he whom regal state  
Hath marked from all to be more sternly  
tried [hath died,  
By suffering, speaks. Each ruder voice  
While his implores forgiveness.—" If there  
be [in pride  
One 'midst your throngs, my people ! whom

Or passion I have wronged ; such pardon  
free [inan to me !'  
As mortal hope from heaven, accord that

## LXXII.

But all is silence ; and a gush of tears  
Alone replies. He hath not been of those  
Who, feared by many, pine in secret fears  
Of all ; th' environed but by slaves and  
foes, [repose,  
To whom day brings not safety, night  
For they have heard the voice cry, " *Sleep  
no more !*" [close  
Of them he hath not been, nor such as  
Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er  
When it speaks low and kneels the oppres-  
sor's throne before.

## LXXIII.

He hath been loved. But who may trust  
the love  
Of a degenerate race? In other mould  
Are cast the free and lofty hearts that prove  
Their faith through fiery trials. Yet behold,  
And call him not forsaken ! Thoughts un-  
told [tread  
Have lent his aspect calmness and his  
Moves firmly to the shrine. What pomps  
unfold [shed  
Within its precincts ! Isles and seas have  
Their gorgeous treasures there around the  
imperial dead.

## LXXIV.

'Tis a proud vision, that most regal pile  
Of ancient days ! The lamps are streaming  
bright  
From its rich altar down each pillared aisle,  
Whose vista fades in dimness ; but the sight  
Is lost in splendours, as the wavering light  
Develops on those walls the thousand dyes  
Of the veined marbles which array their  
height, [eyes,  
And from yon dome, the loadstar of all  
Pour such an iris-glow as emulates the  
skies.

## LXXV.

But gaze thou not on these. Though heaven's  
own hues [vie—  
In their soft clouds and radiant tracery  
Though tints of sun-born glory may suffuse  
Arch, column, rich mosaic—pass thou by  
The stately tomb, where Eastern Cæsars lie  
Beneath their trophies. Pause not here ;  
for know,  
A deeper source of all sublimity



Lives in man's bosom, than the world can  
 show  
 'n nature or in art—above, around, below.

## LXXXVI.

furn thou to mark (though tears may dim  
 thy gaze)

The steel-clad group before yon altar-stone ;  
 Heed not though gems and gold around it  
 blaze ;

Those heads unhelmed, those kneeling  
 Thus bowed, look glorious here. The  
 light is thrown

Full from the shrine on one, a nation's  
 A sufferer ! but his task shall soon be  
 done—

Even now, as Faith's mysterious cup is  
 See to that noble brow peace, not of earth  
 restored !

## LXXXVII.

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren  
 part,

Once, and but once, to meet on earth  
 Each, in the strength of a collected heart,  
 To dare what man may dare—and know  
 'tis vain.

The rite is o'er : and thou, majestic fane !  
 The glory is departed from thy brow :

Be clothed with dust ! The Christian's  
 farewell strain

Hath died within these walls ; thy cross  
 Thy kingly tombs be spoiled, the golden  
 shrines laid low.

## LXXXVIII.

The streets grow still and lonely—and the  
 star,

The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,  
 Gleams faint ; and in the very lap of war,  
 As if young Hope with twilight's rays were  
 born,

Awile the citysleeps : her throngs, o'erworn  
 With fears and watchings to their homes  
 retire.

Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn  
 With battle-sounds : the winds in sighs  
 expire,

And quiet broods in mists that veil the sun—

## LXXXIX.

The city sleeps. Ay ! on the combat's eve,  
 And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the  
 swell

Of angry seas, hath nature won reprieve  
 Thus from her cares. The brave have  
 slumbered well,

And even the fearful, in their dungeon cell,  
 Chained between life and death. Such rest  
 be thine,

For conflicts wait thee still :—yet who can  
 In that brief hour, how much of heaven  
 may shine

Full on thy spirit's dream? Sleep, weary

## LXXX.

Doth the blast rise ? The clouded east is red,  
 As if a storm were gathering ; and I hear

What seems like heavy rain-drops, or the  
 tread,

The soft and smothered step of those that  
 Surprise from ambushed foes. Hark ! yet  
 more near

It comes, a many-toned and mingled sound ;  
 A rustling, as of winds where boughs are  
 sere—

A rolling, as of wheels that shake the ground  
 From far ; a heavy rush, like seas that burst  
 their bound.

## LXXXI.

Wake ! wake ! They come from sea and  
 shore ascending

In hosts your ramparts. Arm ye for the day !  
 Who now may sleep amidst the thunder's  
 rending,

Through tower and wall, a path for their  
 Hark ! how the trumpet cheers them to the  
 prey

With its wild voice, to which the seas reply ;  
 And the earth rocks beneath their engines'  
 sway,

And the far hills repeat their battle-cry,  
 Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the  
 vaulted sky !

## LXXXII.

*They* fail not now, the generous band that  
 long

Have ranged their swords around a falling  
 throne ;

Still in those fearless men the walls are strong,  
 Hearts, such as rescue empires, are their own.

—Shall those high energies be vainly shown?  
 No ! from their towers the invading tide is  
 driven

Back like the Red Sea waves, when God had  
 With His strong winds. The dark-browed  
 ranks are riven ;

Shout, warriors of the Cross !—for victory is

## LXXXIII.

Stand firm ! Again the Crescent host is  
 rushing.

And the waves foam, as on the galleys



With all their fires and darts, though blood  
 is gushing  
 Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to the deep.  
 Stand firm !—there is yet hope ; the ascent  
 is steep,  
 And from on high no shaft descends in vain.  
 But those that fall sweep up the mangled  
 heap,  
 In the red moat, the dying and the slain,  
 And o'er that fearful bridge the assailants  
 mount again.

LXXXIV.

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that awful hour,  
 Of all terrific sounds !—the savage tone  
 Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the  
 shower  
 Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'er-  
 thrown,  
 The deep dull tambour's beat. Man's voice  
 alone  
 Is there unheard. Ye may not catch the cry  
 Of trampled thousands : prayer, and shriek,  
 and moan, [by,  
 All drowned as that fierce hurricane sweeps  
 But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for  
 victory.

LXXXV.

War-clouds have wrap'd the city. Through  
 their dun  
 O'erloaded canopy, at times a blaze  
 As of an angry storm-presaging sun  
 From the Greek fire shoots up ! and light-  
 ning-rays  
 Flash from the shock of sabres through the  
 haze,  
 And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air.  
 —Ay ! *this* is in the compass of our gaze,  
 But fearful things unknown, untold, are  
 there— [and despair !  
 Workings of wrath and death, and anguish,

LXXXVI.

Woe, shame and woe ! A chief, a warrior  
 flies, [pale.  
 A Red-cross champion, bleeding, wild and  
 O God ! that nature's passing agonies  
 Thus o'er the spark that dies not should  
 prevail !  
 Yes ! rend the arrow from thy shattered mail,  
 And stanch the blood-drops, Genoa's fallen  
 son ;  
 Fly swifter yet ! the javelins pour as hail.  
 But there are tortures which thou canst not  
 shun : [begun.  
 The spirit is *their* prey—thy pangs are not

LXXXVII.

Oh, happy in their homes, the noble dead !  
 The seal is set on their majestic fame ;  
 Earth has drunk deep the generous blood  
 they shed, [name.  
 Fate has no power to dim their stainless  
 They may not in one bitter moment shame  
 Long glorious years. From many a lofty  
 stem [tame,  
 Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow  
 And stars drop, fading from the diadem :  
 But the bright past is theirs ; there is no  
 change for them.

LXXXVIII.

Where art thou, Constantine ? Where  
 death is reaping [light,  
 His sevenfold harvest !—where the stormy  
 Fast as the artillery's thunderbolts are  
 sweeping, [night ;  
 Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's noonday—  
 Where the towers rock and crumble from  
 their height  
 As to the earthquake, and the engines ply  
 Like red Vesuvio ; and where human might  
 Confronts all this, and still brave hearts  
 beat high, [panoply.  
 While scimitars ring loud on shivering

LXXXIX.

Where art thou, Constantine ? Where  
 Christian blood [vain ;  
 Hath bathed the walls in torrents, and in  
 Where faith and valour perish in the flood,  
 Whose billows, rising o'er their bosoms, gain  
 Dark strength each moment ; where the  
 gallant slain  
 Around the banner of the Cross lie strewed  
 Thick as the vine-leaves on the autumnal  
 plain ;  
 Where all save one high spirit is subdued,  
 And through the breach press on the o'er-  
 whelming multitude.

XC.

Now is he battling 'midst a host alone,  
 As the last cedar stems awhile the sway  
 Of mountain storms, whose fury hath o'er-  
 thrown  
 Its forest brethren in their green array.  
 And he hath cast his purple robe away,  
 With his imperial bearings, that his sword  
 An iron ransom from the chain may pay,  
 And win what haply fate may yet accord,  
 A soldier's death—the all now left an em-  
 pire's lord.

## XCI.

Search for him now where bloodiest lie the  
files [brave !  
Which once were men, the faithful and the  
Search for him now where loftiest rise the  
piles [not save,  
Of shattered helms and shields which could  
And crests and banners never more to wave  
In the free winds of heaven! He is of those  
O'er whom the host may rush, the tempest  
rave, [close,  
And the steeds trample, and the spearmen  
Yet wake them not—so deep their long and  
last repose.

## XCII.

*Woe to the vanquished!*—thus it hath been  
still [people's cry !  
Since Time's first march. Hark, hark, a  
Ay, now the conquerors in the street fulfil  
Their task of wrath. In vain the victims fly ;  
Hark how each piercing tone of agony  
Blends in the city's shriek ! The lot is cast.  
Slaves ! 'twas your choice thus, rather thus,  
to die, [and fast,  
Than where the warrior's blood flows warm  
And roused and mighty hearts beat proudly  
to the last.

## XCIII.

Oh, well doth freedom battle ! Men have  
made  
Even 'midst their blazing roofs a noble stand,  
And on the floors where once their children  
played,  
And by the hearths round which their  
household band [hand  
At evening met ; ay, struggling hand to  
Within the very chambers of their sleep,  
There have they taught the spoilers of the  
land [deep  
In chainless hearts what fiery strength lies  
To guard free homes. But ye !—kneel,  
tremblers ! kneel and weep !

## XCIV.

'Tis eve. The storm hath died, the valiant  
rest [is done,  
Low on their shields ; the day's fierce work  
And blood-stained seas and burning towers  
attest  
Its fearful deeds. An empire's race is run.  
Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the parting sun  
Upon the captive city. Hark ! a swell  
(Meet to proclaim barbaric war-fields won)  
Of fierce triumphal sounds, that wildly tell  
The Soldan comes within the Cæsar's halls  
to dwell.

## XCV.

Yes ! with the peal of cymbal and of gong,  
He comes : the Moslem treads those an-  
cient halls.  
But all is stillness there, as death had long  
Been lord alone within these gorgeous  
walls ;  
And half that silence of the grave appals  
The conqueror's heart. Ay ! thus, with  
triumph's hour, [calls  
Still comes the boding whisper, which re-  
A thought of those impervious clouds that  
lour [mightier Power.  
O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some far

## XCVI.

" The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung  
Her watch-song, and around the imperial  
throne [hung  
The spider weaves his web !"—Still darkly  
That verse of omen, as a prophet's tone,  
O'er his flushed spirit. Years on years  
have flown [in air,  
To prove its truth. Kings pile their domes  
That the coiled snake may bask on sculp-  
tured stone,  
And nations clear the forest, to prepare  
For the wild fox and wolf more stately  
dwellings there.

## XCVII.

But thou, that on thy ramparts proudly  
dying, [die,  
As a crowned leader in such hours should  
Upon thy pyre of shivered spears art lying,  
With the heavens o'er thee for a canopy,  
And banners for thy shroud !—no tear, no  
sigh, [now  
Shall mingle with thy dirge ; for thou art  
Beyond vicissitude. Lo ! reared on high,  
The Crescent blazes, while the Cross must  
bow ;— [stantine, art thou.  
But where no change can reach thee, Con-

## XCVIII.

" After life's fitful fever thou sleep'st well !"  
We may not mourn thee. Sceptred chiefs,  
from whom  
The earth received her destiny and fell  
Before them trembling, to a sterner doom  
Have oft been called. For them the dun-  
geon's gloom, [made  
With its cold starless midnight, hath been  
More fearful darkness, where, as in a tomb  
Without a tomb's repose, the chain hath  
weighed [decayed.  
The very soul to dust, with each high power

## XCIX.

Or in the eye of thousands they have stood,  
To meet the stroke of death ; but not like  
thee. [their blood—  
From bonds and scaffolds hath appealed  
But thou didst fall unfettered, armed, and  
free,  
And kingly to the last. And if it be  
That from the viewless world, whose mar-  
vels none  
Return to tell, a spirit's eye can see  
The things of earth,—still may'st thou hail  
the sun [dom's fight is won.  
Which o'er thy land shall dawn when free-

## C.

And the hour comes, in storm. A light is  
glancing [shades :—  
Far through the forest-god's Arcadian  
'Tis not the moonbeam, tremulously danc-  
ing, [glades.  
Where lone Alpheus bathes his haunted  
A murmur, gathering power, the air per-  
vades [steep :—  
Round dark Cithæron and by Delphi's  
'Tis not the song and lyre of Grecian maids,  
Nor pastoral reed that lulls the vales to  
sleep, [sounding deep.  
Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the

## CI.

Arms glitter on the mountains which of old  
Awoke to freedom's first heroic strain,  
And by the streams, once crimson as they  
rolled  
The Persian helm and standard to the main ;  
And the blue waves of Salamis again  
Thrill to the trumpet ; and the tombs reply  
With their ten thousand echoes from each  
plain,  
Far as Plataea's, where the mighty lie,  
Who crowned so proudly there the Bowl of  
Liberty.

## CII.

Bright land, with glory mantled o'er by  
song !  
Land of the vision-peopled hills and streams  
And fountains, whose deserted banks along  
Still the soft air with inspiration teems !

Land of the graves, whose dwellers shall  
be themes  
To verse for ever ; and of ruined shrines,  
That scarce look desolate beneath such  
beams [pines !—  
As bathe in gold thine ancient rocks and  
When shall thy sons repose in peace beneath  
their vines ?

## CIII.

Thou wert not made for bonds, nor shame,  
nor fear. [wave  
Do the hoar oaks and dark green laurels  
O'er Mantinea's earth ?—doth Pindus rear  
His snows, the sunbeam and the storm to  
brave ?  
And is there yet on Marathon a grave ?  
And doth Eurotas lead his silvery line  
By Sparta's ruins ? And shall man, a slave,  
Bowed to the dust, amid such scenes  
repine ?  
If e'er a soil was marked for freedom's step,  
'tis thine.

## CIV.

Wash from that soil the stains with battle-  
showers !  
Beneath Sophia's dome the Mos'lem prays,  
The Crescent gleams amidst the olive-  
bowers,  
In the Comneni's halls the Tartar sways :  
But not for long. The spirit of those days,  
When the Three Hundred made their  
funeral pile  
Of Asia's dead, is kindling like the rays  
Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his smile  
Warms the Parnassian rock and gilds the  
Delian isle.

## CV.

If then 'tis given thee to arise in might,  
Trampling the scourge and dashing down  
the chain,  
Pure be thy triumphs as thy name is bright !  
The cross of victory should not know a stain.  
So may that faith once more supremely  
reign, [dust,  
Through which we lift our spirits from the  
And deem not, even when virtue dies in vain,  
She dies forsaken ; but repose our trust  
On Him whose ways are dark, unsearch-  
able, but just.





## THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS ;

OR,

## THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was in the year 1308, that the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the Bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Grütli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Fürst (the father-in-law of William Tell), Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting, to deliberate on the accomplishment of their projects.

"Hither came Fürst and Melchthal, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the 11th of November, 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth ; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity, Werner, Walter, and Arnold held up their hands to heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe ; and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all his saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and, for the present, each returned to his hamlet."—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league."

## I.

'Twas night upon the Alps.—The Senn's \* wild horn,  
Like a wind's voice, had poured its last long tone,  
Whose pealing echoes through the larch-woods borne,  
To the low cabins of the glens made known  
That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,  
By cliff and pine-bridge, to their place of rest ;  
The chamois slumbered, for the chase was done ;  
His cavern-bed of moss the hunter prest,  
And the rock-eagle couched, high on his cloudy nest.

## II.

Did the land sleep ?—the woodman's axe had ceased  
Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane ;  
The grapes were gathered in ; the vintage feast  
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain  
Hushed by the streams ; the year was in its wane,

---

\* The name given to a herdsman on the Alps



The night in its mid-watch ; it was a time  
 E'en marked and hallowed unto Slumber's reign.  
 But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,  
 And o'er his white Alps moved the Spirit of the clime.

## III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread,  
 High and unmarked by mortal footstep lay ;  
 And there, where torrents, 'midst the ice-caves fed,  
 Burst in their joy of light and sound away ;  
 And there, where Freedom, as in scornful play,  
 Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,  
 O'er cliffs, the very birth-place of the day—  
 Oh ! who would dream that Tyranny could dare  
 To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there

## IV

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams gushing  
 To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,  
 And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing  
 Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,  
 And the fresh pastures, where the herd's sweet bell  
 Recalled such life as Eastern patriarchs led ;—  
 There peasant-men their free thoughts might not tell  
 Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,  
 And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull, stealthy tread.

## V.

But in a land of happy shepherd-homes,  
 On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,  
 With their bright hearth-fires, 'midst the twilight glooms,  
 From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining ;  
 A land of legends and wild songs, entwining  
 Their memory with all memories loved and blest—  
 In such a land there dwells a power, combining  
 The strength of many a calm, but fearless breast !—  
 And woe to him who breaks the sabbath of its rest !

## VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—  
 On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—  
 Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token  
 Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore ;  
 And then their gloom a flashing image wore  
 Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,  
 And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar  
 In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,  
 A band of patriot men on Grütli's verdure stood.

## VII.

They stood in arms—the wolf-spear and the bow  
 Had waged their war on things of mountain-race ;  
 Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe ?—  
 Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,  
 True hearts in fight, were gathered on that place  
 Of secret council.—Not for fame or spoil  
 So met those men in Heaven's majestic face ;—

## THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS.

To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,  
The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

## VIII.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide  
Of years have flowed, and still, from sire to son,  
Their names and records on the green earth died,  
As cottage-lamps, expiring, one by one,  
In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun  
To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,  
The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run  
Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,  
Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding might.

## IX.

So were *they* roused—th' invading step had past  
Their cabin-thresholds, and the lowly door,  
Which well had stood against the Föhnwind's\* blast,  
Could bar Oppression from their homes no more.—  
Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore  
Wild Grandeur's impress?—In the storm's free way,  
How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before  
Th' enduring and magnificent array  
Of sovereign Alps, that winged their eagles with the day

## X.

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills  
Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,  
Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills  
Their deep lone places, and for ever telling  
That He hath made man free!—and they whose dwelling  
Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;  
The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling,  
They rose—the forester, the mountaineer—  
Oh! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-spear!

## XI.

Sacred be Grütli's field!—their vigil keeping  
Through many a blue and starry summer-night,  
There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,  
Had these brave Switzers met; and in the sight  
Of the just God, who pours forth burning might  
To gird the oppressed, had given their deep thoughts way,  
And braced their spirits for the patriot-fight,  
With lovely images of homes, that lay  
Bowered 'midst the rustling pines, or by their torrent-spray.

## XII.

Now had endurance reached its bounds!—They came  
With courage set in each bright, earnest eye,  
The day, the signal, and the hour to name,  
When they should gather on their hills to die,  
Or shake the Glaciers with their joyous cry  
For the land's freedom.—'Twas a scene, combining  
All glory in itself—the solemn sky,

---

\* The south-east wind.

The stars, the waves their softened light enshrining,  
And 'Man's high soul supreme o'er mighty nature shining.

## XIII.

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,  
Breathing their souls in voices firm but low,  
As if the spirit of the hour and scene,  
With the wood's whisper, and the wave's sweet flow,  
Had tempered in their thoughtful hearts the glow  
Of all indignant feeling. To the breath  
Of Dorian flute, and lyre note soft and slow,  
E'en thus, of old, the Spartan from its sheath  
Drew his devoted sword, and girt himself for death.

## XIV.

And three, that seemed as chieftains of the band,  
Were gathered in the midst on that lone shore  
By Uri's lake—a father of the land,\*  
One on his brow the silent record wore,  
Of many days whose shadows had passed o'er  
His path amongst the hills, and quenched the dreams  
Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from memory's lore  
Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,  
For he had walked with God, beside the mountain streams.

## XV.

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well  
To their last pillow silently have gone,  
As melts a wreath of snow.—But who shall tell  
How life may task the spirit?—He was one,  
Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,  
And reaped his harvest, and his vintage pressed,  
Fearless of wrong ;—and now, at set of sun,  
He bowed not to his years, for on the breast  
Of a still chainless land, he deemed it much to rest.

## XVI.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,  
Strong hearts endure !—By that pale elder's side,  
Stood one that seemed a monarch of the soil,  
Serene and stately in his manhood's pride,  
Werner, † the brave and true !—If men have died,  
Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,  
He was a mate for such.—The voice, that cried  
Within his breast, " Arise !" came still and deep  
From his far home, that smiled, e'en then, in moonlight sleep.

## XVII.

It was a home to die for !—as it rose,  
Through its vine-foliage sending forth a sound  
Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose  
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round ;  
And he whose life to that sweet spot was bound,  
Raised unto Heaven a glad, yet thoughtful eye,  
And set his free step firmer on the ground,

\* Walter Fürst, the father-in-law of Tell.

† Werner Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife to rouse his countrymen to arms

## THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS.

When o'er his soul its melodies went by,  
As, through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

## XVIII.

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear  
Leaned with a prouder and more fiery bearing?—  
His was a brow for tyrant-hearts to fear,  
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing  
That which they may not tame—a soul declaring  
War against earth's oppressors.—'Midst that throng,  
Of other mould he seemed, and loftier daring,—  
One whose blood swept high impulses along,—  
One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song

## XIX.

A memory on the mountains!—one to stand,  
When the hills echoed with the deepening swell  
Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,  
And in some rock-defile, or savage dell,  
Array her peasant-children to repel  
Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains!  
Ay, one to fold around him, as he fell,  
Her banner with a smile—for through his veins  
The joy of danger flowed, as torrents to the plains.

## XX.

There was at times a wildness in the light  
Of his quick-flashing eye; a something, born  
Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,  
And proud, and tameless, laughing Fear to scorn!  
It well might be!—Young Erni's\* step had worn  
The mantling snows on their most regal steeps,  
And tracked the lynx above the clouds of morn,  
And followed where the flying chamois leaps  
Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unfathomed glacier-deeps.

## XXI.

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,  
A being, whose bright spirit had been fed  
'Midst the crowned heights with joy and liberty,  
And thoughts of power.—He knew each path which led  
To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystals shed  
Soft light o'er secret fountains.—At the tone  
Of his loud horn, the Lämmer-Geyert† had spread  
A startled wing; for oft that peal had blown  
Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

## XXII.

His step had tracked the waste, his soul had stirred  
The ancient solitudes—his voice had told  
Of wrongs to call down Heaven.‡—That tale was heard  
In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds fold  
Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold

\* Arnold Melchthal.

† Largest Alpine eagle.

‡ His aged father's eyes had been put out by order of the Austrian governor



On the bleak Oberland ; and where the light  
Of Day's last footstep bathes in burning gold  
Great Righi's cliffs ; and where Mount Pilate's height  
Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

## XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain.—There all things press  
High thoughts on man.—The fearless hunter passed,  
And, from the bosom of the wilderness,  
There leapt a spirit and a power to cast  
The weight of bondage down—and bright and fast,  
As the clear waters, joyously and free,  
Burst from the desert-rock, it rushed, at last,  
Through the far valleys ; till the patriot-three  
Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest Sea.\*

## XXIV.

They linked their hands,—they pledged their stainless faith  
In the dread presence of attesting Heaven—  
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,  
With the severe and solemn transport given  
To bless such vows.—How man had striven,  
How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they knew,  
And called upon their God, whose arm had riven  
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew  
The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

## XXV.

They knelt, and rose in strength.—The valleys lay  
Still in the dimness, but the peaks which darted  
Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day  
A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,  
Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,  
And full of hope. Not many suns had worn  
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started  
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—  
So far was heard the blast of Freedom's echoing horn !

## XXVI.

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending  
The frozen stillness which around them hung ;  
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,  
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollows rung ;  
And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung,  
From the Surennen rocks like banners streaming  
To the far Seelisberg ; whence light was flung  
On Grütli's field, till all the red lake gleaming  
Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendour seeming.

## XXVII.

And the winds tossed each summit's blazing crest,  
As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,  
Felled where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,  
Heaped up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,  
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,

---

\* Lake of the Four Cantons.

## THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.

Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crowned and bright,  
 In Werner's dwelling flowed; through leafless vines,  
 From Walter's hearth streamed forth the festive light,  
 And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.

XXVIII.

Then, on the silence of the snows there lay  
 A Sabbath's quiet sunshine,—and its bell  
 Filled the hushed air awhile, with lonely sway;  
 For the stream's voice was chained by Winter's spell,  
 The deep wood-sounds had ceased.—But rock and dell  
 Rung forth, ere long, when strains of jubilee  
 Pealed from the mountain-churches, with a swell  
 Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea,—  
 For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps were free!

1822.

## THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.

A TRAGEDY.—IN FIVE ACTS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT DI PROCIDA.  
 RAIMOND DI PROCIDA, *his Son*.  
 ERIBERT, *Viceroy*.  
 DE COUCL.  
 MONTALBA.  
 GUIDO.

ALBERTI.  
 ANSELMO, *a Monk*.  
 VITTORIA.  
 CONSTANCE, *Sister to Eribert*.

*Nobles, Soldiers, Messengers, Vassals, Peasants, &c. &c.*

SCENE—PALERMO.

## ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Valley, with Vineyards and Cottages.*

*Groups of Peasants*—PROCIDA, *disguised as a Pilgrim, amongst them.*

*First Peas.* Ay, this was wont to be a festal time

In days gone by! I can remember well  
 The old familiar melodies that rose  
 At break of morn, from all our purple hills,  
 To welcome in the vintage. Never since  
 Hath music seemed so sweet! But the  
 light hearts

Which to those measures beat so joyously

Are tamed to stillness now. There is no  
 voice

Of joy through all the land.

*Second Peas.* Yes! there are sounds  
 Of revelry within the palaces,

And the fair castles of our ancient lords,  
 Where now the stranger banquets. Ye may  
 hear

From *thence* the peals of song and laughter  
 rise

At midnight's deepest hour.

*Third Peas.* Alas! we sat

In happier days, so peacefully beneath  
 The olives and the vines our fathers reared,  
 Encircled by our children, whose quick step

Flew by us in the dance! The time hath  
been

When peace was in the hamlet, wheresoe'er  
The storm might gather. But this yoke of  
France

Falls on the peasant's neck as heavily  
As on the crested chieftain's. We are bowed  
E'en to the earth.

*Peas.'s Child.* My father, tell me when  
Shall the gay dance and song again resound  
Amidst our chestnut-woods, as in those days  
Of which thou'rt wont to tell the joyous tale?

*First Peas.* When there are light and  
reckless hearts once more

In Sicily's green vales. Alas! my boy,  
Men meet not now to quaff the flowing bowl,  
To hear the mirthful song, and cast aside  
The weight of work-day care:—they meet  
to speak

Of wrongs and sorrows, and to whisper  
thoughts

They dare not breathe aloud.

*Pro. (from the background).* Ay, it is  
well

So to relieve th' o'erburdened heart, which  
pants

Beneath its weight of wrongs; but better far  
In silence to avenge them.

*An old Peas.* What deep voice  
Came with that startling tone?

*First Peas.* It was our guest's,  
The stranger pilgrim, who hath sojourned  
here

Since yester-morn. Good neighbours, mark  
him well;

He hath a stately bearing, and an eye  
Whose glance looks through the heart.

His mien accords  
Ill with such vestments. How he folds  
around him

His pilgrim-cloak, e'en as it were a robe  
Of knightly ermine! That commanding  
step

Should have been used in courts and camps  
to move.

Mark him!

*Old Peas.* Nay, rather, mark him not:  
the times

Are fearful, and they teach the boldest  
hearts

A cautious lesson. What should bring him  
here?

*A Youth.* He spoke of vengeance!

*Old Peas.* Peace! we are beset  
By snares on every side, and we must learn  
In silence and in patience to endure.

Talk not of vengeance, for the word is  
death.

*Pro. (coming forward indignantly).* The  
word is death! And what hath life  
for thee,

That thou shouldst cling to it thus? thou  
abject thing!

Whose very soul is moulded to the yoke,  
And stamped with servitude. What! is it  
life,

Thus at a breeze to start, to school thy voice  
Into low fearful whispers, and to cast  
Pale jealous looks around thee, lest, e'en  
then,

Strangers should catch its echo?—Is there  
aught

In *this* so precious, that thy furrowed cheek  
Is blanched with terror at the passing  
thought

Of hazarding some few and evil days,  
Which drag thus poorly on?

*Some of the Peas.* Away, away!  
Leave us, for there is danger in thy presence.

*Pro.* Why, what is danger?—Are there  
deeper ills

Than those ye bear thus calmly? Ye have  
drained

The cup of bitterness, till nought remains  
To fear or shrink from—therefore, be ye  
strong!

Power dwelleth with despair.—Why start  
ye thus

At words which are but echoes of the  
thoughts

Locked in your secret souls?—Full well I  
know,

[nursed  
There is not one amongst you, but hath  
Some proud indignant feeling, which doth  
make

One conflict of his life. I know *thy* wrongs,  
And thine—and thine,—but if within your  
breasts

There is no chord that vibrates to *my* voice,  
Then fare ye well,

*A Youth (coming forward).* No, no! say  
on, say on!

[here,  
There are still free and fiery hearts e'en  
That kindle at thy words.

*Peas.* If that indeed  
Thou hast a hope to give us.

*Pro.* There is hope  
For all who suffer with indignant thoughts  
Which work in silent strength. What!  
think ye Heaven

O'erlooks th' oppressor, if he bear awhile  
His crested head on high?—I tell you, no!  
Th' avenger will not sleep. It was an hour  
Of triumph to the conqueror, when our king,  
Our young brave Conradin, in life's fair  
morn,

On the red scaffold died. Yet not the less  
Is justice throned above; and her good time  
Comes rushing on in storms: that royal  
blood

Hath lifted an accusing voice from earth,  
And hath been heard. The traces of the  
past

Fade in *man's* heart, but ne'er doth Heaven  
forget.

*Peas.* Had we but arms and leaders, we  
are men

Who might earn vengeance yet; but want-  
ing these,

What wouldst thou have us do?

*Peas.* Be vigilant;

And when the signal wakes the land, arise!  
The peasant's arm is strong, and there  
shall be

A rich and noble harvest. Fare ye well.

[*Exit* PROCIDA.]

*First Peas.* This man should be a pro-  
phet: how he seemed

To read our hearts with his dark searching  
glance

And aspect of command! And yet his garb  
Is mean as ours.

*Second Peas.* Speak low; I know him  
well.

At first his voice disturbed me like a dream  
Of other days; but I remember now  
His form, seen oft when in my youth I  
served

Beneath the banners of our kings. 'Tis he  
Who hath been exiled and proscribed so  
long,

The Count di Procida.

*Peas.* And is this he? [steps

Then Heaven protect him! for around his  
Will many snares be set.

*First Peas.* He comes not thus

But with some mighty purpose; doubt it  
not:

Perchance to bring us freedom. He is one  
Whose faith, through many a trial, hath  
been proved

True to our native princes. But away!

The noon-tide heat is past, and from the  
seas

Light gales are wandering through the vine-  
yards! now

We may resume our toil.

[*Exeunt* PEASANTS.]

SCENE II.—*The Terrace of a Castle.*

ERIBERT. VITTORIA.

*Vit.* Have I not told thee that I bear a  
heart

Blighted and cold?—Th' affections of my  
youth

Lie slumbering in the grave; their fount is  
closed,

And all the soft and playful tenderness  
Which hath its home in woman's breast,  
ere yet

Deep wrongs have seared it; all is fled  
from mine.

Urge me no more.

*Erib.* O lady! doth the flower

That sleeps entombed through the long  
wintry storms

Unfold its beauty to the breath of spring;  
And shall not woman's heart, from chill  
despair,

Wake at love's voice?

*Vit.* Love!—make *love's* name thy spell,  
And I am strong!—the very word calls up  
From the dark past, thoughts, feelings,  
powers, arrayed

In arms against thee!—Know'st thou *whom*  
I loved,

While my soul's dwelling-place was still on  
earth?

One who was born for empire, and endowed  
With such high gifts of princely majesty  
As bowed all hearts before him!—Was he  
not

Brave, royal, beautiful?—And such he died;  
He died!—hast thou forgotten?—And  
thou'rt here,

Thou meet'st my glance with eyes which  
coldly looked,—

Coldly!—nay, rather with triumphant gaze,  
Upon his murder!—Desolate as I am,  
Yet in the mien of *thine* affianced bride,  
Oh, my lost Conradin! there should be still  
Somewhat of loftiness, which might o'erawe  
The hearts of *thine* assassins.

*Erib.* Haughty dame!

If thy proud heart to tenderness be closed,  
Know, danger is around thee: thou hast  
foes

That seek thy ruin, and my power alone  
Can shield thee from their arts.

*Vit.* Provençal, tell

Thy tale of danger to some happy heart,  
Which hath its little world of loved ones  
round,

For whom to tremble; and its tranquil joys  
That make earth Paradise. I stand alone;—  
They that are blest may fear.

*Erib.* Is there not one

Who ne'er commands in vain?—proud  
lady, bend

Thy spirit to thy fate; for know that he  
Whose car of triumph in its earthquake path



O'er the bowed neck of prostrate Sicily,  
Hath borne him to dominion; he, my king,  
Charles of Anjou, decrees thy hand the boon  
My deeds have well deserved; and who hath

power  
Against his mandates?

*Vit.* Viceroy, tell thy lord,  
That e'en where chains lie heaviest on the  
land,  
Souls may not all be fettered. Oft, ere now,  
Conquerors have rocked the earth, yet failed  
to tame

Unto their purposes that restless fire  
Inhabiting man's breast. A spark bursts  
forth,

And so they perish!—'tis the fate of those  
Whosport with lightning—and it may be his.  
Tell him I fear him not, and thus am free.

*Erib.* 'Tis well. Then nerve that lofty  
heart to bear

The wrath which is not powerless. Yet again  
Bethink thee, lady!—Love may change—  
*hath* changed

To vigilant hatred oft, whose sleepless eye  
Still finds what most it seeks for. Fare  
thee well.—

Look to it yet!—To-morrow I return.

[*Exit* ERIBERT.]

*Vit.* To-morrow!—Some ere now have  
slept, and dreamt

Of morrows which ne'er dawned—or ne'er  
for them;

So silently their deep and still repose  
Hath melted into death!—Are there not  
balsms

In nature's boundless realm, to pour out  
sleep

Like this, on me?—Yet should my spirit  
still

Endure its earthly bonds, till it could bear  
To *his* a glorious tale of his own isle,  
Free and avenged.—*Thou* should'st be now

at work,

In wrath, my native Etna! who dost lift  
Thy spiry pillar of dark smoke so high,  
Through the red heaven of sunset—sleep'st  
thou still,

With all thy founts of fire, while spoilers  
tread

The glowing vales beneath?

(PROCIDA enters, disguised.)

Ha! who art thou,  
Unbidden guest, that with so mute a step  
Doth steal upon me?

*Pro.* One o'er whom hath passed  
All that can change man's aspect!—Yet not  
long

Shalt thou find safety in forgetfulness.—  
I am he to breathe whose name is perilous,  
Unless thy wealth could bribe the winds to  
silence.—

Knowest thou *this*, lady?

[*He shows a ring.*]

*Vit.* Righteous Heaven! the Pledge  
Amidst his people from the scaffold thrown  
By him who perished, and whose kingly  
blood

E'en yet is unatoned.—My heart beats  
high—

Oh, welcome, welcome! thou art Procida,  
Th' Avenger, the Deliverer!

*Pro.* Call me so [tell  
When my great task is done. Yet who can  
If the returned *be* welcome?—Many a  
heart

Is changed since last we met.

*Vit.* Why dost thou gaze,  
With such a still and solemn earnestness,  
Upon my altered mien?

*Pro.* That I may read  
If to the widowed love of Conradin,  
Or the proud Eribert's triumphant bride,  
I now entrust my fate.

*Vit.* Thou, Procida!  
That *thou* shouldst wrong me thus!—*Pro*  
long thy gaze

Till it hath found an answer.

*Pro.* 'Tis enough.  
I find it in thy cheek, whose rapid change  
Is from death's hue to fever's; in the wild  
Unsettled brightness of thy proud dark eye  
And in thy wasted form. Ay, 'tis a deep  
And solemn joy, thus in thy looks to trace,  
Instead of youth's gay bloom, the characters  
Of noble suffering;—on thy brow the same  
Commanding spirit holds its native state  
Which could not stoop to vileness. Yet the  
voice

Of Fame hath told afar that thou shouldst  
wed

This tyrant, Eribert.

*Vit.* And told it not  
A tale of insolent love repelled with scorn  
Of stern commands and fearful menaces  
Met with indignant courage?—Procida!  
It was but now that haughtily I braved  
His sovereign's mandate, which decrees my  
hand,

With its fair appanage of wide domains  
And wealthy vassals, a most fitting boon,  
To recompense his crimes.—I smiled—ay,  
smiled—

In proud security! for the high of heart  
Have still a pathway to escape disgrace,  
Though it be dark and lone.

*Pro.* Thou shalt not need  
To tread its shadowy mazes. Trust my  
words :

I tell thee that a spirit is abroad  
Which will not slumber till its path be  
traced

By deeds of fearful fame. Vittoria, live !  
It is most meet that thou *shouldst* live to  
see

The mighty expiation ; for thy heart  
(Forgive me that I wronged its faith) hath  
nursed

A high, majestic grief, whose seal is set  
Deep on thy marble brow.

*Vit.* Then thou *canst* tell

By gazing on the withered rose, that there  
Time, or the blight, hath worked !—Ay,  
this is in

Thy vision's scope ; but oh ! the things  
unseen,

Untold, undreamt of, which like shadows  
pass

Hourly o'er that mysterious world, a mind  
To ruin struck by grief !—Yet doth my soul,  
Far, 'midst its darkness, nurse one soaring  
hope,

Wherein is bright vitality.—'Tis to see  
*His* blood avenged, and his fair heritage,  
My beautiful native land, in glory risen,  
Like a warrior from his slumbers !

*Pro.* Hear'st thou not

With what a deep and ominous moan the  
voice [be soon

Of our great mountain swells ?—There will  
A fearful burst !—Vittoria ! brood no more

In silence o'er thy sorrows, but go forth  
Amidst thy vassals (yet be secret still),

And let thy breath give nurture to the spark  
Thou'lt find already kindled. I move on

In shadow, yet awakening in my path  
That which shall startle nations. Fare thee  
well.

*Vit.* When shall we meet again ?—Arc  
we not those

Whom most he loved on earth, and think'st  
thou not

That love e'en yet shall bring his spirit near  
While thus we hold communion ?

*Pro.* Yes, I feel

Its breathing influence whilst I look on  
thee,

Who wert its light in life. Yet will we not  
Make womanish tears our offering on his  
tomb ;

He shall have nobler tribute !—I must  
hence,

But thou shalt soon hear more. Await the  
time. [Exit separately.]

SCENE III.—*The Sea-shore.*

RAIMOND DI PROCIDA. CONSTANCE.

*Con.* There is a shadow far within your  
eye,

Which hath of late been deepening. You  
were wont

Upon the clearness of your open brow  
To wear a brighter spirit, shedding round  
Joy, like our southern sun. It is not well,  
If some dark thought be gathering o'er  
your soul,

To hide it from affection. Why is this,  
My Raimond, why is this ?

*Rai.* Oh ! from the dreams

Of youth, sweet Constance, hath not man  
hood still

A wide and stormy waking ?—They  
depart ;

Light after light, our glorious visions fade,  
The vaguely beautiful ! till earth, unveiled,  
Lies pale around ; and life's realities

Press on the soul, from its unfathomed  
depth

Rousing the fiery feelings, and proud  
thoughts,

In all their fearful strength !—'Tis ever  
thus,

And doubly so with me ; for I awoke  
With high aspirings, making it a curse  
To breathe where noble minds are bowed,  
as here.

To breathe !—it is not breath !

*Con.* I know thy grief,—

And is't not mine ?—for those devoted men  
Doomed with their life to expiate some  
wild word,

Born of the social hour. Oh ! I have knelt  
E'en at my brother's feet, with fruitless  
tears,

Imploring him to spare. His heart is shut  
Against my voice ; yet will I not forsake  
The cause of mercy.

*Rai.* Waste not thou thy prayers,

Oh, gentle love, for them. There is little  
need

For Pity, though the galling chain be worn  
By some few slaves the less. Let them  
depart !

There is a world beyond th' oppressor's  
reach,

And thither lies their way.

*Con.* Alas ! I see

That some new wrong hath pierced you to  
the soul. [words,

*Rai.* Pardon, beloved Constance, if my  
From feelings hourly stung, have caught,  
perchance,

A tone of bitterness.—Oh! when thine eyes,  
With their sweet eloquent thoughtfulness,  
are fixed

Thus tenderly on mine, I should forget  
All else in their soft beams! and yet I came  
To tell thee—

*Con.* What? What wouldst thou say?  
O speak!—

Thou wouldst not leave me!

*Rai.* I have cast a cloud,  
The shadow of dark thoughts and ruined  
fortunes,

O'er thy bright spirit. Haply, were I gone,  
Thou wouldst resume thyself, and dwell  
once more

In the clear sunny light of youth and joy,  
E'en as before we met—before we loved!

*Con.* This is but mockery.—Well thou  
know'st thy love  
Hath given me nobler being; made my  
heart

A home for all the deep sublimities

Of strong affection; and I would not  
change

Th' exalted life I draw from that pure  
With all its chequered hues of hope and fear,  
Even for the brightest calm. Thou most  
unkind!

Have I deserved this?

*Rai.* Oh! thou hast deserved  
A love less fatal to thy peace than mine.  
Think not 'tis mockery!—But I cannot rest  
To be the scorned and trampled thing I am  
In this degraded land. Its very skies,  
That smile as if but festivals were held  
Beneath their cloudless azure, weigh me  
down

With a dull sense of bondage, and I pine  
For freedom's chartered air. I would go  
forth

To seek my noble father; he hath been  
Too long a lonely exile, and his name  
Seems fading in the dim obscurity  
Which gathers round my fortunes.

*Con.* Must we part?

And is it come to this?—Oh! I have still  
Deemed it enough of joy with thee to share  
E'en grief itself—and now—but this is vain;  
Alas! too deep, too fond, is woman's love,  
Too full of hope, she casts on troubled waves  
The treasures of her soul!

*Rai.* Oh, speak not thus!  
Thy gentle and desponding tones fall cold  
Upon my inmost heart.—I leave thee but  
To be more worthy of a love like thine,  
For I have dreamt of fame!—A few short  
years,  
And we may yet be blest.

*Con.* A few short years!  
Less time may well suffice for death and fate  
To work all change on earth!—To break  
the ties

Which early love had formed; and to bow  
down

Th' elastic spirit, and to blight each flower  
Strewn in life's crowded path!—But be  
it so!

Be it enough to know that happiness  
Meets thee on other shores.

*Rai.* Where'er I roam  
Thou shalt be with my soul!—Thy soft low  
voice

Shall rise upon remembrance, like a strain  
Of music heard in boyhood, bringing back  
Life's morning freshness.—Oh! that there  
should be

Things, which we love with such deep  
tenderness,

But, through that love, to learn how much  
of woe

Dwells in one hour like this!—Yet weep  
thou not!

We shall meet soon; and many days, dear  
Ere I depart.

*Con.* Then there's a respite still.  
Days!—not a day but in its course may  
bring

Some strange vicissitude to turn aside  
Th' impending blow we shrink from. Fare  
thee well.

(*Returning.*)

Oh, Raimond! this is not our *last* farewell?  
Thou wouldst not so deceive me?

*Rai.* Doubt me not,  
Gentlest and best beloved! we meet again.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.]

*Rai.* (*after a pause*). When shall I breathe  
in freedom, and give scope  
To those untameable and burning thoughts,  
And restless aspirations, which consume  
My heart i' th' land of bondage?—Oh!  
with you,

Ye everlasting images of power  
And of infinity! thou blue-rolling deep,  
And you, ye stars! whose beams are cha-  
racters

Wherewith the oracles of fate are traced;  
With you my soul finds room, and casts  
aside

The weight that doth oppress her.—But  
my thoughts  
Are wandering far; there should be one to  
share

This awful and majestic solitude  
Of sea and heaven with me.



(PROCIDA enters, unobserved.)

It is the hour

He named, and yet he comes not

*Pro.* (coming forward). He is here.

*Rai.* Now, thou mysterious stranger,  
thou, whose glance

Doth fix itself on memory, and pursue  
Thought, like a spirit, haunting its lone  
hours;

Reveal thyself; what art thou?

*Pro.* One, whose life

Has been a troubled stream, and made its  
way

Through rocks and darkness, and a thou-  
sand storms,

With still a mighty aim.—But now the  
shades

Of eve are gathering round me, and I come  
To this, my native land, that I may rest

Beneath its vines in peace.

*Rai.* Seek'st thou for peace?

This is no land of peace; unless that deep  
And voiceless terror, which doth freeze  
men's thoughts

Back to their source, and mantle its pale  
mien

With a dull hollow semblance of repose,  
May so be called.

*Pro.* There are such calms full oft

Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been  
So vainly schooled by fortune, and inured

To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink,  
That it should irk my spirit to put on

Such guise of hushed submissiveness as best  
May suit the troubled aspect of the times.

*Rai.* Why, then, thou art welcome,  
stranger! to the land

Where most disguise is needful.—He were  
bold

Who now should wear his thoughts upon  
his brow

Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye  
Doth search distrustfully the brother's face;

And friends whose undivided lives have  
drawn

From the same past their long remem-  
brances,

Now meet in terror, or no more; lest hearts  
Full of o'erflowing, in their social hour,

Should pour out some rash word, which  
roving winds

Might whisper to our conquerors.—This  
it is

To wear a foreign yoke.

*Pro.* It matters not

To him who holds the mastery o'er his spirit,  
And can suppress its workings, till en-  
durance

Becomes as nature. We can tame our-  
selves

To all extremes, and there is that in life  
To which we cling with most tenacious

grasp,  
Even when its lofty claims are all reduced

To the poor common privilege of breath-  
ing.—

Why dost thou turn away?

*Rai.* What wouldst thou with me?

I deemed thee, by th' ascendant soul which  
lived,

And made its throne on thy commanding  
brow,

One of a sovereign nature, which would  
scorn

So to abase its high capacities

For aught on earth.—But thou art like the  
rest.

What wouldst thou with me?

*Pro.* I would counsel thee.

Thou must do that which men—ay, valiant  
men—

Hourly submit to do; in the proud court,  
And in the stately camp, and at the board

Of midnight revellers, whose flushed mirth  
is all

A strife, won hardly.—Where is he whose  
heart

Lies bare, through all its foldings, to the  
gaze

Of mortal eye?—If vengeance wait the foe,  
Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths con-  
cealed

Beneath a smiling surface.—Youth! I say,  
Keep thy soul down!—Put on a mask!—

'tis worn

Alike by power and weakness, and the  
smooth

And specious intercourse of life requires  
Its aid in every scene.

*Rai.* Away, dissembler!

Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks,

Fitted to every nature. Will the free  
And royal eagle stoop to learn the arts

By which the serpent wins his spell-bound  
prey?

It is because I *will* not clothe myself  
In a vile garb of coward semblances,

That now, e'en now, I struggle with my  
heart,

To bid what most I love a long farewell,  
And seek my country on some distant shore

Where such things are unknown!

*Pro.* (exultingly). Why, this is joy!

After long conflict with the doubts and  
fears.

And the poor subtleties of meaner minds,



To meet a spirit whose bold elastic wing  
Oppression hath not crushed.—High-  
hearted youth!

Thy father, should his footsteps e'er again  
Visit these shores—

*Rai.* My father! what of him?

Speak! was he known to thee?

*Pro.* In distant lands

With him I've traversed many a wild, and  
looked

On many a danger; and the thought that  
thou

Wert smiling then in peace, a happy boy,  
Oft through the storm hath cheered him.

*Rai.* Dost thou deem

That still he lives?—Oh! if it be in chains,  
In woe, in poverty's obscurest cell,  
Say but he lives—and I will track his steps  
E'en to the earth's verge!

*Pro.* It may be that he lives;

Though long his name hath ceased to be a  
word

Familiar in man's dwellings. But its sound  
May yet be heard!—Raimond di Procida,—  
Rememberest thou thy father?

*Rai.* From my mind

His form hath faded long, for years have  
passed

Since he went forth to exile: but a vague,  
Yet powerful, image of deep majesty,  
Still dimly gathering round each thought  
of him,

Doth claim instinctive reverence; and my  
love

For his inspiring name hath long become  
Part of my being

*Pro.* Raimond! doth no voice

Speak to thy soul, and tell thee whose the  
arms

That would enfold thee now?—My son:  
my son!

*Rai.* Father!—O God!—my father!

Now I know

Why my heart woke before thee!

*Pro.* Oh! this hour

Makes hope reality; for thou art all  
My dreams had pictured thee!

*Rai.* Yet why so long,

Even as a stranger, hast thou crossed my  
paths,

One nameless and unknown?—and yet I  
felt

Each pulse within me thrilling to thy voice.

*Pro.* Because I would not link thy fate  
with mine,

Till I could hail the day-spring of that hope  
Which now is gathering round us.—Listen,  
youth!

Thou hast told me of a subdued, and  
scorned,

And trampled land, whose very soul is  
bowed

And fashioned to her chains:—but I tell  
thee

Of a most generous and devoted land,  
A land of kindling energies; a land  
Of glorious recollections!—proudly true  
To the high memory of her ancient kings,  
And rising, in majestic scorn, to cast  
Her alien bondage off!

*Rai.* And where is this?

*Pro.* Here, in our isle, our own fair  
Sicily!

Her spirit is awake, and moving on,  
In its deep silence, mightier, to regain  
Her place amongst the nations; and the  
hour

Of that tremendous effort is at hand.

*Rai.* Can it be thus indeed?—Thou  
pourest new life

Through all my burning veins!—I am as  
one

Awakening from a chill and death-like sleep  
To the full glorious day.

*Pro.* Thou shalt hear more!

Thou shalt hear things which would,—  
which will arouse

The proud, free spirits of our ancestors  
E'en from their marble rest. Yet mark me  
well!

Be secret!—for along my destined path  
I yet must darkly move.—Now, follow me;  
And join a band of men in whose high  
hearts

There lies a nation's strength.

*Rai.* My noble father!

Thy words have given me all for which I  
pined—

An aim, a hope, a purpose!—And the  
blood

Doth rush in warmer currents through my  
veins,

As a bright fountain from its icy bonds  
By the quick sun-stroke freed.

*Pro.* Ay, this is well!

Such natures burst men's chains!—Now,  
follow me. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.—*Apartment in a Palace.*

ERIBERT. CONSTANCE.

*Con.* Will you not hear me?—Oh! that  
they who need

Hourly forgiveness, they who do but live.

While Mercy's voice, beyond th' eternal stars,  
Wins the great Judge to listen, should be thus,  
In their vain exercise of pageant power,  
Hard and relentless!—Gentle brother, yet  
'Tis in your choice to imitate that Heaven  
Whose noblest joy is pardon.

*Eri.* 'Tis too late.

You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads

With eloquent melody—but they must die.

*Con.* What, die!—for words? for breath,  
which leaves no trace

To sully the pure air, wherewith it blends,  
And is, being uttered, gone?—Why, 'twere  
enough

For such a venial fault, to be deprived  
One little day of man's free heritage,  
Heaven's warm and sunny light!—Oh! if  
you deem

That evil harbours in their souls, at least  
Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,  
Shall bid stern Justice wake.

*Eri.* I am not one

Of those weak spirits, that timorously keep  
watch

For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues  
Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath  
been

Where power sits crowned and armed.—  
And, mark me, sister!

To a distrustful nature it might seem  
Strange that your lips thus earnestly should  
plead

For these Sicilian rebels. O'er *my* being  
Suspicion holds no power.—And yet take  
note.—

I have said, and they must die.

*Con.* Have you no fear?

*Eri.* Of what?—that heaven should fall?

*Con.* No!—but that earth  
Should arm in madness.—Brother! I have  
seen

Dark eyes bent on you, e'en 'midst festal  
thongs,

With such deep hatred settled in their  
My heart hath died within me.

*Eri.* Am I then

To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because  
a girl,

A dreaming girl, hath trembled at a look?

*Con.* Oh! looks are no illusions, when  
the soul,

Which may not speak in words, can find  
no way

But theirs to liberty!—Have not these men  
Brave sons or noble brothers?

*Eri.* Yes! whose names

It rests with me to make a word of fear,  
A sound forbidden 'midst the haunts of men

*Con.* But not forgotten!—Ah! beware,  
beware!—

Nay, look not sternly on me.—There is one  
Of that devoted band, who yet will need  
Years to be ripe for death. He is a youth,  
A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek  
The spring-time glow is lingering. 'Twas  
but now

His mother left me, with a timid hope  
Just dawning in her breast; and I—I dared  
To foster its faint spark.—You smile?—  
Oh! then

He will be saved!

*Eri.* Nay, I but smiled to think

What a fond fool is hope!—She may be  
taught

To deem that the great sun will change his  
course

To work her pleasure; or the tomb give  
back

Its inmates to her arms.—In sooth, 'tis  
strange!

Yet, with your pitying heart, you should not  
thus

Have mocked the boy's sad mother.—I  
have said

You should not thus have *mocked* her!—  
Now, farewell. [*Exit ERIBERT.*]

*Con.* Oh, brother! hard of heart!—for  
deeds like these

There must be fearful chastening, if on high  
Justice doth hold her state.—And I must tell  
Yon desolate mother that her fair young son  
Is thus to perish!—Haply the dread tale  
May slay *her* too;—for Heaven is merciful.—  
'Twill be a bitter task!

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.]

SCENE II.—*A ruined Tower, surrounded  
by Woods.*

PROCIDA. VITTORIA.

*Pro.* Thy vassals are prepared, then?

*Vit.* Yes, they wait

Thy summons to their task.

*Pro.* Keep the flame bright,  
But hidden, till its hour.—Wouldst thou  
dare, lady,

To join our councils at the night's mid-  
watch,

In the lone cavern by the rock-hewn cross?

*Vit.* What should I shrink from?

*Pro.* Oh! the forest paths  
Are dim and wild, e'en when the sunshine  
streams

Through their high arches: but when powerful night

Comes, with her cloudy phantoms, and her pale

Uncertain moonbeams, and the hollow sounds

Of her mysterious winds; their aspect *then* Is of another and more fearful world;

A realm of indistinct and shadowy forms, Wakening strange thoughts, almost too much for this,

Our frail terrestrial nature.

*Vit.* Well I know

All this, and more. Such scenes have been th' abodes

Where through the silence of my soul have passed

Voices, and visions from the sphere of those That have to die no more!—Nay, doubt it not!

If such unearthly intercourse hath e'er Been granted to our nature, 'tis to hearts Whose love is with the dead. They, they alone,

Unmaddened could sustain the fearful joy And glory of its trances!—at the hour Which makes guilt tremulous, and peoples earth

And air with infinite, viewless multitudes, I will be with thee, Procida.

*Pro.* Thy presence [souls  
Will kindle nobler thoughts, and, in the

Of suffering and indignant men, arouse That which may strengthen our majestic cause [the spot?

With yet a deeper power.—Know'st thou  
*Vit.* Full well. There is no scene so

wild and lone  
In these dim woods, but I have visited  
Its tangled shades.

*Pro.* At midnight, then, we meet. [Exit PROCIDA.

*Vit.* Why should I fear?—Thou wilt be with me, thou,

Th' immortal dream and shadow of my soul, Spirit of him I love! that meet'st me still

In loneliness and silence; in the noon Of the wild night, and in the forest-depths, Known but to me; for whom thou giv'st the winds

And sighing leaves a cadence of thy voice, Till my heart faints with that o'erthrilling joy!—

Thou wilt be with me there, and lend my lips Words, fiery words, to flush dark cheeks with shame,

That thou art unavenged!

[Exit VITTORIA.

SCENE III.—*A Chapel, with a Monument on which is laid a Sword.—Moonlight.*

PROCIDA. RAIMOND. MONTALBA.

*Mon.* And know you not my story?

*Pro.* In the lands

Where I have been a wanderer, your deep wrongs

Were numbered with our country's; but their tale

Came only in faint echoes to mine ear. I would fain hear it now.

*Mon.* Hark! while you spoke,

There was a voice-like murmur in the breeze, Which even like death came o'er me:—'twas a night

Like this, of clouds contending with the moon,

A night of sweeping winds, of rustling leaves, And swift wild shadows floating o'er the earth,

Clothed with a phantom-life; when, after years

Of battle and captivity, I spurred

My good steed homewards.—Oh! what lovely dreams

Rose on my spirit!—There were tears and smiles,

But all of joy!—And there were bounding steps,

And clinging arms, whose passionate clasp of love

Doth twine so fondly round the warrior's neck.

When his plumed helm is doffed.—Hence, feeble thoughts!—

I am sterner now, yet once such dreams were mine!

*Rai.* And were they realized?

*Mon.* Youth! Ask me not,

But listen!—I drew near my own fair home; There was no light along its walls, no sound Of bugle pealing from the watch-towers height

At my approach, although my trampling steed

Made the earth ring; yet the wide gates were thrown

All open.—Then my heart misgave me first, And on the threshold of my silent hall

I paused a moment, and the wind swept by With the same deep and dirge-like tone which pierced

My soul e'en now.—I called—mystruggling voice

Gave utterance to my wife's, my children's, names; [strength,

They answered not—I roused my failing



And wildly rushed within—and they were there.

*Rai.* And was all well?

*Mon.* Ay, well!—for death is well, And they were all at rest!—I see them yet, Pale in their innocent beauty, which had failed

To stay th' assassin's arm!

*Rai.* Oh, righteous Heaven! Who had done this?

*Mon.* Who?

*Pro.* Canst thou question, *who*?

Whom hath the earth to perpetrate such deeds,

In the cold-blooded revelry of crime, But those whose yoke is on us?

*Rai.* Man of woe!

What words hath pity for despair like thine?

*Mon.* Pity!—fond youth!—My soul disdains the grief

Which doth unbosom its deep secrecies, To ask a vain companionship of tears, And so to be relieved!

*Pro.* For woes like these

There is no sympathy but vengeance.

*Mon.* None!

Therefore I brought you hither, that your hearts

Might catch the spirit of the scene!—Look round!

We are in the awful presence of the dead; Within yon tomb *they* sleep, whose gentle blood

Weighs down the murderer's soul.—*They* sleep!—but I

Am wakeful o'er their dust!—I laid my sword,

Without its sheath, on their sepulchral stone,

As on an altar; and th' eternal stars, And heaven, and night, bore witness to my vow,

No more to wield it save in one great cause, The vengeance of the grave!—And now the hour

Of that atonement comes!

[*He takes the sword from the tomb.*]

*Rai.* My spirit burns!

And my full heart almost to bursting swells.—

Oh! for the day of battle.

*Pro.* Raimond! thy

Whose souls are dark with guiltless blood must die;—

But not in battle.

*Rai.* How, my father!

*Pro.* No!

Look on that sepulchre, and it will teach

Another lesson.—But th' appointed hour Advances.—Thou wilt join our chosen band, Noble Montalba?

*Mon.* Leave me for a time, That I may calm my soul by intercourse With the still dead, before I mix with men, And with their passions. I have nursed for years,

In silence and in solitude, the flame Which doth consume me; and it is not used Thus to be looked or breathed on.— Procida!

I would be tranquil—or appear so—ere I join your brave confederates. Through my heart

There struck a pang—but it will soon have passed. [cross.]

*Pro.* Remember!—in the cavern by the Now, follow me, my son.

[*Exeunt PROCIDA and RAIMOND.*]

*Mon.* (*after a pause, leaning on the tomb*): Said he, "my son?"—Now, why should this man's life

Go down in hope, thus resting on a son, And I be desolate?—How strange a sound Was that—"my son!"—I had a boy, who might

Have worn as free a soul upon his brow As doth this youth.—Why should the thought of *him*

Thus haunt me?—when I tread the peopled ways

Of life again, I shall be passed each hour By fathers with their children, and I must Learn calmly to look on.—Methinks 'twere now

A gloomy consolation to behold All men bereft, as I am!—But away, Vain thoughts!—One task is left for blighted hearts,

And it shall be fulfilled. [*Exit MONTALBA.*]

SCENE IV. — *Entrance of a Cave surrounded by Rocks and Forests. A rude Cross seen amongst the Rocks.*

PROCIDA. RAIMOND.

*Pro.* And is it thus, beneath the so'enn skies

Of midnight, and in solitary caves, Where the wild forest-creatures make their lair,—

Is't thus the chiefs of Sicily must hold The councils of their country?

*Rai.* Why, such scenes

In their primeval majesty, beheld Thus by faint starlight, and the partial glare Of the red-streaming lava, will inspire



Far deeper thoughts than pillared halls,  
wherein

Statesmen hold weary vigils.—Are we not  
O'ershadowed by that Etna, which of old,  
With its dread prophecies, hath struck dis-  
may

Through tyrants' hearts, and bade them  
seek a home

In other climes?—Hark! from its depths  
e'en now

What hollow moans are sent!

*Enter* MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other  
SICILIANS.

*Pro.* Welcome, my brave associates!—

We can share

The wolf's wild freedom here!—Th' oppres-  
sor's haunt

Is not 'midst rocks and caves. Are we all  
met?

*Sic.* All, all! [gust,

*Pro.* The torchlight, swayed by every  
But dimly shows your features.—Where  
is he

Who from his battles had returned to breathe  
Once more, without a corslet, and to meet  
The voices, and the footsteps, and the  
smiles,

Blent with his dreams of home?—Of that  
dark tale

The rest is known to vengeance!—Art thou  
here,

With thy deep wrongs and resolute despair,  
Childless Montalba?

*Mon. (advancing).* He is at thy side.

Call on that desolate father, in the hour  
When his revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* Thou, too, come forth,

From thine own halls an exile!—Dost thou  
make

The mountain-fastnesses thy dwelling still,  
While hostile banners, o'er thy rampart  
walls,

Wave their proud blazonry?

*First Sic.* Even so. I stood

Last night before my own ancestral towers  
An unknown outcast, while the tempest beat  
On my bare head—what reaked it?—There  
was joy

Within, and revelry; the festive lamps  
Were streaming from each turret, and gay  
songs,

I th' stranger's tongue, made mirth. They  
little deemed

Who heard their melodies!—but there are  
thoughts

Best nurtured in the wild; there are dread  
vows

Known to the mountain-echoes.—Procida!  
Call on the outcast when revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* I knew a young Sicilian, one whose  
heart

Should be all fire. On that most guilty day,  
When, with our martyred Conradin, the  
flower

Of the land's knighthood perished; he, of  
whom

I speak, a weeping boy, whose innocent  
tears

Melted a thousand hearts that dared not aid,  
Stood by the scaffold, with extended arms,  
Calling upon his father, whose last look  
Turned full on him its parting agony.

That father's blood gushed o'er him!—and  
the boy

Then dried his tears, and, with a kindling  
eye,

And a proud flush on his young cheek,  
looked up

To the bright heaven.—Doth he remember  
still

That bitter hour?

*Second Sic.* He bears a sheathless  
sword!—

Call on the orphan when revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* Our band shows gallantly—but  
there are men

Who should be with us now, had they not  
dared

In some wild moment of festivity

To give their full hearts way, and breathe  
a wish

For freedom!—and some traitor— it  
might be

A breeze perchance—bore the forbidden  
sound

To Eribert:—so they must die—unless  
Fate (who at times is wayward) should  
select

Some other victim first!—But have they not  
Brothers or sons amongst us?

*Gui.* Look on me!

I have a brother, a young high-souled boy,  
And beautiful as a sculptor's dream, with  
brow

That wears, amidst its dark rich curls, the  
stamp

Of inborn nobleness. In truth, he is  
A glorious creature!—But his doom is  
sealed

With theirs of whom you spoke; and I  
have knelt—

Ay, scorn me not! 'twas for his life—I  
knelt

E'en at the viceroy's feet, and he put on  
That heartless laugh of cold malignity

We know so well, and spurned me.—But  
the stain

Of shame like this, takes blood to wash  
it off,

And *thus* it shall be cancelled!—Call on me,  
When the stern moment of revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* I call upon thee *now!* The land's  
high soul

Is roused, and moving onward, like a breeze  
Or a swift sunbeam, kindling nature's hues  
To deeper life before it. In his chains,  
The peasant dreams of freedom!—ay, 'tis  
thus

Oppression fans th' imperishable flame  
With most unconscious hands.—No praise  
be hers

For what she blindly works!—When sla-  
very's cup

O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison,  
meant

To dull our senses, through each burning  
vein

Pours fever, lending a delirious strength  
To burst man's fetters—and they *shall* be  
burst!

I have hoped, when hope seemed frenzy;  
but a power

Abides in human will, when bent with  
strong

Unswerving energy on one great aim,  
To make and rule its fortunes!—I have been  
A wanderer in the fulness of my years,  
A restless pilgrim of the earth and seas,  
Gathering the generous thoughts of other  
lands,

To aid our holy cause. And aid is near:  
But we must give the signal. Now, before  
The majesty of you pure Heaven, whose eye  
Is on our hearts, whose righteous arm be-  
friends

The arm that strikes for freedom; speak!  
decece

The fate of our oppressors.

*Mon.* Let them fall  
When dreaming least of peril!—When the  
heart,

Basking in sunny pleasure, doth forget  
That hate may smile, but sleeps not.—Hide  
the sword

With a thick veil of myrtle, and in halls  
Of banqueting, where the full wine-cup  
shines

Red in the festal torchlight; meet we there,  
And bid them welcome to the feast of death.

*Pro.* Thy voice is low and broken, and  
thy words

Scarce meet our ears.

*Mon.* Why, then, I thus repeat

Their import. Let th' avenging sword  
burst forth

In some free festal hour, and woe to him  
Who first shall spare!

*Rai.* Must innocence and guilt  
Perish alike?

*Mon.* Who talks of innocence?

When hath *their* hand been stayed for  
innocence?

Let them all perish!—Heaven will choose  
its own.

Why should *their* children live?—The  
earthquake whelms

Its undistinguished thousands, making  
graves

Of peopled cities in its path—and this  
Is Heaven's dread justice—ay, and it is  
well!

Why then should *we* be tender, when the  
skies

Deal thus with man?—What, if the infant  
bled?

Is there not power to hush the mother's  
pangs?

What, if the youthful bride perchance  
should fall

In her triumphant beauty?—Should we  
pause?

As if death were not mercy to the pangs  
Which make our lives the records of our foes?

Let them all perish!—And if one be found  
Amidst our band, to stay th' avenging steel

For pity, or remorse, or boyish love,  
Then be his doom as theirs! [*A pause.*]

Why gaze ye thus?

Brethren, what means your silence?

*Sic.* Be it so!

If one amongst us stay th' avenging steel

For love or pity, be his doom as theirs!

Pledge we our faith to this!

RAIMOND (*rushing forward, indig-  
nantly*). Our faith to this!

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it!—Can it be?

My countrymen, my father!—Is it thus  
That freedom should be won?—Awake!

awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, exultingly,  
On the crowned heights, and to the sweep-  
ing winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your trumpet's  
blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call  
aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall  
bear

The stranger's yoke no longer!—What is he  
Who carries on his practised lip a smile,

Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits

Fill the heart bounds with joy, to still its beatings?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil from,

And our blood curdle at—ay, yours and mine—

A murderer!—Heard ye?—Shall that name with ours

Go down to after days?—Oh, friends! a cause

Like that for which we rise, hath made bright names

Of the elder-time as rallying-words to men, Sounds full of might and immortality!

And shall not ours be such?

*Mon.* Fond dreamer, peace!

Fame! What is fame?—Will our unconscious dust

Start into thrilling rapture from the grave At the vain breath of praise!—I tell thee,

youth,

Our souls are parched with agonizing thirst, Which must be quenched though death

were in the draught: We must have vengeance, for our foes have left

No other joy unblighted.

*Pro.* Oh! my son,

The time is past for such high dreams as thine.

Thou know'st not whom we deal with, Knightly faith

And chivalrous honour are but things whereon

They cast disdainful pity. We must meet Falsehood with wiles, and insult with re-

venge.

And, for our names—whate'er the deeds, by which

We burst our bondage—is it not enough That in the chronicle of days to come,

We, through a bright "For ever," shall be called

The men who saved their country?

*Rai.* Many a land

Hath bowed beneath the yoke, and then arisen,

As a strong lion rending silken bonds, And on the open field, before high Heaven,

Won such majestic vengeance, as hath made Its name a power on earth.—Ay, nations

own

It is enough of glory to be called The children of the mighty, who redeemed

Their native soil—but not by means like these.

*Mon.* I have no children.—Of Montalta's blood

Not one red drop doth circle through the veins

[I to do] Of aught that breathes!—Why, what have With far futurity?—My spirit lives

But in the past.—Away! when thou dost stand

On this fair earth, as doth a blasted tree Which the warm sun revives not, then return,

Strong in thy desolation; but, till then, Thou art not for our purpose; we have need

Of more unshrinking hearts.

*Rai.* Montalba, know, I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my voice

Might yet have power amongst you, I would say,

Associates, leaders, be avenged! but yet As knights, as warriors!

*Mon.* Peace! have we not borne Th' indelible taint of contumely and chains?

We are not knights and warriors.—Our

bright crests

Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.

[be] Boy! we are slaves—and our revenge shall

Deep as a slave's disgrace.

*Rai.* Why, then, farewell: I leave you to your counsels. He that still

Would hold his lofty nature undebased, And his name pure, were but a loiterer here.

*Pro.* And is it thus indeed?—dost thou forsake

Our cause, my son?

*Rai.* Oh, father! what proud hopes This hour hath blighted!—yet, whate'er

betide,

It is a noble privilege to look up Fearless in heaven's bright face—and this

is mine,

And shall be still.—[Exit RAIMOND.]

*Pro.* He's gone!—Why, let it be! I trust our Sicily hath many a son

Valiant as mine.—Associates! 'tis decreed Our foes shall perish. We have but to name

The hour, the scene, the signal.

*Mon.* It should be In the full city, when some festival

Hath gathered throngs, and lulled infatuate hearts

To brief security. Hark! is there not A sound of hurrying footsteps on the breeze? We are betrayed.—Who art thou?

VITTORIA enters.

*Pro.* One alone Should be thus daring. Lady, lift the veil That shades thy noble brow.

[She raises her veil, the Sicilians draw back with respect.]



*Sic.* Th' affianced bride  
Of our lost King!

*Pro.* And more, Montalba; know  
Within this form there dwells a soul as high,  
As warriors in their battles e'er have proved,  
Or patriots on the scaffold.

*Vit.* Valiant men!  
I come to ask your aid. Ye see me, one  
Whose widowed youth hath all been  
consecrate

To a proud sorrow, and whose life is held  
In token and memorial of the dead.  
Say, is it meet that, lingering thus on earth,  
But to behold one great atonement made,  
And keep one name from fading in men's  
hearts,

A tyrant's will should force me to profane  
Heaven's altar with unhallowed vows—and  
live.

Stung by the keen, unutterable scorn  
Of my own bosom, live—another's bride?

*Sic.* Never, oh never!—fear not, noble  
lady!

Worthy of Conradin!

*Vit.* Yet hear me still. [tears  
*His* bride, that Eribert's, who notes our  
With his insulting eye of cold derision,  
And could he pierce the depths where feel-  
ing works,  
Would number e'en our agonies as crimes.—  
Say, is this meet?

*Gui.* We deemed these nuptials, lady,  
Thy willing choice; but 'tis a joy to find  
Thou art noble still. Fear not; by all our  
wrongs

This shall not be.

*Pro.* Vittoria, thou art come  
To ask *our* aid, but we have need of thine.  
Know, the completion of our high designs  
Requires—a festival; and it must be  
Thy bridal!

*Vit.* Procida!

*Pro.* Nay, start not thus.  
'Tis no hard task to bind your raven hair  
With festal garlands, and to bid the song  
Rise, and the wine-cup rattle. No—nor yet  
To meet your suitor at the glittering shrine,  
Where death, not love, awaits him!

*Vit.* Can my soul  
Dissemble thus?

*Pro.* We have no other means  
Of winning our great birthright back from  
those

Who have usurped it, than so lulling them  
Into vain confidence, that they may deem  
All wrongs forgot; and this may best be  
done

By what I ask of thee.

*Mon.* Then will we mix  
With the flushed revellers, making their  
gay feast

The harvest of the grave.

*Vit.* A bridal day!—  
Must it be so?—Then, chiefs of Sicily,  
I bid you to my nuptials! but be there  
With your bright swords unsheathed, for  
thus alone

*My* guests should be adorned.

*Pro.* And let thy banquet  
Be soon announced, for there are noble men  
Sentenced to die, for whom we fain would  
purchase

Reprieve with other blood.

*Vit.* Be it then the day  
Preceding that appointed for their doom.

*Gui.* My brother, thou shalt live!—  
Oppression boasts

No gift of prophecy!—It but remains  
To name our signal, chiefs!

*Mon.* The Vesper-bell.

*Pro.* Even so, the Vesper-bell, whose  
deep-toned peal

Is heard o'er land and wave. Part of our  
band,

Wearing the guise of antic revelry,  
Shall enter, as in some fantastic pageant,  
The halls of Eribert; and at the hour

Devoted to the sword's tremendous task,  
I follow with the rest.—The Vesper-bell!  
That sound shall wake th' avenger; for 'tis  
come,

The time when power is in a voice, a breath,  
To burst the spell which bound us.—But  
the night

Is waning, with her stars, which, one by one,  
Warn us to part. Friends, to your homes!—  
your homes?

That name is yet to win.—Away, prepare  
For our next meeting in Palermo's walls.

The Vesper-bell! Remember!

*Sic.* Fear us not.

The Vesper-bell! [Exeunt omnes.

### ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in a Palace.*

ERIBERT. VITTORIA.

*Vit.* Speak not of love—it is a word with  
deep,

Strange magic in its melancholy sound,  
To summon up the dead; and they should  
rest,

At such an hour forgotten. There are  
things



We must throw from us, when the heart  
would gather

Strength to fulfil its settled purposes :  
Therefore, no more of love !—But, if to robe  
This form in bridal ornaments, to smile  
(I *can* smile yet) at thy gay feast, and stand  
At th' altar by thy side ; if this be deemed  
Enough, it shall be done.

*Eri.* My fortune's star  
Doth rule th' ascendant still ! (*apart.*)—If  
not of love,

Then pardon, lady, that I speak of joy,  
And with exulting heart—

*Vit.* There *is* no joy !—  
Who shall look through the far futurity,  
And, as the shadowy visions of events  
Develope on his gaze, 'midst their dim  
throng,

Dare, with oracular mien to point, and say,  
" This will bring happiness ?"—Who shall  
do this ?

Why, thou, and I, and all !—There's One,  
who sits

In his own bright tranquillity enthroned  
High o'er all storms, and looking far beyond  
Their thickest clouds ; but we, from whose  
dull eyes

A grain of dust hides the great sun, e'en *we*  
Usurp his attributes, and talk, as seers,  
Of future joy and grief !

*Eri.* Thy words are strange.  
Yet will I hope that peace at length shall  
settle

Upon thy troubled heart, and add soft  
grace

To thy majestic beauty.—Fair Vittoria !  
Oh ! if my cares—

*Vit.* I know a day shall come  
Of peace to all. Even from my darkened  
spirit

Soon shall each restless wish be exorcised,  
Which haunts it now, and I shall then lie  
down

Serenely to repose. Of this no more—  
I have a boon to ask.

*Eri.* Command my power,  
And deem it thus most honoured.

*Vit.* Have I then  
Soared such an eagle-pitch, as to command  
The mighty Eribert ?—And yet 'tis meet ;  
For I bethink me now, I should have worn  
A crown upon this forehead.—Generous  
lord !

Since thus you give me freedom, know,  
there is

An hour I have loved from childhood, and  
a sound, [bearing

Whose tones, o'er earth and ocean sweetly

A sense of deep repose, have lulled me oft  
To peace—which is forgetfulness : I mean  
The Vesper-bell. I pray you, let it be  
The summons to our bridal—Hear you not ?  
To our fair bridal ?

*Eri.* Lady, let your will  
Appoint each circumstance. I am but too  
blessed,

Proving my homage thus.

*Vit.* Why, then, 'tis mine  
To rule the glorious fortunes of the day.  
And I may be content. Yet much remains  
For thought to brood on, and I would be  
left

Alone with my resolves. Kind Eribert !  
(Whom I command so absolutely), now  
Part we a few brief hours ; and doubt not,  
when

I am at thy side once more, but I shall  
stand

There—to the last.

*Eri.* Your smiles are troubled, lady ;  
May they ere long be brighter.—Time will  
seem

Slow till the Vesper-bell.

*Vit.* 'Tis lovers' phrase  
To say—time lags ; and therefore meet for  
you :

But with an equal pace the hours move on,  
Whether they bear, on their swift silent  
wing,

Pleasure or—fate.

*Eri.* Be not so full of thought  
On such a day.—Behold, the skies them-  
selves

Look on my joy with a triumphant smile,  
Unshadowed by a cloud.

*Vit.* 'Tis very meet  
That Heaven (which loves the just) should  
wear a smile

In honour of his fortunes.—Now, my lord,  
Forgive me if I say, farewell, until  
Th' appointed hour.

*Eri.* Lady, a brief farewell.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-shore.*

PROCIDA. RAIMOND.

*Pro.* And dost thou still refuse to share  
the glory  
Of this our daring enterprise ?

*Rai.* Oh, father !

I too have dreamt of glory, and the word  
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,  
Making my nature sleepless.—But the deeds  
Whereby 'twas won, the high exploits.  
whose tale

Bids the heart burn, were of another cast  
Than such as thou requirest.

*Pro.* Every deed

Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim  
The freedom of our country; and the sword  
Alike is honoured in the patriot's hand,  
Searching, 'midst warrior-hosts, the heart  
which gave

Oppression birth; or flashing through the  
gloom

Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,  
At dead of night.

*Rai.* (*turning away*). There is no path  
but one

For noble natures.

*Pro.* Wouldst thou ask the man

Who to the earth hath dashed a nation's  
chains,

Rent as with Heaven's own lightning, by  
what means

The glorious end was won?—Go, swell th'  
acclaim!

Bid the deliverer hail! and if his path  
To that most bright and sovereign destiny  
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it called  
A stern necessity, and not a crime!

*Rai.* Father! my soul yet kindles at the  
thought

Of nobler lessons in my boyhood learned  
Even from thy voice.—The high remem-  
brances

Of other days are stirring in the heart  
Where *thou* didst plant them; and they  
speak of men

Who needed no vain sophistry to gild  
Acts that would bear Heaven's light.—And  
such be mine!

Oh, father! is it yet too late to draw  
The praise and blessing of all valiant hearts  
On our most righteous cause?

*Pro.* What wouldst thou do?

*Rai.* I would go forth, and rouse th'  
indignant land

To generous combat. Why should freedom  
strike

Mantled with darkness?—Is there not more  
E'en in the waving of her single arm

Than hosts can wield against her?—I would  
rouse

That spirit, whose fire doth press resistless on  
To its proud sphere, the stormy field of  
fight!

*Pro.* Ay! and give time and warning to  
the foe

To gather all his might!—It is too late.

There is a work to be this eve begun,  
When rings the Vesper-bell! and, long  
before

To-morrow's sun hath reach'd i' th' noon  
day heaven

His throne of burning glory, every sound  
Of the Provençal tongue within our walls,  
As by one thunderstroke—(you are pale,  
my son)—

Shall be for ever silenced.

*Rai.* What! such sounds

As falter on the lip of infancy  
In its imperfect utterance? or are breathed  
By the fond mother, as she lulls her babe?  
Or in sweet hymns, upon the twilight air  
Poured by the timid maid?—Must all alike  
Be stilled in death; and wouldst thou tell  
my heart

There is no crime in *this*?

*Pro.* Since thou dost feel

Such horror of our purpose, in thy power  
Are means that might avert it.

*Rai.* Speak! Oh, speak!

*Pro.* How wouldst those rescued thou-  
sands bless thy name  
Shouldst thou betray us!

*Rai.* Father! I can bear—

Ay, proudly woo—the keenest questioning  
Of thy soul-gifted eye; which almost seems  
To claim a part of Heaven's dread royalty—  
The power that searches thought!

*Pro.* (*after a pause*). Thou hast a brow  
Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee,  
Raimond!

Whether it be that I have learned distrust  
From a long look through man's deep-  
folded heart;

Whether my paths have been so seldom  
By honour and fair mercy, that they seem  
But beautiful deceptions, meeting thus

My unaccustomed gaze;—howe'er it be—  
I doubt thee!—See thou waver not—take  
heed!

Time lifts the veil from all things!

[*Exit* PROCIDA.]

*Rai.* And 'tis thus

[robes]

Youth fades from off our spirit; and the  
Of beauty and of majesty, wherewith

We clothed our idols, drop! Oh! bitter  
day,

When, at the crushing of our glorious world,  
We start, and find men thus!—Yet be it so!

Is not my soul still powerful, in *itself*  
To realize its dreams?—Ay, shrinking not  
From the pure eye of Heaven, my brow may  
well

Undaunted meet my father's.—But, away!  
Thou shalt be saved, sweet Constance!

Love is yet

Mightier than vengeance.

[*Exit* RAIMOND.]

SCENE III.—Gardens of a Palace.

CONSTANCE *alone.*

*Con.* There was a time when my thoughts  
wandered not  
Beyond these fairy scenes; when, but to catch  
The languid fragrance of the southern  
breeze  
From the rich-flowering citrons, or to rest,  
Dreaming of some wild legend, in the shade  
Of the dark laurel-foliage, was enough  
Of happiness.—How have these calm del-  
ights  
Fled from before one passion, as the dews,  
The delicate gems of morning, are exhaled  
By the great sun!

(RAIMOND *enters.*)

Raimond! oh! now thou'rt come,  
I read it in thy look, to say farewell  
For the last time—the last!

*Rai.* No, best beloved!  
I come to tell thee there is now no power  
'To part us—but in death.

*Con.* I have dreamt of joy,  
But never aught like this.—Speak yet  
again!

Say, we shall part no more!

*Rai.* No more, if love  
Can strive with darker spirits, and he is  
strong

In his immortal nature! all is changed  
Since last we met. My father—keep the  
tale

Secret from all, and most of all, my Con-  
stance,

From Eribert—my father is returned:  
I leave thee not.

*Con.* Thy father! blessed sound!  
Good angels be his guard!—Oh! if he  
knew

How my soul clings to thine, he could not  
hate

Even a Provençal maid!—Thy father!—  
Thy soul will be at peace, and I shall see  
The sunny happiness of earlier days  
Look from thy brow once more!—But how  
is this?

Thine eye reflects not the glad soul of mine;  
And in thy look is that which ill befits  
A tale of joy.

*Rai.* A dream is on my soul.  
I see a slumberer, crowned with flowers,  
and smiling  
As in delighted visions, on the brink  
Of a dread chasm; and this strange phan-  
tasy

Hath cast so deep a shadow o'er my  
thoughts,  
I cannot but be sad.

*Con.* Why, let me sing  
One of the sweet wild strains you love so  
well,

And this will banish it.

*Rai.* It may not be.  
Oh! gentle Constance, go not forth to-day:  
Such dreams are ominous.

*Con.* Have you then forgot  
My brother's nuptial feast?—I must be one  
Of the gay train attending to the shrine  
His stately bride. In sooth, my step of joy  
Will print earth lightly now.—What fear'st  
thou, love?

Look all around! these blue transparent  
skies,

And sunbeams pouring a more buoyant life  
Through each glad thrilling vein, will  
brightly chase

All thought of evil.—Why, the very air  
Breathes of delight!—Through all its glow-  
ing realms

Doth music blend with fragrance, and e'en  
here

The city's voice of jubilee is heard  
Till each light leaf seems trembling unto  
sounds

Of human joy!

*Rai.* There lie far deeper things,—  
Things, that may darken thought for life,  
beneath

That city's festive semblance.—I have  
passed

Through the glad multitudes, and I have  
A stern intelligence in meeting eyes,  
Which deemed their flash unnoticed, and  
a quick,

Suspicious vigilance, too intent to clothe  
Its mien with carelessness; and, now and  
then,

A hurrying start, a whisper, or a hand  
Pointing by stealth to some one, singled out  
Amidst the reckless throng. O'er all is  
spread

A mantling flush of revelry, which may hide  
Much from unpractised eyes; but lighter  
signs

Have been prophetic oft.

*Con.* I tremble!—Raimond!  
What may these things portend?

*Rai.* It was a day  
Of festival, like this; the city sent  
Up through her sunny firmament a voice  
Joyous as now; when, scarcely heralded  
By one deep moan, forth from his cavern-  
ous depths



The earthquake burst; and the wide  
splendid scene

Became one chaos of all fearful things,  
Till the brain whirled, partaking the sick  
motion

Of rocking palaces.

*Con.* And then didst thou,  
My noble Raimond! through the dreadful  
paths

Laid open by destruction, past the chasms,  
Whose fathomless clefts, a moment's work,  
had given

One burial unto thousands, rush to save  
Thy trembling Constance! she who lives  
to bless

Thy generous love, that still the breath of  
heaven

Wafts gladness to her soul!

*Rai.* Heaven!—Heaven is just!  
And being so, must guard thee, sweet one,  
still.

Trust none beside.—Oh! the omnipotent  
skies

Make their wrath manifest, but insidious  
*man*

Doth compass those he hates with *secret*  
snares,

Wherein lies fate. Know, danger walks  
abroad, [all

Masked as a reveller. Constance! oh! by  
Our tried affection, all the vows which bind  
Our hearts together, meet me in these  
bowers;

Here, I adjure thee, meet me, when the bell  
Doth sound for vesper-prayer!

*Con.* And know'st thou not  
'Twill be the bridal hour?

*Rai.* It will not, love!

That hour will bring no bridal!—Nought  
of this

To human ear; but speed thou hither, fly,  
When evening brings that signal.—Dost  
thou heed?

This is no meeting by a lover sought  
To breathe the fond tales, and make the twilight  
groves

And stars attest his vows; deem thou not so,  
Therefore denying it!—I tell thee, Con-  
stance!

If thou wouldst save me from such fierce  
despair

As falls on man, beholding all he loves  
Perish before him, while his strength can  
but

Strive with his agony—thou'lt meet me  
then? [moved—

Look on me, love!—I am not oft so  
Thou'lt meet me?

*Con.* Oh! what mean thy words?—If  
then

My steps are free,—I will. Be thou but  
calm.

*Rai.* Be calm!—there is a cold and sullen  
calm,

And, were my wild fears made realities,  
It might be mine; but, in this dread  
suspense,

This conflict of all terrible phantasies,  
There is no calm.—Yet fear thou not, dear  
love!

I will watch o'er thee still. And now,  
farewell

Until that hour!

*Con.* My Raimond, fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Room in the Citadel of  
Palermo.*

ALBERTI. DE COUCI.

*De Cou.* Said'st thou this night?

*Alb.* This very night—and lo!  
E'en now the sun declines.

*De Cou.* What! are they armed?

*Alb.* All armed, and strong in vengeance  
and despair.

*De Cou.* Doubtful and strange the tale!  
Why was not this

Revealed before?

*Alb.* Mistrust me not, my lord!

That stern and jealous Procida hath kept  
O'er all my steps (as though he did suspect  
The purposes, which oft his eye hath sought  
To read in mine) a watch so vigilant,

I knew not how to warn thee, though for this  
Alone I mingled with his bands, to learn  
Their projects and their strength. Thou

know'st my faith

To Anjou's house full well.

*De Cou.* How may we now  
Avert the gathering storm?—The viceroy  
holds

His bridal feast, and all is revelry.—

'Twas a true-boding heaviness of heart,  
Which kept me from these nuptials.

*Alb.* Thou thyself

Mayst yet escape, and, haply of thy bands  
Rescue a part, ere long to wreak full ven-  
geance

Upon these rebels. 'Tis too late to dream  
Of saving Eribert. E'en shouldst thou rush  
Before him with the tidings, in his pride

And confidence of soul, he would but laugh  
Thy tale to scorn.

*De Cou.* He must not die unwarned,  
Though it be all in vain. But thou, Alberti,



Rejoin thy comrades, lest thine absence wake  
Suspicion in their hearts. Thou hast done  
well,  
And shalt not pass unguerdoned, should I  
live [night.  
Through the deep horrors of th' approaching  
*Alb.* Noble De Couci, trust me still.  
Anjou  
Commands no heart more faithful than  
Alberti's. [*Exit ALBERTI.*  
*De Cou.* The grovelling slave!—And yet  
he spoke too true!  
For Eribert, in blind elated joy,  
Will scorn the warning voice.—The day  
wanes fast,  
And through the city, recklessly dispersed,  
Unarmed and unprepared, my soldiers revel,  
E'en on the brink of fate.—I must away.  
[*Exit DE COUCI.*

SCENE V.—*A Banqueting Hall.*

PROVENÇAL NOBLES assembled.

*First Noble.* Joy be to this fair meeting!—  
Who hath seen  
The viceroy's bride?  
*Second Noble.* I saw her, as she passed  
The gazing throngs assembled in the city.  
'Tis said she hath not left for years, till now,  
Her castle's wood-girt solitude. 'Twill gall  
These proud Sicilians, that her wide domains  
Should be the conqueror's guerdon.  
*Third Noble.* 'Twas their boast  
With what fond faith she worshipped still  
the name  
Of the boy, Conradin. How will the slaves  
Brook this new triumph of their lords?

*Second Noble.* In sooth  
It stings them to the quick. In the full streets  
They mix with our Provençals, and assume  
A guise of mirth, but it sits hardly on them.  
'Twere worth a thousand festivals, to see  
With what a bitter and unnatural effort  
They strive to smile!

*First Noble.* Is this Vittoria fair?

*Second Noble.* Of a most noble mien; but  
yet her beauty  
Is wild and awful, and her large dark eye,  
In its unsettled glances, hath strange power,  
From which thou'lt shrink, as I did.

*First Noble.* Hush! they come.

*Enter ERIBERT, VITTORIA, CONSTANCE,  
and others.*

*Eri.* Welcome, my noble friends!—there  
must not lower  
One clouded brow to-day in Sicily!  
Behold my bride!

*Nobles.* Receive our homage, lady!  
*Vit.* I bid all welcome. May the feast  
we offer  
Prove worthy of such guests!  
*Eri.* Look on her, friends!  
And say if that majestic brow is not  
Meet for a diadem?  
*Vit.* 'Tis well, my lord!  
When memory's pictures fade, 'tis kindly  
done  
To brighten their dimmed hues!  
*First Noble (apart).* Marked you her  
glance?  
*Second Noble (apart).* What eloquent  
scorn was there! yet he, th' elate  
Of heart, perceives it not.  
*Eri.* Now to the feast!  
Constance, you look not joyous. I have  
said

That all should smile to-day.  
*Con.* Forgive me, brother!  
The heart is wayward, and its garb of pomp  
At times oppresses it.  
*Eri.* Why how is this?  
*Con.* Voices of woe, and prayers of agony  
Unto my soul have risen, and left sad sounds  
There echoing still. Yet would I fain be  
gay,  
Sin e 'tis your wish.—In truth, I should  
have been  
A village-maid!  
*Eri.* But, being as you are,  
Not thus ignobly free, command your looks  
(They may be taught obedience) to reflect  
The aspect of the time.

*Vit.* And know, fair maid!  
That if in this unskilled, you stand alone  
Amidst our court of pleasure.

*Eri.* To the feast!  
Now let the red wine foam!—There should  
be mirth  
When conquerors revel!—Lords of this  
fair isle!

Your good swords' heritage, crown each  
bowl, and pledge  
The present and the future! for they both  
Look brightly on us. Dost thou smile, my  
bride?

*Vit.* Yes, Eribert!—thy prophecies of joy  
Have taught e'en me to smile.

*Eri.* 'Tis well. To-day  
I have won a fair and almost *royal* bride;  
To-morrow—let the bright sun speed his  
course,

To waft me happiness!—my proudest foes  
Must die—and then my slumber shall be  
laid  
On rose-leaves, with no envious fold, to mar

The luxury of its visions !—Fair Vittoria,  
Your looks are troubled !

*Vit.* It is strange, but oft,  
'Midst festal songs and garlands, o'er my  
soul

Death comes, with some dull image ! as  
you spoke  
Of those whose blood is claimed, I thought  
for them

Who, in a darkness thicker than the night  
E'er wove with all her clouds, have pined  
so long :

How blessed were the stroke which makes  
them things

Of that invisible world, wherein, we trust,  
There is, at least, no bondage !—But  
should *we*

From such a scene as this, where all earth's  
joys

Contend for mastery, and the very sense  
Of life is rapture ; should *we* pass, I say,  
At once from such excitements to the void  
And silent gloom of that which doth await  
us—

Were it not dreadful ?

*Eri.* Banish such dark thoughts !  
They ill beseeem the hour.

*Vit.* There is no hour  
Of this mysterious world, in joy or woe,  
But they beseeem it well !—Why, what a  
slight,

Impalpable bound is that, th' unseen,  
which severs [near  
Being from death !—And who can tell how  
Its misty brink he stands ?

*First Noble (aside).* What mean her  
words ?

*Second Noble.* There's some dark myste-  
ry here.

*Eri.* No more of this !  
Pour the bright juice which Etna's glowing  
vines [voice

Yield to the conquerors ! And let music's  
Dispel these ominous dreams !—Wake,  
harp, and song !

Swell out your triumph !

(A MESSENGER enters, bearing a letter.)

*Mes.* Pardon, my good Lord !  
But this demands—

*Eri.* What means thy breathless haste ?  
And that ill-boding mien ?—Away ! such  
looks

Befit not hours like these.

*Mes.* The Lord De Couci  
Bade me bear this, and say, 'tis fraught  
with tidings  
Of life and death.

*Vit. (hurriedly).* Is this a time for aught  
But revelry ?—My lord, these dull intrusions  
Mar the bright spirit of the festal scene !

*Eri. (to the Mes.)* Hence ! tell the Lord  
De Couci we will talk  
Of life and death to-morrow.

[Exit MESSENGER.

Let there be  
Around me none but joyous looks to-day,  
And strains whose very echoes wake to  
mirth !

[A band of the Conspirators enter, to the  
sound of music, disguised as shepherds,  
bacchanals, &c.

*Eri.* What forms are these ?—what  
means this antic triumph ?

*Vit.* 'Tis but a rustic pageant, by my  
vassals

Prepared to grace our bridal. Will you not  
Hear their wild music ? Our Sicilian vales  
Have many a sweet and mirthful melody,  
To which the glad heart bounds.—Breathe  
ye some strain

Meet for the time, ye sons of Sicily !

(One of the Masquers sings.)

The festal eve, o'er earth and sky,  
In her sunset robe, looks bright ;  
And the purple hills of Sicily,  
With their vineyards, laugh in light ;  
From the marble cities of her plains  
Glad voices mingling swell ;—  
But with yet more loud and lofty strains,  
They shall hail the Vesper-bell !

Oh ! sweet its tones, when the summer breeze  
Their cadence wafts afar,  
To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas,  
As they gleam to the first pale star !  
The shepherd greets them on his height,  
The hermit in his cell ;—  
But a deeper power shall breathe to-night,  
In the sound of the Vesper-bell !

[The bell rings.

*Eri.*—It is the hour !—Hark, hark !—  
my bride, our summons !  
The altar is prepared and crowned with  
flowers  
That wait—

*Vit.* The victim !

[A tumult heard without.

PROCIDA and MONTALBA enter with  
others, armed.

*Pro.* Strike ! the hour is come !

*Vit.* Welcome, avengers, welcome !  
Now, be strong !

[*The Conspirators throw off their disguise, and rush with their swords drawn, upon the Provençals. ERIBERT is wounded and falls.*

*Pro.* Now hath fate reached thee in thy mid career,  
Thou reveller in a nation's agonies!

[*The Provençals are driven off, and pursued by the Sicilians.*

*Con.* (*supporting ERIBERT*). My brother! oh! my brother!

*Eri.* Have I stood

A leader in the battle-fields of kings,  
To perish thus at last?—Ay, by these pangs,

And this strange chill, that heavily doth creep,

Like a slow poison, through my curdling veins,

This should be—death!—In sooth a dull exchange

For the gay bridal feast!

*Voices* (*without*). Remember Conradin!  
—spare none, spare none!

*Vit.* (*throwing off her bridal wreath and ornaments*). This is proud freedom!  
Now my soul may cast,

Ingenerous scorn, her mantle of dissembling  
To earth for ever!—And it is such joy,

As if a captive, from his dull, cold cell,  
Might soar at once on chartered wing to range

The realms of starred infinity!—Away!

Vain mockery of a bridal wreath! The hour  
For which stern patience ne'er kept watch in vain

Is come; and I may give my bursting heart  
Full and indignant scope.—Now, Eribert!

Believe in retribution! What, proud man!  
Prince, ruler, conqueror! didst thou deem  
Heaven slept?

“Or that the unseen, immortal ministers,  
Ranging the world, to note e'en purposed crime

In burning characters, had laid aside  
Their everlasting attributes for *thee*?”—

Oh! blind security!—He, in whose dread hand

The lightnings vibrate, holds them back until

The trampler of this goodly earth hath reached

His pyramid-height of power; that so his fall

May, with more fearful oracles, make pale  
Man's crowned oppressors!

*Con.* Oh! reproach him not!

His soul is trembling on the dizzy brink  
Of that dim world where passion may not enter.

Leave him in peace!

*Voices* (*without*). Anjou, Anjou!—De Couci to the rescue!

*Eri.* (*half-raising himself*). My brave Provençals! do ye combat still?

And I, your chief, am here!—Now, now I feel

That death indeed is bitter!

*Vit.* Fare thee well!

Thine eyes so oft, with their insulting smile,  
Have looked on man's last pangs, thou shouldst, by this,

Be perfect how to die! [*Exit VITTORIA.*

RAIMOND enters.

*Rai.* Away, my Constance!

Now is the time for flight. Our slaughtering bands

Are scattered far and wide. A little while  
And thou shalt be in safety. Know'st thou not

That low sweet vale, where dwells the holy Anselmo?

He whose hermitage is reared 'Mid some old temple's ruin?—Round the spot

His name hath spread so pure and deep a charm,

'Tis hallowed as a sanctuary, wherein  
Thou shalt securely bide, till this wild storm  
Hath spent its fury. Haste!

*Con.* I will not fly!

While in his heart there is one throb of life,  
One spark in his dim eyes, I will not leave

The brother of my youth to perish thus,  
Without one kindly bosom to sustain

His dying head.

*Eri.* The clouds are darkening round.

There are strange voices ringing in my ear  
That summon me—to what?—But I have been

Used to command!—Away! I will not die  
But on the field— [*He dies.*

*Con.* (*kneeling by him*). O Heaven! be merciful,

As thou art just!—for he is now where nought

But mercy can avail him!—It is past!

GUIDO enters, with his sword drawn.

*Gui.* (*to RAIMOND*). I've sought thee long—why art thou lingering here?

Haste, follow me!—Suspicion with thy name

Joins that word—*Traitor!*



*Rai.* Traitor!—Guido?

*Gui.* Yes!

Hast thou not heard that, with his men-at-arms,

After vain conflict with a people's wrath,  
De Couci hath escaped?—And there are those

Who murmur that from *thee* the warning came

Which saved him from our vengeance. But e'en yet

In the red current of Provençal blood  
That doubt may be effaced. Draw thy good sword,

And follow me!

*Rai.* And *thou* couldst doubt me, Guido!  
'Tis come to this!—Away! mistrust me still.  
I will not stain my sword with deeds like thine.

Thou know'st me not!

*Gui.* Raimond di Procida!  
If thou art he whom once I deemed so noble—

Call me thy friend no more!

[*Exit* GUIDO.]

*Rai.* (*after a pause*). Rise, dearest, rise!  
Thy duty's task hath nobly been fulfilled,  
E'en in the face of death; but all is o'er,  
And this is now no place where nature's tears

In quiet sanctity may freely flow.—

Hark! the wild sounds that wait on fearful deeds

Are swelling on the winds, as the deep roar  
Of fast-advancing billows; and for *thee*  
I shame not thus to tremble.—Speed, oh,  
speed!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.—*A Street in Palermo.*

*PROCIDA enters.*

*Pro.* How strange and deep a stillness loads the air,

As with the power of midnight!—Ay, where death

I hath passed, there should be silence.—But this hush

Of nature's heart, this breathlessness of all things,

Doth press on thought too heavily, and the sky,

With its dark robe of purple thunder-clouds  
Brooding in sullen masses, o'er my spirit,  
Weighs like an omen!—Wherefore should this be?

Is not our task achieved, the mighty work

Of our deliverance!—Yes; I should be joyous:

But this our feeble nature, with its quick  
Instinctive superstitions, will drag down  
Th' ascending soul.—And I have fearful bodings

That treachery lurks amongst us.—  
Raimond! Raimond!

Oh! Guilt ne'er made a mien like his its garb!

It cannot be!

MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other  
*Sicilians enter.*

*Pro.* Welcome! we meet in joy!

Now may we bear ourselves erect, resuming  
The kingly port of freemen! Who shall dare,

After this proof of slavery's dread recoil,  
To weave us chains again?—Ye have done well.

We *have* done well. There needs no choral song,

No shouting multitudes to blazon forth  
Our stern exploits.—The *silence* of our foes  
Doth vouch enough, and they are laid to rest

Deep as the sword could make it. Yet our task

Is still but half achieved, since, with his bands,

De Couci hath escaped, and, doubtless, leads  
Their footsteps to Messina, where our foes  
Will gather all their strength. Determined hearts,

And deeds to startle earth, are yet required  
To make the mighty sacrifice complete.—  
Where is thy son?

*Pro.* I know not. Once last night  
He crossed my path, and with one stroke  
beat down

A sword just raised to smite me, and restored  
My own, which in that deadly strife had been  
Wrenched from my grasp: but when I  
would have pressed him

To my exulting bosom, he drew back,  
And with a sad, and yet a scornful, smile,  
Full of strange meaning, left me. Since  
that hour

I have not seen him. Wherefore didst  
thou ask?

*Mon.* It matters not. We have deeper  
things to speak of.—

Know'st thou that we have traitors in our  
councils?

*Pro.* I know some voice in secret must  
have warned

De Couci; or his scattered bands had ne'er



So soon been marshalled, and in close array  
Led hence as from the field. Hast thou  
heard aught

That may develop this?

*Mon.* The guards we set

To watch the city-gates have seized, this  
morn,

One whose quick, fearful glance and hur-  
ried step

Betrayed his guilty purpose. Mark! he  
bore

(Amidst the tumult deeming that his flight  
Might all unnoticed pass) these scrolls to  
him,

The fugitive Provençal. Read and judge!

*Pro.* Where is this messenger?

*Mon.* Where *should* he be?—

They slew him in their wrath.

*Pro.* Unwisely done!

Give me the scrolls. [*He reads.*]

Now, if there be such things

As may to death add sharpness, yet delay

The pang which gives release; if there be  
power

In execration, to call down the fires

Of yon avenging heaven, whose rapid shafts  
But for such guilt were aimless; be they  
heaped

Upon the traitor's head!—Scorn make his  
name

Her mark for ever!

*Mon.* In our passionate blindness,

We send forth curses whose deep stings  
recoil

Oft on ourselves.

*Pro.* Whate'er fate hath of ruin

Fall on his house!—What! to resign again  
That freedom for whose sake our souls  
have now

Engrained themselves in blood!—Why, who  
is he

That hath devised this treachery?—To the  
scroll

Why fixed he not his name, so stamping it  
With an immortal infamy, whose brand  
Might warn men from him?—Who should  
be so vile?

Alberti?—In his eye is that which ever  
Shrinks from encountering mine!—But no!  
his race

Is of our noblest—oh! he could not shame  
That high descent!—Urbino?—Conti?—  
No!

They are too deeply pledged.—There's one  
name more!

I cannot utter it!—Now shall I read

Each face with cold suspicion, which doth  
blot

From man's high mien its native royalty,  
And seal his noble forehead with the impress  
Of its own vile imaginings!—Speak your  
thoughts,

Montalba! Guido!—Who should this man  
be?

*Mon.* Why what Sicilian youth un-  
sheathed, last night,

His sword to aid our foes, and turned its  
edge

Against his country's chiefs?—He that did  
*this,*

May well be deemed for guiltier treason ripe.

*Pro.* And who is he?

*Mon.* Nay, ask thy son.

*Pro.* My son!

What should *he* know of such a recreant  
heart?

Speak, Guido! thou'rt his friend!

*Gui.* I would not wear

The brand of such a name!

*Pro.* How! what means this?

A flash of light breaks in upon my soul!

Is it to blast me?—Yet the fearful doubt

Hath crept in darkness through my thoughts  
before,

And been flung from them.—Silence!—  
Speak not yet!

I would be calm, and meet the thunder-  
burst

With a strong heart. [*A pause.*]

Now, what have I to hear?

Your tidings?

*Gui.* Briefly, 'twas your son did thus;

He hath disgraced your name.

*Pro.* My son did thus!—

Are thy words oracles, that I should search  
Their hidden meaning out?—*What* did  
my son?

I have forgot the tale.—Repeat it, quick!

*Gui.* 'Twill burst upon thee all too soon.

While we

Were busy at the dark and solemn rites

Of retribution; while we bathed the earth

In red libations, which will consecrate

The soil they mingled with to freedom's step  
Through the long march of ages; 'twas *his*

task

To shield from danger a Provençal maid,

Sister of him whose cold oppression stung

Our hearts to madness.

*Mon.* What! should she be spared

To keep that name from perishing on  
earth?—

I crossed them in their path, and raised my  
sword

To smite her in her champion's arms.—We  
fought—

The boy disarmed me!—And I live to tell  
My shame, and wreak my vengeance!

*Gui.* Who but he  
Could warn De Couci, or devise the guilt  
These scrolls reveal?—Hath not the traitor  
still

Sought, with his fair and specious elo-  
quence,

To win us from our purpose?—All things  
seem

Leagued to unmask him.

*Mon.* Know you not there came,  
E'en in the banquet's hour, from this De  
Couci,

One, bearing unto Eriberth the tidings  
Of all our purposed deeds!—And have we  
not

Proof, as the noonday clear, that Raimond  
loves

The sister of that tyrant?

*Pro.* There was one  
Who mourned for being childless!—Let  
him now

Feast o'er his children's graves, and I will  
join

The revelry!

*Mon. (apart).* You shall be childless too!  
*Pro.* Was't you, Montalba?—Now re-  
joice, I say.

There is no name so near you that its stains  
Should call the fevered and indignant blood  
To your dark cheek!—But I will dash to  
earth

The weight that presses on my heart, and  
then

Be glad as thou art.

*Mon.* What means this, my lord?  
Who hath seen gladness on Montalba's  
mien?

*Pro.* Why, should not all be glad who  
have no sons

To tarnish their bright name?

*Mon.* I am not used

To bear with mockery.

*Pro.* Friend! By yon high heaven,  
I mock thee not!—'tis a proud fate, to live  
Alone and unallied.—Why, what's alone?  
A word whose sense is—*free!*—Ay, free  
from all

The venom'd stings implanted in the heart  
By those it loves.—Oh! I could laugh to  
think

O' th' joy that riots in baronial halls,  
When the word comes—"A son is born!"  
—A son!

They should say thus—"He that shall  
knit your brow

To furrows, not of years; and bid your eye

Quail its proud glance; to tell the earth its  
shame,—

Is born, and so, rejoice!"—*Then* might we  
feast,  
And know the cause:—Were it not excel-  
lent?

*Mon.* This is all idle. There are deeds  
to do;

Arouse thee, Procida!

*Pro.* Why, am I not  
Calm as immortal justice?—She can strike,  
And yet be passionless—and thus will I.

I know thy meaning.—Deeds to do!—'tis  
well.

They shall be done ere thought on.—Go  
ye forth;

There is a youth who calls himself my son,  
His name is—Raimond—in his eye is light  
That shows like truth—but be not ye de-  
ceived!

Bear him in chains before us. We will sit  
To-day in judgment, and the skies shall see  
The strength which girds our nature. Will  
not this

Be glorious, brave Montalba?—Linger not,  
Ye tardy messengers! for there are things  
Which ask the speed of storms.

[*Exeunt GUIDO and others.*]

Is not this well?

*Mon.* 'Tis noble. Keep thy spirit to  
this proud height, [Aside.  
And then—be desolate like me!—my woes  
Will at the thought grow light.

*Pro.* What now remains  
To be prepared?—There should be solemn  
pomp

To grace a day like this.—Ay, breaking  
hearts

Require a drapery to conceal their throbs  
From cold inquiring eyes; and it must be  
Ample and rich, that so their gaze may not  
Explore what lies beneath.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*]

*Mon.* Now this is well!—  
I hate this Procida; for he hath won  
In all our councils that ascendancy  
And mastery o'er bold hearts, which should  
have been

Mine by a thousand claims.—Had *he* the  
strength

Of wrongs like mine?—No! for that name—  
his country—

*He* strikes—*my* vengeance hath a deeper  
fount:

But there's dark joy in this!—And fate hath  
barred

My soul from every other

[*Exit MONTALBA.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hermitage, surrounded by the Ruins of an ancient Temple.*

CONSTANCE. ANSELMO.

*Con.* 'Tis strange he comes not!—Is not this the still

And sultry hour of noon?—He should have been

Here by the daybreak.—Was there not a voice?—

No! 'tis the shrill Cicada, with glad life  
Peopling these marble ruins, as it sports  
Amidst them, in the sun.—Hark! yet again!  
No! no!—Forgive me, father! that I bring  
Earth's restless griefs and passions to disturb  
The stillness of thy holy solitude;

My heart is full of care.

*Ans.* There is no place

So hallowed as to be unvisited

By mortal cares. Nay, whither should we go,  
With our deep griefs and passions, but to scenes

Lonely and still; where he that made our hearts

Will speak to them in whispers? I have known

Affliction too, my daughter.

*Con.* Hark! his step!

I know it well—he comes—my Raimond,  
welcome!

(VITTORIA enters, CONSTANCE shrinks back on perceiving her.)

O Heaven! that aspect tells a fearful tale.

*Vit.* (not observing her). There is a cloud of horror on my soul;

And on thy words, Anselmo, peace doth wait,

Even as an echo, following the sweet close  
Of some divine and solemn harmony:

Therefore I sought thee now. Oh! speak to me

Of holy things, and names, in whose deep sound

Is power to bid the tempest of the heart  
Sink, like a storm rebuked.

*Ans.* What recent grief

Darkens thy spirit thus?

*Vit.* I said not grief.

We should rejoice to-day, but joy is not  
That which it hath been. In the flowers  
which wreathe

Its mantling cup there is a scent unknown,  
Fraught with some strange delirium. All things now

Have changed their nature; still, I say,  
rejoice!

There is a cause, Anselmo!—We are free,

Free and avenged!—Yet on my soul there hangs

A darkness, heavy as th' oppressive gloom  
Of midnight phantasies.—Ay, for this, too,  
There is a cause.

*Ans.* How say'st thou, we are free?

There may have raged, within Palermo's walls,

Some brief wild tumult, but too well I know  
They call the stranger, lord.

*Vit.* Who calls the dead  
Conqueror or lord?—Hush! breathe it not aloud,

The wild winds must not hear it!—Yet, again,

I tell thee, we are free!

*Ans.* Thine eye hath looked

On fearful deeds, for still their shadows hang  
O'er its dark orb.—Speak! I adjure thee,  
say,

How hath this work been wrought?

*Vit.* Peace! ask me not!

Why shouldst thou hear a tale to send thy blood

Back on its fount?—We cannot wake them now!

The storm is in my soul, but *they* are all  
At rest!—Ay, sweetly may the slaughtered babe

By its dead mother sleep; and warlike men  
Who 'midst the slain have slumbered off before,

Making the shield their pillow, may repose  
Well, now their toils are done.—Is't not enough?

*Con.* Merciful Heaven! have such things been? And yet

There is no shade come o'er the laughing sky!—

I am an outcast now.

*Ans.* O Thou, whose ways

Clouds mantle fearfully; of all the blind,  
But terrible, ministers that work thy wrath,  
How much is *man* the fiercest!—Others know

Their limits.—Yes! the earthquakes, and the storms,

And the volcanoes!—He alone o'erleaps  
The bounds of retribution!—Couldst thou gaze,

Vittoria! with thy woman's heart and eye,  
On such dread scenes unmoved?

*Vit.* Was it for *me*

To stay th' avenging sword!—No, though it pierced

My very soul!—Hark, hark, what thrilling shrieks

Ring through the air around me!—Canst



Bid them be hushed?—Oh! look not on me thus!

*Ans.* Lady, thy thoughts lend sternness to the looks

Which are but sad!—Have all then perished? *all?*

Was there no mercy?

*Vit.* Mercy! it hath been

A word forbidden as th' unhallowed names Of evil powers.—Yet one there was who dared

To own the guilt of pity, and to aid The victims; but in vain.—Of him no more!

He is a traitor, and a traitor's death Will be his meed.

*Con.* (*coming forward*). O Heaven!—his name, his name?

Is it—it cannot be!

*Vit.* (*starting*). Thou here, pale girl!

I deemed thee with the dead!—How hast thou 'scaped

The snare?—Who saved thee, last of all thy race?

Was it not he of whom I spake e'en now, Raimond di Procida?

*Con.* It is enough.

Now the storm breaks upon me, and I sink! Must he, too, die?

*Vit.* Is it even so?—why then,

Live on—thou hast the arrow at thy heart! Fix not on me thy sad reproachful eyes, I mean not to betray thee. Thou may'st live!

Why should death bring thee his oblivious balms?

He visits but the happy.—Didst thou ask If Raimond too must die?—It is as sure As that his blood is on *thy* head, for thou Didst win him to this treason.

*Con.* When did man

Call mercy, *treason?*—Take my life, but save

My noble Raimond!

*Vit.* Maiden! he must die.

E'en now the youth before his judges stands,

And they are men who, to the voice of prayer,

Are as the rock is to the murmured sigh Of summer-waves; ay, though a father sit On their tribunal. Bend thou not to me. What wouldst thou?

*Con.* Mercy!—Oh! wert thou to plead But with a look, e'en yet he might be saved! If thou hast ever loved—

*Vit.* If I have loved?

! is *that* love forbids me to relent;

I am what it hath made me.—O'er my soul Lightning hath passed, and seared it.

Could I weep,

I then might pity—but it will not be.

*Con.* Oh! thou wilt yet relent, for woman's heart

Was formed to suffer and to melt.

*Vit.* Away!

Why should I pity thee?—Thou wilt but prove

What I have known before—and yet I live! Nature is strong, and it may all be borne—

The sick impatient yearning of the heart

For that which is not; and the weary sense Of the dull void, wherewith our homes have been

Circled by death; yes, all things may be borne!

All, save remorse.—But I will *not* bow down My spirit to that dark power:—there *was* no guilt!

Anselmo! wherefore didst thou talk of guilt?

*Ans.* Ay, thus doth sensitive conscience quicken thought,

Lending reproachful voices to a breeze,

Keen lightning to a look.

*Vit.* Leave me in peace!

Is't not enough that I should have a sense Of things thou canst not see, all wild and dark,

And of unearthly whispers, haunting me With dread suggestions, but that *thy* cold words,

Old man, should gall me too?—Must all Against me?—Oh! thou beautiful spirit!

wont

To shine upon my dreams with looks of Where art *thou* vanished?—Was it not the thought

Of thee which urged me to the fearful task, And wilt thou now forsake me?—I must seek

The shadowy woods again, for there, per- Still may thy voice be in my twilight-paths;—

Here I but meet despair!

[*Exit VITTORIA.*]

*Ans.* (*to CONSTANCE*). Despair not *thou,*

My daughter?—he that purifies the heart With grief, will lend it strength.

*Con.* (*endeavouring to rouse herself*). Did she not say

That some one was to die?

*Ans.* I tell thee not

Thy pangs are vain—for nature will have way.



Earth must have tears ; yet in a heart like  
thine,

Faith may not yield its place.

*Con.* Have I not heard

Some fearful tale?—Who said, that there  
should rest

Blood on my soul?—What blood?—I  
never bore

Hatred, kind father, unto aught that  
breathes ;

Raimond doth know it well.—Raimond !—  
High heaven,

It bursts upon me now !—and he must die !  
For my sake—e'en for mine !

*Ans.* Her words were strange,

And her proud mind seemed half to frenzy  
wrought—

Perchance this may not be.

*Con.* It *must* not be.

Why do I linger here ?

[*She rises to depart.*

*Ans.* Where wouldst thou go ?

*Con.* To give their stern and unrelenting  
hearts

A victim in his stead.

*Ans.* Stay ! wouldst thou rush

On certain death ?

*Con.* I may not falter now,—

Is not the life of woman all bound up

In her affections?—What hath *she* to do

In this bleak world alone?—It may be well

For *man* on his triumphal course to move

Uncumbered by soft bonds ; but *we* were  
born

For love and grief.

*Ans.* Thou fair and gentle thing,

Unused to meet a glance which doth not  
speak

Of tenderness or homage ! how shouldst  
Bear the hard aspect of unpitied men,

Or face the king of terrors ?

*Con.* There is strength

Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck  
But little, till the shafts of Heaven have  
pierced

Its fragile dwelling.—Must not earth be rent  
Before her gems are found?—Oh ! now I  
feel

Worthy the generous love which hath not  
shunned

To look on death for me !—My heart hath  
Birth to as deep a courage, and a faith

As high in its devotion.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.

*Ans.* She is gone !

Is it to perish?—God of mercy ! lend  
Power to my voice, that so its prayer may

save

This pure and lofty creature !—I will  
follow—

But her young footstep and heroic heart

Will bear her to destruction faster far

Than I can track her path.

[*Exit* ANSELMO.

SCENE III.—*Hall of a Public Building.*

PROCIDA, MONTALBA, GUIDO, and others,  
*seated as on a Tribunal.*

*Pro.* The morn lowered darkly, but the  
sun hath now,

With fierce and angry splendour, through  
the clouds

Burst forth, as if impatient to behold

This, our high triumph.—Lead the prisoner  
in.

(*RAIMOND is brought in, fettered and  
guarded.*)

Why, what a bright and fearless brow is  
here !—

Is this man guilty?—Look on him, Mon-  
talba ?

*Mon.* Be firm. Should justice falter at  
a look ?

*Pro.* No, thou say'st well. Her eyes are  
filleted,

Or should be so. Thou, that dost call  
thyself—

But no ! I will not breathe a traitor's name—  
Speak ! thou art arraigned of treason.

*Rai.* I arraign

*You*, before whom I stand, of darker guilt,  
In the bright face of heaven ; and your own  
hearts

Give echo to the charge. Your very looks  
Have ta'en the stamp of crime, and seem  
to shrink,

With a perturbed and haggard wildness,  
back

From the too-searching light.—Why, what  
hath wrought

This change on noble brows?—There is a  
voice,

With a deep answer, rising from the blood  
Your hands have coldly shed !—Ye are of  
those

From whom just men recoil, with curdling  
veins,

All thrilled by life's abhorrent conscious-  
ness,

And sensitive feeling of a *murderer's* pre-  
sence.—

Away ! come down from your tribunal-seat,  
Put off your robes of state, and let your  
mien

Be pale and humbled ; for ye bear about you  
That which repugnant earth doth sicken at,  
More than the pestilence.—That I should  
live

To see my father shrink !

*Pro.* Montalba, speak !

There's something chokes my voice—but  
fear me not.

*Mon.* If we must plead to vindicate our  
acts,

Be it when thou hast made thine own look  
clear !

Most eloquent youth ! What answer canst  
thou make

To this our charge of treason ?

*Rai.* I will plead

That cause before a mightier judgment-  
throne,

Where mercy is not guilt. But here, I feel  
Too buoyantly the glory and the joy  
Of my free spirit's whiteness ; for e'en now  
Th' embodied hideousness of crime doth  
seem

Before me glaring out.—Why, I saw thee,  
Thy foot upon an aged warrior's breast,  
Trampling our nature's last convulsive  
heavings.—

And thou—*thy* sword—oh ! valiant chief !—  
is yet

Red from the noble stroke which pierced,  
at once,

A mother and the babe, whose little life  
Was from her bosom drawn !—Immortal  
deeds

For bards to hymn !

*Gui.* (*aside*). I look upon his mien,  
And waver.—Can it be?—My boyish heart  
Deemed him so noble once !—Away, weak  
thoughts !

Why should I shrink, as if the guilt were  
*mine*,

From his proud glance ?

*Pro.* Oh, thou dissembler !—thou,  
So skilled to clothe with virtue's generous  
flush

The hollow cheek of cold hypocrisy,  
That, with thy guilt made manifest, I can  
scarce

Believe thee guilty !—look on me, and say  
Whose was the secret warning voice, that  
saved

De Couci with his bands, to join our foes,  
And forge new fetters for th' indignant land ?  
Whose was *this* treachery ?

[*Shows him papers.*]

Who hath promised here,  
(Belike to appease the manes of the dead,)  
At midnight to unfold Palermo's gates,

And welcome in the foe?—Who hath done  
this,

But thou, a tyrant's friend ?

*Rai.* Who hath done this ?

Father !—if I may call thee by that name—  
Look, with thy piercing eye, on those  
whose smiles

Were masks that hid their daggers.—*There*,  
perchance,

May lurk what loves not light too strong.  
For me,

I know but this—there needs no deep  
research

To prove the truth—that murderers may be  
traitors

E'en to each other.

*Pro.* (*to* MONTALBA). His unaltering  
cheek

Still vividly doth hold its natural hue,  
And his eye quails not !—Is this innocence ?

*Mon.* No ! 'tis th' unshrinking hardihood  
of crime.—

Thou bear'st a gallant mien !—But where  
is she

Whom thou hast bartered fame and life to  
save,

The fair Provençal maid ?—What ! know'st  
thou not

That this alone were guilt, to death allied !  
Was't not our law that he who spared a foe  
(And is she not of that detested race ?)

Should thenceforth be amongst us *as* a  
foe?—

Where hast thou borne her?—speak !

*Rai.* That Heaven, whose eye  
Burns up thy soul with its far-searching  
glance,

Is with her ; she is safe.

*Pro.* And by that word [died

Thy doom is sealed.—O God ! that I had  
Before this bitter hour, in the full strength  
And glory of my heart !

CONSTANCE enters, and rushes to  
RAIMOND.

*Con.* Oh ! art thou found?—

But yet, to find thee thus !—Chains, chains  
for thee !

My brave, my noble love !—Off with these  
bonds ;

Let him be free as air :—for I am come  
'To be your victim now.

*Rai.* Death has no pang  
More keen than this.—Oh ! wherefore art  
thou here ?

I could have died so calmly, deeming thee  
Saved, and at peace.

*Con.* At peace !—And thou hast thought

Thus poorly of my love!—But woman's  
breast  
Hath strength to suffer too.—Thy rather  
sits  
On this tribunal; Raimond, which is he?  
*Rai.* My father!—who hath lulled thy  
gentle heart  
With that false hope?—Beloved! gaze  
around—  
See, if thine eye can trace a father's soul  
In the dark looks bent on us.

CONSTANCE, *after earnestly examining the  
countenances of the Judges, falls at the  
feet of PROCIDA.*

*Con.* Thou art he!  
Nay, turn thou not away!—for I beheld  
Thy proud lip quiver, and a watery mist  
Pass o'er thy troubled eye; and then I knew  
Thou wert his father!—Spare him!—take  
*my* life,  
In truth a worthless sacrifice for his,  
But yet mine all.—Oh! *he* hath still to run  
A long bright race of glory.

*Rai.* Constance, peace!  
I look upon thee, and my failing heart  
Is as a broken reed.

*Con. (still addressing PROCIDA).* Oh,  
yet relent!  
If 'twas his crime to rescue *me*, behold  
I come to be the atonement! Let him live  
To crown thine age with honour.—In thy  
heart [pleads  
There's a deep conflict; but great nature  
With an o'ermastering voice, and thou wilt  
yield!—

Thou *art* his father!  
*Pro. (after a pause).* Maiden, thou'rt  
deceived!

I am as calm as that dead pause of nature  
Ere the full thunder bursts.—A judge is not  
Father or friend. Who calls this man my  
son?—

*My* son!—Ay! thus his mother proudly  
smiled—

But she was noble!—Traitors stand alone,  
Loosed from all ties.—Why should I trifle  
thus?—

Bear her away!  
*Rai. (starting forward).* And whither?  
*Mon.* Unto death.

Why should she live when all her race have  
perished?

*Con. (sinking into the arms of RAIMOND).*  
Raimond, farewell!—Oh! when thy  
star hath risen

To its bright noon, forget not, best beloved,  
I died for thee!

*Rai.* High heaven! thou seest these  
things;  
And yet endur'st them!—Shalt thou die  
for me,  
Purest and loveliest being?—but our fate  
May not divide us long. Her cheek is  
cold—  
Her deep blue eyes are closed.—Should this  
be death!—  
If thus, there yet wert mercy!—Father,  
father!  
Is thy heart human?

*Pro.* Bear her hence, I say!  
Why must my soul be torn?

ANSELMO *enters, holding a crucifix.*

*Ans.* Now, by this sign  
Of Heaven's prevailing love, ye shall not  
harm  
One ringlet of her head.—How! is there  
not  
Enough of blood upon your burthened  
souls?

Will not the visions of your midnight couch  
Be wild and dark enough, but ye must heap  
Crime upon crime?—Be ye content:—your  
dreams,

Your councils, and your banquetings, will yet  
Be haunted by the voice which doth not  
sleep,

E'en though this maid be spared!—Con-  
stance, look up!  
Thou shalt not die.

*Rai.* Oh! death e'en now hath veiled  
The light of her soft beauty.—Wake, my  
love;

Wake at my voice!  
*Pro.* Anselmo, lead her hence,  
And let her live, but never meet my sight.--  
Begone!—My heart will burst.

*Rai.* One last embrace!—  
Again life's rose is opening on her cheek;  
Yet must we part.—So love is crushed on  
earth!

But there are brighter worlds!—Farewell,  
farewell!

[*He gives her to the care of ANSELMO.*  
*Con. (slowly recovering).* There was a  
voice which called me.—Am I not  
A spirit freed from earth?—Have I not  
passed

The bitterness of death?  
*Ans.* Oh, haste away!

*Con.* Yes! Raimond calls me.—He too  
is released

From his cold bondage.—We are free at last,  
And all is well—Away!

[*She is led out by ANSELMO.*



*Rai.* The pang is o'er,  
And I have but to die.

*Mon.* Now, Procida,  
Comes thy great task. Wake! summon to  
thine aid

All thy deep soul's commanding energies;  
For thou—a chief among us—must pro-  
nounce

The sentence of thy son. It rests with thee.

*Pro.* Ha! ha!—Men's hearts should be  
of softer mould

Than in the elder time.—Fathers could  
doom

Their children *then* with an unfaltering  
voice,

And we must tremble thus!—Is it not said,  
That nature grows degenerate, earth being  
now

So full of days?

*Mon.* Rise up thy mighty heart.

*Pro.* Ay, thou say'st right. There yet  
are souls which tower

As landmarks to mankind.—Well, what's  
the task?—

There is a man to be condemned, you say?  
Is he then guilty?

*All.* This we deem of him  
With one accord.

*Pro.* And hath he nought to plead?

*Rai.* Nought but a soul unstained.

*Pro.* Why, that is little.

Stains on the soul are but as conscience  
deems them,

And conscience may be seared.—But, for  
this sentence!—

Was't not the penalty imposed on man,  
E'en from creation's dawn, that he must  
die?—

It was: thus making guilt a sacrifice  
Unto eternal justice; and we but  
Obey Heaven's mandate, when we cast dark  
souls

To th' elements from amongst us.—Be it so!  
Such be *his* doom!—I have said. Ay, now  
my heart

Is girt with adamant, whose cold weight  
doth press

Its gaspings down.—Off! let me breathe  
in freedom!—

Mountains are on my breast!

[*He sinks back.*]

*Mon.* Guards, bear the prisoner  
back to his dungeon.

*Rai.* Father! oh, look up  
Thou art my father still!

GUIDO, leaving the Tribunal, throws him-  
self on the neck of RAIMOND.

*Gui.* Oh! Raimond, Raimond!  
If it should be that I have wronged thee, say  
Thou dost forgive me.

*Rai.* Friend of my young days,  
So may all-pitying Heaven!

[*RAIMOND is led out.*]

*Pro.* Whose voice was that?  
Where is he?—gone?—now I may breathe  
once more

In the free air of Heaven. Let us away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE 1.—*A Prison, dimly lighted.*

RAIMOND sleeping. PROCIDA enters.

*Pro.* (*gazing upon him earnestly*). Can  
he then sleep?—Th' o'ershadowing  
night hath wrapt

Earth, at her stated hours—the stars have  
set [their course

Their burning watch; and all things hold  
Of wakefulness and rest; yet hath not sleep  
Sat on mine eyelids since—but this avails  
not!—

And thus *he* slumbers!—Why this mien  
doth seem

As if its soul were but one lofty thought  
Of an immortal destiny!—his brow  
Is calm as waves whereon the midnight  
heavens

Are imaged silently.—Wake, Raimond,  
wake!

Thy rest is deep.

*Rai.* (*starting up*). My father!—Where-  
fore here?

I am prepared to die, yet would I not  
Fall by *thy* hand.

*Pro.* 'Twas not for *this* I came.

*Rai.* Then wherefore?—and upon thy  
lofty brow

Why burns the troubled flush?

*Pro.* Perchance 'tis shame.

Yes! it may well be shame!—for I have  
striven

With nature's feebleless, and been o'er-  
powered.—

Howe'er it be, 'tis not for *thee* to gaze,  
Noting it thus. Rise, let me loose thy  
chains.

Arise, and follow me; but let thy step  
Fall without sound on earth: I have pre-  
pared

The means for thy escape.

*Rai.* What! *thou!* the austere,

The inflexible Procida! hast *thou* done this,  
Deeming me guilty still?



*Pro.* Upbraid me not !  
It is even so. There have been nobler deeds  
By Roman fathers done,—but I am weak.  
Therefore, again I say, arise ! and haste,  
For the night wanes. Thy fugitive course  
must be  
I o realms beyond the deep ; so let us part  
In silence, and for ever.

*Rai.* Let him fly  
Who holds no deep asylum in his breast,  
Wherein to shelter from the scoffs of  
men !—  
I can sleep calmly here.

*Pro.* Art thou in love  
With death and infamy, that so thy choice  
Is made, lost boy ! when freedom courts  
thy grasp ?

*Rai.* Father ! to set th' irrevocable seal  
Upon that shame wherewith ye have  
branded me,  
There needs but flight.—What should I  
bear from this,  
My native land ?—A blighted name, to rise  
And part me, with its dark remembrances,  
For ever from the sunshine !—O'er my soul  
Bright shadowings of a nobler destiny  
Float in dim beauty through the gloom ;  
but here,  
On earth, my hopes are closed.

*Pro.* Thy hopes are closed !  
And what were they to mine ?—Thou wilt  
not fly !  
Why, let all traitors flock to thee, and learn  
How proudly guilt can talk !—Let fathers  
rear  
Their offspring henceforth, as the free wild  
birds  
Foster their young ; when these can mount  
alone,  
Dissolving nature's bonds—why should it  
not  
Be so with us ?

*Rai.* Oh, father !—Now I feel  
What high prerogatives belong to death.  
He hath a deep though voiceless eloquence,  
To which I leave my cause. His solemn  
veil  
Doth with mysterious beauty clothe our  
virtues,  
And in its vast oblivious fold, for ever  
Give shelter to our faults.—When I am  
gone,  
The mists of passion which have dimmed  
my name  
Will melt like day-dreams ; and my me-  
mory then  
Will be—not what it *should* have been—  
for I

Must pass without my fame—but yet, un-  
stained

As a clear morning dewdrop. Oh ! the  
grave

Hath rights inviolate as a sanctuary's,  
And they should be my own !

*Pro.* Now, by just Heaven,  
I will not thus be tortured !—Were my heart  
But of thy guilt or innocence assured,  
I could be calm again. But, in this wild  
Suspense,—this conflict and vicissitude  
Of opposite feelings and convictions—  
what !

Hath it been mine to temper and to bend  
All spirits to my purpose ; have I raised  
With a severe and passionless energy,  
From the dread mingling of their elements,  
Storms which have rocked the earth ?—And  
shall I now

Thus fluctuate, as a feeble reed, the scorn  
And plaything of the winds ?—Look on me,  
boy !

Guilt never dared to meet these eyes, and  
keep  
Its heart's dark secret close.—Oh, pitying  
Heaven !

Speak to my soul with some dread oracle,  
And tell me which is truth.

*Rai.* I will not plead.  
I will not call th' Omnipotent to attest  
My innocence. No, father, in thy heart  
I know my birthright shall be soon restored ;  
Therefore I look to death, and bid thee speed  
The great absolver.

*Pro.* Oh ! my son, my son !  
We will not part in wrath !—the sternest  
hearts,  
Within their proud and guarded fastnesses,  
Hide something still, round which their  
tendrils cling

With a close grasp, unknown to those who  
dress

Their love in smiles. And such wert thou  
to me !

The all which taught me that my soul was  
cast

In nature's mould.—And I must now hold  
on

My desolate course alone !—Why, be it thus !  
He that doth guide a nation's star should  
dwell

High o'er the clouds in regal solitude,  
Sufficient to himself

*Rai.* Yet, on that summit,  
When with her bright wings glory shadows  
thee,

Forget not him who coldly sleeps beneath,  
Yet might have soared as high !

*Pro.* No, fear thou not ! [worm  
Thou'lt be remembered long. The canker-  
O' th' heart is ne'er forgotten.

*Rai.* Oh ! not thus—  
I would not *thus* be thought of.

*Pro.* Let me deem  
Again that thou art base !—for thy bright  
looks,  
Thy glorious mien of fearlessness and truth,  
Then would not haunt me as th' avenging  
powers

Followed the parricide.—Farewell, farewell !  
I have no tears.—Oh ! thus thy mother  
looked,

When with a sad, yet half-triumphant smile,  
All radiant with deep meaning, from her  
deathbed

She gave thee to my arms.

*Rai.* Now death has lost  
His sting, since thou believ'st me innocent.

*Pro.* (*wildly*). Thou innocent !—Am I  
thy murderer then ?

Away ! I tell thee thou hast made my name  
A scorn to men !—No ! I will *not* forgive thee ;  
A traitor !—What ! the blood of Procida  
Filling a traitor's veins !—Let the earth  
drink it ;

Thou wouldst receive our foes !—but they  
shall meet

From thy perfidious lips a welcome, cold  
As death can make it.—Go, prepare thy  
soul !

*Rai.* Father ! yet hear me !

*Pro.* No ! thou'rt skilled to make  
E'en shame look fair.—Why should I linger  
thus ?

(*Going to leave the prison he turns  
back for a moment.*)

If there be aught—*if* aught—for which thou  
need'st

Forgiveness—not of me, but that dread  
Power

From whom no heart is veiled—delay thou  
not

Thy prayer :—Time hurries on.

*Rai.* I am prepared.

*Pro.* 'Tis well. [*Exit PROCIDA.*  
*Rai.* Men talk of torture !—Can they  
wreak

Upon the sensitive and shrinking frame,  
Half the mind bears, and lives ?—My spirit  
feels

Bewildered ; on its powers this twilight  
gloom

Hangs like a weight of earth.—It should be  
morn ;

Why, then, perchance, a beam of Heaven's  
bright sun

Hath pierced, ere now, the grating of my  
dungeon,  
Telling of hope and mercy !

[*Exit into an inner cell.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street of Palermo.*

*Many* CITIZENS assembled.

*First Cit.* The morning breaks ; his time  
is almost come :

Will he be led this way ?

*Second Cit.* Ay, so 'tis said,  
To die before that gate through which he  
purposed

The foe should enter in.

*Third Cit.* 'Twas a vile plot !  
And yet I would my hands were pure as his  
From the deep stain of blood. Didst hear  
the sounds

I' th' air last night ?

*Second Cit.* Since the great work of  
slaughter,

Who hath not heard them duly, at those  
hours

Which should be silent ?

*Third Cit.* Oh ! the fearful mingling,  
The terrible mimicry of human voices,  
In every sound which to the heart doth  
speak

Of woe and death.

*Second Cit.* Ay, there was woman's shrill  
And piercing cry ; and the low feeble wail  
Of dying infants ; and the half-suppressed  
Deep groan of man in his last agonies !  
And now and then there swelled upon the  
breeze

Strange, savage bursts of laughter wilder  
far

Than all the rest.

*First Cit.* Of our own fate, perchance,  
These awful midnight wailings may be  
deemed

An ominous prophecy.—Should France re-  
gain

Her power amongst us, doubt not, we shall  
have

Stern reckoners to account with.—Hark !

(*The sound of trumpets is heard at a  
distance.*)

*Second Cit.* 'Twas but  
A rushing of the breeze.

*Third Cit.* E'en now, 'tis said,  
The hostile bands approach.

(*The sound is heard gradually drawing  
nearer.*)

*Second Cit.* Again !—that sound

Was no illusion. Nearer yet it swells—  
They come, they come !

*PROCIDA enters.*

*Pro.* The foe is at your gates ;  
But hearts and hands prepared shall meet  
his onset :

Why are ye loitering here ?

*Cits.* My lord, we came——

*Pro.* Think ye I know not wherefore?—  
'twas to see

A fellow-being die !—Ay, 'tis a sight  
Man loves to look on, and the tenderest  
hearts

Recoil, and yet withdraw not, from the  
scene.

For *this* ye came—What ! is our nature  
fierce,

Or is there that in mortal agony  
From which the soul, exulting in its  
strength,

Doth learn immortal lessons?—Hence, and  
arm !

Ere the night dews descend, ye will have  
Enough of death ; for this must be a day  
Of battle !—'Tis the hour which troubled  
souls

Delight in, for its rushing storms are wings  
Which bear them up !—Arm, arm ! 'tis  
for your homes,

And all that lends them loveliness.—Away !  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Prison of RAIMOND.*

RAIMOND. ANSELMO.

*Rai.* And Constance then is safe !—  
Heaven bless thee, father ;

Good angels bear such comfort.

*Ans.* I have found

A safe asylum for thine honoured love,  
Where she may dwell until serener days,  
With Saint Rosolia's gentlest daughters ;  
those

Whose hallowed office is to tend the bed  
Of pain and death, and soothe the parting  
soul

With their soft hymns : and therefore are  
they called

" Sisters of Mercy."

*Rai.* Oh ! that name, my Constance,  
Befits thee well ! E'en in our happiest days,  
There was a depth of tender pensiveness  
Far in thine eye's dark azure, speaking ever  
Of pity and mild grief.—Is she at peace ?

*Ans.* Alas ! what should I say ?

*Rai.* Why did I ask ?

Knowing the deep and full devotedness

Of her young heart's affections !—Oh ! the  
thought

Of my untimely fate will haunt her dreams,  
Which should have been so tranquil !—  
And her soul,

Whose strength was but the lofty gift of  
love,

Even until death will sicken.

*Ans.* All that faith

Can yield of comfort, shall assuage her  
woes ;

And still whate'er betide, the light of  
Heaven

Rests on her gentle heart. But thou, my  
son !

Is thy young spirit mastered, and prepared  
For nature's fearful and mysterious change ?

*Rai.* Ay, father ! of my brief remaining  
task

The least part is to die !—And yet the cup  
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,  
Crowned with that sparkling bubble, whose  
proud name

Is—glory !—Oh ! my soul, from boyhood's  
morn,

Hath nursed such mighty dreams !—It was  
my hope

To leave a name, whose echo, from the  
abyss

Of time, should rise, and float upon the  
winds

Into the far hereafter : there to be  
A trumpet-sound, a voice from the deep  
tomb,

Murmuring—Awake !—Arise !—But this is  
past !

Erewhile, and it had seemed enough of  
shame

To sleep *forgotten* in the dust—but now—  
O God !—the undying record of my grave  
Will be,—Here sleeps a traitor !—One  
whose crime

Was—to deem brave men might find nobler  
weapons

Than the cold murderer's dagger !

*Ans.* Oh, my son,

Subdue these troubled thoughts ! Thou  
wouldst not change

Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams  
will hang

The avenging shadows, which the blood-  
stained soul

Doth conjure from the dead !

*Rai.* Thou'rt right. I would not.

Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,  
Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery  
spirit

Into that still and passive fortitude,



Which is but learned from suffering.—

Would the hour  
To hush these passionate throbbings were  
at hand!

*Ans.* It will not be to-day. Hast thou  
not heard—

But no—the rush, the trampling, and the  
stir

Of this great city, arming in her haste,  
Pierce not these dungeon-depths.—The foe  
hath reached

Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all  
Her warrior-men, are marshalled, and gone  
forth

In that high hope which makes realities,  
To the red field. Thy father leads them on.

*Rai.* (*starting up.*) They are gone forth!  
my father leads them on!

All, all Palermo's youth!—No, *one* is left,  
Shut out from glory's race!—They are gone  
forth!

Ay! now the soul of battle is abroad,  
It burns upon the air!—The joyous winds  
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud white  
foam

Of battle's roaring billows!—On my sight  
The vision bursts—it maddens! 'tis the  
flash, [cloud

The lightning-shock of lances, and the  
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze  
Of helmets in the sun!—The very steed

With his majestic rider glorying shares  
The hour's stern joy, and waves his floating  
mane

As a triumphant banner!—Such things are  
Even now—and I am here!

*Ans.* Alas, be calm!  
To the same grave ye press,—thou that dost  
pine [rule

Beneath a weight of chains,—and they that  
The fortunes of the fight.

*Rai.* Ay! *Thou* canst feel  
The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto  
thee

All men alike, the warrior and the slave,  
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing  
on

To the same bourne.—Yet call it not the  
same!

Their graves, who fall in this day's fight,  
will be

As altars to their country, visited  
By fathers with their children, bearing  
wreaths,

And chanting hymns in honour of the dead:  
Will mine be such?

VITTORIA *rushes in wildly, as if  
pursued.*

*Vit.* Anselmo! art thou found!

Haste, haste, or all is lost! Perchance thy  
voice,

Whereby they deem Heaven speaks, thy  
lifted cross,

And prophet-mien, may stay the fugitives,  
Or shame them back to die.

*Ans.* The fugitives!  
What words are these?—the sons of Sicily

Fly not before the foe?

*Vit.* That I should say

It is too true!

*Ans.* And thou—thou bleedest, lady!

*Vit.* Peace! heed not me, when Sicily is  
lost!

I stood upon the walls, and watched our  
bands,

As, with their ancient, royal banner spread,  
Onward they marched. The combat was  
begun,

The fiery impulse given, and valiant men  
Had sealed their freedom with their blood—  
when lo!

That false Alberti led his recreant vassals  
To join th' invader's host.

*Rai.* His country's curse  
Rest on the slave for ever!

*Vit.* Then distrust  
E'en of their nobler leaders, and dismay,  
That swift contagion, on Palermo's bands  
Came like a deadly blight. They fled!—  
Oh, shame!

E'en now they fly!—Ay, through the city  
gates

They rush, as if all Etna's burning streams  
Pursued their winged steps!

*Rai.* Thou hast not named  
Their chief—Di Procida—*He* doth not fly?

*Vit.* No! like a kingly lion in the toils,  
Daring the hunters yet, he proudly strives,  
But all in vain! The few that breast the  
storm,

With Guido and Montalba, by his side,  
Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.

*Rai.* And I am *here!*—Shall there be  
power, O God!

In the roused energies of fierce despair,  
To burst my heart—and not to rend my  
chains?

Oh, for one moment of the thunderbolt  
To set the strong man free!

*Vit.* (*after gazing upon him earnestly.*)  
Why, 'twere a deed

Worthy the fame and blessing of all time,  
To loose thy bonds, thou son of Procida!  
Thou art no traitor;—from thy kindled brow  
Looks out thy lofty soul!—Arise! go forth  
And rouse the noble heart of Sicily



Unto high deeds again. Anselmo, haste ;  
Unbind him ! Let my spirit still prevail,  
Ere I depart—for the strong hand of death  
is on me now.—

[*She sinks back against a pillar.*]

*Ans.* Oh Heaven ! the life-blood streams  
Fast from thy heart—thy troubled eyes grow  
dim.

Who hath done this ?

*Vit.* Before the gates I stood,  
And in the name of him, the loved and lost,  
With whom I soon shall be, all vainly strove  
To stay the shameful flight. Then from  
the foe,

Fraught with my summons to his viewless  
home,

Came the fleet shaft which pierced me.

*Ans.* Yet, oh yet,  
It may not be too late. Help, help !

*Vit.* Away !  
Bright is the hour which brings me liberty !

ATTENDANTS enter.

Haste, be those fetters riven !—Unbar the  
gates,

And set the captive free !

[*The ATTENDANTS seem to hesitate.*  
Know ye not her

Who should have worn your country's  
diadem ?

*Atten.* Oh, lady, we obey.

[*They take off RAIMOND'S chains.*  
*He springs up exultingly.*]

*Rai.* Is this no dream ?—

Mount, eagle ! thou art free !—Shall I then  
die,

Not 'midst the mockery of insulting crowds,  
But on the field of banners, where the brave  
Are striving for an immortality ?—

It is e'en so !—Now for bright arms of proof,  
A helm, a keen-edged falchion, and e'en yet  
My father may be saved !

*Vit.* Away, be strong !

And let thy battle-word, to rule the storm,  
Be *Conradin* ! [*He rushes out.*]

Oh ! for one hour of life  
To hear that name blent with the exulting  
shout [*power*

Of victory !—'twill not be !—A mightier  
Doth summon me away.

*Ans.* To purer worlds  
Raise thy last thoughts in hope.

*Vit.* Yes ! he is there,  
All glorious in his beauty !—*Conradin* !  
Death parted us—and death shall re-unite !—  
He will not stay—it is all darkness now ;  
Night gathers o'er my spirit. [*She dies.*]

*Ans.* She is gone.

It is an awful hour which stills the heart  
That beat so proudly once.—Have mercy,  
Heaven ! [*He kneels beside her.*]

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Gates of Palermo.*

SICILIANS flying tumultuously towards the  
Gates.

*Voices (without).* Montjoy ! Montjoy ! St.  
Denis for Anjou !  
Provençals on !

*Sic.* Fly, fly, or all is lost !

RAIMOND appears in the gateway, armed,  
and carrying a banner.

*Rai.* Back, back, I say ! ye men of Sicily !  
All is not lost ! Oh, shame !—A few brave  
hearts

In such a cause, ere now, have set their  
breasts

Against the rush of thousands, and sus-  
tained,

And made the shock recoil.—Ay, man, free  
man,

Still to be called so, hath achieved such  
deeds

As Heaven and earth have marvelled at ;  
and souls,

Whose spark yet slumbers with the days to  
come [*thus*

Shall burn to hear : transmitting brightly  
Freedom from race to race !—Back ! or  
prepare,

Amidst your hearths, your bowers, your  
very shrines,

To bleed and die in vain !—Turn, follow  
me !

*Conradin, Conradin* !—for Sicily  
His spirit fights !—Remember *Conradin* !

[*They begin to rally around him.*]

Ay, this is well !—Now follow me, and  
charge !

[*The PROVENÇALS rush in, but are  
repulsed by the SICILIANS.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Part of the Field of Battle.*

MONTALBA enters wounded, and supported  
by RAIMOND, whose face is concealed by  
his helmet.

*Rai.* Here rest thee, warrior.

*Mon.* Rest, ay, death is rest,  
And such will soon be mine.—But thanks  
to thee.

I shall not die a captive. Brave Sicilian !  
These lips are all unused to soothing words,  
Or I should bless the valour which hath won  
For my last hour the proud free solitude  
Wherewith my soul would gird itself.—Thy  
name ?

*Rai.* 'Twill be no music to thine ear,  
Montalba.

Gaze—read it thus !

[*He lifts the visor of his helmet.*]

*Mon.* Raimond di Procida !

*Rai.* Thou hast pursued me with a bitter  
hate.

But fare thee well ! Heaven's peace be  
with thy soul !

I must away.—One glorious effort more,  
And this proud field is won !

[*Exit RAIMOND.*]

*Mon.* Am I thus humbled ?

How my heart sinks within me ! But 'tis  
death

(And he can tame the mightiest) hath sub-  
dued

My towering nature thus !—Yet is he wel-  
come ! [me !]

That youth—'twas in his pride he rescued  
I was his deadliest foe, and thus he proved  
His fearless scorn. Ha ! ha ! but he shall  
fail

To melt me into womanish feebleness.

There I still baffle him—the grave shall seal  
My lips for ever—mortal shall not hear  
Montalba say—"forgive !" [He dies.

(*The scene closes.*)

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

PROCIDA. GUIDO. *And other SICILIANS.*

*Pro.* The day is ours ; but he, the brave  
unknown,  
Who turned the tide of battle ; he whose  
path  
Was victory—who hath seen him ?

ALBERTI is brought in, wounded and  
fettered.

*Alb.* Procida !

*Pro.* Be silent, traitor !—Bear him from  
my sight

Unto your deepest dungeons.

*Alb.* In the grave

A nearer home awaits me.—Yet one word  
Ere my voice fail—thy son—

*Pro.* Speak, speak !

*Alb.* Thy son

Knows not a thought of guilt. That trai-  
t'rous plot

Was mine alone.

[*He is led away.*]

*Pro.* Attest it, earth and Heaven !  
My son is guiltless !—Hear it, Sicily !  
The blood of Procida is noble still !—  
My son !—He lives, he lives !—His voice  
shall speak

Forgiveness to his sire !—His name shall  
cast

Its brightness o'er my soul !

*Guido.* Oh, day of joy !

The brother of my heart is worthy still

The lofty name he bears.

ANSELMO enters.

*Pro.* Anselmo, welcome !

In a glad hour we meet, for know, my son  
Is guiltless.

*Ans.* And victorious ! by his arm

All hath been rescued.

*Pro.* How ! th' unknown—

*Ans.* Was he !

Thy noble Raimond ! By Vittoria's hand  
Freed from his bondage in that awful hour  
When all was flight and terror.

*Pro.* Now my cup

Of joy too brightly mantles !—Let me press  
My warrior to a father's heart—and die ;

For life hath nought beyond !—Why comes  
he not ?

Anselmo, lead me to my valiant boy !

*Ans.* Temper this proud delight.

*Pro.* What means that look ?

He hath not fallen ?

*Ans.* He lives.

*Pro.* Away, away !

Bid the wide city with triumphal pomp  
Prepare to greet her victor. Let this hour  
Atone for all his wrongs !— [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Garden of a Convent.*

RAIMOND is led in wounded, leaning on  
ATTENDANTS.

*Rai.* Bear me to no dull couch, but let  
me die  
In the bright face of nature !—Lift my  
helm,

That I may look on heaven.

*First Attendant (to Second Attendant).*

Lay him to rest

On this green sunny bank, and I will call  
Some holy sister to his aid ; but thou  
Return unto the field, for high-born men  
There need the peasant's aid.

[*Exit SECOND ATTENDANT.*]

(*To RAIMOND.*) Here gentler hands  
Shall tend thee, warrior ; for in these  
retreats

They dwell, whose vows devote them to the care

Of all that suffer. May'st thou live to bless them ! [Exit FIRST ATTENDANT.

*Rai.* Thus have I wished to die!—'Twas a proud strife !

My father blessed th' unknown who rescued him,

(Blessed him, alas ! *because* unknown !) and Guido,

Beside me bravely struggling, called aloud, "Noble Sicilian, on!" Oh ! had they deemed

'Twas I who led that rescue, they had spurned

Mine aid, though 'twas deliverance ; and their looks

Had fallen, like blights, upon me.—There is one,

Whose eye ne'er turned on mine, but its blue light

Grew softer, trembling through the dewy mist

Raised by deep tenderness !—Oh might the soul

Set in that eye shine on me ere I perish ! Is't not her voice ?

CONSTANCE *enters, speaking to a NUN, who turns into another path.*

*Con.* Oh ! happy they, kind sister,

Whom thus ye tend ; for it is theirs to fall With brave men side by side, when the roused heart

Beats proudly to the last !—There are high souls

Whose hope was such a death, and 'tis denied !

*She approaches RAIMOND.*

Young Warrior, is there aught—*thou* here, my Raimond !

*Thou* here—and thus !—Oh ! is this joy or woe ?

*Rai.* Joy, be it joy, my own, my blessed love,

E'en on the grave's dim verge !—yes it *is* joy !

My Constance ! victors have been crowned, ere now,

With the green shining laurel, when their brows

Wore death's own impress—and it may be thus

E'en yet, with me !—They freed me, when the foe

Had half prevailed, and I have proudly earned,

With my heart's dearest blood, the meed to die

Within thine arms.

*Con.* Oh ! speak not thus—to die !

These wounds may yet be closed.

[*She attempts to bind his wounds.*

Look on me, love !

Why, there is *more* than life in thy glad mien,

'Tis full of hope ! and from thy kindled eye Breaks e'en unwonted light, whose ardent ray

Seems born to be immortal !

*Rai.* 'Tis e'en so !

The parting soul doth gather all her fires Around her ; all her glorious hopes, and dreams,

And burning aspirations, to illumine The shadowy dimness of th' untrodden path

Which lies before her ; and, encircled thus, Awhile she sits in dying eyes, and thence

Sends forth her bright farewell. Thy gentle cares

Are vain, and yet I bless them.

*Con.* Say, not vain ;

The dying look not thus. We shall not part !

*Rai.* I have seen death ere now, and known him wear

Full many a changeful aspect.

*Con.* Oh ! but none

Radiant as thine, my warrior !—Thou wilt live !

Look round thee !—all is sunshine—is not this

A smiling world ?

*Rai.* Ay, gentlest love, a world Of joyous beauty and magnificence,

Almost too fair to leave !—Yet must we tame

Our ardent hearts to this !—Oh, weep thou not !

There is no home for liberty, or love, Beneath these festal skies !—Be not deceived ;

My way lies far beyond !—I shall be soon That viewless thing which, with its mortal weeds

Casting off meaner passions, yet, we trust, Forgets not how to love !

*Con.* And must this be ?

Heaven, thou art merciful !—Oh ! bid our souls

Depart together !

*Rai.* Constance ! there is strength Within thy gentle heart, which hath been proved

Nobly, for me : Arouse it once again !



Thy grief unmans me—and I fain would meet

That which approaches, as a brave man yields

With proud submission to a mightier foe.—  
It is upon me now!

*Con.* I will be calm.

Let thy head rest upon my bosom, Raimond,  
And I will so suppress its quick deep sobs,  
They shall but rock thee to thy rest. There is  
A world (ay, let us seek it!) where no blight  
Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and  
there

I shall be with thee soon!

*PROCIDA and ANSELMO enter. PROCIDA  
on seeing RAIMOND starts back.*

*Ans.* Lift up thy head,  
Brave youth, exultingly! for lo! thine hour  
Of glory comes!—Oh! doth it come too  
late?

E'en now the false Alberti hath confessed  
That guilty plot, for which thy life was  
doomed

To be th' atonement.

*Rai.* 'Tis enough! Rejoice,  
Rejoice, my Constance! for I leave a name  
O'er which thou may'st weep proudly!

*[He sinks back.]*

To thy breast

Fold me yet closer, for an icy dart  
Hath touched my veins.

*Con.* And must thou leave me, Raimond?  
Alas! thine eye grows dim—its wandering  
glance

Is full of dreams.

*Rai.* Haste, haste, and tell my father  
I was no traitor!

*Pro. (rushing forward).* To that father's  
heart

Return, forgiving all thy wrongs, return!

Speak to me, Raimond!—Thou wert ever  
kind,

And brave, and gentle! Say that all the  
[past]  
Shall be forgiven! That word from none  
but thee

My lips e'er asked.—Speak to me once, my  
boy,

My pride, my hope!—And is it with thee  
[thus?]  
Look on me yet!—Oh! must this woe be  
borne?

*Rai.* Off with this weight of chains! it  
is not meet

For a crowned conqueror!—Hark, the  
trumpet's voice!

*[A sound of triumphant music is  
heard, gradually approaching.]*

Is 't not a thrilling call?—What drowsy  
spell

Benumbs me thus?—Hence! I am free  
again!

Now swell your festal strains, the field is  
won!

Sing me to glorious dreams. *[He dies.]*

*Ans.* The strife is past.

There fled a noble spirit!

*Con.* Hush! he sleeps—

Disturb him not!

*Ans.* Alas! this is no sleep

From which the eye doth radiantly uncloze:  
Bow down thy soul, for earthly hope is o'er!

*(The music continues approaching. GUIDO  
enters, with CITIZENS and SOLDIERS.)*

*Guido.* The shrines are decked, the fes-  
tive torches blaze—

Where is our brave deliverer?—We are  
come

To crown Palermo's victor!

*Ans.* Ye come late.

The voice of human praise doth send no  
echo

Into the world of spirits.

*[The music ceases.]*

*Pro. (after a pause).* Is this dust

I look on—Raimond!—'tis but sleep—a  
smile

On his pale cheek sits proudly. Raimond,  
wake!

Oh, God! and this was his triumphant day!  
My son, my injured son!

*Con. (starting).* Art thou his father?

I know thee now.—Hence, with thy dark  
stern eye,

And thy cold heart!—Thou canst not wake  
him now!

Away! he will not answer but to me,

For none like me hath loved him! He is  
mine!

Ye shall not rend him from me.

*Pro.* Oh! he knew

Thy love, poor maid! Shrink from me  
now no more!

He knew *thy* heart—but who shall tell him  
now

The depth, th' intenseness, and the agony,  
Of my suppressed affection?—I have  
learned

All his high worth in time—to deck his  
grave!

Is there not power in the strong spirit's  
woe

To force an answer from the viewless world  
Of the departed?—Raimond!—speak! for-  
give!



Raimond ! my victor, my deliverer, hear !  
 Why, what a world is this !—Truth ever  
 bursts  
 On the dark soul too late : and glory  
 crowns  
 Th' unconscious dead ! And an hour comes  
 to break

The mightiest hearts !—My son ! my son !  
 is this  
 A day of triumph ?—Ay, for thee alone !  
 [*He throws himself upon the body of*  
 RAIMOND.

[*Curtain falls.*

1826.

THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

“Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen freuden  
 Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar !

So ist des Geistes ruf an mich ergangen,  
 Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen.”

*Die Jungfrau von Orleans.*

“Long time against oppression have I fought,  
 And for the native liberty of faith  
 I have bled and suffered bonds.”—*Remorse, a Tragedy.*

THE following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

I.

THE voices of my home !—I hear them  
 still !  
 They have been with me through the  
 dreamy night—  
 The blessed household voices, wont to fill  
 My heart's clear depths with unalloyed  
 delight !  
 I hear them still, unchanged,—though  
 some from earth [mirth—  
 Are music parted, and the tones of  
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through  
 days more bright ! [come,  
 Have died in others—yet to me they  
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my  
 home !

II.

They call me through this hush of woods,  
 reposing  
 In the grey stillness of the summer morn ;  
 They wander by when heavy flowers are  
 closing,  
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and  
 stars are born ; [burst  
 Even as a fount's remembered gushings  
 On the parched traveller in his hour of  
 thirst,

E'en thus they haunt me with sweet  
 sounds, till worn [say—  
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I  
 Oh ! for the dove's swift wings, that I might  
 flee away,—

III.

And find mine ark !—yet whither ?—I  
 must bear  
 A yearning heart within me to the grave.  
 I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—  
 Just darkening in its course the lake's  
 bright wave, [hath power  
 And sighing through the feathery canes—  
 To call up shadows, in the silent hour,  
 From the dim past, as from a wizard's  
 cave !— [spread,  
 So must it be !—These skies above me  
 Are they my own soft skies ?—Ye rest not  
 here, my dead !

IV.

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie  
 sleeping, [clear,  
 Your graves all smiling in the sunshine  
 Save one !—a blue, lone, distant main is  
 sweeping [here !—  
 High o'er one gentle head—ye rest not

'Tis not the olive, with a whisper sway-  
ing, [playing  
Not thy low rippings, glassy water,  
Through my own chestnut groves, which  
fill mine ear; [dwell,  
But the faint echoes in my breast that  
And for their birth-place moan, as moans  
the ocean-shell.

## v.

Peace!—I will dash these fond regrets to  
earth, [rain  
Even as an eagle shakes the cumbering  
From his strong pinion. Thou that gav'st  
me birth, [Spain!  
And lineage, and once home,—my native  
My own bright land—my father's land—  
my child's!  
What hath thy son brought from thee to  
the wilds?—  
He hath brought marks of torture and  
the chain, [breeze;  
Traces of things which pass not as a  
A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath,  
woe,—thy gifts are these.

## vi.

A blighted name!—I hear the winds of  
morn— [shiver  
Their sounds are not of this!—I hear the  
Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings,  
borne  
From the high forest, when the light  
leaves quiver: [waving,  
Their sounds are not of this!—the cedars,  
Lend it no tone: His wide savannahs  
laving,  
It is not murmured by the joyous river!  
What part hath mortal name, where God  
alone  
Speaks to the mighty waste, and through  
its heart is known?

## vii.

Is it not much that I may worship Him,  
With nought my spirit's breathings to  
control, [dim,  
And feel His presence in the vast, and  
And whispery woods, where dying thun-  
ders roll [rejoice  
From the far cataracts?—Shall I not  
That I have learned at last to know *His*  
voice [ing soul  
From man's?—I will rejoice!—my soar-  
Now hath redeemed her birthright of the  
day, [unfettered way!  
And won, through clouds, to Him, her own

## viii.

And thou, my boy! that silent at my knee  
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest  
eyes, [see  
Filled with the love of childhood, which I  
Pure through its depths, a thing without  
disguise;  
Thou that hast breathed in slumber on  
my breast,  
When I have checked its throbs to give  
thee rest,  
Mine own! whose young thoughts fresh  
before me rise! [prayer,  
Is it not much that I may guide thy  
And circle thy glad soul with free and  
healthful air?

## ix.

Why should I weep on thy bright head,  
my boy?  
Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not  
dwell,  
Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,  
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who  
fell  
For Spain of old.—Yet what if rolling  
waves  
Have borne us far from our ancestral  
graves?  
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel!  
As mine hath done; nor bear what I  
have borne,  
Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant  
brow of scorn.

## x.

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed  
child! [vain—  
I have not sorrowed, struggled, lived in  
Hear me! magnificent and ancient wild;  
And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,  
As deep meets deep; and forests, whose  
dim shade  
The flood's voice, and the wind's, by  
swells pervade; [plain,  
Hear me!—'tis well to die, and not com-  
Yet there are hours when the charged  
heart must speak, [break!  
Even in the desert's ear to pour itself, or

## xi.

I see an oak before me, it hath been  
The crowned one of the woods; and  
might have flung [green,  
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly  
But a wild vine around the stem hath  
clung,

From branch to branch close wreaths of  
bondage throwing, [bowing,  
Till the proud tree, before no tempest  
Hath shrunk and died, those serpent-  
folds among.  
Alas!—alas!—what is it that I see?  
An image of man's mind, land of my sires,  
with thee!

## XII.

Yet art thou lovely!—Song is on thy  
hills—  
O sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,  
That lulled my boyhood, how your  
memory thrills [pain!—  
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening  
Your sounds are on the rocks:—That I  
might hear  
Once more the music of the moun-  
taineer!—  
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's  
strain  
Floats out, and fills the solitary place  
With the old tuneful names of Spain's  
heroic race.

## XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden  
day,  
Through my own pine-hung mountains.  
Clear, yet lone,  
In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,  
And from the fields the peasant's voice  
was gone;  
And the red grapes untrodden strewed  
the ground,  
And the free flocks untended roamed  
around:  
Where was the pastor?—where the pipe's  
wild tone? [among.  
Music and mirth were hushed the hills  
While to the city's gates each hamlet  
poured its throng.

## XIV.

Silence upon the mountains!—But within  
The city's gates a rush—a press—a swell  
Of multitudes their torrent way to win;  
And heavy boomings of a dull, deep bell,  
A dead pause following each—like that  
which parts [hearts  
The dash of billows, holding breathless  
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after  
knell;  
And sounds of thickening steps, like  
thunder-rain,  
That plashes on the roof of some vast  
echoing fane!

## XV.

What pageant's hour approached?—The  
sullen gate [thrown  
Of a strong ancient prison-house was  
Back to the day. And who, in mournful  
state, [stone?  
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold—  
They that had learned, in cells of secret  
gloom, [whom  
How sunshine is forgotten!—They to  
The very features of mankind were grown  
Things that bewildered!—O'er their  
dazzled sight,  
They lifted their wan hands, and cowered  
before the light!

## XVI.

To this man brings his brother!—Some  
were there,  
Who with their desolation had entwined  
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of  
despair [riors bind  
Fast round their bosoms, even as war-  
The breastplate on for fight: but brow  
and cheek [speak!  
Seemed *theirs* a torturing panoply to  
And there were some, from whom the  
very mind  
Had been wrung out: they smiled—oh!  
startling smile  
Whence man's high soul is fled!—Where  
doth it sleep the while?

## XVII.

But onward moved the melancholy train,  
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.  
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—  
Heaven's offering from the land of chi-  
valry!  
Through thousands, thousands of their  
race they moved—  
Oh! how unlike all others!—the beloved,  
The free, the proud, the beautiful!  
whose eye [breath  
Grew fixed before them, while a people's  
Was hushed, and its one soul bound in the  
thought of death!

## XVIII.

It might be that amidst the countless  
throng,  
There swelled some heart, with Pity's  
weight oppressed, [strong;  
For the wide stream of human love is  
And woman, on whose fond and faithful  
breast



Childhood is reared, and at whose knee  
the sigh

Of its first prayer is breathed, she, too,  
was nigh,— [blessed,

But life is dear, and the free footstep  
And home a sunny place, where each  
may fill

Some eye with glistening smiles,—and  
therefore all were still—

## XIX.

All still—youth, courage, strength!—a  
winter laid,

A chain of palsy, cast on might and mind!  
Still, as at noon a Southern forest's shade,  
They stood, those breathless masses of  
mankind;

Still, as a frozen torrent!—but the wave  
Soon leaps to foaming freedom—they,  
the brave, [assigned  
Endured—they saw the martyr's place  
In the red flames—whence is the wither-  
ing spell

That numbs each human pulse?—they saw,  
and thought it well.

## XX.

And I, too, thought it well! That very  
morn [clung

From a far land I came, yet round me  
The spirit of my own. No hand had torn  
With a strong grasp away the veil which  
hung

Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed,  
I saw,

Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe  
I watched the fearful rites; and if there  
sprung

One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,  
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own  
poison-cup.

## XXI.

But I was wakened as the dreamers  
waken [of dread

Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek  
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls  
are taken, [shed

And they must battle till their blood is  
On their own threshold-floor. A path  
for light

Through my torn breast was shattered  
by the might

Of the swift thunder-stroke—and Free-  
dom's tread [vain,

Came in through ruins, late, yet not in  
Making the blighted place all green with  
life again.

## XXII.

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass  
Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind,  
the sky,

Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,  
And marked its victims with a tearless  
eye. [wrought

They moved before me but as pictures,  
Each to reveal some secret of man's  
thought,

On the sharp edge of sad mortality,  
Till in his place came one—oh! could it  
be?

My friend, my heart's first friend!—and did  
I gaze on thee?

## XXIII.

On thee! with whom in boyhood I had  
played, [streams;

At the grape-gatherings, by my native  
And to whose eye my youthful soul had  
laid

Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world  
of dreams; [stood,

And by whose side 'midst warriors I had  
And in whose helm was brought—oh!  
earned with blood;

The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic  
beams [had passed,  
Smote on my fevered brow!—Ay, years  
Severing our paths, brave friend!—and  
*thus* we met at last!

## XXIV.

I see it still—the lofty mien thou borest—  
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of  
power! [worest,

The very look that once thou brightly  
Cheering me onward through a fearful  
hour, [spear,

When we were girt by Indian bow and  
'Midst the white Andes—even as moun-  
tain deer, [javelin-shower

Hemmed in our camp—but through the  
We rent our way, a tempest of despair!—  
And thou—hadst thou but died with thy  
true brethren there!

## XXV.

I call the fond wish back—for thou hast  
perished [known

More nobly far, my Alvar!—making  
The might of truth; and be thy memory  
cherished

With theirs, the thousands, that around  
her throne



Have poured their lives out smiling, in  
that doom  
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!—  
Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been  
sown,  
And with the wind their spirit shall be  
spread,  
Filling man's heart and home with records  
of the dead.

## XXVI.

Thou Searcher of the Soul! in whose  
dread sight [skies,  
Not the bold guilt alone, that mocks the  
But the scarce-owned, unwhispered  
thought of night,  
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies ;  
*Thou* know'st—whose eye through shade  
and depth can see,  
That this man's crime was but to worship  
thee,  
Like those that made their hearts thy  
sacrifice, [side,  
The called of yore ; wont by the Saviour's  
On the dim Olive-mount to pray at even-  
tide.

## XXVII.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,  
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay-  
abode ; [take  
And, born of thee, she may not always  
Earth's accents for the oracles of God ;  
And even for this—O dust, whose mask  
is power ! [hour !  
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little  
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not  
trod,  
And therefore thou destroyest !—where  
were flown  
Our hope, if man were left to man's decree  
alone ?

## XXVIII.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze  
On him, my friend ; while that swift  
moment threw [days,  
A sudden freshness back on vanished  
Like water-drops on some dim picture's  
hue ;  
Calling the proud time up, when first I  
stood  
Where banners floated, and my heart's  
quick blood  
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,  
And he—his sword was like a brother's  
worn,  
That watches through the field his mother's  
youngest born.

## XXIX.

But a lance met me in that day's career,—  
Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping  
fight, [clear,  
Wakening at last—how full, how strangely  
That scene on memory flashed!—the  
shivery light,  
Moonlight, on broken shields—the plain  
of slaughter,  
The fountain-side—the low sweet sound  
of water— [night  
And Alvar bending o'er me—from the  
Covering me with his mantle!—all the  
past  
Flowed back—my soul's far chords all  
answered to the blast.

## XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became  
As one that by the bands of slumber  
wound, [frame,  
Lies with a powerless, but all-thrilling  
Intense in consciousness of sight and  
sound, [brings  
Yet buried in a wildering dream which  
Loved faces round him, girt with fearful  
things !  
Troubled even thus I stood, but chained  
and bound  
On that familiar form mine eye to keep :—  
Alas ! I might not fall upon his neck and  
weep !

## XXXI.

He passed me—and what next?—I  
looked on two, [place,  
Following his footsteps to the same dread  
For the same guilt—his sisters!—Well I  
knew  
The beauty on those brows, though each  
young face  
Was changed—so deeply changed!—a  
dungeon's air [bear ;  
Is hard for loved and lovely things to  
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,  
Queen-like Theresa ! radiant Inez !—  
flowers  
So cherished ! were ye then but reared for  
those dark hours ?

## XXXII.

A mournful home, young sisters ! had ye  
left, [the wail,  
With your lutes hanging hushed upon  
And silence round the aged man, bereft  
Of each glad voice, once answering to  
his call.

Alas, that lonely father ! doomed to pine  
 For sounds departed: in his life's decline,  
 And 'midst the shadowing banners of his  
 hall, [name  
 With his white hair to sit, and deem the  
 A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by  
 you to shame !

## XXXIII.

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words  
 of love, [long !  
 And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so  
 How had I seen you in your beauty move,  
 Wearing the wreath, and listening to the  
 song !—  
 Yet sat, even then, what seemed the  
 crowd to shun,  
 Half veiled upon the clear pale brow of  
 one,  
 And deeper thoughts than oft to youth  
 belong,  
 Thoughts, such as wake to evening's  
 whispery sway,  
 Within the drooping shade of her sweet  
 eyelids lay.

## XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,  
 It was but as some melancholy star  
 Beholds the dance of shepherds on the  
 plain,  
 In its bright stillness present, though afar.  
 Yet would she smile—and that, too, hath  
 its smile—  
 Circed with joy which reached her not  
 the while,  
 And bearing a lone spirit, not at war  
 With earthly things, but o'er their form  
 and hue [true.  
 Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully

## XXXV.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden  
 might,  
 Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,  
 A treasure all undreamt of ;—as the night  
 Calls out the harmonies of streams that  
 roll  
 Unheard by day. It seemed as if her  
 breast  
 Had hoarded energies, till then sup-  
 pressed  
 Almost with pain, and bursting from  
 control,  
 And finding first that hour their pathway  
 free :—  
 Could a rose brave the storm, such might  
 her emblem be !

## XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still  
 had hung [worn,  
 On her fair brow beneath its garlands  
 Was fled ! and fire, like prophecy's, had  
 sprung [scorn—  
 Clear to her kindled eye. It might be  
 Pride—sense of wrong—ay, the frail  
 heart is bound [round,  
 By these at times, even as with adamant  
 kept so from breaking !—yet not *thus*  
 upborne  
 She moved, though some sustaining  
 passion's wave [brave !  
 Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the

## XXXVII.

And yet, alas ! to see the strength which  
 elings [ful sight,  
 Round woman in such hours !—a mourn-  
 Though lovely !—an o'erflowing of the  
 springs, [bright !  
 The full springs of affection, deep as  
 And she, because her life is ever twined  
 With other lives, and by no stormy wind  
 May thence be shaken, and because the  
 light  
 Of tenderness is round her, and her eye  
 Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore  
 she thus can die.

## XXXVIII.

Therefore didst *thou*, through that heart-  
 shaking scene, [aside  
 As through a triumph move ; and cast  
 Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for vic-  
 tory's mien,  
 O faithful sister ! cheering thus the guide,  
 And friend, and brother of thy sainted  
 youth, [truth,  
 Whose hand had led thee to the source o'  
 Where thy glad soul from earth was  
 purified ;  
 Nor wouldst thou, following him through  
 all the past,  
 That he should see thy step grow tremulous  
 at last.

## XXXIX.

For thou hadst made no deeper love a  
 guest  
 'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that  
 which grows [breast,  
 Between the nurtured of the same fond  
 The sheltered of one roof ; and thus it  
 rose

'Twined in with life.—How is it, that the  
 hours  
 Of the same sport, the gathering early  
 flowers [pose,  
 Round the same tree, the sharing one re-  
 and mingling one first prayer in murmurs  
 soft,  
 From the heart's memory fade, in this  
 world's breath, so oft?

## XL.

But thee that breath had touched not ;  
 thee, nor him,  
 The true in all things found !—and thou  
 wert blest  
 Even then, that no remembered change  
 could dim  
 The perfect image of affection, pressed  
 Like armour to thy bosom !—thou hadst  
 kept [wept,  
 Watch by that brother's couch of pain, and  
 Thy sweet face covering with thy robe,  
 when rest  
 Fled from the sufferer ; thou hadst bound  
 his faith  
 Unto thy soul ;—one light, one hope ye  
 chose—one death.

## XLI.

So didst thou pass on brightly !—but for  
 her, [spoken !—  
 Next in that path, how may *her* doom be  
 All-merciful ! to think that such things  
 were, [unbroken !  
 And *are*, and seen by men with hearts  
 To think of that fair girl, whose path had  
 been [scene !  
 So strewed with rose-leaves, all one fairy  
 And whose quick glance came ever as a  
 token  
 Of hope to drooping thought, and her  
 glad voice  
 As a free bird's in spring, that makes the  
 woods rejoice.

## XLII.

And she to die !—she loved the laughing  
 earth [flowers !—  
 With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and  
 Was not her smile even as the sudden  
 birth [showers ?  
 Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal  
 Yes ! but to meet her fawn-like step, to  
 hear  
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,  
 Which, oft unconsciously in happier  
 hours

Flowed from her lips, was to forget the  
 sway  
 Of Time and death below, — blight, shadow,  
 dull decay.

## XLIII.

Could this change be?—the hour, the  
 scene, where last [mind :—  
 I saw that form, came floating o'er my  
 A golden vintage eve ;—the heats were  
 passed,  
 And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,  
 Her father sat, where gleamed the first  
 faint star  
 Through the lime-boughs ; and with her  
 light guitar, [reclined,  
 She, on the greensward, at his feet  
 In his calm face laughed up ; some shep-  
 herd-lay  
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone  
 hills at play.

## XLIV.

And now—O God !—the bitter fear of  
 death, [dread,  
 The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing  
 Had grasped her !—panting in her quick-  
 drawn breath,  
 And in her white lips quivering ;—on-  
 ward led, [eyes,  
 She looked up with her dim bewildered  
 And there smiled out her own soft bril-  
 liant skies,  
 Far in their sultry, southern azure spread,  
 Glowing with joy, but silent !—still they  
 smiled,  
 Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor  
 trembling child.

## XLV.

Alas ! that earth had all too strong a  
 hold, [bloom  
 Too fast, sweet Inez ! on thy heart, whose  
 Was given to early love, nor knew how  
 cold [with whom,  
 The hours which follow. There was one,  
 Young as thou wert, and gentle, and  
 untried, [have died ;  
 Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly  
 But he was far away ;—and with thy  
 doom [dear,  
 Thus gathering, life grew so intensely  
 That all the slight frame shook with its cold  
 mortal fear !

## XLVI.

No aid !—thou too didst pass !—and all  
 had passed, [strong !  
 The fearful—and the desperate—and the



Some like the bark that rushes with the  
blast,  
Some like the leaf swept shivering along,  
And some as men that have but one more  
field [shield—  
To fight, and then may slumber on their  
Therefore they arm in hope. But now  
the throng [tide,  
Rolled on, and bore me with their living  
Even as a bark wherein is left no power to  
guide.

## XLVII.

Wave swept on wave. We reached a  
stately square, [high,  
Decked for the rites. An altar stood on  
And gorgeous, in the midst : a place for  
prayer, [supply  
And praise, and offering. Could the earth  
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all  
Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?  
No fair young firstling of the flock to die,  
As when before their God the Patriarchs  
stood?—

Look down ! man brings thee, Heaven ! his  
brother's guiltless blood !

## XLVIII.

Hear its voice, hear !—a cry goes up to  
thee [judgment known  
From the stained sod ; make thou thy  
On him, the shedder !—let his portion be  
The fear that walks at midnight—give  
the moan [say  
In the wind haunting him a power to  
" Where is thy brother ?"—and the stars  
a ray  
To search and shake his spirit, when alone,  
With the dread splendour of their  
burning eyes !— [sacrifice !  
So shall earth own Thy will—mercy, not

## XLIX.

Sounds of triumphant praise !—the mass  
was sung— [such strains !  
Voices that die not might have poured  
Through Salem's towers might that proud  
chant have rung [plains,  
When the Most High, on Syria's palmy  
Had quelled her foes !—so full it swept,  
a sea [free !—  
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling  
Oft when the wind, as through resound-  
ing fanes, [power,  
Hath filled the choral forests with its  
Some deep tone brings me back the music  
of that hour.

## L.

It died away ;—the incense-cloud was  
driven  
Before the breeze—the words of doom  
were said ;  
And the sun faded mournfully from  
Heaven :—  
He faded mournfully ! and dimly red,  
Parting in clouds from those that looked  
their last,  
And sighed—" Farewell, thou Sun !"—  
Eve glowed and passed—  
Night—midnight and the moon—came  
forth and shied  
Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled  
spot—  
Save one—a place of death—and there men  
slumbered not.

## LI.

'Twas not within the city—but in sight  
Of the snow-crowned sierras, freely  
sweeping,  
With many an eagle's eyrie on the height,  
And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping  
Far off : and vales between, and vine-  
yards lay, [way,  
With sound and gleam of waters on their  
And chestnut woods, that girt the happy  
sleeping [sky  
In many a peasant-home !—the midnight  
Brought softly that rich world round those  
who came to die.

## LII.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of  
Spain,  
Burning with stars !— What had the  
torches' glare  
To do beneath that Temple, and profane  
Its holy radiance ?—by their wavering  
flare,  
I saw beside the pyres—I see thee now,  
O bright Theresa ! with thy lifted brow,  
And thy clasped hands, and dark eyes  
filled with prayer ! [head,  
And thee, sad Inez ! bowing thy fair  
And mantling up thy face, all colourless  
with dread !

## LIII.

And Alvar ! Alvar !—I beheld thee too,  
Pale, steadfast, kingly, till thy clear glance  
fell [grew,  
On that young sister ; then perturbed it  
And all thy labouring bosom seemed to  
swell



With painful tenderness. Why came I  
there,  
That troubled image of my friend to bear  
'Thence, for my after-years?—a thing to  
dwell [rise,  
In my heart's core, and on the darkness  
is quieting my dreams with its bright  
mournful eyes?

## LV.

Why came I?—oh! the heart's deep  
mystery!—Why [gaze  
In man's last hour doth vain affection's  
Fix itself down on struggling agony,  
To the dimmed eye-balls freezing as they  
glaze?  
It might be—yet the power to will seemed  
o'er—  
That my soul yearned to hear his voice  
once more! [amaze,  
But mine was fettered!—mute in strong  
I watched his features as the night-wind  
blew,  
And torch-light or the moon's passed o'er  
their marble hue.

## LV.

The trampling of a steed!—a tall white  
steed,  
Rending his fiery way the crowds among—  
A storm's way through a forest—came at  
speed, [flung  
And a wild voice cried "Inez!" Swift she  
The mantle from her face, and gazed  
around,  
With a faint shriek at that familiar sound;  
And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,  
And dashed off fiercely those who came  
to part,  
And rushed to that pale girl, and clasped  
her to his heart.

## LVI.

And for a moment all around gave way  
To that full burst of passion!—on his  
breast,  
Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,  
But blest—in misery's very lap—yet  
blest!— [an hour  
O love, love strong as death!—from such  
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power,  
Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest  
For thee and thine, this world were all  
too fair!  
How could we thence be weaned to die  
without despair?

## LVII.

But she, as falls a willow from the storm  
O'er its own river streaming--thus re-  
clined [form,  
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile  
And clasping arms, so passionately twined  
Around his neck—with such a trusting  
fold,  
A full deep sense of safety in their hold,  
As if nought earthly might th' embrace  
unbind!  
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still  
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's  
reach to kill!

## LVIII.

Brief rest! upon the turning billow's  
height, [strain,  
A strange, sweet moment of some heavenly  
Floating between the savage gusts of  
night, [again  
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark  
The hour—the scene—th' intensely  
present, rushed  
Back on her spirit, and her large tears  
gushed  
Like blood-drops from a victim; with  
swift rain [hour,  
Bathing the bosom where she leaned that  
As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling  
shower.

## LIX.

But he, whose arm sustained her!—oh!  
I knew  
'Twas vain,—and yet he hoped!—he  
fondly strove [woo,  
Back from her faith her sinking soul to  
As life might yet be hers!—A dream of  
love  
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,  
Remembering how like hope, like joy,  
like spring, [move,  
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to  
And deem that men indeed, in very truth,  
*Could* mean the sting of death for her soft  
flowering youth!

## LX.

He wooed her back to life.—"Sweet  
Inez, live!  
My blessed Inez!—visions have beguiled  
Thy heart—abjure them!—thou wert  
formed to give, [smiled  
And to find, joy; and hath not sunshine  
Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine  
own! [alone,  
Or earth will grow too dark!—for thee

Thee have I loved, thou gentlest ! from a  
child, [sea,  
And borne thine image with me o'er the  
Thy soft voice in my soul—speak ! Oh ! yet  
live for me !”

## LXI.

She looked up wildly : there were anxious  
eyes [thought,  
Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled  
Alvar's—Theresa's !—Did her childhood  
rise, [fraught,  
With all its pure and home-affections  
In the brief glance?—She clasped her  
hands—the strife [life,  
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of  
Within her woman's breast so deeply  
wrought,  
It seemed as if a reed so slight and weak  
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—  
break !

## LXII.

And thus it was—the young cheek flushed  
and faded, [went,  
As the swift blood in currents came and  
And hues of death the marble brow o'er-  
shaded,  
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent  
Through its white fluttering lids. Then  
tremblings passed [blast  
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the  
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent  
Its way to peace—the fearful way un-  
known—  
Pale in love's arms she lay—*she* !—what had  
loved was gone !

## LXIII.

Joy for thee, trembler !—thou redeemed  
one, joy ! [less clay,  
Young dove set free !—earth, ashes, soul-  
Remained for baffled vengeance to de-  
stroy ;— [away  
Thy chain was riven !—nor hadst thou cast  
Thy hope in thy last hour !—though love  
was there [prayer,  
Striving to wring thy troubled soul from  
And life seemed robed in beautiful array,  
Too fair to leave !—but this might be  
forgiven,  
Thou wert so richly crowned with precious  
gifts of Heaven !

## LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow  
still,  
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain

Breaking on his !—Scarce could the mor-  
tal chill [again,  
Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to heave  
And all the silence curdling round the eye,  
Bring home the stern belief that she could  
die, [vain  
That she indeed could die !—for wild and  
As hope might be—his soul *had* hoped—  
'twas o'er—  
Slowly his failing arms dropped from the  
form they bore.

## LXV.

They forced him from that spot.—It  
might be well, [wrung  
That the fierce, reckless words by anguish  
From his torn breast, all aimless as they  
fell,  
Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents  
flung,  
Were marked as guilt.—There are, who  
note these things [strings—  
Against the smitten heart ; its breaking  
On whose low thrills once gentle music  
hung—  
With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,  
And numbering then as crimes, the deep-  
strange tones replying.

## LXVI.

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair !  
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust ;  
I saw your features by the torch's glare,  
And they were brightening with a heaven-  
ward trust !  
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,  
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away ;  
And peace was there—the calmness of  
the just !  
And, bending down the slumberer's brow  
to kiss,  
“ Thy rest is won,” he said ; “ sweet sister !  
praise for this !”

## LXVII.

I started as from sleep ;—yes ! he had  
spoken— [source !  
A breeze had troubled memory's hidden  
At once the torpor of my soul was broken—  
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in tenfold  
force.— [wind,  
There are soft breathings in the southern  
That so your ice-chains, O ye streams !  
unbind,  
And free the foaming swiftness of your  
course !—

I burst from those that held me back,  
and fell  
Even on his neck, and cried—"Friend!  
brother! fare thee well!"

## LXVIII.

Did *he* not say "Farewell?"—Alas! no  
breath  
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs  
from the throng [death  
Told that the mysteries in the face of  
Had from their eager sight been veiled  
too long. [part  
And we were parted as the surge might  
Those that would die together, true of  
heart.— [strong,  
*His* hour was come—but in mine anguish  
Like a fierce swimmer through the mid-  
night sea,  
Blindly I rushed away from that which was  
to be.

## LXIX.

Away—away I rushed;—but swift and  
high  
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,  
Till the transparent darkness of the sky  
Flushed to a blood-red mantle in their  
hue; [seemed  
And, phantom-like, the kindling city  
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind  
they streamed, [I knew  
With their wild splendour chasing me!—  
The death-work was begun—I veiled  
mine eyes,  
Yet stopped in spell-bound fear to catch the  
victims' cries.

## LXX.

What heard I then?—a ringing shriek of  
pain,  
Such as for ever haunts the tortured ear?—  
I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing  
strain [clear!—  
Piercing the flames, untremulous and  
The rich, triumphal tones!—I knew them  
well,  
As they came floating with a breezy swell!  
Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to  
cheer  
In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the flying—  
Woman's—that might have sung of Heaven  
beside the dying!

## LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing  
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and  
know

That its glad stream of melody could  
spring  
Up from th' unsounded gulfs of human  
woe! [strong?—  
Alvar! Theresa!—what is deep? what  
God's breath within the soul!—It filled  
that song [glow  
From your victorious voices!—but the  
On the hot air and lurid skies increased—  
Faint grew the sounds—more faint—I lis-  
tened—they had ceased!

## LXXII.

And thou indeed hadst perished, my  
soul's friend!  
I might form other ties—but thou alone  
Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness  
rend, [thrown!  
By other years o'er boyhood's memory  
Others might aid me onward:—thou and I  
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that  
early die,  
Once flowering—never more!—And thou  
wert gone!  
Who could give back my youth, my  
spirit free,  
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been  
to me?

## LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and  
brave!  
I could not weep;—there gathered round  
thy name [grave!  
Too deep a passion!—*thou* denied a  
*Thou*, with the blight flung on thy sol-  
dier's fame!  
Had I not known thy heart from child-  
hood's time?  
Thy heart of hearts?—and couldst thou  
die for crime?—  
No! had all earth decreed that death  
of shame, [decree,  
I would have set, against all earth's  
Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

## LXXIV.

There are swift hours in life—strong,  
rushing hours, [might!  
That do the work of tempests in their  
They shake down things that stood as  
rocks and towers  
Unto th' undoubting mind;—they pour  
in light  
Where it but startles—like a burst of day  
For which the uprooting of an oak makes  
way;—



They sweep the colouring mists from off  
our sight,  
They touch with fire thought's graven  
page, the roll  
Stamped with past years—and lo! it  
shrivels as a scroll!

## LXXV.

And this was of such hours!—the sudden  
flow  
Of my soul's tide seemed whelming me;  
the glare  
Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,  
Scorched up my heart with breathless  
thirst for air,  
And solitude and freedom. It had been  
Well with me then, in some vast desert  
scene,  
To pour my voice out, for the winds to  
bear  
On with them, wildly questioning the sky,  
Fiercely th' untroubled stars, of man's dim  
destiny.

## LXXVI.

I would have called, adjuring the dark  
cloud;  
To the most ancient Heavens I would  
have said—  
"Speak to me! show me truth!"—  
through night aloud  
I would have cried to him, the newly  
dead,  
"Come back! and show me truth!"—  
My spirit seemed  
Gasping for some free burst, its dark-  
ness teemed  
With such pent storms of thought!—  
again I fled—  
I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain,  
Scarce conscious when I paused, entering  
a lonely fane.

## LXXVII.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and  
vast!  
Silence was round the sleepers whom its  
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past,  
A memory of the sainted steps that wore  
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement, seemed  
to brood  
Like mist upon the stately solitude,  
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er  
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad  
men,  
And all was hushed as night in some  
deep Alpine glen.,

## LXXVIII.

More hushed, far more!—for there the  
wind sweeps by, [play!  
Or the woods tremble to the streams' loud  
Here a strange echo made my very sigh  
Seem for the place too much a sound of  
day!

Too much my footstep broke the moon-  
light, fading, [pervading;  
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow  
And I stood still:—prayer, chant, had  
died away,  
Yet past me floated a funeral breath  
Of incense.—I stood still—as before God  
and death!

## LXXIX.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long-  
departed!  
Dust—imaged form—with cross, and  
shield, and crest; [started,  
It seemed as if your ashes would have  
Had a wild voice burst forth above your  
rest! [yore  
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of  
Bear to your thrilling presence what I  
bore  
Of wrath—doubt—anguish—battling ir  
the breast! [pale air,  
I could have poured out words, on that  
To make your proud tombs ring:—no, no!  
I could not *there!*

## LXXX.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a  
thousand years [swept;  
Mutely as clouds and reverently had  
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace  
of tears [kept!  
And kneeling votaries on their marble  
Ye were too mighty in your pomp of  
gloom  
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!  
And you, ye dead!—for in that faith ye  
slept,  
Whose weight had grown a mountain's  
on my heart,  
Which could not *there* be loosed.—I turned  
me to depart.

## LXXXI.

I turned—what glimmered faintly on my  
sight, [snow  
Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath of  
Seen through dissolving haze?—The  
moon, the night,  
Had waned, and dawn poured in;—grey,  
shadowy, slow,



Yet dayspring still!—a solemn hue it  
 caught,  
 Piercing the storied windows, darkly  
 fraught [glow ;  
 With stoles and draperies of imperial  
 And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam  
 was thrown,  
 Where, pale, a pictured form above the  
 altar shone.

LXXXII.

Thy form, Thou Son of God!—a wrathful  
 deep,  
 With foam, and cloud, and tempest  
 round Thee spread,  
 And such a weight of night!—a night,  
 when sleep [fled.  
 From the fierce rocking of the billows  
 A bark showed dim beyond Thee, with  
 its mast [blast ;  
 Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the  
 But, like a spirit in Thy gliding tread,  
 Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that  
 stormy sea  
 Through rushing winds, which left a silent  
 path for Thee.

LXXXIII.

So still Thy white robes fell!—no breath  
 of air  
 Within their long and slumb'rous folds  
 had sway!  
 So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair  
 From Thy clear brow flowed droopingly  
 away!  
 Dark were the Heavens above Thee,  
 Saviour!—dark [bark!  
 The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining  
 But Thou!—o'er all Thine aspect and  
 array  
 Was poured one stream of pale, broad,  
 silvery light—  
 Thou wert the single star of that all-  
 shrouding night!

LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking!—Thy lone bright-  
 ness gleamed  
 On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,  
 With its worn, fearful, human look, that  
 seemed  
 To cry, through surge and blast—"I  
 perish—save!"  
 Not to the winds—not vainly!—Thou  
 wert nigh, [agony,  
 Thy hand was stretched to fainting  
 Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!

O Thou that art the life! and yet didst  
 bear  
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from  
 mortal prayer!

LXXXV.

But was it not a thing to rise on death  
 With its remembered light, that face of  
 Thine, [breath,  
 Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty  
 Yet mounfully, mysteriously divine?—  
 Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,  
 With its dark depths of grief, love, ma-  
 jesty! [shrine  
 And the pale glory of the brow!—a  
 Where Power sat veiled, yet shedding  
 softly round  
 What told that *Thou* couldst be but for a  
 time uncrowned!

LXXXVI.

And more than all, the Heaven of that  
 sad smile!  
 The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!  
 Did not that look, that very look, ere-  
 while, [dust?  
 Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the  
 Wert Thou not such when earth's dark  
 cloud hung o'er Thee?—  
 Surely Thou wert!—my heart grew  
 hushed before Thee,  
 Sinking with all its passions, as the gust  
 Sank at Thy voice, along its billowy  
 way:—  
 What had I there to do, but kneel, and  
 weep, and pray?

LXXXVII.

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry,  
 Amidst the dead—"By that full cup of  
 woe,  
 Pressed from the fruitage of mortality,  
 Saviour! by Thee—give light! that I  
 may know  
 If by *Thy* will, in Thine all-healing name,  
 Men cast down human hearts to blight-  
 ing shame,  
 And early death—and say, if this be so,  
 Where then is mercy?—whither shall we  
 flee,  
 So unallied to hope, save by our hold on  
 Thee?

LXXXVIII.

"But didst Thou not, the deep sea  
 brightly treading, [wave?  
 Lift from despair that struggler with the

And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet awful,  
 shedding,  
 Beheld, a weeper at a mortal's grave?  
 And is this weight of anguish, which they  
 bind  
 On life, this searing to the quick of mind,  
 That but to God its own free path would  
 crave, [youth,  
 This crushing out of hope, and love, and  
 Thy will indeed?—Give light! that I may  
 know the truth!

## LXXXIX.

“For my sick soul is darkened unto  
 death, [seen;  
 With shadows from the suffering it hath  
 The strong foundations of mine ancient  
 faith [lean?  
 Sink from beneath me—whereon shall I  
 Oh! if from Thy pure lips was wrung  
 the sigh [die,—  
 Of the dust's anguish! if like man to  
 And earth round *him* shuts heavily—  
 hath been [—turn  
 Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me!—guide me!  
 My wild and wandering thoughts back  
 from their starless bourne!”

## XC.

And calmed I rose:—but how the while  
 had risen [shade!—  
 Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and  
 Could there indeed be wrong, or chain,  
 or prison, [pervade?  
 In the bright world such radiance might  
 It filled the fane, it mantled the pale form  
 Which rose before me through the pic-  
 tured storm,  
 Even the grey tombs it kindled, and  
 arrayed [begun,  
 With life!—How hard to see thy race  
 And think man wakes to grief, wakening  
 to thee, O Sun!

## XCI.

I sought my home again:—and thou,  
 my child, [pine,  
 There at thy play beneath yon ancient

With eyes, whose lightning-laughter hath  
 beguiled  
 A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to  
 mine;  
 Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst  
 meet  
 My coming with young smiles, which  
 yet, though sweet,  
 Seemed on my soul all mournfully to  
 shine,  
 And ask a happier heritage for thee,  
 Than but in turn the blight of human hope  
 to see.

## XCII.

Now sport, for thou art free, the bright  
 birds chasing  
 Whose wings waft star-like gleams from  
 tree to tree;  
 Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-play-  
 mate racing,  
 Sport on, my joyous child! for thou art  
 free!  
 Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,  
 And inly vowed, for thee a better part  
 To choose; that so thy sunny bursts of  
 glee  
 Should wake no more dim thoughts of  
 far-seen woe,  
 But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on—as  
 now they flow.

## XCIII.

Thou hast a rich world round thee:—  
 Mighty shades [head,  
 Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy  
 With the light melting through their  
 high arcades,  
 As through a pillared cloister's: but the  
 dead  
 Sleep not beneath; nor doth the sun-  
 beam pass  
 To marble shrines through rainbow-  
 tinted glass;  
 Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led  
 To worship, thou art blest!—to thee is  
 shown  
 Earth in her holy pomp, decked for her  
 God alone.

## PART SECOND.

Wie diese treue liebe Seele  
Von ihrem Glauben voll,

Der ganz allein  
Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig quäle,  
Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll! — *Faust.*

"I never shall smile more—but all my days  
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,  
An everlasting hymn within my soul." — WILSON.

## I.

BRING me the sounding of the torrent-  
water, [awake!  
With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze,  
And river, darkening ne'er with hues of  
slaughter  
Thy wave's pure silvery green,—and  
shining lake,  
Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone  
Of ancient woods, ye chainless things  
and lone!  
Send voices through the forest aisles,  
and make [dare,  
Glad music round me, that my soul may  
Cheered by such tones, to look back on a  
dungeon's air!

## II.

O Indian hunter of the desert's race!  
That with the spear at times, or bended  
bow,  
Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase  
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe;  
Thou that beside the red night-fire thou  
heapest, [sleepest,  
Beneath the cedars and the star-light  
Thou know'st not, wanderer — never  
may'st thou know!  
Of the dark holds wherewith man cum-  
bers earth,  
To shut from human eyes the dancing  
season's mirth.

## III.

There, fettered down from day, to think  
the while [glowing,  
How bright in Heaven the festal sun is  
Making earth's loneliest places, with his  
smile,  
Flush like the rose; and how the streams  
are flowing  
With sudden sparkles through the sha-  
dowey grass, [pass;  
And water-flowers, all trembling as they  
And how the rich, dark summer-trees are  
bowing

With their full foliage;—this to know,  
and pine,  
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern  
lot—'twas mine.

## IV.

Wherefore was this?—Because my soul  
had drawn  
Light from the book whose words are  
graved in light! [dawn,  
There, at its well-head, had I found the  
And day, and noon of freedom:—but  
too bright [given,  
It shines on that which man to man hath  
And called the truth—the very truth  
from Heaven! [sight,  
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's  
To cast the mote; and therefore strives  
to bind  
With his strong chains to earth, what is  
not earth's—the mind!

## V.

It is a weary and a bitter task  
Back from the lip the burning word to  
keep,  
And to shut out Heaven's air with false-  
hood's mask,  
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap  
Indignant feelings — making even of  
thought  
A buried treasure, which may but be  
sought  
When shadows are abroad—and night—  
and sleep  
I might not brook it long—and thus was  
thrown [alone.  
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there

## VI.

And I, a child of danger, whose delights  
Were on dark hills and many-sounding  
seas—  
I, that amidst the Cordillera heights  
Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,

And the full circle of the rainbow seen  
There, on the snows, and in my country  
bean

A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees  
To the Morena crags—how left I not  
Life, or the soul's life, quenched out, on  
that sepulchral spot?

## VII.

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, O my  
God! [of old  
Thou wert with those that bore the truth  
Into the deserts from th' oppressor's rod,  
And made the caverns of the rock their  
fold;

And in the hidden chambers of the dead,  
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed;  
And met when stars met, by their beams  
to hold

The free heart's communing with  
Thee,—and Thou  
Wert in the midst, felt, owned--the  
Strengtheners then as now!

## VIII.

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's wavering  
mind!

Wherefore and whence the gusts that  
o'er it blow?

How they bear with them, floating un-  
combined [go,

The shadows of the past, that come and  
As o'er the deep the old long-buried  
things, [brings!

Which a storm's working to the surface  
Is the reed shaken,—and must *we* be so,  
With every wind?—So, Father! must  
we be,

Till we can fix undimmed our steadfast  
eyes on Thee.

## IX.

Once my soul died within me. What  
had thrown [thought

That sickness o'er it?—Even a passing  
Of a clear spring, whose side, with  
flowers o'ergrown, [sought!

Fondly and oft my boyish steps had  
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops,  
that fell

Just then, low tinkling through my  
vaulted cell,

Intensely heard amidst the stillness,  
caught [welling

Some tone from memory, of the music,  
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep  
rocky dwelling.

## X.

But so my spirit's fevered longings  
wrought

Wakening, it might be, to the faint,  
sad sound, [brought

That from the darkness of the walls they  
A loved scene round me, visibly around.  
Yes! kindling, spreading, brightening,  
hue by hue,

Like stars from midnight, through the  
gloom it grew,

That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!—  
till the bound

Of my shut cavern seemed dissolved,  
and I

Girt by the soleran hills and burning pomp  
of sky.

## XI.

I looked—and lo! the clear, broad river  
flowing,

Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,  
The lone tower dark against a Heaven  
all glowing, [sweep

Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw the  
Of glorious woods far down the moun-  
tain side, [tide,

And their still shadows in the gleaming  
And the red evening on its waves asleep;  
And 'midst the scene—oh! more than  
all—there smiled

My child's fair face, and hers, the mother  
of my child!

## XII.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness  
raised

Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood  
Last by that river, and in silence gazed

On the rich world of sunset:—but a flood  
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppressed,  
And I rushed forward with a yearning  
breast [wood,

To clasp—alas!—a vision!—Wave and  
And gentle faces, lifted in the light

Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from  
my sight.

## XIII.

Then darkness!—Oh! th' unutterable  
gloom [making less

That seemed as narrowing round me,  
And less my dungeon, when, with all  
its bloom, [loneliness!

That bright dream vanished from my  
It floated off, the beautiful!—yet left

Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus  
bereft, [excess,

I lay down, sick with passion's vain



And prayed to die.—How oft would  
sorrow weep  
Her weariness to death, if he might come  
like sleep.

## XIV.

But I was roused—and how?—It is no  
tale [to tell!  
Even 'midst *thy* shades, thou wilderness,  
I would not have my boy's young cheek  
made pale,  
Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befel  
In that drear prison-house. His eye  
must grow  
More dark with thought, more earnest  
his fair brow,  
More high his heart in youthful strength  
must swell;  
So shall it fitly burn when all is told :—  
Let childhood's radiant mist the free child  
yet infold !

## XV.

It is enough that through such heavy  
hours,  
As wring us by our fellowship of clay,  
I lived, and undegraded. We have  
powers  
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away !  
Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,  
Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's  
high name [sway ?  
Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering  
It is enough that Torture may be vain—  
I had seen Alvar die—the strife was won  
from Pain.

## XVI.

And faint not, heart of man ! though  
years wane slow !  
There have been those that from the  
deepest caves,  
And cells of night, and fastnesses below  
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,  
Down, farther down than gold lies hid,  
have nursed  
A quenchless hope, and watched their  
time, and burst  
On the bright day, like wakeners from  
the graves !  
I was of such at last !—unchained I trod  
This green earth, taking back my freedom  
from my God !

## XVII.

That was an hour to send its fadeless  
trace  
Down life's far-sweeping tide !—A dim,  
wild night,

Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's  
[face,  
Yet how my heart leaped in her blessed  
light ! [sea—  
The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the  
The hunter's homeward from the moun-  
tains free, [bright  
Where its lone smile makes tremulously  
The thousand streams !—I could but  
gaze through tears—  
Oh ! what a sight is heaven, thus first  
beheld for years !

## XVIII.

The rolling clouds !—they have the whole  
blue space  
Above to sail in—all the dome of sky !  
My soul shot with them in their breezy  
race [fly,  
O'er star and gloom !—but I had yet to  
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot  
And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew  
it not ;—  
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie  
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,  
And traversed but by storms, or sounding  
eagles' wings.

## XIX.

Ay, and I met the storm there !—I had  
gained  
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy  
tread ;  
A moan went past me, and the dark trees  
rained [head ;  
Their autumn foliage rustling on my  
A moan—a hollow gust, and there I stood  
Girt with majestic night, and ancient  
wood, [fled  
And foaming water.—Thither might have  
The mountain Christian with his faith of  
yore,  
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing  
western shore !

## XX.

But through the black ravine the storm  
came swelling,— [blast !  
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou  
in thy lone course the kingly cedars  
felling,  
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast !  
A rent oak thundered down beside my  
cave, [wave ;  
Booming it rushed, as booms a deep sea—  
A falcon soared ; a startled wild-deer  
passed ;

A far-off bell tolled faintly through the  
 roar :—  
 How my glad spirit swept forth with the  
 winds once more !

## XXI.

And with the arrowy lightnings !—for  
 they flashed,  
 Smiting the branches in their fitful play,  
 And brightly shivering where the torrents  
 dashed [spray !  
 Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their  
 And there to stand amidst the pealing  
 strife,  
 The strong pines groaning with tempe-  
 stuous life, [way,—  
 And all the mountain-voices on their  
 Was it not joy?—'twas joy in rushing  
 night,  
 After those years that wove but one long  
 dead of night !

## XXII.

There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon,  
 And lit me to my home of youth again,  
 Through the dim chestnut shade, where  
 oft at noon,  
 By the fount's flashing burst, my head  
 had lain  
 In gentle sleep : but now I passed as one  
 That may not pause where wood-streams  
 whispering run, [strain,  
 Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild  
 Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,  
 The foe's quick, rustling step close on the  
 leaves behind.

## XXIII.

My home of youth !—oh ! if indeed to  
 part [thing,  
 With the soul's loved ones be a mournful  
 When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,  
 And bearing all the glories of our spring  
 For life to breathe on,—is it less to meet,  
 When these are faded?—who shall call  
 it sweet?—  
 Even though love's mingling tears may  
 haply bring [showers  
 Balm as they fall, too well their heavy  
 Teach us how much is lost of all that once  
 was ours !

## XXIV.

Not by the sunshine, with its golden  
 glow, [sky,  
 Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing

Nor the faint flower-scents, as they come  
 and go  
 In the soft air, like music wandering by;—  
 Oh ! not by these, th' unfailing, are we  
 taught [wrought ;  
 How time and sorrow on our frames have  
 But by the saddened brow, the darkened  
 eye [gaze,  
 Of kindred aspects, and the long dim  
 Which tells us *we* are changed—how  
 changed from other days !

## XXV.

Before my father—in my place of birth,  
 I stood an alien. On the very floor  
 Which oft had trembled to my boyish  
 mirth  
 The love that reared me, knew my face  
 no more ! [crest,  
 There hung the antique armour, helm and  
 Whose every stain woke childhood in my  
 breast,  
 There drooped the banner, with the marks  
 it bore [frame  
 Of Paynim spears ; and I, the worn in  
 And heart, what there was I?—another and  
 the same !

## XXVI.

Then bounded in a boy, with clear, dark  
 eye—  
 How should *he* know his father?—when  
 we parted,  
 From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,  
 His soul, just wakening into wonder,  
 darted [the bride  
 Its first looks round. Him followed one,  
 Of my young days, the wife how loved  
 and tried !  
 Her glance met mine—I could not speak  
 —she started [came  
 With a bewildered gaze ;—until there  
 Tears to my burning eyes, and from my  
 lips her name.

## XXVII.

She knew me then !—I murmured  
 "*Leonor!*"  
 And her heart answered !—oh !—the  
 voice is known  
 First from all else, and swiftest to restore  
 Love's buried images, with one low tone  
 That strikes like lightning, when the cheek  
 is faded, [o'ershaded,  
 And the brow heavily with thought  
 And all the brightness from the aspect  
 gone !—

Upon my breast she sank, when doubt  
was fled,  
Weeping as those may weep that meet in  
woe and dread.

## XXVIII.

For there we might not rest. Alas! to  
leave  
Those native towers, and know that they  
must fall  
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve  
When the weeds clustered on the lonely  
wall!  
We were the last—my boy and I—the  
last  
Of a long line which brightly thence had  
passed!  
My father blessed me as I left his hall—  
With his deep tones and sweet, though  
full of years,  
He blessed me there, and bathed my child's  
young head with tears.

## XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs  
down,  
And cast the darkness of my branded name  
(For so *he* deemed it) on the clear renown,  
My own ancestral heritage of fame.  
And yet he blessed me!—Father! if the  
dust  
Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust  
Is to behold thee yet, where grief and  
shame  
Dim the bright day no more; and thou  
wilt know  
That not through guilt thy son thus bowed  
thine age with woe!

## XXX.

And thou, my Leonor! that unrepining,  
If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,  
When stars—the stars that earliest rise—  
are shining,  
How their soft glance unseals each  
thought of thee!  
For on our flight they smiled; their  
dewy rays,  
Through the last olives, lit thy tearful  
gaze  
Back to the home we never more might  
see;  
So passed we on, like earth's first exiles,  
turning  
Fond looks where hung the sword above  
their Eden burning.

## XXXI.

It was a woe to say, "Farewell, my  
Spain! [well!"—  
The sunny and the vintage land, fare-  
I could have died upon the battle-plain  
For thee, my country! but I might not  
dwell [song  
In thy sweet vales, at peace.—The voice of  
Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills  
along;  
The citron's glow is caught from shade  
and dell: [sod  
But what are these!—upon thy flowery  
I might not kneel, and pour my free  
thoughts out to God!

## XXXII.

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless  
deep!—  
Strange heart of man! that even 'midst  
woe swells high,  
When through the foam he sees his proud  
bark sweep, [sky!  
Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and  
Yes! it swells high, whate'er he leaves  
behind;  
His spirit rises with the rising wind;  
For, wedded to the far futurity,  
On, on, it bears him ever, and the main  
Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier  
shore to gain.

## XXXIII.

Not thus is woman. Closely *her* still  
heart [thing,  
Doth twine itself with even each lifeless  
Which, long remembered, seemed to bear  
its part [cling,  
In her calm joys. For ever would she  
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth  
Where she hath loved, and given her  
children birth, [may Spring  
And heard their first sweet voices. There  
Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,  
But hath its breath of home, its claim to  
farewell grief.

## XXXIV.

I looked on Leonor,—and if there seemed  
A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise  
In the faint smiles that o'er her features  
gleamed,  
And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,  
Misty with tender gloom, I called it  
nought [thought  
But the fond exile's pang, a lingering  
Of her own vale, with all its melodies



And living light of streams. Her soul  
would rest  
Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the  
gorgeous west !

## XXXV.

Oh ! could we live in visions ! could we  
hold  
Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,  
When it shuts from us, with its mantle's  
fold, [blest !  
That which we see not, and are therefore  
But they, our loved and loving, they to  
whom  
We have spread out our souls in joy and  
gloom, [dressed,  
Their looks and accents, unto ours ad-  
Have been a language of familiar tone  
Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings  
and unknown.

## XXXVI.

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's woe  
Which pressed on that sweet bosom ;—I  
deceived [low,  
My heart but half :—a whisper, faint and  
Haunting it ever, and at times believed,  
Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft  
we seem  
Like those that dream, and *know* the  
while they dream,  
'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,  
And troubled, while bright phantoms  
round them play, [away !  
By a dim sense that all will float and fade

## XXXVII.

Yet, as if chasing joy, I wooed the breeze  
To speed me onward with the wings of  
morn.—  
Oh ! far amidst the solitary seas,  
Which were not made for man, what man  
hath borne,  
Answering their moan with his !—what  
*thou* didst bear, [care  
My lost and loveliest ! while that secret  
Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn  
By its dull brooding weight, gave way at  
last, [cast !  
Beholding me as one from hope for ever

## XXXVIII.

For unto thee, as through all change re-  
vealed  
Mine inward being lay. In other eyes

I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,  
To fence my burning bosom, of disguise ;  
By the still hope sustained, ere long to  
win [within,  
Some sanctuary, whose green retreats  
My thoughts unfettered to their source  
might rise,  
Like songs and scents of morn.—But  
thou didst look  
Through all my soul, and thine even unto  
fainting shook.

## XXXIX.

Fallen, fallen, I seemed—yet, oh ! not  
less beloved,  
Though from thy love was plucked the  
early pride,  
And harshly, by a gloomy faith reprov'd,  
And seared with shame !—though each  
young flower had died, [the less  
There was the root,—strong, living, not  
That all it yielded now was bitterness ;  
Yet still such love as quits not misery's  
side  
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,  
Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic  
face.

## XL.

Yes ! thou hadst followed me through  
fear and flight !  
Thou wouldst have followed had my  
pathway led [light  
Even to the scaffold ; had the flashing  
Of the raised axe made strong men shrink  
with dread,  
Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands,  
wouldst have been  
With thy clasped hands beside me kneel-  
ing seen, [head—  
And meekly bowing to the shame thy  
The shame !—oh ! making beautiful to  
view  
The might of human love—fair thing ! so  
bravely true !

## XLI.

There was thine agony—to love so well  
Where fear made love life's chastener.—  
Heretofore [fell,  
Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee  
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds,  
could soar [speak  
Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye  
Most of the skies when grief most  
touched thy cheek.  
Now, that far brightness faded ! never  
more



Couldst thou lift heavenwards for its  
hope thy heart,  
Since at Heaven's gate it seemed that thou  
and I must part.

## XLII.

Alas! and life hath moments when a  
glance—  
(If thought to sudden watchfulness be  
stirred,)  
A flush—a fading of the cheek perchance,  
A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a word,  
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil be-  
neath,  
Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught  
with death!—  
Even thus, what never from thy lip was  
heard  
Broke on my soul.—I knew that in thy  
sight  
I stood—how'er beloved—a recreant from  
the light!

## XLIII.

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas  
along,—  
Oh! the deep soul it breathed!—the  
love, the woe, [song,  
The fervour, poured in that full gush of  
As it went floating through the fiery glow  
Of the rich sunset!—bringing thoughts  
of Spain,  
With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,  
Which seemed responsive in its murmur-  
ing flow.—  
"Ave sanctissima!"—how oft that lay  
hath melted from my heart the martyr-  
strength away!

Ave sanctissima!  
'Tis nightfall on the sea;  
Ora pro nobis!  
Our souls rise to Thee!

Watch us, while shadows lie  
O'er the dim water spread;  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,—  
*Thine*, too, hath bled!

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near!  
Whisper of Heaven to faith;  
Sweet Mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!  
The wave must rock our sleep,  
Ora, Mater, ora!  
Thou star of the deep!

## XLIV.

"Ora pro nobis, Mater!"—What a spell  
Was in those notes, with day's last glory  
dying  
On the flushed waters!—seemed they  
not to swell  
From the far dust, wherein my sires  
were lying [clear  
With crucifix and sword?—Oh! yet how  
Comes their reproachful sweetness to  
mine ear! [plying,  
"Ora!"—with all the purple waves re-  
All my youth's visions rising in the  
strain—  
And I had thought it much to bear the  
rack and chain!

## XLV.

Torture!—the sorrow of affection's eye,  
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,  
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,  
May pierce than many swords!—and  
this I bore [striven  
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly  
From its free springs to pour the truth of  
Heaven  
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor!  
Silence rose up where hearts no hope  
could share:—  
Alas! for those that love, and may not  
blend in prayer!

## XLVI.

We could not pray together 'midst the  
deep, [lay,  
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us  
Through days of splendour, nights too  
bright for sleep, [way  
Soft, solemn, holy!—We were on our  
Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,  
With men whom tales of that world's  
golden strand  
Had lured to leave their vines.—Oh! who  
shall say  
What thoughts rose in us, when the  
tropic sky [alchemy?  
Touched all its molten seas with sunset's

## XLVII.

Thoughts no more mingled!—Then  
came night—th' intense  
Dark blue—the burning stars!—I saw  
*thee* shine  
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,  
O Southern Cross! as when thy radiant  
sign

First drew my gaze of youth.—No, not  
as then ;  
I had been stricken by the darts of men  
Since those fresh days ; and now thy  
light divine  
Looked on mine anguish, while within  
me strove  
The still small voice against the might of  
suffering love.

## XLVIII.

But thou, the clear, the glorious ! thou  
wert pouring  
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,  
While she that met thy ray with eyes  
adoring, [grave !—  
Stood in the lengthening shadow of the  
Alas ! I watched her dark religious  
glance,  
As it still sought thee through the  
Heaven's expanse,  
Bright Cross !—and knew not that I  
watched what gave [be—  
But passing lustre—shrouded soon to  
A soft light found no more—no more on  
earth or sea !

## XLIX

I knew not all—yet something of unrest  
Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean wind ! I  
said ;  
Waft us to land, in early freshness drest,  
Where through rich clouds of foliage o'er  
her head, [by,  
Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go  
Like singing voices, and the green earth  
lie [tread !—  
Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful  
But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy  
main ;  
Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living  
flowers again.

## L.

Yes ! as if Heaven upon the waves were  
sleeping, [lay,  
Vexing my soul with quiet, there they  
All moveless, through their blue trans-  
parency keeping [day !  
The shadows of our sails, from day to  
While she—oh ! strongest is the strong  
heart's woe— [glow—  
And yet I live ! I feel the sunshine's  
And I am he that looked, and saw decay  
Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' adored too  
much !—  
It is a fearful thing to love what death may  
touch.

## LI.

A fearful thing that love and death may  
dwell [I—  
In the same world !—She faded on—and  
Blind to the last, there needed death to  
tell [die !  
My trusting soul that she *could* fade to  
Yet, ere she parted, I had marked a  
change,—  
But it breathed hope—'twas beautiful,  
though strange :  
Something of gladness in the melody  
Of her low voice, and in her words a  
flight [bright !  
Of airy thought—alas ! too perilously

## LII.

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet  
wild, [gaze  
And quick, and eager, like the flashing  
Of some all-wondering and awakening  
child, [surveys.—  
That first the glories of the earth  
How could it thus deceive me ?—She had  
worn  
Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,  
A pensive tenderness through happiest  
days ;  
And a soft world of dreams had seemed  
to lie  
Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual  
eye.

## LIII.

And I could hope in that strange fire !—  
she died, [mien !—  
She died, with all its lustre on her  
The day was melting from the waters  
wide,  
And through its long bright hours her  
thoughts had been,  
It seemed, with restless and unwonted  
yearning, [turning ;  
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras  
For her fond words were all of vintage-  
scene, [breath :—  
And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's  
Oh ! with what vivid hues life comes back  
aft on death !

## LIV.

And from her lips the mountain-songs of  
old,  
In wild, faint snatches, fitfully had sprung ;  
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish  
hold,  
The " *Rio verde*." on her soul that hung,

And thence flowed forth.—But now the sun was low ;  
 And watching by my side its last red glow,  
 That ever stills the heart, once more she sung  
 Her own soft, "*Ora, Mater!*"—and the  
 "Was even like love's farewell—so mourn-  
 fully profound.

## LV.

The boy had dropped to slumber at our  
 feet ;—  
 "And I have lulled him to his smiling  
 Once more !" she said ;—I raised him—  
 it was sweet,  
 Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which  
 blessed  
 His look that hour ;—for now her voice  
 grew weak ;  
 And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,  
 With her white lips a long, long kiss she  
 pressed,  
 Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank  
 her head  
 Against my bursting heart :—What did I  
 clasp?—the dead !

## LVI.

I called—to call what answers not our  
 cries,  
 By that we loved to stand unseen, unheard,  
 With the loud passion of our tears and  
 sighs  
 To see but some cold glistening ringlet  
 stirred,  
 And in the quenched eye's fixedness to  
 All vainly searching for the parted rays ;  
 This is what waits us !—Dead !—with  
 that chill word  
 To link our bosom-names !—For this we  
 Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to  
 adore !

## LVII.

But the true parting came !—I looked my  
 last  
 On the sad beauty of that slumbering  
 How could I think the lovely spirit  
 passed,  
 Which there had left so tenderly its  
 Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—  
 No ! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,  
 Death, Death !—She lay, a thing for  
 earth's embrace,  
 To cover with spring-wreaths. For  
 earth's ? the wave—  
 That gives the bier no flowers—makes moan  
 above her grave !

## LVIII.

On the mid-seas a knell !—for man was  
 there,  
 Anguish and love—the mourner with his  
 A long, low-rolling knell—a voice of  
 prayer—  
 Dark glassy waters, like a desert  
 And the pale-shining Southern Cross on  
 high,  
 Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,  
 Where mighty clouds before the dawn  
 grew red :—  
 Were these things round me ? Such o'er  
 memory sweep  
 Wildly when aught brings back that burial  
 of the deep.

## LIX.

Then the broad, lonely sunrise !—and  
 the plash  
 Into the sounding waves !—around her  
 They parted, with a glancing moment's  
 flash,  
 Then shut—and all was still. And now  
 thy bed  
 Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor !  
 Once fairest of young brides !—and never  
 more,  
 Loved as thou wert, may human tear be  
 Above thy rest !—No mark the proud  
 seas keep,  
 To show where he that wept may pause  
 again to weep.

## LX.

So the depths took thee !—Oh ! the sullen  
 sense  
 Of desolation in that hour compressed !  
 Dust going down, a speck, amidst th'  
 immense  
 And gloomy waters, leaving on their  
 The trace a weed might leave there !—  
 Dust ?—the thing  
 Which to the heart was as a living spring  
 Of joy, with fearfulness of love possessed,  
 Thus sinking !—Love, joy, fear, all  
 crushed to this—  
 And the wide Heaven so far—so fathomless  
 th' abyss !

## LXI.

Where the line sounds not, where the  
 wrecks lie low,  
 What shall wake thence the dead ?—  
 Blest, blest are they  
 That earth to earth intrust ; for they may  
 And tend the dwelling whence the slum-  
 berer's clay



Shall rise at last; and bid the young  
 flowers bloom, [tomb;  
 That waft a breath of hope around the  
 And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray!  
 But thou, what cave hath dimly cham-  
 bered thee?  
 Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not where  
 there is no more sea?

## LXII.

The wind rose free and singing:—when  
 for ever,  
 O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,  
 I could have bent my sight with fond  
 endeavour  
 Down, where its treasure was, its glance  
 to strain;  
 Then rose the reckless wind!—Before  
 our prow  
 The white foam flashed—ay, joyously—  
 and thou  
 Wert left with all the solitary main  
 Around thee—and thy beauty in my  
 heart,  
 And thy meek sorrowing love—oh! where  
 could *that* depart?

## LXIII.

I will not speak of woe; I may not tell—  
 Friend tells not such to friend—the  
 thoughts which rent  
 My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell  
 Across the billows to thy grave was sent,  
 Thou, there most lonely!—He that sits  
 above,  
 In His calm glory, will forgive the love  
 His creatures bear each other, even if  
 blent  
 With a vain worship; for its close is dim  
 Ever with grief, which leads the wrung  
 soul back to Him!

## LXIV.

And with a milder pang if now I bear  
 To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,  
 If from my heart be lifted the despair,  
 The sharp remorse with healing influence  
 pressed,  
 If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep  
 Look not reproach, though still they  
 seem to weep;  
 It is that He my sacrifice hath blessed,  
 And filled my bosom, through its inmost  
 cell,  
 With a deep chastening sense that all at  
 last is well.

## LXV.

Yes! thou art now—oh! wherefore doth  
 the thought [hair,  
 Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright  
 The sea-weed into its dark tresses  
 wrought, [fair!  
 The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so  
 Come o'er me still?—Earth, earth!—it  
 is the hold [mould!  
 Earth ever keeps on that of earthly  
 But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,  
 I well believe, and freed from all of error,  
 Which blighted here the root of thy sweet  
 life with terror.

## LXVI.

And if the love, which here was passing  
 light,  
 Went with what died not—oh! that *this*  
 we knew,  
 But this!—that through the silence of  
 the night, [true,  
 Some voice, of all the lost ones and the  
 Would speak, and say, if in their far  
 repose, [those  
 We are yet aught of what we were to  
 We call the dead!—their passionate  
 adieu, [trust  
 Was it but breath, to perish?—Holier  
 Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but purified  
 from dust!

## LXVII.

A thing all heavenly!—cleared from that  
 which hung [mind!  
 As a dim cloud between us, heart and  
 Loosed from the fear, the grief, whose  
 tendrils flung [twined.  
 A chain, so darkly with its growth en-  
 This is my hope!—though when the  
 sunset fades, [shades,  
 When forests rock the midnight on their  
 When tones of wail are in the rising wind,  
 Across my spirit some faint doubt may  
 sigh;  
 For the strong hours *will* sway this frail  
 mortality!

## LXVIII.

We have been wanderers since those days  
 of woe,  
 Thy boy and I!—As wild birds tend  
 their young,  
 So have I tended him—my bounding roe!  
 The high Peruvian solitudes among;  
 And o'er the Andes' torrents borne his  
 form,



Where our frail bridge hath quivered  
 'midst the storm. [rung,  
 But there the war-notes of my country  
 And, smitten deep of Heaven and man,  
 I fled  
 To hide in shades unpierced a marked and  
 weary head.

## LXIX.

But he went on in gladness—that fair  
 child !  
 Save when at times his bright eye seemed  
 to dream, [smiled,  
 And his young lips, which then no longer  
 Asked of his mother !—That was but a  
 gleam [play  
 Of Memory, fleeting fast ;—and then his  
 Through the wide Llanos \* cheered again  
 our way,  
 And by the mighty Oronoco stream,  
 On whose lone margin we have heard at  
 morn,  
 From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-  
 music borne.

## LXX.

So like a spirit's voice ! a harping tone,  
 Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,  
 Such as might reach us from a world  
 unknown,  
 Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy  
 and fear !  
 Twas sweet !—yet those deep southern  
 shades oppressed  
 My soul with stillness, like the calms  
 that rest  
 On melancholy waves : I sighed to hear  
 Once more earth's breezy sounds, her  
 foliage fanned,  
 And turned to seek the wilds of the red  
 hunter's land.

## LXXI.

And we have won a bower of refuge now,  
 In this fresh waste, the breath of whose  
 repose [brow,  
 Hath cooled, like dew, the fever of my  
 And whose green oaks and cedars round  
 me close  
 As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude  
 Earth's haunted dreams from their free  
 solitude ;

All, save the image and the thought of  
 those  
 Before us gone ; our loved of early years,  
 Gone where affection's cup hath lost the  
 taste of tears.

## LXXII.

I see a star—eve's first-born !—in whose  
 train  
 Past scenes, words, locks, come back.  
 The arrowy spire  
 Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,  
 Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of  
 fire ; [lake  
 The pine gives forth its odours, and the  
 Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds  
 wake,  
 Till every string of nature's solemn lyre  
 Is touched to answer ; its most secret  
 tone  
 Drawn from each tree, for each hath  
 whispers all its own.

## LXXIII.

And hark ! another murmur on the air,  
 Not of the hidden rills, or quivering  
 shades !— [bear,  
 That is the cataract's, which the breezes  
 Filling the leafy twilight of the glades  
 With hollow surge-like sounds, as from  
 the bed  
 Of the blue, mournful seas, that keep  
 the dead : [vades  
 But *they* are far !—the low sun here per-  
 Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold  
 Their stems, till each is made a marvel to  
 behold,—

## LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom !—in such  
 an hour,  
 The Vesper-melody of dying bells  
 Wanders through Spain, from each grey  
 convent's tower  
 O'er shining rivers poured, and olive-dells,  
 By every peasant heard, and muleteer,  
 And hamlet, round my home :—and I  
 am here, [wells,  
 Living again through all my life's fare-  
 In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er  
 was spoken, [unbroken !  
 And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—yet

## LXXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's  
 beads ; [floats by,  
 With the white sail the seaman's hymn

\* Savannahs, or great plains of South  
 America.

Peace be with all ! whate'er their vary-  
 ing creeds, [high !  
 With all that send up holy thoughts on  
 Come to me, boy !—by Guadalquiver's  
 vines,  
 By every stream of Spain, as day declines,  
 Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy  
 sky,—  
 We, too, will pray ; nor yet unheard,  
 my child !  
 Of him whose voice we hear at eve amidst  
 the wild.

LXXVI.

At eve?—oh ! through all hours !—From  
 dark dreams oft

Awakening, I look forth, and learn the  
 might  
 Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,  
 And low, my loved one ! on the breast  
 of night :  
 I look forth on the stars—the shadowy  
 sleep  
 Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy  
 deep  
 Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'  
 light.  
 A lonely world !—even fearful to man's  
 thought,  
 But for His presence felt, whom here my  
 soul hath sought.

1826.

## LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

THE following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*;" the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

## MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.

["It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home."—See the *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli, by the Sister-in-law of Mr. Tully.*]

THE citron-groves their fruit and flowers were strewing  
 Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh  
 Of low sweet summer winds the branches wooing  
 With music through their shadowy bowers went by ;  
 Music and voices, from the marble halls  
 Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came swelling  
 To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,  
 And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,  
 Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crowned maids ;  
 And thus it flowed :—yet something in the lay  
 Belonged to sadness, as it died away.

"The bride comes forth ! her tears no more are falling  
 To leave the chamber of her infant years ;  
 Kind voices from a distant home are calling ;  
 She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears ;  
 Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,  
 Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours !—  
 Pour the rich odours round !

“ We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing ;  
 Love still goes with her from her place of birth ;  
 Deep, silent joy within her soul is springing,  
 Though in her glance the light no more is mirth !  
 Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years ;  
 Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears !—  
 Now may the timbrel sound !”

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal numbers ?—  
 One whose rich tresses were to wave no more !  
 One whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,  
 Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore !  
 Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread.  
 Weep for the young, the beautiful,—the dead !

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### THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral.—See *Paul and Virginia*.]

Go forth ! for she is gone !  
 With the golden light of her wavy hair,  
 She is gone to the fields of the viewless air ;  
 She hath left her dwelling lone !

Her voice hath passed away !  
 It hath passed away like a summer breeze,  
 When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,  
 Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free !  
 With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,  
 Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,  
 And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught e'en to her we mourn ?  
 Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?  
 Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,  
 Or float, on the light wind borne ?

We know not—but she is gone !  
 Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,  
 And the smile of her eye from the festal throng ;  
 She hath left her dwelling lone !

When the waves at sunset shine,  
 We may hear thy voice amidst thousands more,  
 In the scented woods of our glowing shore ;  
 But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Even so with the loved one flown !  
 Her smile on the starlight may wander by,  
 Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,  
 Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain !  
 We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers  
 Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers ;  
 But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour  
 All fragrant things on the land's green breast,  
 And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed,  
 But it wins *her* back no more !

## THE SWORD OF THE TOMB.

## A NORTHERN LEGEND.

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in "Starkoether," a tragedy by the Danish poet Oehlenschläger. The sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre.—See *Oehlenschläger's Plays*.]

"VOICE of the gifted elder time !  
 Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme !  
 Speak ! from the shades and the depths  
 disclose,  
 How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes ;  
 Voice of the buried past !

"Voice of the grave ! 'tis the mighty hour,  
 When Night with her stars and dreams  
 hath power,  
 And my step hath been soundless on the  
 snows,  
 And the spell I have sung hath laid repose  
 On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North,  
 And the forest pines were still,  
 While a hollow chant came forth  
 From the dark sepulchral hill.

"There shines no sun 'midst the hidden  
 dead, [tread ;  
 But where the day looks not the brave may  
 There is heard no song, and no mead is  
 poured, [board,  
 But the warrior may come to the silent  
 In the shadow of the night.

"There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,  
 And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's  
 doom ; [deep,  
 But soft be thy step through the silence  
 And move not the urn in the house of sleep,  
 For the viewless have fearful might !"

Then died the solemn key,  
 As a trumpet's music dies,  
 By the night-wind borne away  
 Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rocked to the wailing blast,  
 As on through the forest the warrior  
 passed,— [old,  
 Through the forest of Odin, the dim and  
 The dark place of visions and legends, told  
 By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir-trees rocked, and the frozen ground  
 Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound ;  
 And it seemed that the depths of those  
 awful shades, [arcades  
 From the dreary gloom of their long  
 Gave warning with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows,  
 To call wild shape and tone  
 From the grey wood's tossing boughs,  
 When Night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper  
 gloom,  
 As he took the path to the monarch's tomb ;  
 The Pole-star shone, and the heavens were  
 bright [light,  
 With the arrowy streams of the Northern  
 But his road through dimness lay !

He passed, in the heart of that ancient  
 wood, [blood ;  
 The dark shrine stained with the victim's  
 Nor paused, till the rock where a vaulted  
 bed  
 Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,  
 Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill  
 Went shuddering through his breast,  
 And the steel-clad man stood still  
 Before that place of rest.

But he crossed at length, with a deep-  
 drawn breath,  
 The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,  
 And looked on the pale mysterious fire  
 Which gleamed from the urn of his warrior-  
 sire,  
 With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain  
 Like an omen rose on his soul again,—



"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,  
For the viewless have fearful might!"

But the gleaming sword and shield  
Of many a battle-day  
Hung o'er that urn, revealed  
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray.

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,  
They hung o'er the dust of the far-renowned,  
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice  
Had called to the banquet where gods  
rejoice,  
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,  
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear,—  
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,  
For the viewless have fearful might!"

And many a Saga's rhyme,  
And legend of the grave,  
That shadowy scene and time  
Called back to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the flame grew  
dim,  
And the sword in its light seemed to wave  
and swim,  
And his faltering hand could not grasp it  
well— [fell  
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash it  
Through the chamber of the dead!

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,  
And the urn lay shivered in fragments  
round; [fire,  
And a rush, as of tempests, quenched the  
And the scattered dust of his warlike sire  
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment—and all was still  
In the slumberer's ancient hall,  
When the rock had ceased to thrill  
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,  
The clouds were just tinged by the early sun,  
When there streamed through the cavern a  
torch's flame,  
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came  
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretched on his shield, like the steel-girt  
slain,  
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain,

In a speechless trance lay the warrior there,  
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare  
Burst on him through the gloom.

"The morning wind blows free,  
And the hour of chase is near:  
Come forth, come forth, with me!  
What dost thou, Sigurd, here?"

"I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,  
I have scattered the dust of my warrior-sire!  
It burns on my head, and it weighs down  
my heart; [their part  
But the winds shall not wander without  
To strew o'er the restless deep!

"In the mantle of death he was here with  
me now,—  
There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom  
on his brow;  
And his cold, still glance on my spirit fell  
With an icy ray and a withering spell—  
Oh! chill is the house of sleep!"

"The morning wind blows free,  
And the reddening sun shines clear;  
Come forth, come forth, with me!  
It is dark and fearful here!"

"He is there, he is there, with his shadowy  
frown! crown.—  
But gone from his head is the kingly  
The crown from his head, and the spear  
from his hand,— [and  
They have chased him far from the glorious  
Where the feast of the gods is spread!

"He must go forth alone on his phantom  
steed, [speed;  
He must ride o'er the grave-hills with stormy  
His place is no longer at Odin's board,  
He is driven from Valhalla without his  
sword!  
But the slayer shall avenge the dead!"

That sword its fame had won  
By the fall of many a crest,  
But its fiercest work was done  
In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast!

#### VALKYRIUR SONG.

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be re-ceived into the halls of Odin.  
When a Northern chief fell gloriously in war,

his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependents and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.—See MALLET'S *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT'S *Helga*, &c.]

“Tremblingly flashed th' inconstant meteor light,  
Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth,  
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,  
The flush of passion, smile or tear, had seemed  
On the fixed brightness of each dazzling cheek  
Strange and unnatural.”—MILMAN.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep

Of a vision-haunted night,  
And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,  
And counted the streaks of light ;  
For the red sun's earliest ray  
Was to rouse his bands that day,  
To the stormy joy of fight !

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,  
And the silent stars on high,  
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin hearth

'Midst the quiet of the sky ;  
And along the twilight bay,  
In their sleep the hamlets lay,  
For they knew not the Norse were nigh !

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave ;

He turned to the dusky shore,  
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,  
A gleam, as of snow, to pour ;  
And forth, in watery light,  
Moved phantoms, dimly white,  
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side ;  
And the forms, as they grew more clear,  
Seemed each on a tall, pale steed to ride,  
And a shadowy crest to rear,  
And to beckon with faint hand,  
From the dark and rocky strand,  
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,  
Before th' unearthly train,  
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,  
The Choosers of the slain !

And a sudden rising breeze  
Bore, across the moaning seas,  
To his ear their thrilling strain.

“ There are songs in Odin's Hall,  
For the brave, ere night to fall !  
Doth the great sun hide his ray ?—  
He must bring a wrathful day !  
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath ?—  
Swords must do the work of death !  
Regner !—Sea-king !—*thee* we call !—  
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

“ At the feast and in the song,  
Thou shalt be remembered long !  
By the green isles of the flood  
Thou hast left thy track in blood !  
On the earth and on the sea,  
There are those will speak of thee !  
'Tis enough,—the war-gods call,—  
There is mead in Odin's Hall !

“ Regner ! tell thy fair-haired bride  
She must slumber at thy side !  
Tell the brother of thy breast,  
Even for him thy grave hath rest !  
Tell the raven steed which bore thee,  
When the wild wolf fled before thee,  
He too with his lord must fall,—  
There is room in Odin's Hall !

“ Lo ! the mighty sun looks forth—  
Arm ! thou leader of the north !  
Lo ! the mists of twilight fly,—  
We must vanish, thou must die !  
By the sword and by the spear,  
By the hand that knows not fear,  
Sea-king ! nobly shalt thou fall !—  
There is joy in Odin's Hall !”

There was arming heard on land and wave,  
When afar the sunlight spread,  
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave

With the mists of morning fled.  
But at eve, the kingly hand  
Of the battle-axe and brand,  
Lay cold on a pile of dead !

### THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

SWISS TRADITION.

[The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells and say that they lie there.

In their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.]

[The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.]

OH! enter not yon shadowy cave,  
Seek not the bright spars there,  
Though the whispering pines that o'er it  
wave,  
With freshness fill the air:  
For there the Patriot Three,  
In the garb of old arrayed,  
By their native Forest-sea  
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore,  
Beneath the midnight sky,  
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore,  
In the name of liberty!  
Now silently they sleep  
Amidst the hills they freed;  
But their rest is only deep,  
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,  
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,  
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,  
Nor the Lauwine thundering by!  
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,  
To a Switzer's heart so dear!  
On the wild wind floats away,  
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown  
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,  
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the  
tone  
Through their eagles' lonely sky;  
When spear-heads light the lakes,  
When trumpets loose the snows,  
When the rushing war-steed shakes  
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red  
In the burning hamlet's light;—  
Then from the cavern of the dead,  
Shall the sleepers wake in might!  
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,  
When away the helm he flung,\*  
And boldly up the steep  
From the flashing billow sprung!

\* The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensbrunne*.

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea,  
In the ancient garb they wore  
When they linked the hands that made us  
free,

On the Grütli's moonlight shore:  
And their voices shall be heard,  
And be answered with a shout,  
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,  
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again  
As those of that proud day,  
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,  
Through the serried spears made way;  
And when the rocks came down  
On the dark Morgarten dell,  
And the crowned casques,\* o'er-  
thrown,  
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's† notes must never sound  
In a land that wears the chain,  
And the vines on freedom's holy ground  
Untrampled must remain!  
And the yellow harvests wave  
For no stranger's hand to reap,  
While within their silent cave  
The men of Grütli sleep!

### SWISS SONG,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity: assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed.—See *PLANTA'S History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

LOOK on the white Alps round!  
If yet they gird a land  
Where freedom's voice and step are found,  
Forget ye not the band,  
The faithful band, our sires, who fell  
Here, in the narrow battle dell!

If yet, the wilds among,  
Our silent hearts may burn,

\* *Crowned Helmets*, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's "Switzerland."

† The Kühreihen, the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*



When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,  
And home our steps may turn,—  
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,  
Praise to the men who perished here!

Look on the white Alps round!  
Up to their shining snows  
That day the stormy rolling sound,  
The sound of battle, rose!  
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,  
Their dark pines trembled as it passed!

They saw the princely crest,  
They saw the knightly spear,  
The banner and the mail-clad breast,  
Borne down, and trampled here!  
They saw—and glorying there they stand,  
Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,  
The brethren of the glen!  
By them no steel array was worn,  
They stood as peasant-men!  
They left the vineyard and the field  
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!  
If yet, along their steeps,  
Our children's fearless feet may bound,  
Free as the chamois leaps:  
Teach them in song to bless the band  
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,  
When winter stars gleam cold,  
The glorious tales of elder days  
May proudly yet be told,  
Forget not then the shepherd race,  
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!  
If yet the Sabbath-bell  
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,  
Think on the battle dell!  
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,  
That chainless hearts might worship God!

### THE MESSENGER BIRD.

[Some of the native Brazillans pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.—See PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*]

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou  
bird!  
Thou art come from the spirits' land!

Through the dark pine grove let thy voice  
be heard,  
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair  
In the light of that summer shore,  
And we know that the friends we have lost  
are there,  
They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their  
fever's thirst  
From the Fountain of Youth ere now,\*  
For *there* must the stream in its freshness  
burst,  
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to  
earth  
From the land of deathless flowers,  
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of  
mirth,  
Though their hearts were once with ours:

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's  
blaze,  
And bent with us the bow,  
And heard the tales of our father's days,  
Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!  
Can those who have loved forget?  
We call—and they answer not again—  
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,  
And the father of his child? [share  
And the chief, of those that were wont to  
His wanderings through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,  
And they speak not from cave or hill;  
We know, thou bird! that their land is  
bright,  
But say, do they love there still?

### THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

[An early traveller mentions a people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in

\* An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the sixteenth century, with the view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Luçayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.—See ROBERTSON'S *History of America.*



constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers.—  
PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*]

["J'ai passé moi-même," says Chateaubriand, in his "Souvenirs d'Amérique," "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et depuis longtemps en voyage."]

WE saw thee, O stranger, and wept !  
We looked for the youth of the sunny glance,  
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance ;

The light of his eye was a joy to see,  
The path of his arrows a storm to flee !  
But there came a voice from a distant shore :  
He was called—he is found 'midst his tribe  
no more ! [burn,  
He is not in his place when the night-fires  
But we look for him still—he will yet return !—

His brother sat with a drooping brow  
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough ;  
We roused him—we bade him no longer  
For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !  
We looked for the maid of the mournful song— [long !  
Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us  
We told her the youth of her love was gone,  
And she went forth to seek him—she passed alone ;

We hear not her voice when the woods are still,  
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.

The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,  
The winter is white on his lonely head,  
He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,  
He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back !

We looked for her eye on the feast to shine,  
For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !  
We looked for the chief who hath left the spear  
And the bow of his battles forgotten here !  
We looked for the hunter, whose bride's lament

On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :  
We looked for the first-born, whose mother's cry  
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !—

Where are they?—thou'rt seeking some distant coast— [lost !

Oh, ask of them, stranger !—send back the  
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams,

Tell them our lives but of them are dreams  
Tell how we sat in the gloom to pine,  
And to watch for a step—but the step was thine !

## THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

### AN INDIAN TRADITION.

["The River St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land ; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth ; they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game ; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return, which, after a number of "difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country : but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot."—BARTRAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina.*]

[The additional circumstances in the "Isle of Founts" are merely imaginary.]

SON of the stranger ! wouldst thou take  
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,  
To reach the still and shining lake  
Along whose banks the west winds play ?—

Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,  
Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

Lull but the mighty Serpent King,\*  
'Midst the grey rocks, his old domain ;

\* The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of the rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old Inhabitants."

Ward but the cougar's deadly spring,—  
 Thy step that lake's green shore may  
 gain ;  
 And the bright Isle, when all is passed,  
 Shall vainly meet thine eye at last !

Yes ! there, with all its rainbow streams,  
 Clear as within thine arrow's flight,  
 The Isle of Founts, the Isle of dreams,  
 Floats on the wave in golden light ;  
 And lovely will the shadows be  
 Of groves whose fruit is not for thee !

And breathings from their sunny flowers,  
 Which are not of the things that die,  
 And singing voices from their bowers,  
 Shall greet thee in the purple sky ;  
 Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell  
 Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise  
 From the deep chambers of the earth ?  
 The wild and wondrous melodies  
 To which the ancient rocks gave birth ?  
 Like that sweet song of hidden caves  
 Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves !—they take their hue  
 And image from that sunbright shore ;  
 But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,  
 And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,  
 Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,  
 The dreamy land should still recede !

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear  
 The music of its flow'ry shades,  
 And ever should the sound be near  
 Of founts that ripple through its glades ;  
 The sound, and sight, and flashing ray  
 Of joyous waters in their play !

But woe for him who sees them burst  
 With their bright spray-showers to the  
 lake !  
 Earth has no spring to quench the thirst  
 That semblance in his soul shall wake,  
 For ever pouring through his dreams  
 The gush of those untasted streams !

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,  
 The waters of our deserts lie,  
 Yet at their source his lip shall burn,  
 Parched with the fever's agony !  
 From the blue mountains to the main,  
 Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore  
 Back from their long and weary  
 quest ;—

Had they not seen th' untrodden shore.  
 And could they 'midst our wilds find  
 rest ?  
 The lightning of their glance was fled,  
 They dwelt amongst us as the dead !

They lay beside our glittering rills,  
 With visions in their darkened eye,  
 Their joy was not amidst the hills,  
 Where elk and deer before us fly ;  
 Their spears upon the cedar hung,  
 Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest-bow,  
 They armed not with the warrior band,  
 The moons waned o'er them dim and  
 slow—  
 They left us for the spirits' land !  
 Beneath our pines yon greensward heap  
 Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger ! if at eve  
 Silence be 'midst us in thy place,  
 Yet go not where the mighty leave  
 The strength of battle and of chase !  
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,  
 Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

### THE BENDED BOW.

[It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.—See *The Cambrian Antiquities*.]

THERE was heard the sound of a coming  
 foe,  
 [Bow,  
 There was sent through Britain a Bended  
 And a voice was poured on the free winds  
 far,  
 As the land rose up at the sign of war.

" Heard ye not the battle-horn ?—  
 Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !  
 Leave it for the birds of Heaven,  
 Swords must flash, and spears be riven !  
 Leave it for the winds to shed—  
 Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red !"

And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son,  
 And the Bended Bow and the voice passed  
 on.

" Hunter ! leave the mountain-chase !  
 Take the falchion from its place !

Let the wolf go free to-day,  
 Leave him for a nobler prey !  
 Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—  
 Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh !'

And the hunter armed ere the chase was  
 done, [on.  
 And the Bended Bow and the voice passed

" Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast !  
 Stay not till the song hath ceased :  
 Though the mead be foaming bright,  
 Though the fires give ruddy light,  
 Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—  
 Arm thee ! Britain's foes must fall."

And the chieftain armed, and the horn was  
 blown, [on.  
 And the Bended Bow and the voice passed

" Prince ! thy father's deeds are told,  
 In the bower and in the hold !  
 Where the goatherd's lay is sung,  
 Where the minstrel's harp is strung !—  
 Foes are on thy native sea—  
 Give our bards a tale of thee !"

And the prince came armed, like a leader's  
 son, [on.  
 And the Bended Bow and the voice passed

" Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !  
 He must learn the battle's joy.  
 Sister ! bring the sword and spear,  
 Give thy brother words of cheer !  
 Maiden ! bid thy lover part,  
 Britain calls the strong in heart !"

And the Bended Bow and the voice passed  
 on,  
 And the bards made song for a battle won.

### HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

[It is recorded of Henry I., that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.]

THE bark that held a prince went down,  
 The sweeping waves rolled on ;  
 And what was England's glorious crown  
 To him that wept a son ?  
 He lived—for life may long be borne  
 Ere sorrow break its chain ;—  
 Why comes not death to those who  
 mourn ?—  
 He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne—  
 The stately and the brave,  
 But which could fill the place of one,  
 That one beneath the wave ?  
 Before him passed the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's reckless train,  
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—  
 He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;  
 He heard the minstrel sing,  
 He saw the Tournay's victor crowned,  
 Amidst the knightly ring :  
 A murmur of the restless deep  
 Was blent with every strain,  
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—  
 He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace  
 Of vows once fondly poured,  
 And strangers took the kinsman's place  
 At many a joyous board ;  
 Graves, which true love had bathed with  
 tears,  
 Were left to Heaven's bright rain,  
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—  
 He never smiled again !

### CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

[The body of Henry II. lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear.  
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,  
 Where a king lay stately on his bier,  
 In the church of Fontevraud.  
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,  
 And warriors slept beneath,  
 And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung  
 On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death  
 A strong and ruddy glare,  
 Though dimmed at times by the censor's  
 breath,  
 Yet it fell still brightest there :  
 As if each deeply-furrowed trace  
 Of earthly years to show,—  
 Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race  
 Had surely closed in woe !



The marble floor was swept  
 By many a long dark stole,  
 As the kneeling priests round him that slept,  
 Sang mass for the parted soul ;  
 And solemn were the strains they poured  
 Through the stillness of the night,  
 With the cross above, and the crown and  
 sword,  
 And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,  
 As of steel-girt men the tread,  
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement  
 rang  
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;  
 And the holy chant was hushed awhile,  
 As by the torch's flame,  
 A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,  
 With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,  
 An eagle glance and clear,  
 But his proud heart through its breast-plate  
 shook,  
 When he stood beside the bier !  
 He stood there still with a drooping brow,  
 And clasped hands o'er it raised ;—  
 For his father lay before him low,  
 It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove  
 With the workings of his breast,—  
 But there's more in late repentant love  
 Than steel may keep suppressed !  
 And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain—  
 Men held their breath in awe,  
 For his face was seen by his warrior-train,  
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,  
 And sorrow seemed to lie,  
 A weight of sorrow, ev'n like lead,  
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.  
 He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek,  
 And the heavy hand of clay,  
 Till bursting words—yet all too weak  
 Gave his soul's passion way.

“ Oh, father ! is it vain,  
 This late remorse and deep ?  
 Speak to me, father ! once again,  
 I weep—behold, I weep !  
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !  
 Were but this work undone,  
 I would give England's crown, my sire,  
 To hear thee bless thy son.

“ Speak to me ! mighty grief  
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !  
 Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief,  
 My king ! I *must* be heard !—  
 Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call,  
 And that thou answerest not ?  
 When was it thus ?—woe, woe for all  
 The love my soul forgot !

“ Thy silver hairs I see,  
 So still, so sadly bright !  
 And father, father ! but for me,  
 They had not been so white !  
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,  
 No longer couldst thou strive ;—  
 Oh ! for one moment of the past,  
 To kneel and say—‘ forgive !’

“ Thou wert the noblest king,  
 On royal throne e'er seen ;  
 And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,  
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;  
 And thou didst prove, where spears are  
 proved  
 In war, the bravest heart—  
 Oh ! ever the renowned and loved  
 Thou wert—and *there* thou art !

“ Tho' that my boyhood's guide  
 Didst take fond joy to be !—  
 The times I've sported at thy side,  
 And climbed thy parent knee !  
 And there before the blessed shrine,  
 My sire ! I see thee lie,—  
 How will that sad still face of thine  
 Look on me till I die !”

#### THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

[“ Here (at Brereton, in Cheshire) is one thing  
 incredibly strange ; but attested, as I myself  
 have heard, by many persons, and commonly  
 believed. Before any heir of this family dies,  
 there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of  
 trees swimming on the water for several days.”—  
 CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.]

YES ! I have seen the ancient oak,  
 On the dark, deep water cast,  
 And it was not felled by the woodman's  
 stroke,  
 Or the rush of the sweeping blast ;  
 For the axe might never touch that tree,  
 And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief  
 By an arrow in the fight.



And the old woods shook, to their loftiest  
leaf,  
At the crashing of its might !  
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,  
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's  
flew !

'Tis fallen ! but think thou not I weep  
For the forest's pride o'erthrown ;  
An old man's tears lie far too deep,  
To be poured for this alone !  
But by that sign too well I know,  
That a youthful head must soon be low !

A youthful head, with its shining hair,  
And its bright, quick-flashing eye—  
Well may I weep ! for the boy is fair,  
Too fair a thing to die !

But on his brow the mark is set—  
Oh ! could *my* life redeem him yet !

He bounded by me as I gazed  
Alone on the fatal sign,  
And it seemed like sunshine when he raised  
His joyous glance to mine !  
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,  
So full of life—but he must die !

He must, he must ! in that deep dell,  
By that dark water's side,  
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell,  
But an heir of his fathers died.  
And he—there's laughter in his eye,  
Joy in his voice—yet he must die !

I've borne him in these arms, that now  
Are nerveless and unstrung ;  
And must I see, on that fair brow,  
The dust untimely flung ?  
I must !—yon green oak, branch and crest,  
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast !

The noble boy !—how proudly sprung  
The falcon from his hand !  
It seemed like youth to see *him* young,  
A flower in his father's land !  
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is  
nigh, [must die.  
For the tree hath fallen, and the flower

Say not 'tis vain !—I tell thee, some  
Are warned by a meteor's light,  
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,  
Or a voice on the winds by night ;  
And they must go !—and he too, he—  
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree !

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidentially asserted that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.]

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,  
If thou didst not hear the blast  
Of the savage horn, from the mountain  
tower,  
As the Wild Night-Huntsman passed,  
And the roar of the stormy chase went by,  
Through the dark unquiet sky !

The stag sprang up from his mossy bed  
When he caught the piercing sounds,  
And the oak-boughs crashed to his antlered  
head,  
As he flew from the viewless hounds ;  
And the falcon soared from her craggy  
height,  
Away through the rushing night !

The banner shook on its ancient hold,  
And the pine in its desert place,  
As the cloud and tempest onward rolled  
With the din of the trampling race ;  
And the glens were filled with the laugh  
and shout,  
And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,  
At the castle's festive board,  
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell  
Of the harp's triumphal chord ;  
And the Minnesinger's \* thrilling lay  
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,  
And the hermit dropped his beads,  
And a trembling ran through the forest-  
shade,  
At the neigh of the phantom steeds,  
And the church-bells pealed to the rocking  
blast  
As the Wild Night-Huntsman passed.

The storm hath swept with the chase away,  
There is stillness in the sky,  
But the mother looks on her son to-day,  
With a troubled heart and eye,

\* Minnesinger, *love-singer*,—the wandering minstrels of Germany were so called in the middle ages.

And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care  
'Midst the gleam of her golden hair.

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves ere  
long

Must hear a voice of war,  
And the clash of spears our hills among,  
And a trumpet from afar ;  
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,  
For the Huntsman hath gone by !

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### BRANDENBURGH HARVEST- SONG.\*

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

THE corn, in golden light,  
Waves o'er the plain ;  
The sickle's gleam is bright ;  
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around  
Our harvest lay !—  
Alas ! a heavier sound  
Comes o'er the day !

On every breeze a knell  
The hamlets pour,—  
We know its cause too well,  
*She is no more !*

Earth shrouds with burial sod  
Her soft eye's blue,—  
Now o'er the gifts of God  
Fall tears like dew !

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### THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION.

KNOW ye not when our dead  
From sleep to battle sprang !—  
When the Persian charger's tread  
On their covering greensward rang !

When the trampling march of foes  
Had crushed our vines and flowers,  
When jewelled crests arose  
Through the holy laurel bowers ;

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crowned,  
And armed for Greece that day ;  
But the falchions made no sound  
On his gleaming war-array.  
In the battle's front he stood,  
With his tall and shadowy crest :  
But the arrows drew no blood,  
Though their path was through his breast,

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash  
Where the boldest deeds were done ;  
But it smote without a clash ;  
The stroke was heard by none !  
His voice was not of those  
That swelled the rolling blast,  
And his steps fell hushed like snows—  
'Twas the shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,  
With a fiery charge he bore ;  
And the Mede left many a bow  
On the sounding ocean-shore.  
And the foaming waves grew red,  
And the sails were crowded fast,  
When the sons of Asia fled,  
As the shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon

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\* For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

## GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE.

[\* Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaints. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendans. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et, comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce: ce sont les *Myriologies*. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisins. Les *Myriologies* sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie."—*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAURIEL.]

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,  
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung.—

"Ianthis! dost thou sleep?—Thou sleep'st!—but this is not the rest,  
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillowed on my breast!  
I lulled thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis! my sweet son!  
As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done!—  
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now?  
And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow?"

"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave!  
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave!  
Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heavily thine eye  
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie;  
And fast is bound the springing step, that seemed on breezes borne,  
When to thy couch I came and said,—'Wake, hunter, wake! 'tis morn!  
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untouched by slow decay,—  
And I, the withered stem, remain—I would that grief might slay!"

"Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be!  
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!  
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;—  
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die!  
That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were flashing red,—  
Why doth a mother live to say—My first-born and my dead?  
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—  
Speak *thou*, and I will hear! my child, Ianthis! my sweet son!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,  
A fair-haired bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.—

"Ianthis! look'st thou not on *me*?—Can love indeed be fled?  
When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head?  
I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved!  
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved!—  
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side—  
It would have been a blessed thing together had we died!"

"But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword?  
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?  
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine.  
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?"

And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart  
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring !—and couldst thou thus depart ?  
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath !—  
Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

“ Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,  
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread !  
But not where noble blood flowed forth, where sounding javelins flew—  
Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?  
What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what hour, what tone !  
The blue skies fade with all their lights, they fade, since thou art gone !  
Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved—  
Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis ! my beloved !”

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,  
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung.  
“ Ianthis ! brother of my soul !—oh ! where are now the days  
That laughed among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays ?  
When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to their source,  
And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course !—  
I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,  
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend !—

“ I come with flowers—for Spring is come !—Ianthis ! art thou *here* ?  
I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier !  
Thou shouldst be crowned with victory's crown—but oh ! more meet *they* seem,  
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream !  
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low—  
Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow :  
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,—  
Woe ! that it smiles, and not for thee !—my brother and my friend !”

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#### ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE.

WHERE is the summer, with her golden sun ?—  
That festal glory hath not passed from earth :  
For me alone the laughing day is done !  
Where is the summer with her voice of mirth ?—  
Far in my own bright land !

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die  
On the green hills ?—the founts, from sparry caves  
Through the wild places bearing melody ?  
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves ?—  
Far in my own bright land !

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,  
The virgin-dances, and the choral strains ?  
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining  
The spring's first roses for their sylvan faes ?—  
Far in my own bright land !

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs,  
The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades !  
The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,  
And the pine forests, and the olive shades ?—  
Far in my own bright land !



Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers,  
 The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams?  
 Oh! that my life were as a southern flower's!  
 I might not languish then by these chill streams,  
 Far from my own bright land!

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THE PARTING SONG.

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his "Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne," and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home  
 Such as to early thought gives images,  
 The longest treasured, and most oft recalled,  
 And brightest kept, of love!—a mountain home,  
 That, with the murmur of its rocking pines  
 And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart  
 Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,  
 And half unconscious prayer;—a Grecian home,  
 With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,  
 And, through the dimness of its olive shades,  
 Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam  
 Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.

And this was what he left!—Yet many leave  
 Far more:—the glistening eye, that first from theirs  
 Called out the soul's bright smile; the gentle hand,  
 Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps  
 To where the violets lay; the tender voice  
 That earliest taught them what deep melody  
 Lives in affection's tones. *He* left not these.  
 Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part  
 With all a mother's love!—A bitterer grief  
 Was his—To part *unloved*!—of her unloved,  
 That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring  
 Fostering its young faint flowers!

Yet had he friends,  
 And they went forth to cheer him on his way  
 Unto the parting spot;—and she too went,  
 That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.  
 The parting spot was reached:—a lone deep gleam,  
 Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount  
 Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes; and above,  
 The silence of the blue, still, upper Heaven  
 Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore  
 Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,  
 The unbeloved one, for his home to gaze  
 Through the wild laurels back; but then a light  
 Broke on the stern, proud sadness of his eye,  
 A sudden quivering light, and from his lips  
 A burst of passionate song.

"Farewell, farewell!  
 I hear thee, O thou rushing stream!—thou'rt from my native dell,  
 Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful sound!—a murmur of farewell!

And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream !—flow on, thou bright and free !  
 I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me ;  
 But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving years,  
 And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears ;  
 The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known ;  
 The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone !

" I see thee once again, my home ! thou'rt there amidst thy vines,  
 And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.  
 It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves,  
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves !—  
 The hour *the mother* loves !—for *me* beloved it hath not been ;  
 Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smilest, a blessed scene !  
 Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come—  
 Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home ?

' Not as the dead !—no, not the dead !—We speak of *them*—we keep  
*Their* names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep !  
 We hallow even the lyre they touched, we love the lay they sung,  
 We pass with softer step the place *they* filled our band among !  
 But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth  
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth !  
 I go !—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell  
 When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains, home, farewell !

' And farewell, mother !—I have borne in lonely silence long,  
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong !  
 And I will speak ! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,  
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.  
 Yes ! I will speak !—within my breast whate'er hath seemed to be,  
 There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gushed for thee !  
 Brightly it would have gushed, but thou, my mother ! thou hast thrown  
 Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been thine own !

' Then fare thee well ! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,  
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien, and fairer brow than mine !  
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love !—it may be, that a tone  
 Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone !  
 And thou, perchance, mayst weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast smiled  
 And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child !  
 Might but my spirit *then* return, and 'midst thy kindred dwell,  
 And quench its thirst with love's free tears !—'Tis all a dream—farewell !"

" Farewell !"—the echo died with that deep word,  
 Yet died not so the late repentant pang  
 By the strain quickened in the mother's breast !  
 There had passed many changes o'er her brow,  
 And cheek, and eye ; but into one bright flood  
 Of tears at last all melted ; and she fell  
 On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,  
 " Return, return, my son !"—The echo caught  
 A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,  
 Murmuring—" Return, my son !"—

## THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

[It is related, in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,  
Amidst the clear blue sky,  
A bitter smile was on her cheek,  
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines  
Dost thou see where the foeman's armour shines?  
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?  
My babe, that I cradled on my breast,  
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?—  
That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,  
Lay Suliote sire and son;  
They had heaped high the piles of death  
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!  
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!  
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,  
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,  
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,  
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,  
And now the cymbal's clang,  
Till even the upper air was stirred,  
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!  
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!  
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,  
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?—  
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—  
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,  
And louder swelled the horn,  
And farther yet the tambour's peal  
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?—  
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—  
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!  
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!  
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—  
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,  
And fast the fair child bore:  
A veil upon the wind was flung,  
A cry—and all was o'er!

## THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.—See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

“ 'Tis hard to lay into the earth  
A countenance so benign! a form that walked  
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!”—WILSON.

COME near! Ere yet the dust  
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,  
Look on your brother; and embrace him now,  
In still and solemn trust!  
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed  
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!  
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,  
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,  
Gladdening its hearth and race?  
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed,  
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!  
For tears befit earth's partings! Yesterday,  
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,  
And sunshine seemed to dwell  
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed.  
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him whose eye  
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth.  
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,  
The beings born to die?—  
But not where death has power may love be blessed.  
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest!

How may the mother's heart  
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?  
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain—  
The lovely must depart!  
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?  
Come near! and bear the early called to rest!

Look on him! Is he laid  
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?—  
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;  
Yet that, even that must fade:  
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest.  
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased  
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place  
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,  
At the gay bridal-feast!  
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast.  
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.



Yet mourn ye not as they  
 Whose spirit's light is quenched ! For him the past  
 Is sealed : he may not fall, he may not cast  
 His birthright's hope away !  
 All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed.  
 Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest !

1828.

## RECORDS OF WOMAN.

## ARABELLA STUART.

["The Lady Arabella," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early-discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, "which," says D'Israeli, "occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders." Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. "What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known—that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*"]

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

"And is not love in vain  
 Torture enough without a living tomb?"—BYRON.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto."—PINDEMONTE.

I.

'T WAS but a dream ! I saw the stag leap free,  
 Under the boughs where early birds were singing,  
 I stood o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,  
 And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing  
 Far through a royal forest. Then the fawn  
 Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn  
 To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,  
 And lilies quivered by the glade's lone brook.

And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,  
 A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,  
 Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance  
 Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance  
 Into the deep wood's heart; and all passed by  
 Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,  
 Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there,  
 Seymour! A soft wind blew the clustering hair  
 Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein  
 Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,  
 And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,  
 And, lightly graceful in thy green array,  
 Bound to my side. And we, that met and parted  
 Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,  
 Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,  
 Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour  
 Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath  
 Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath  
 Of hidden forest-flowers.

## II.

'Tis past! I wake  
 A captive, and alone, and far from thee,  
 My love and friend! Yet fluttering, for thy sake,  
 A quenchless hope of happiness to be;  
 And feeling still my woman-spirit strong,  
 In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong  
 A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love  
 Shall yet call gentle angels from above,  
 By its undying fervour, and prevail—  
 Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,  
 Through hearts now cold; and, raising its bright face,  
 With a free gush of sunny tears, erase  
 The characters of anguish. In this trust,  
 I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,  
 That I may bring thee back no faded form,  
 No bosom chilled and blighted by the storm,  
 But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,  
 Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

## III.

And thou too art in bonds! Yet droop thou not,  
 O my beloved! there is *one* hopeless lot,  
 But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead  
*There* sits the grief that mantles up its head,  
 Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,  
 When darkness, from the vainly doting sight  
 Covers its beautiful! If thou wert gone  
 To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow—  
 If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone  
 Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now  
 Seems floating through my soul, were music taken  
 For ever from this world—oh! thus forsaken  
 Could I bear on? Thou livest, thou livest, thou'rt mine!  
 With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,  
 And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,  
 Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

## IV.

And lo ! the joy that cometh with the morning,  
 Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care !  
 I have not watched in vain, serenely scorning  
 The wild and busy whispers of despair !  
 Thou hast sent tidings, as of Heaven—I wait  
 The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.  
 Oh ! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate  
 As a star shoots !—but on the breezy sea  
 We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour !  
 Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,  
 Faint and give way within me, as a flower  
 Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss ?  
 Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect rest,  
 The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,  
 After long suffering won ? So rich a close  
 Too seldom crowns with peace affection's wecs.

## V.

Sunset ! I tell each moment. From the skies  
 The last red splendour floats along my wall,  
 Like a king's banner ! Now it melts, it dies !  
 I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,  
 The expected voice ; my quick heart throbbed too soon  
 I must keep vigil till yon rising moon  
 Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam  
 Through my lone lattice poured, I sit and dream  
 Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,  
 Under the vine or in the citron grove,  
 May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,  
 And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.  
 I hear my veins beat. Hark ! a bell's slow chime !  
 My heart strikes with it. Yet again—'tis time !  
 A step !—a voice !—or but a rising breeze ?  
 Hark !—haste !—I come, to meet thee on the seas !

## VI.

Now never more, oh ! never, in the worth  
 Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth  
 Trust fondly—never more ! The hope is crushed  
 That lit my life, the voice within me hushed  
 That spoke sweet oracles ; and I return  
 To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,  
 Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost !  
 No tempest met our barks—no billow tossed ;  
 Yet were they severed, even as we must be,  
 That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free  
 From their close-coiling fate ! In vain—in vain !  
 The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,  
 And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,  
 And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,  
 Like some proud bird of ocean ; then mine eye  
 Strained out one moment earlier to descry

The form it ached for, and the bark's career  
 Seemed slow to that fond yearning : it drew near  
 Fraught with our foes ! What boots it to recall  
 The strife, the tears ? Once more a prison wall  
 Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,  
 And joyous glance of waters to the light,  
 And thee, my Seymour !—thee !

I will not sink

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee !  
 And this shall be my strength—the joy to think  
 That thou mayest wander with Heaven's breath around thee,  
 And all the laughing sky ! This thought shall yet  
 Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,  
 Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken ;  
 And unto me, I know, thy true love's token  
 Shall one day be deliverance, though the years  
 Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII.

My friend ! my friend ! where art thou ? Day by day  
 Gliding like some dark mournful stream away,  
 My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,  
 Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs  
 Round hall and hamlet ; summer with her smile  
 Fills the green forest : young hearts breathe their vows ;  
 Brothers long parted meet ; fair children rise  
 Round the glad board ; hope laughs from loving eyes :  
 All this is in the world !—These joys lie sown,  
 The dew of every path ! On *one* alone  
 Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer  
 Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !  
 By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;  
 O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,  
 And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,  
 Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen  
 Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,  
 Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue  
 Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you  
 Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint  
 With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint  
 Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,  
 The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

IX.

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—  
 O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely things !  
 With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,  
 And by the streams. But I—the blood of kings,  
 A proud unmingling river, through my veins  
 Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains !  
 Kings !—I had silent visions of deep bliss,  
 Leaving their thrones far distant ; and for this



I am cast under their triumphal car,  
An insect to be crushed ! Oh ! Heaven is far—  
Earth pitiless !

Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I am proved  
So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my beloved !  
There are such tales of holy marvels done  
By strong affection, of deliverance won  
Through its prevailing power ! Are these things told  
Till the young weep with rapture, and the old  
Wonder, yet dare not doubt ; and thou ! oh, thou !

Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay ?—  
Thou canst not ! Through the silent night, even now,  
I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray  
Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle friend !  
How shall I bear this anguish to the end ?

Aid !—comes there yet no aid ? The voice of blood  
Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood  
Sinks through the greensward ! Is there not a cry  
From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,  
To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy !—hear me ! None  
That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun  
Have heavier cause ! Yet hear !—my soul grows dark !—  
Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark  
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,  
And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,  
Its freight of human hearts ? The o'ermastering wave  
Who shall tell how it rushed—and none to save !  
Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I know,  
There would be rescue if this were not so.  
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,  
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is poured,  
Thou'rt where the dancers meet ! A magic glass  
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,  
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall ;  
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all—

*Thine !* What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,  
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?  
It is not well of thee ! My love was more  
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore ;  
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,  
With all its blighted hopes around it lying :  
Even thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—  
Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art thou for grief !

Death ! What ! is death a locked and treasured thing,  
Guarded by swords of fire ? a hidden spring,  
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,  
As if the world within me held no cure ?  
Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven, Heaven contro'  
These thoughts !—they rush—I look into my soul  
As down a gulf, and tremble at the array  
Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give strength to pray !  
So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled,  
Father in Heaven, thou, only thou, canst sound  
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled.  
For human line too fearfully profound.

Therefore, forgive, my Father ! if thy child,  
 Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,  
 And sinned in her despair ! It well may be  
 That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee,  
 By the crushed hope too long on this world poured —  
 The stricken love which hath perchance adored  
 A mortal in thy place ! Now let me strive  
 With thy strong arm no more ! Forgive, forgive !  
 Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent  
 The o'erwearied dust from home . no breeze flits by,  
 But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent  
 Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone  
 Deepens—its word is *Death* ! Alone, alone,  
 And sad in youth, but chastened, I depart,  
 Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart  
 Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,  
 Even in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,  
 Thee, its first love ! O tender still, and true !  
 Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw  
 Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,  
 Though but a moment !

Now, with fainting frame,

With soul just lingering on the flight begun,  
 To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,  
 I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble head,  
 Years of bright fame when I am with the dead !  
 I bid this prayer survive me, and retain  
 Its might, again to bless thee, and again !  
 Thou hast been gathered into my dark fate  
 Too much ; too long, for my sake, desolate  
 Hath been thine exiled youth : but now take back,  
 From dying hands, thy freedom, and re-track  
 (After a few kind tears for her whose days  
 Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways  
 Of hope, and find thou happiness ! Yet send  
 Even then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend !  
 Down to my voiceless chamber ; for thy love  
 Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,  
 Though bought with burning tear ! It is the sting  
 Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing  
 In this cold world ! What were it, then, if thou,  
 With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now ?  
 Too keen a pang. Farewell ! and yet once more,  
 Farewell ! The passion of long years I pour  
 Into that word ! Thou hearest not—but the woe  
 And fervour of its tones may one day flow  
 To thy heart's holy place : there let them dwell,  
 We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet. Farewell !

## THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.\*

"Fear! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?  
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?"

\* \* \* \* \*

I will not live degraded."—*Sardanapalus*.

## I.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,  
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,  
Maids of bright Scio! They came and the breeze  
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;  
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,  
The bride of the morn, with her train around.  
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,  
Like starry dews 'midst the roses there;  
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,  
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone.  
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,  
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;  
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,  
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;  
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,  
For the aspect of woman at times too high,  
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream  
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervent beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,  
Like one that is leaving his native shore;  
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,  
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;  
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back  
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.  
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears  
Flow to the dream of her early years!  
Holy and pure are the drops that fall  
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;  
She goes unto love yet untried and new,  
She parts from love which hath still been true:  
Mute be the song and the choral strain,  
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again!  
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,  
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;  
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile  
In *his* that waited her dawning smile—  
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less  
For the gush of nature's tenderness!  
She lifted her graceful head at last—  
The choking swell of her heart was past;  
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way  
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

## THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WHY do I weep? To leave the vine  
Whose clusters o'er me bend;

\* Founded on a circumstance related in the second series of the *Curiosities of Literature*

The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine!—  
The flowers I love to tend.

A thousand thoughts of all things dear  
Like shadows o'er me sweep;  
I leave my sunny childhood here,  
Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played  
Through many a joyous hour,  
Where the silvery green of the olive shade  
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.  
Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,  
In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
Have been as we may be no more—  
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon  
Must now light other feet,  
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,  
Thy homeward step to greet.  
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,  
Lay tones of love so deep,  
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—  
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast  
Pouring out joy and woe,  
I have found that holy place of rest  
Still changeless—yet I go!  
Lips, that have lulled me with your strain!  
Eyes, that have watched my sleep!  
Will earth give love like *yours* again?—  
Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree that throws  
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,  
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing  
Is the human heart—as a mountain spring  
That works its way, through the torrent's foam,  
'To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!  
It is well!—the cloud on her soul that lay,  
Hath melted in glittering drops away.  
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!  
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.  
Mother! on earth it must still be so:  
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,  
Ye may track their way by the swells of song;  
Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes' gleam,  
Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy stream;  
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread  
Is over the deep-veined violet's bed;  
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,  
An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

## II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood  
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,



With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,  
 As if from the glow of an emerald shed,  
 Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,  
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.  
 Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,  
 Making a gleam round the lone abode ;  
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver  
 Scattered out rays like a glancing river ;  
 Stars of jasmine its pillars crowned,  
 Vine-stalks its lattice and the walls had bound ;  
 And brightly before it a fountain's play  
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,  
 To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,  
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,  
 And the guests were met by that fountain side.  
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face—  
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,  
 With lips of love, and a brow serene,  
 Meet for the soul of the deep-wood scene.  
 Bring wine, bring odours !—the board is spread ;  
 Bring roses ! a chaplet for every head !  
 The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered  
 On the young and fair from the world embowered ;  
 The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,  
 The winds amid scented boughs were laid ;  
 And there came by fits, through some wavy tree,  
 A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush ! be still ! Was that no more  
 Than the murmur from the shore ?  
 Silence !—did thick rain-drops beat  
 On the grass like trampling feet !  
 Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword !  
 The groves are filled with a pirate horde !  
 Through the dim olives their sabres shine !—  
 Now must the red blood stream for wine !

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,  
 The woods with the shrieks of the maidens rang ;  
 Under the golden-fruited boughs  
 There were flashing poniards and darkening brows—  
 Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,  
 And the dying soon on a greensward bed.  
 —Eudora, Eudora ! *thou* dost not fly !—  
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie,  
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,  
 Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,  
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,  
 That sought his young bride out mournfully.  
 She knelt down beside him—her arms she wound  
 Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,  
 As if the passion of that fond grasp  
 Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.  
 But they tore her thence in her wild despair,  
 The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there :  
 They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,  
 And on the wet violets a pile of slain,

And a hush of fear through the summer grove,—  
So closed the triumph of youth and love !

## III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,  
When the moon, with sleeping light,  
Bathed each purple Sciote hill—  
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.  
O'er the wave no gay guitar  
Sent its floating music far ;  
No glad sound of dancing feet  
Woke the starry hours to greet.  
But a voice of mortal woe,  
In its changes wild or low,  
Through the midnight's blue repose,  
From the sea-beat rocks arose,  
As Eudora's mother stood  
Gazing o'er the Ægean flood,  
With a fixed and straining eye—  
Oh ! was the spoiler's vessel nigh ?  
Yes ! there, becalmed in silent sleep,  
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,  
On a sea of molten silver, dark  
Brooding it frowned, that evil bark !  
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,  
Moveless and black from the tall still mast ;  
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail  
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.  
Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast  
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest ?

To rest ? the waves tremble !—what piercing cry  
Bursts from the heart of the ship on high !  
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,  
Shoots from the deck up ? Fire ! 'tis fire !  
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,  
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow ;  
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,  
And the dashing of water—but fruitless all !  
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame  
The might and wrath of the rushing flame !  
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,  
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake ;  
It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls  
Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls ;  
It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,  
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare ;  
And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee,  
To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.  
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—  
Eudora ! Eudora ! where, where art thou ?  
The slave and his master alike are gone—  
Mother ! who stands on the deck alone ?  
The child of thy bosom !—and lo ! a brand  
Blazing up high in her lifted hand !  
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair  
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare :

And her fragile form to its loftiest height  
 Dilated, as if by the spirit's might ;  
 And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught—  
 Oh ! could this work be of woman wrought ?  
 Yes ! 'twas her deed !—by that haughty smile,  
 It was hers : she hath kindled her funeral pile !  
 Never might shame on that bright head be,  
 Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free !

Proudly she stands like an Indian bride,  
 On the pyre with the holy dead beside ;  
 But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,  
 As the flames to her marriage robe draw near,  
 And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain  
 To the form they must never infold again.  
 —One moment more, and her hands are clasped—  
 Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped—  
 Her sinking knee unto heaven is bowed,  
 And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,  
 And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move ;—  
 Now the night gathers o'er youth and love !

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#### THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

“ Nor look nor tone revealeth aught  
 Save woman's quietness of thought :  
 And yet around her is a light  
 Of inward majesty and might.—M. J. J.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Wer solch ein herz an sienen Busen drückt,  
 Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten.”—WILHELM TELL.

IT was the time when children bound to meet  
 Their father's homeward step from field or hill,  
 And when the herd's returning bells are sweet,  
 In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,  
 And the last note of that wild horn swells by  
 Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,  
 Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,  
 Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,  
 And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower ;  
 But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,  
 Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,  
 That sent its lulling whispers through his door,  
 Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be  
 With some deep care, and thus can find no more  
 The accustomed joy in all which evening brings,  
 Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him—sad, yet mild  
 In her beseeching mien!—he marked it not.  
 The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child  
 Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,  
 But seemed unheard; until at last the boy  
 Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face. But then a change  
 Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,  
 And a quick sense of something dimly strange  
 Brought him from play to stand beside the knee  
 So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes  
 That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;  
 But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid  
 Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,  
 Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said,  
 "What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey—  
 That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?"

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!  
 Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,  
 Missing the smile from thine! Oh, cheer thee! bend  
 To his soft arms: unseal thy thoughts e'en now!  
 Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share  
 Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,  
 But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band  
 Was loosened from his soul; its inmost place  
 Not yet unveiled by love's o'er-mastering hand.  
 "Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high  
 The white Alps glittered through the solemn sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills  
 And their free torrents; for the days are come  
 When tyranny lies couched by forest rills,  
 And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.  
 Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—  
 Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been  
 Upon my heritage. I sit to-night  
 Under my household tree, if not serene,  
 Yet with the faces best beloved in sight:  
 To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee—  
 How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;  
 Back on the linden stem she leaned her form;  
 And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,  
 Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.  
 'Twas but a moment, and the faintness passed,  
 And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved  
 With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile



Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,  
 And timid in her happiness the while,  
 Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—  
 Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,  
 And took her fair child to her holy breast,  
 And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might  
 As it found language :—"Are we thus oppressed?  
 Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,  
 And man must arm, and woman call on God !

"I know what thou wouldst do ;—and be it done !  
 Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.  
 Trust me to Heaven, my husband ! this, thy son,  
 The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free !  
 And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth  
 May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread  
 Of my desponding tears ; now lift once more,  
 My hunter of the hills ! thy stately head,  
 And let thine eagle glance my joy restore !  
 I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—  
 Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along  
 The chamois paths, and through the forests go ;  
 And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong  
 To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.  
 God shall be with thee, my beloved ! Away !  
 Bless but thy child, and leave me—I can pray !"

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking  
 To clarion sounds upon the ringing air ;  
 He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking  
 From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair ;  
 And "worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,  
 "That man for thee should gird himself to die !

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child !  
 Now shall thy name be armour to my heart :  
 And this our land, by chains no more defiled,  
 Be taught of thee to choose the better part !  
 I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell :  
 Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps. Farewell !"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,  
 In the clear starlight : he the strength to rouse  
 Of the free hills ; she, thoughtful for his sake,  
 To rock her child beneath the whispering bough,  
 Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep  
 With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

## PROPERZIA ROSSI.

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

“Tell me no more, no more  
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain  
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?  
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting-place, a home for all  
Its burden of affections? I depart,  
Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave  
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death  
Shall give my name a power to win such tears  
As would have made life precious.”

## I.

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!  
And in its bright fulfilment let me pour  
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace  
Of that which lit my being, though its race  
Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!  
From my deep spirit one victorious gleam  
Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!  
May this last work, this farewell triumph be—  
Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined  
Something immortal of my heart and mind,  
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,  
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone  
Of lost affection—something that may prove  
What she hath been, whose melancholy love  
On thee was lavished; silent pang and tear,  
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,  
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,  
Stealing the brightness from her life away—  
While thou—Awake! not yet within me die!  
Under the burden and the agony  
Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake!  
Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,  
Live! in thy work breathe out!—that he may yet,  
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret  
Thine unrequited gift.

## II.

It comes! the power  
Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower  
That could not win me love. Yet once again  
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train  
Of glorious images: they throng—they press—  
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—  
I shall not perish all!

The bright work grows  
Beneath my hand, unfolded as a rose,  
Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,  
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,

Through the pale marble's veins. It grows!—and now  
 I give my own life's history to thy brow,  
 Forsaken Ariadne!—thou shalt wear  
 My form, my lineaments; but oh! more fair,  
 Touched into lovelier being by the glow  
 Which in me dwells, as by the summer light  
 All things are glorified. From thee my woe  
 Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,  
 When I am passed away. Thou art the mould  
 Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, the untold,  
 The self-consuming! Speak to him of me,  
 Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,  
 With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye—  
 Speak to him, lone one! deeply, mournfully,  
 Of all my love and grief! Oh! could I throw  
 Into thy frame a voice—a sweet, and low,  
 And thrilling voice of song! when he came nigh,  
 To send the passion of its melody  
 Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear  
 My life's deep feeling, as the southern air  
 Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to rise, to swell,  
 To sink away in accents of farewell,  
 Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow  
 Surely my parted spirit yet might know,  
 If love be strong as death!

## III.

Now fair thou art,  
 Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!  
 Yet all the vision that within me wrought,  
 I cannot make thee. Oh! I might have given  
 Birth to creations of far nobler thought;  
 I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,  
 Things not of such as die! But I have been  
 Too much alone! A heart whereon to lean,  
 With all these deep affections that o'erflow  
 My aching soul, and find no shore below;  
 An eye to be my star; a voice to bring  
 Hope o'er my path like sounds that breathe of spring:  
 These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain.  
 Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain  
 Are ever but as some wild fitful song,  
 Rising triumphantly, to die ere long  
 In dirge-like echoes.

## IV.

Yet the world will see  
 Little of this, my parting work! in thee.  
 Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give the reed  
 From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine  
 Something round which its tendrils may entwine—  
 Give the parched flower a raindrop, and the meed  
 Of love's kind words to woman! Worthless fame!  
 That in *his* bosom wins not for my name  
 The abiding place it asks: Yet how my heart,  
 In its own fairy world of song and art,  
 Once beat for praise! Are those high longings o'er?  
 That which I have been can I be no more?

Never ! oh, never more ! though still thy sky  
 Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !  
 And though the music, whose rich breathings fill  
 Thin air with soul, be wandering past me still ;  
 And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams  
 Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet-dreams,  
 Never ! oh, never more ! Where'er I move,  
 The shadow of this broken-hearted love  
 Is on me and around ! Too well *they* know  
     Whose life is all within, too soon and well,  
 When there the blight hath settled ! But I go  
     Under the silent wings of peace to dwell ;  
 From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,  
 The inward burning of those words—" *in vain,*"  
 Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past  
 Sunshine and song, and bright Italian heaven,  
 And thou, oh ! thou, on whom my spirit cast  
 Unvalued wealth—who knowest not what was given  
 In that devotedness--the sad, and deep,  
 And unrepaid—farewell ! If I could weep  
 Once, only once, beloved one ! on thy breast  
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest !  
 But that were happiness !—and unto me  
 Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be  
 So richly blessed ! With thee to watch the sky,  
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh ;  
 With thee to listen, while the tones of song  
 Swept even as part of our sweet air along—  
 To listen silently ; with thee to gaze  
 On forms, the deified of olden days—  
 This had been joy enough ; and hour by hour,  
 From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,  
 How had my spirit soared, and made its fame  
     A glory for thy brow ! Dreams, dreams !—the fire  
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—  
     As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre  
 When its full chords are hushed—awhile to live,  
 And one day haply in thy heart revive  
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with a sound,  
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound ;  
 I leave it, on my country's air to dwell—  
 Say proudly yet—" 'Twas hers who loved me well !"



## GERTRUDE ; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused—though it is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart ; or, Fidelity unto Death.*]

“ Dark lowers our fate,  
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us ;  
But nothing, till that latest agony  
Which severs thee from nature shall unloose  
This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,  
In the terrific face of armed law,  
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,  
I never will forsake thee.”—JOANNA BAILLIE

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,  
The breeze threw back her hair ;  
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—  
All that she loved was there.  
The night was round her clear and cold,  
The holy heaven above,  
Its pale stars watching to behold  
The might of earthly love.

“ And bid me not depart,” she cried ;  
“ My Rudolph, say not so !  
This is no time to quit thy side—  
Peace ! peace ! I cannot go.  
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,  
When death is on thy brow ?  
The world ! what means it ? *Mine is here—*  
I will not leave thee now.

“ I have been with thee in thine hour  
Of glory and of bliss ;  
Doubt not its memory's living power  
To strengthen me through *this* !  
And thou, mine honoured love and true,  
Bear on, bear nobly on !  
We have the blessed Heaven in view,  
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow  
From woman's breaking heart ?  
Through all that night of bitterest woe  
She bore her lofty part ;  
But oh ! with such a glazing eye,  
With such a curdling cheek—  
Love, Love ! of mortal agony  
Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak !

The wind rose high—but with it rose  
Her voice, that he might hear :—  
Perchance that dark hour brought repose  
To happy bosoms near ;

While she sat striving with despair  
Beside his tortured form,  
And pouring her deep soul in prayer  
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow  
With her pale hands and soft,  
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low  
Had stilled his heart so oft.  
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,  
She bathed his lips with dew,  
And on his cheek such kisses pressed  
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,  
Enduring to the last !  
She had her meed—one smile in death—  
And his worn spirit passed !  
While even as o'er a martyr's grave  
She knelt on that sad spot,  
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave  
Strength to forsake it not !

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I M E L D A.

" Sometimes  
The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,  
And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda."—*Italy, a Poem.*  
" Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma."—Tasso.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,  
Amidst the fallen pillars: this hath been  
Some Naïad's fane of old. How brightly clear,  
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,  
Up through the shadowy grass the fountain wells,  
And music with it, gushing from beneath  
The ivied altar ! That sweet murmur tells  
The rich wild flowers no tale of woe or death ;  
Yet once the wave was darkened, and a stain  
Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—  
On the dim violets by its marble bed,  
And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met  
One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,  
Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,  
And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring  
All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair,  
With the blue heaven of Italy above,  
And citron-odours dying on the air,  
And light leaves trembling round, and early love  
Deep in each breast. What recked *their* souls of strife  
Between their fathers ! Unto them young life  
Spread out the treasures of its vernal years ;  
And if they wept, they wept far other tears  
Than the cold world brings forth. They stood that hour  
Speaking of hope ; while tree, and fount, and flower,

And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,  
Seemed holy things, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread  
Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew  
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled  
Up where the cedars make yon avenue  
Dim with green twilight : pausing there, she caught—  
Was it the clash of swords? A swift dark thought  
Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it passed,  
And from her eye the sunny sparkle took  
One moment with its fearfulness, and shook  
Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast  
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,  
She stilled her heart to listen—all was o'er ;  
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,  
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song—  
Lovely it floated through the festive throng  
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night  
Her eye looked starry in its dazzling light,  
And her cheek glowed with beauty's flushing dyes,  
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies—  
A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze  
Followed her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,  
And marvelled at its radiance. But a few  
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue  
With something of dim fear ; and in that glance  
Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,  
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,  
Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,  
Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this were, the time  
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime  
Alike : and when the banquet's hall was left  
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft ;  
When trembling stars looked silvery in their wane,  
And heavy flowers yet slumbered, once again  
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,  
Through the dim cedar shade—the step of one  
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,  
Of one that panted with some secret dread.  
What did Imelda there? She sought the scene  
Where love so late with youth and hope had been.  
Bodings were on her soul ; a shuddering thrill  
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill  
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low :  
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—  
Her voice is music lost ! The fountain-side  
She gained—the wave flashed forth—'twas darkly dyed  
Even as from warrior's hearts ; and on its edge,  
Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,  
There lay, as lulled by stream and rustling sedge,  
A youth, a graceful youth. " Oh ! dost thou sleep?  
Azzo !" she cried, " my Azzo ! is this rest ?"  
But then her low tones faltered :—" On thy breast  
Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood ! And that cold cheek—  
That moveless lip :—thou dost not slumber?—speak,

## RECORDS OF WOMAN.

Speak, Azzo, my beloved ! No sound—no breath—  
 What hath come thus between our spirits ? Death !  
 Death?—I but dream—I dream !” And there she stood,  
 A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,  
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,  
 Her form sustained by that dark stem aloie,  
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,  
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold ;  
 When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a gleam—  
 ’Twas where a sword lay shivered by the stream—  
 Her brother’s sword !—she knew it ; and she knew  
 ’Twas with a venom’d point that weapon slew !  
 Woe for young love ! But love is strong. There came  
 Strength upon woman’s fragile heart and frame ;  
 There came swift courage ! On the dewy ground  
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round  
 Like a long silken stole ; she knelt, and pressed  
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo’s breast,  
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight !  
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night !  
 —So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing

Through the green forests of the Apennines,  
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,  
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines.  
 What found that dayspring *here* ? Two fair forms laid  
 Like sculptured sleepers ; from the myrtle shade  
 Casting a gleam of beauty o’er the wave,  
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave  
 Could it be so indeed ? That radiant girl,  
 Decked as for bridal hours !—long braids of pearl  
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,  
 As tears might shine, with melancholy light ;  
 And there was gold her slender waist entwining ;  
 And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright !  
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,  
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.  
 But she died first !—the violet’s hue had spread  
 O’er her sweet eyelids with repose oppressed ;  
 She had bowed heavily her gentle head,  
 And on the youth’s hushed bosom sunk to rest.  
 So slept they well !—the poison’s work was done ;  
 Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.



## EDITH.

## A TALK OF THE WOODS.

“ Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück !  
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.”—WALLENSTEIN.

THE woods—oh ! solemn are the boundless woods  
 Of the great western world when day declines,  
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,  
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines



When dimness gathers on the stilly air,  
 And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,  
 Awful it is for human heart to bear  
 The might and burden of the solitude !  
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate  
 One young and fair ; and oh ! how desolate !  
 But undismayed—while sank the crimson light,  
 And the high cedars darkened with the night.  
 Alone she sate ; though many lay around,  
 They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,  
 Were severed from her need and from her woe,  
 Far as death severs life. O'er that wild spot  
 Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,  
 And left them, with the history of their lot,  
 Unto the forest oaks—a fearful scene  
 For her whose home of other days had been  
 'Midst the fair halls of England ! But the love  
 Which filled her soul was strong to cast out fear ;  
 And by its might upborne all else above,  
 She shrank not—marked not that the dead were near.  
 Of him alone she thought, whose languid head  
 Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell ;  
 Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,  
 While heavily she felt his life-blood well  
 Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound  
 With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound—  
 Yet hoped, still hoped ! Oh ! from such hope how long  
 Affection woos the whispers that deceive,  
 Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong !  
 And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe  
 The blow indeed can fall. So bowed she there  
 Over the dying, while unconscious prayer  
 Filled all her soul. Now poured the moonlight down,  
 Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,  
 And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,  
 Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,  
 Whereby she caught its changes. To her eye,  
 The eye that faded looked through gathering haze,  
 Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,  
 Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,  
 When voice was not ; that fond, sad meaning passed—  
 She knew the fulness of her woe at last !  
 One shriek the forests heard—and mute she lay  
 And cold, yet clasping still the precious clay  
 To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death !  
 Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,  
 Many and sad !—but airs of heavenly breath  
 Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth  
 Is far apart.

Now light of richer hue  
 Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew ;  
 The pines grew red with morning ; fresh winds played ;  
 Bright-coloured birds with splendour crossed the shade,  
 Flitting on flower-like wings ; glad murmurs broke  
 From reed, and spray, and leaf—the living strings  
 Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke  
 Into young life and joy all happy things.

And she, too, woke from that long dreamless trance,  
 The widowed Edith : fearfully her glance  
 Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,  
 And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change  
 Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept  
 The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept ;  
 Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread  
 Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,  
 Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,  
 With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now.  
 Where was she ? 'Midst the people of the wild,  
 By the red hunter's fire : an aged chief,  
 Whose home looked sad—for therein played no child—  
 Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,  
 To that lone cabin of the woods ; and there,  
 Won by a form so desolately fair,  
 Or touched with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,  
 O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung ;  
 While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,  
 The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,  
 Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,  
 And leaning on his bow.

And life returned,

Life, but with all its memories of the dead,  
 To Edith's heart ; and well the sufferer learned  
 Her task of meek endurance—well she wore  
 The chastened grief that humbly can adore  
 'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,  
 Even as a breath of spring's awakening air,  
 Her presence was ; or as a sweet wild tune  
 Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon  
 Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen  
 A daughter to the land of spirits go ;  
 And ever from that time her fading mien,  
 And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,  
 Had haunted their dim years : but Edith's face  
 Now looked in holy sweetness from her place,  
 And they again seemed parents. Oh ! the joy,  
 The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,  
 Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth  
 The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth  
 Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,  
 On something all its own ! that kindly glow,  
 Which to shut inward is consuming pain,  
 Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,  
 When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle care  
 The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs  
 Who loved her thus. Her spirit dwelt the while  
 With the departed, and her patient smile  
 Spoke of farewells to earth ; yet still she prayed  
 E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid  
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace  
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place  
 Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew  
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,  
 Which warned her hence.

And now, by many a word

Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred-

By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,  
 Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and dim—  
 By the persuasion of her fervent eye,  
 All eloquent with childlike piety—  
 By the still beauty of her life she strove  
 To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love  
 Poured out on her so freely. Nor in vain  
 Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain  
 The soul in gentle bonds ; by slow degrees  
 Light followed on, as when a summer breeze  
 Parts the deep masses of the forest shade,  
 And lets the sunbeam through. Her voice was made  
 Even such a breeze ; and she, a lowly guide,  
 By faith and sorrow raised and purified,  
 So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,  
 Until their prayers were one. When morning spread  
 O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow  
 Touched into golden bronze the cypress bough,  
 And when the quiet of the Sabbath time  
 Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime  
 Wakened the wilderness, their prayers were one.  
 Now might she pass in hope—her work was done !  
 And she *was* passing from the woods away—  
 The broken flower of England might not stay  
 Amidst those alien shades. Her eye was bright  
 Even yet with something of a starry light,  
 But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek  
 Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,  
 A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh  
 Of autumn through the forests had gone by,  
 And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone  
 Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,  
 Flushing the air ; and winter's blast had been  
 Amidst the pines ; and now a softer green  
 Fringed their dark boughs : for spring again had come,  
 The sunny spring ! but Edith to her home  
 Was journeying fast. Alas ! we think it sad  
 To part with life when all the earth looks glad  
 In her young lovely things—when voices break  
 Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake :  
 Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime  
 Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,  
 If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,  
 Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs ?  
 So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,  
 And sounds and odours, with the breezes' play,  
 Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin door,  
 Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore.  
 Then with a look where all her hope awoke,  
 " My father !"—to the grey-haired chief she spoke—  
 " Knowest thou that I depart ?" " I know, I know,"  
 He answered mournfully, " that thou must go  
 To thy beloved, my daughter !" " Sorrow not  
 For me, kind mother !" with meek smiles once more  
 She murmured in low tones : " one happy lot  
 Awaits us, friends ! upon the better shore ;  
 For we have prayed together in one trust,  
 And lifted our frail spirits from the dust

## RECORDS OF WOMAN.

To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,  
 Under the cedar shade : where he is gone,  
 Thither I go. There will my sisters be,  
 And the dead parents, lisp'ing at whose knee  
 My childhood's prayer was learned—the Saviour's prayer  
 Which now ye know—and I shall meet you there.  
 Father and gentle mother ! ye have bound  
 The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found  
 By Mercy's children." From the matron's eye  
 Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply.  
 But Edith felt them not ; for now a sleep  
 Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,  
 Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,  
 And mantling up his stately head in woe,  
 " Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,  
 In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled.

" Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,  
 And the hunter's hearth away :  
 For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,  
 Daughter ! thou canst not stay.

" Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,  
 Where the skies are ever clear :  
 The corn-month's golden hours will come,  
 But they shall not find thee here.

" And we shall miss thy voice, my bird !  
 Under our whispering pine ;  
 Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,  
 But not a song like thine.

" A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,  
 Telling of winter gone,  
 Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still  
 A farewell in its tone.

' But thou, my bright one ! thou shalt be  
 Where farewell sounds are o'er ;  
 I'hou, in the eyes thou lovest, shalt see  
 No fear of parting more.

" The mossy grave thy tears have wet,  
 And the wind's wild moanings by,  
 Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,  
 'Midst flowers—not such as die.

" The shadow from thy brow shall melt  
 The sorrow from thy strain,  
 But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt  
 Our heart shall thirst in vain.

" Dim will our cabin be, and lone,  
 When thou, its light, art fled ;  
 Yet hath thy step the pathway shown  
 Unto the happy dead.

" And we will follow thee, our guide !  
 And join that shining band :



Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—  
Go to the better land !”

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath :  
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

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THE INDIAN CITY.

“What deep wounds ever closed without a sear ?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it.”—*Childe Harold*.

I.

ROYAL in splendour went down the day  
On the plain where an Indian city lay,  
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,  
Red, as if fused in the burning sky ;  
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made  
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,  
Till the pillared vaults of the banian stood  
Like torch-lit aisles 'midst the solemn wood ;  
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,  
As a tree 'midst the genii gardens old,  
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,  
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.  
Many a white pagoda's gleam  
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,  
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,  
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,  
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed  
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.  
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,  
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,  
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,  
Down marble steps, to the tanks below ;  
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,  
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred,  
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,  
Told where the Bramin bowed in prayer.  
—There wandered a noble Moslem boy  
Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy ;  
He gazed where the stately city rose,  
Like a pageant of clouds, in its red repose ;  
He turned where birds through the gorgeous gloom  
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume ;  
He tracked the brink of the shining lake,  
By the tall canes feathered in tuft and brake ;  
Till the path he chose, in its mazes, wound  
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined  
In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,  
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,  
Far down through its dark still purity.  
The flood beyond, to the fiery west,  
Spread out like a metal mirror's breast :

## RECORDS OF WOMAN.

But that lone bay in its dimness deep,  
Seemed made for the swimmer's joyous leap,  
For the stag athirst from the noontide's chase,  
For all free things of the wild wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,  
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye;  
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,  
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave;  
Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,  
O'er the glossy leaves in its young delight,  
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—  
Alas! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother looked from her tent the while,  
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile:  
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,  
Had stayed the march of her pilgrim train,  
Calmly to linger a few brief hours  
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers;  
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,  
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

## II.

The moon rose clear in the splendour given  
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven;  
The boy from the high-arched woods came back--  
Oh! what had he met in his lonely track?  
The serpent's glance through the long reeds bright:  
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might?  
No! yet as one by a conflict worn,  
With his graceful hair all soiled and torn,  
And a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye,  
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die!  
He looked for the face to his young heart sweet,  
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

“Speak to me! whence does the swift blood run:  
What hath befallen thee, my child, my son?”  
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,  
But his voice just lingered to breathe the tale,  
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,  
And wounds from the children of Brahma borne.  
This was the doon for a Moslem found  
With a foot profane on their holy ground—  
This was for sullyng the pure waves, free  
Unto them alone—'twas their god's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—  
The mother shrieked not then nor shook:  
Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,  
Rending her mantle to stanch its flood;  
But it rushed like a river which none may stay,  
Bearing a flower to the deep away.  
That which our love to the earth would chain,  
Fearfully striving with heaven in vain—  
That which fades from us while yet we hold,  
Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal mould.

Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;  
 One moment—the soul from the face had passed !  
 Are there no words for that common woe ?  
 Ask of the thousands its depth that know !  
 The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,  
 Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;  
 He had stood, when she sorrowed, beside her knee,  
 Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;  
 He had kissed from her cheek the widow's tears,  
 With the loving lip of his infant years :  
 He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring day—  
 Now in his blood on the earth he lay !  
*Murdered!* Alas ! and we love so well  
 In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bowed down mutely o'er her dead—  
 They that stood round her watched in dread ;  
 They watched—she knew not they were by—  
 Her soul sat veiled in its agony.  
 On the silent lips she pressed no kiss—  
 Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this :  
 She shed no tear, as her face bent low  
 O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;  
 She looked but into the half-shut eye  
 With a gaze that found there no reply,  
 And, shrieking, mantled her head from sight,  
 And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might.

And what deep change, what work of power,  
 Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?  
 How rose the lonely one ? She rose  
 Like a prophetess from dark repose !  
 And proudly flung from her face the veil,  
 And shook the hair from her forehead pale,  
 And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,  
 With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood—  
 Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky  
 A brow in its regal passion high,  
 With a close and rigid grasp she pressed  
 The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast,  
 And said—"Not yet, not yet I weep,  
 Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep !  
 Not till yon city, in ruins rent,  
 Be piled for its victim's monument.  
 Cover his dust ! bear it on before !  
 It shall visit those temple gates once more."

And away in the train of the dead she turned,  
 The strength of her step was the heart that burned ;  
 And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,  
 As the mother passed with her slaughtered child.

## III.

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's horn  
 Through the woods round the Indian city borne,  
 A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—  
 War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !

The Bramin looked from the leaguered towers—  
 He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;  
 And the lake that flashed through the plantain shade,  
 As the light of the lances along it played ;  
 And the canes that shook as if winds were high,  
 When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;  
 And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,  
 Wide round the sheltering banian-tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—  
 That was the place of a wounded heart.  
 Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and strong  
 A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;  
 And full of death as a hot wind's blight,  
 Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had passed,  
 And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.  
 There had been words from her pale lips poured,  
 Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.  
 The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,  
 And the dark chief of Araby grasped his spear,  
 Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,  
 And a vow was recorded that doomed its fall.  
 Back with the dust of her son she came,  
 When her voice had kindled that lightning flame ;  
 She came in the might of a queenly foe,  
 Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;  
 But a deeper power on her forehead sate—  
*There* sought the warrior his star of fate :  
 Her eye's wild flash through the tented line  
 Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,  
 And the faintest tone from her lip was caught  
 As a sybil's breath of prophetic thought.  
 —Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of grief,  
 That lights up vengeance to find relief,  
 Transient and faithless ! it cannot fill  
 So the deep void of the heart, nor still  
 The yearning left by a broken tie,  
 That haunted fever of which we die !

Sickening she turned from her sad renown,  
 As a king in death might reject his crown.  
 Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—  
*She* withered faster from day to day ;  
 All the proud sounds of that bannered plain,  
 To stay the flight of her soul were vain ;  
 Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn  
 The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,  
 Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come  
 For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,  
 As on that eve when the fair boy died :  
 She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell  
 O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell ;  
 She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,  
 Had an echo of feelings that long seemed flown.



She murmured a low, sweet cradle-song,  
 Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng—  
 A song of the time when her boy's young cheek  
 Had glowed on her breast in its slumber meek.  
 But something which breathed from that mournful strain  
 Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again ;  
 And starting, as if from a dream, she cried—  
 " Give him proud burial at my side !  
 There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,  
 When the temples are fallen, make there our grave."  
 And the temples fell, though the spirit passed,  
 That stayed not for victory's voice at last ;  
 When the day was won for the martyr dead,  
 For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquished the Tartar steed  
 Bore in the avenger with foaming speed ;  
 Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,  
 And the streams glowed red, as from warrior veins ;  
 And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,  
 Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,  
 Till a city of ruin begirt the shade  
 Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.  
 Palace and tower on that plain were left,  
 Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft ;  
 The wild vine mantled the stately square,  
 The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,  
 And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—  
 This was the work of one deep heart wrung !

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### THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE.

—" There is but one place in the world—  
 Thither, where he lies buried !

\* \* \* \* \*

There, there is all that still remains of him ;  
 That single spot is the whole earth to me."

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

" Alas ! our young affections run to waste  
 Or water but the desert."—*Childe Harold*.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,  
 A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light  
 Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown  
 From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,  
 Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,  
 Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread  
 In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,  
 As chieftains passed ; and solemnly the swell  
 Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river  
 Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,  
 Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,  
 Wore man's mute anguish sternly ;—but of one,  
 Oh, who shall speak ? What words *his* brow unveil ?  
 A father following to the grave his son !—  
 That is no grief to picture ! Sad and slow,  
 ' Through the wood-shadows, moved the knightly train,

With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low—  
 Fair even when found amidst the bloody slain,  
 Stretched by its broken lance. They reached the lone  
 Baronial chapel, where the forest-gloom  
 Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown  
 Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.  
 Stately they trode the hollow-ringing aisle,  
 A strange deep echo shuddered through the pile,  
 Till crested heads at last in silence bent  
 Round the De Coucis' antique monument,  
 When dust to dust was given :—and Aymer slept  
 Beneath the drooping banners of his line,  
 Whose brodered folds the Syrian wind had swept  
 Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine.  
 So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave  
 Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave ;  
 And the pale image of a youth, arrayed  
 As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid  
 In slumber on his shield. Then all was done—  
 And still around the dead. His name was heard  
 Perchance when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred  
 By some old song, or tale of battle won  
 Told round the hearth. But in his father's breast  
 Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed  
 On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye  
 There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ;  
 And with the brethren of his fields, the feast  
 Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased  
 Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide  
 Bears back affection from the grave's dark side ;  
 Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's void place  
 Filled up so soon !—so like a summer cloud,  
 All that we loved to pass and leave no trace !—  
 He lay forgotten in his early shroud.  
 Forgotten ?—not of all ! The sunny smile  
 Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,  
 And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw  
 A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew  
 From the bright brow ; and all the sweetness lying  
 Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,  
 And all the music with that young voice dying,  
 Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap  
 As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived  
 Still in one breast, whose silent love survived  
 The poms of kindred sorrow. Day by day,  
 On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,  
 Through the dim fane soft summer odours breathing,  
 And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,  
 And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing  
 In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing  
 Through storied windows down. The violet there  
 Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly ;  
 And the rose image all things fleet and fair ;  
 And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,  
 Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,  
 As for an altar, wove the radiant band ?  
 Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,  
 That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,

To blush through every season? Blight and chill  
 Might touch the changing woods; but duly still  
 For years those gorgeous coronals renewed,  
 And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,  
 Even through mid-winter, filled the solitude  
 With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm.  
 Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring  
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring  
 In lone devotedness!

One spring morn rose,  
 And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—  
 Oh! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose  
 From the fierce noon—a dark-haired peasant maid.  
 Who could reveal her story? That still face  
 Had once been fair; for on the clear arched brow  
 And the curved lip there lingered yet such grace  
 As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low  
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—  
 For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.  
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair  
 Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.  
 Whence came that early blight? *Her* kindred's place  
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race;  
 Yet there her shrine had been! She grasped a wreath—  
 The tomb's last garland!—This was love in death.

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### INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG.

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's "Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River."]

"Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air."—*Bride of Messina*, translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

"Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."—*The Prairie*.

DOWN a broad river of the western wilds,  
 Piercing thick forest-glooms, a light canoe  
 Swept with the current: fearful was the speed  
 Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing  
 Born leaf-like on to where the mist of spray  
 Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,  
 Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,  
 Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,  
 A woman stood! Upon her Indian brow  
 Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved  
 As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,  
 In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,  
 And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile  
 Above the sound of waters, high and clear,  
 Wafting a wild proud strain—a song of death.

"ROLL swiftly to the spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free!  
 Father of ancient waters, roll! and bear our lives with thee!  
 The weary bird that storms have tossed would seek the sunshine's calm,  
 And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of balm.

- " Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath looked upon another's face,  
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace;  
My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,  
He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter yet, thou stream !
- " The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within *his* breast,  
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest ;  
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone—  
I cannot live without that light. Father of waves ! roll on !
- " Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase ?  
The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place ?  
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and decked his couch of yore ? —  
He will not ! Roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore !
- " Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,  
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe ;  
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away  
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.
- " And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, for woman's weary lot,  
Smile !—to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I leave thee not ;  
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away—  
Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn ! from sorrow and decay.
- " She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are heard to weep,  
And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep ;  
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a dream :  
One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark rolling stream !"

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### JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.

[“ Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe : Jacques d'Arc, son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées ; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnée, elle se vit pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux.”—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

“ Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earth-born frame  
Above mortality :  
Away ! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring !”

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,  
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled  
Forth from her thronged cathedral ; while around,  
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,  
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate  
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.  
And what was done within ? Within, the light,  
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,  
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—  
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing  
In martial vassalage ! While 'midst that ring,  
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king  
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn  
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day



With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,  
 As through long aisles it floated o'er the array  
 Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone  
 And unapproached, beside the altar stone,  
 With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,  
 And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming,  
 Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,  
 And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,  
 Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,  
 Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek  
 And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,  
 Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace  
 On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,  
 The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,  
 Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!  
 Was that the leader through the battle storm?  
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye  
 Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?  
 'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,  
 Joanne, the lovely dreamer of the wild!  
 Never before, and never since that hour,  
 Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,  
 Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,  
 Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,  
 And, beautiful with joy and with renown,  
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,  
 Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,  
 And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,  
 And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun  
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,  
 Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,  
 A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,  
 Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,  
 And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:  
 Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,  
 The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer  
 Man gives to glory on her high career!  
 Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells  
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells  
 Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that filled  
 The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled  
 One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,  
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,  
 Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!"—Who spoke  
 Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew  
 Under one roof? "Joanne!"—*that* murmur broke  
 With sounds of weeping forth! She turned—she knew  
 Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,  
 In the calm beauty of his silver hair,  
 The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy,  
 From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,  
 The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—  
 "Father! and ye, my brothers!" On the breast  
 Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,  
 Even in an instant, to their native track

Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,  
 The plumes, the banners : to her cabin-door,  
 And to the Fairy's Fountain in the glade,  
 Where her young sisters by her side had played,  
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose  
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,  
 Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung  
 In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt  
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,  
 Was in her heart ; a music heard and felt,  
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound  
 The helm of many battles from her head,  
 And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,  
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said—  
 " Bless me, my father ! bless me ! and with thee,  
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree,  
 Let me return !"

Oh ! never did thine eye  
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy  
 Wander again, Joanne ! Too much of fame  
 Hath shed its radiance on thy peasant name ;  
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—  
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise  
 Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow  
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

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### PAULINE.

" To die for what we love ! Oh ! there is power  
 In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this* :  
 It is to *live* without the vanished light  
 That strength is needed."

" Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno  
 Della vita mortal il fiore e' il verde."—TASSO.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music swelling,  
 Till the air thrilled with its exulting mirth ;  
 Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling  
 For cares of stricken hearts were found on earth ;  
 And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,  
 A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,  
 Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,  
 And from the painted walls a stream of light  
 On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung ;  
 But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride  
 Was one—the lady from the Danube side.

Pauline, the meekly bright ! though now no more  
 Her clear eye flashed with youth's all-tameless glee,  
 Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,  
 There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;  
 A charm with graver, tenderer, sweetness fraught—  
 The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,  
 And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky

Sat on her brow beneath its graceful hair,  
 As her young daughter in the dance went by,  
 With the fleet step of one that yet hath known  
 Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her breast ?  
 Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh ?  
 Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest  
 'Midst the light laughter of festivity.  
 Whence come those tones ? Alas ! enough we know  
 To mingle fear with all triumphal show !

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying  
 In fairy rings around the echoing hall ?  
 Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,  
 Glad pulses beating unto music's call ?  
 Silence !—the minstrels pause—and hark ! a sound,  
 A strange quick rustling which their notes had drowned !

And lo ! a light upon the dancers breaking—  
 Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed !  
 From the gay dream of revelry awaking,  
 One moment holds them still in breathless dread.  
 The wild fierce lustre grows : then bursts a cry—  
*Fire !* through the hall and round it gathering—fly !

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,  
 To the green coverts of the garden bowers—  
 A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,  
 Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers  
 While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven  
 Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she—Pauline ? the hurrying throng  
 Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast  
 Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along—  
 Till now the threshold of that death is past,  
 And free she stands beneath the starry skies,  
 Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

" Bertha ! where art thou ? Speak ! oh, speak, my own !"  
 Alas ! unconscious of her pangs the while,  
 The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,  
 Powerless had sunk within the blazing pile ;  
 A young bright form, decked gloriously for death,  
 With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath

But oh ! thy strength, deep love ! There is no power  
 To stay the mother from that rolling grave,  
 Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,  
 And forth like banners from each lattice wave :  
 Back, back she rushes through a host combined—  
 Mighty is anguish, with affection twined !

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar  
 Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise ?  
 None !—Courage there stood still—and never more  
 Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes !  
 Was one bright meeting theirs, one wild farewell ?  
 And died *they* heart to heart ?—Oh ! who can tell ?

## RECORDS OF WOMAN.

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke  
 On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades ;  
 Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke  
 And lonely stood its marble colonnades :  
 But yester eve their shafts with wreaths were bound,  
 Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace  
 Of all that woman's heart had dared and done ?  
 Yes ! there were gems to mark its mortal place,  
 That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone !  
 Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,  
 Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and the true  
 Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,  
 Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,  
 To deep lone chastened thoughts of grief and love.  
 Oh ! we have need of patient faith below,  
 To clear away the mysteries of such woe !

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J U A N A.

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress ; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

“ It is but dust thou lookst upon. This love,  
 This wild and passionate idolatry,  
 What doth it in the shadow of the grave ?  
 Gather it back within thy lonely heart,  
 So must it ever end : too much we give  
 Unto the things that perish.”

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,  
 And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,  
 And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,  
 Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,  
 Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free :  
 No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,  
 Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold slumberer's side,  
 On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride ;  
 Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,  
 A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows of a cloud,  
 Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer spoke aloud ;  
 She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried, “ Thou yet wilt wake,  
 And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one ! for thy sake.

“ They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be ;  
 Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death for *thee* ?  
 They would have wrapped the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,  
 But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crowned !



- " With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,  
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death?  
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,  
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed and strong.
- " I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair like thee,  
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee !  
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek—  
Oh ! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.
- " But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord ! and hear'st how I have kept  
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept—  
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have past—  
Surely that humble patient love *must* win back love at last !
- " And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,  
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile !  
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine—  
Oh ! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance of thine !
- " Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest from the chase—  
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face !  
Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless ;  
In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love shall give me loveliness.
- " But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice  
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy voice.  
Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,  
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by day,  
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,  
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,  
Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,  
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,  
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—  
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

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#### THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

" A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,  
Woman !—a power to suffer and to love ;  
Therefore thou so canst pity."

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum  
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—  
" Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come"—  
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.  
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,  
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,  
Like a king's son ; though from his cheek had flown  
The mantling crimson of the island blood,  
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright  
And high around him blazed the fires of night,  
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,  
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow

Lighting the victim's face : but who could tell  
 Of what within his secret heart befell,  
 Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought  
 Of his far home then so intensely wrought,  
 That its full image, pictured to his eye  
 On the dark ground of mortal agony,  
 Rose clear as day!—and he might see the band  
 Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,  
 Where the laburnums drooped; or haply binding  
 The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding;  
 Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,  
 Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,  
 Where sat their mother; and that mother's face  
 Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place  
 Where so it ever smiled! Perchance the prayer  
 Learned at her knee came back on his despair;  
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone  
 Of her " *Good-night*" might breathe from boyhood gone.  
 —He started and looked up: thick cypress boughs,  
 Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red  
 In the broad stormy firelight; savage brows,  
 With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,  
 Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars  
 Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,  
 Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—  
 Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom  
 That happy hall in England! Idle fear!  
 Would the winds tell it? Who might dream or hear  
 The secret of the forests? To the stake  
 They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove  
 His father's spirit in his breast to wake,  
 Trusting to die in silence! He, the love  
 Of many hearts!—the fondly reared—the fair,  
 Gladdening all eyes to see! And fettered there  
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand  
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.  
 He thought upon his God. Hush! hark! a cry  
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—  
 A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude  
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?  
 A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child  
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,  
 Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,  
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower;  
 Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,  
 For *hers* had mourned a playmate-brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,  
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;  
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,  
 Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid  
 His bright head on her bosom, and around  
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound  
 Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye,  
 And clear-toned voice, that said, "He shall not die!  
 "He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrilled  
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell

On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled,  
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.  
 They gazed : their dark souls bowed before the maid,  
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade !  
 And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,  
 As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,  
 Something o'ermastered them from that young mien--  
 Something of heaven in silence felt and seen ;  
 And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token  
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath ;  
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;  
 They quenched the brand beneath the cypress-tree :  
 " Away ! " they cried, " young stranger, thou art free ! "

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### COSTANZA.

" Art thou then desolate ?  
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken ? Come to me !  
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false ?  
 Flatterers deceived thee ? Wanderer, come to me !  
 Why didst thou ever leave me ? Knowest thou all  
 I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,  
 For thy sake ? Knowest thou that thy voice hath power  
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness  
 By one kind tone ?—to fill mine eyes with tears  
 Of yearning love ? And thou—oh ! thou didst throw  
 That crushed affection back upon my heart ;  
 Yet come to me !—it died not."

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell  
 Through the stained window of her lonely cell,  
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow,  
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,  
 While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw  
 Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—  
 Seemed all a vision's mist of glory, spread  
 By painting's touch around some holy head,  
 Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye  
 Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,  
 What solemn fervour lived ! And yet what woe,  
 Lay like some buried thing, still seen below  
 The glassy tide ! Oh ! he that could reveal  
 What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,  
 Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,  
 And wasted love and vainly bitter tears !  
 But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,  
 And of the gentle saint no more was known  
 Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made  
 A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,  
 Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn  
 Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,  
 And ancient solitude ; where hidden streams  
 Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams—  
 Music for weary hearts ! 'Midst leaves and flowers  
 She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,  
 All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread  
 To the sick peasant on his lowly bed

Came and brought hope ! while scarce of mortal birth  
 He deemed the pale fair form that held on earth  
 Communion but with grief.

Ere long, a cell,  
 A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone  
 Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well ;  
 And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,  
 Told the Calabrian wilds that duly there  
 Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.  
 And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again  
 Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,  
 That made the cypress quiver where it stood,  
 In day's last crimson soaring from the wood  
 Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,  
 Other and wilder sounds in tumult met  
 The floating song. Strange sounds !—the trumpet's peal,  
 Made hollow by the rocks—the clash of steel ;  
 The rallying war-cry. In the mountain pass  
 There had been combat ; blood was on the grass,  
 Banners had strewn the waters ; chiefs lay dying,  
 And the pine branches crashed before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,  
 Costanza's home : there entered hurrying feet  
 Dark looks of shame and sorrow—mail-clad men,  
 Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,  
 Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof, bore  
 A wounded warrior in. The rocky floor  
 Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,  
 As there they laid their leader, and implored  
 The sweet saint's prayers to heal him : then for flight,  
 Through the wide forest and the mantling night,  
 Sped breathlessly again. They passed ; but he,  
 The stateliest of a host—alas ! to see  
 What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep,  
 Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep,  
 Thus changed !—a fearful thing ! His golden cres-  
 Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his breast—  
 Some costly love-gift—rent ; but what of these ?  
 There were the clustering raven locks—the breeze,  
 As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,  
 Might scarcely lift them ; steeped in bloody showers,  
 So heavily upon the pallid clay  
 Of the damp cheek they hung. The eyes' dark ray,  
 Where was it ? And the lips—they gasped apart,  
 With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,  
 Still proudly beautiful ! but that white hue—  
 Was it not death's—that stillness—that cold dew  
 On the scarred forehead ? No ! his spirit broke  
 From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke  
 To wander in wild dreams ; and there he lay,  
 By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,  
 The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken  
 Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day by day  
 Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,  
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone ;  
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving  
 His brow with tears that mourned the strong man's raving.



He felt them not, nor marked the light veiled form  
 Still hovering nigh ! yet sometimes, when that storm  
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low  
 As a young mother's by the cradle singing,  
 Would soothe him with sweet *aves*, gently bringing  
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow  
 Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams  
 Of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams,  
 And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,  
 And gazing round him from his leafy bed,  
 He murmured forth, "Where am I? What soft strain  
 Passed like a breeze across my burning brain?  
 Back from my youth it floated, with a tone  
 Of life's first music, and a thought of one—  
 Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride,  
 Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side?  
 All lost !—and this is death !—I *cannot* die  
 Without forgiveness from that mournful eye !  
 Away ! the earth hath lost her. Was she born  
 To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?  
 My first, my holiest love !—her broken heart  
 Lies low, and I—unpardoned I depart."

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil  
 From her dark locks and features brightly pale,  
 And stood before him with a smile—oh ! ne'er  
 Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—  
 And said, "Cesario ! look on me ; I live  
 To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.  
 I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,  
 As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just !  
 I bless thee—be at peace !"

But o'er his frame  
 Too fast the strong tide rushed—the sudden shame,  
 The joy, the amaze ! He bowed his head—it fell  
 On the wronged bosom, which had loved so well ;  
 And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—  
 His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

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### MADELINE.

#### A DOMESTIC TALE.

Who should it be ?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness ?  
 When we are sick, where can we turn for succour ;  
 When we are wretched, where can we complain ;  
 And when the world looks cold and surly on us,  
 Where can we go to meet a warmer eye  
 With such sure confidence as to a mother ?"—JOANNA BAILLIE

"My child, my child, thou leavest me ! I shall hear  
 The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear  
 With its first utterance : I shall miss the sound  
 Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,  
 And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,  
 And thy 'Good-night' at parting for repose.  
 Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,  
 And the low breeze will have a mournful tone

Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,  
 My child ! and thou, along the moonlit sea,  
 With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,  
 Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,  
 Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go !  
 Love guard thee, gentlest ! and the exile's woe  
 From thy young heart be far ! And sorrow not  
 For me, sweet daughter ! in my lonely lot,  
 God shall be with me. Now, farewell ! farewell !  
 Thou that hast been what words may never tell  
 Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days  
 When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise  
 In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye  
 That still sought mine : these moments are gone by—  
 Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee dwell  
 The peace of God ! One, one more gaze : farewell !

This was a mother's parting with her child—  
 A young meek bride, on whom fair Fortune smiled,  
 And wooed her with a voice of love away  
 From childhood's home: yet there, with fond delay,  
 She lingered on the threshold, heard the note  
 Of her caged bird through trellised rose-leaves float,  
 And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,  
 Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,  
 Gushed o'er her soul, and many a vanished day,  
 As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,  
 When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,  
 With a calmed heart, young Madeline ere long  
 Poured forth her own sweet, solemn vesper-song,  
 Breathing of home. Through stillness heard afar,  
 And duly rising with the first pale star,  
 That voice was on the waters ; till at last  
 The sounding ocean solitudes were passed,  
 And the bright land was reached, the youthful world  
 That glows along the West : the sails were furled  
 In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride  
 Looked on the home that promised hearts untried  
 A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace

The map of our own paths, and long ere years  
 With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,  
 On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears !  
 That home was darkened soon : the summer breeze  
 Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas :  
 Death unto one, and anguish—how forlorn !  
 To her that, widowed in her marriage morn,  
 Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,  
 Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,  
 Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,  
 As from the sun shut out on every side  
 By the close veil of misery. Oh ! but ill,

When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart  
 Bears its first blow ! it knows not yet the part  
 Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,  
 And with submissive love to count the flowers  
 Which yet are spared, and through the future hours

To send no busy dream ! *She* had not learned  
 Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turned  
 In weariness from life. Then came the unrest,  
 The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,  
 The haunting sounds of voices far away,  
 And household steps : until at last she lay  
 On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams  
 Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams  
 In her own sunny land ; and murmuring oft  
 Familiar names, in accents wild yet soft,  
 To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught  
 Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.  
 To strangers ? Oh ! could strangers raise the head  
 Gently as *hers* was raised ? Did strangers shed  
 The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow  
 And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow ?  
 Something was there that, through the lingering night,  
 Outwatches patiently the taper's light—  
 Something that faints not through the day's distress,  
 That fears not toil, that knows not weariness—  
 Love, true and perfect love ! Whence came that power,  
 Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower ?  
 Whence ?—who can ask ? The wild delirium passed,  
 And from her eyes the spirit looked at last  
 Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew  
 The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,  
 The kind sweet smile of old !—and had *she* come,  
 Thus in life's evening from her distant home,  
 To save her child ? Even so—nor yet in vain :  
 In that young heart a light sprang up again,  
 And lovely still, with so much love to give,  
 Seemed this fair world, though faded ; still to live  
 Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast  
 That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,  
 "Sweet mother ! gentlest mother ! can it be ?"  
 The lorn one cried, "and do I look on thee ?  
 Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,  
 Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

### THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

[“This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother.”—SHERER'S *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*]

“ In sweet pride upon that insult keen  
 She smiled ; then drooping mute and broken-hearted,  
 To the cold comfort of the grave departed.”—MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows weep,  
 A temple fair and lone ;  
 Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep

From cypress branches thrown ;  
 While silently around it spread,  
 Thou feelest the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined ?

A sculptured woman's form,  
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,  
As one beyond the storm :  
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies  
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,  
The mantle's quiet flow,  
The gentle yet majestic grace  
Throned on the matron brow ;  
These, in that scene of tender gloom,  
With a still glory robe the tomb,

There stands an eagle, at the feet  
Of the fair image wrought ;  
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet  
To wake yet deeper thought :  
She whose high heart finds rest below,  
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,  
Of dying scent and hue ;  
She was a mother—in her love  
How sorrowfully true !  
Oh ! hallowed long be every leaf,  
The record of her children's grief !

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown  
Of olden glory spoiled,  
The standard of their sires borne down,  
The shield's bright blazon soiled :  
She met the tempest, meekly brave,  
Then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered : but it came—it came,  
Her land's redeeming hour,  
With the glad shout, and signal flame  
Sent on from tower to tower !  
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—  
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung  
To rouse bold hearts from sleep ;  
Her memory, as a banner flung  
Forth by the Baltic deep :  
Her grief, a bitter vial poured  
To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again  
His pinion to the sun ;  
And the strong land shook off its chain—  
So was the triumph won !  
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone  
Still blends with victory's!—*She was gone!*

### THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

[On the road-side, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription :—  
"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial  
of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of  
Cumberland, on the 2d April 1616."—See notes to the *Pleasures of Memory*.]

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales, pursued  
Each mountain scene magnificently rude,  
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered  
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke reared,  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour!"—ROGERS.

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears  
Have sanctified the place,  
Where, to the love of many years,  
Was given one last embrace—  
Oh ! ye have shrined a spell of power  
Deep in your record of that hour !

A spell to waken solemn thought—  
A still, small under tone,  
That calls back days of childhood, fraught  
With many a treasure gone ;  
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,  
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone  
Which marks your parting spot,  
Who but a mother's love hath known—  
The *one* love changing not ?

Alas ! and haply learned its worth  
First with the sound of "Earth to earth !"

But thou, high-hearted daughter ! thou,  
O'er whose bright honoured head  
Blessings and tears of holiest flow  
E'en here were fondly shed—  
Thou from the passion of thy grief,  
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh ! though painful be the excess,  
The night wherewith it swells,  
In nature's fount no bitterness  
Of nature's mingling dwells ;  
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,  
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more  
Which thy young heart first knew ?



And all—was all in this world o'er  
 With ties thus close and true?  
 It was! On earth no other eye  
 Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze  
 Where, deep within thy breast,  
 The sounds and dreams of other days  
 With memory lay at rest;  
 No other smile to thee could bring  
 A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still  
 Its lone memorial keeps,  
 While on thy name, 'midst wood and hill,  
 The quiet sunshine sleeps,

And touches, in each graven line,  
 Of reverential thought a sign:

Can I, while yet these tokens wear  
 The impress of the dead,  
 Think of the love embodied there  
 As of a vision fled?  
 A perished thing, the joy and flower  
 And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so  
 To thoughts that breathe despair!  
 A loftier faith we need below,  
 Life's farewell words to bear.  
 Mother and child!—your tears are past!—  
 Surely your hearts have met at last.

### THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.\*

"Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez  
 Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées!"

I STOOD beside thy lowly grave;  
 Spring odours breathed around,  
 And music, in the river wave,  
 Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun  
 In the bright air glanced by,  
 And a glad murmur seemed to run  
 Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough  
 That fringed the ruins near;  
 Young voices were abroad—but thou  
 Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee!  
 Thou in whose woman's mind  
 The ray that brightens earth and sea,  
 The light of song, was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,  
 With a dread curtain drawn  
 Between thee and the golden glow  
 Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom  
 Thou wouldst have loved so well,  
 To thee the sunshine round thy tomb  
 Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,  
 In their bright reckless play,

Might feel the flush and life of spring—  
 And thou wert passed away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought  
 O'er my vain sadness came;  
 The immortal spirit woke, and wrought  
 Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,  
 Thou must have looked ere now,  
 Than all that round our pathway shed  
 Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,  
 Yet beautiful is earth! [fear,  
 What see'st thou, then, where no dirt  
 No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers  
 Thou gavest; but where thou art,  
 The sway is not with changeful hours—  
 There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,  
 A voice not loud but deep  
 The glorious bowers of earth among,  
 How often didst thou weep?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground  
 Thy tender thoughts and high?—  
 Now peace the woman's heart hath found,  
 And joy the poet's eye.

\* Mrs Tighe, author of "Psyche."

1830.

## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

## A SPIRIT'S RETURN.

"This is to be a mortal,  
And seek the things beyond mortality."—*Manfred*.

THY voice prevails ; dear Friend, my gentle Friend !  
This long-shut heart for thee shall be unsealed,  
And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend  
Over the troubled stream, yet once revealed  
Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks must close  
For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky  
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;  
Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sounds  
Is mingled into harmony profound ;  
Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind  
Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,  
The trembling reeds and fountains :—Our own dell,  
With its green dimness and Æolian breath,  
Shall suit th' unvei'ing of dark records well—  
Hear me in tenderness and silent faith !

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal noon—  
I would thou hadst !—for then my heart on thine  
Had poured a worthier love ; now, all o'erworn  
By its deep thirst for something too divine,  
It hath but fitful music to bestow,  
Echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,  
As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam ;  
For me the silver cords of brotherhood  
Were early loosed ;—the voices from my home  
Passed one by one, and Melody and Mirth  
Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burned  
For the deep sympathies of mind, I turned  
From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought  
In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught,  
In every still small voice and sound of power,  
And flute-note of the wind through cave and bower,  
A perilous delight ! for then first woke  
My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest  
Of secret knowledge ; and each tone that broke,  
From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,  
Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,  
But ministered to that strange inborn fire.

'Midst the bright silence of the mountain-dells,  
 In noontide-hours or golden summer-eves,  
 My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells  
 Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves  
 Shakes out response :—O thou rich world unseen !  
 Thou curtained realm of spirits !—thus my cry  
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie  
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen  
 Shut from us ever ?—The resounding woods,  
 Do their depths teem with marvels ?—and the floods,  
 And the pure fountains, leading secret veins  
 Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,  
 Have they bright dwellers ?—are their lone domains  
 Peopled with beauty, which may never still  
*Our* weary thirst of soul ?—Cold, weak and cold.  
 Is Earth's vain language, piercing not one fold  
 Of our deep being !—Oh, for gifts more high !  
 For a seer's glance to rend mortality !  
 For a charmed rod, to call from each dark shrine,  
 The oracles divine !

I woke from those high fantasies, to know  
 My kindred with the Earth—I woke to love :—  
 Oh, gentle Friend ! to love in doubt and woe,  
 Shutting the heart the worshipped name above,  
 Is to love deeply—and *my* spirit's dower  
 Was a sad gift, a melancholy dower  
 Of so adoring ;—with a buried care,  
 And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,  
 And with a deepening dream, that day by day,  
 In the still shadow of its lonely sway,  
 Folded me closer ;—till the world held nought  
 Save the *one* Being to my centred thought.  
 There was no music but *his* voice to hear,  
 No joy but such as with *his* step drew near ;  
 Light was but where he looked—life where he moved—  
 Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.  
 Oh ! but such love is fearful !—and I knew  
 Its gathering doom. The soul's prophetic sight  
 Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw  
 O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,  
 Too sorrowfully clear ;—an under-tone  
 Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone  
 Whispering of grief.—Of grief ?—be strong, awake !  
 Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul ?  
 Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake  
 Death's fastnesses ?—a magic to control  
 Worlds far removed ?—from o'er the grave to thee  
 Love hath made answer ; and *thy* tale should be  
 Sung like a lay of triumph !—Now return,  
 And take thy treasure from its bosomed urn,  
 And lift it once to light !

In fear, in pain,  
 I said I loved—but yet a heavenly strain  
 Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,  
 A joy flashed through the trouble of my dream !  
 I knew myself beloved !—we breathed no vow,  
 No mingling visions might our fate allow,

As unto happy hearts ; but still and deep,  
 Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,  
 Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,  
 So did my soul that costly knowledge keep  
 So jealously !—a thing o'er which to shed,  
 When stars alone beheld the drooping head,  
 Lone tears ! yet oft-times burdened with the excess  
 Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But, oh ! sweet Friend ! we dream not of love's might  
 Till Death has robed with soft and solemn light  
 The image we enshrined.—Before *that* hour,  
 We have but glimpses of the o'er-mastering power  
 Within us laid !—*then* doth the spirit-flame  
 With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame ;  
 The wings of that which pants to follow fast  
 Shake their clay-bars, as with a prisoned blast,—  
 The sea is in our souls !

He died, *he* died,  
 On whom my lone devotedness was cast !  
 I might not keep one vigil by his side,  
 I, whose wrung heart watched with him to the last :  
 I might not once his fainting head sustain,  
 Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,  
 Nor say to him, " Farewell !"—He passed away—  
 Oh ! had *my* love been there, its conquering sway  
 Had won him back from death !—but thus removed,  
 Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,  
 Joined with the unknown, the viewless,—he became  
 Unto my thoughts another, yet the same—  
 Changed—hallowed—glorified !—and his low grave  
 Seemed a bright mournful altar—mine, all mine :—  
 Brother and Friend soon left me *that* sole shrine,  
 The birthright of the Faithful !—*their* world's wave  
 Soon swept them from its brink.—Oh ! deem thou not  
 That on the sad and consecrated spot  
 My soul grew weak !—I tell thee that a power  
 There kindled heart and lip ;—a fiery shower  
 My words were made ;—a might was given to prayer,  
 And a strong grasp to passionate despair,  
 And a dread triumph !—Knowest thou what I sought ?  
 For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought ?—  
 Communion with the dead !—I sent a cry,  
 Through the veiled empires of eternity,  
 A voice to cleave them ! By the mournful truth,  
 By the lost promise of my blighted youth,  
 By the strong chain a mighty love can bind  
 On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind ;  
 By words, which in themselves are magic high,  
 Armed, and inspired, and winged with agony ;  
 By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem  
 To bear the heart's blood in their passion-stream ;  
 I summoned, I adjured !—with quickened sense,  
 With the keen vigil of a life intense,  
 I watched, an answer from the winds to wring,  
 I listened, if perchance the stream might bring  
 Token from worlds afar : I taught *one* sound  
 Unto a thousand echoes ; one profound



Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky ;  
One prayer to-night,—“ Awake, appear, reply !”

Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,  
The dark way never hath allowed return ?  
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled,  
That earthly love is powerless on the dead ?  
Believe it not !—there is a large lone star,  
Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,  
And under its clear light there lies a spot,  
Which well might utter forth—Believe it not !

I sat beneath that planet,—I had wept  
My woe to stillness ; every night-wind slept ;  
A hush was on the hills ; the very streams  
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dream,  
And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,  
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower  
Whereon I gazed unconsciously :—there came  
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,  
Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,  
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air ;  
And I looked up !—Oh ! for strong words to bring  
Conviction o'er thy thought !—Before me there,  
He, the Departed, stood !—Ay, face to face—  
So near, and yet how far !—his form, his mien,  
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace  
Within :—Yet something awfully serene,  
Pure,—sculpture-like,—on the pale brow, that wore  
Of the once beating heart no token more ;  
And stillness on the lip—and o'er the hair  
A gleam, that trembled through the breathless air ;  
And an unfathomed calm, that seemed to lie  
In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye ;  
Told of the gulfs between our being set,  
And, as that unsheathed spirit-glance I met,  
Made my soul faint :—with *fear* ?—Oh ! *not* with fear !  
With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere  
*My* love could be as nothing !—But he spoke—  
How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill  
In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill  
My bosom's infinite ?—O Friend, I woke  
*Then* first to heavenly life !—Soft, solemn, clear,  
Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,  
Yet strangely seemed as if the while they rose  
From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose  
Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells  
Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells ;  
But, as they murmured on, the mortal chill  
Passed from me, like a mist before the morn,  
And, to that glorious intercourse upborne,  
By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,  
Possessed my frame :—I sought that lighted eye,—  
From its intense and searching purity  
I drank in *soul* !—I questioned of the dead—  
Of the hushed, stairy shores their footsteps tread !—  
And I was answered :—if remembrance there,  
With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air :

If Thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,  
 Be treasure in that pensive land to keep ;  
 If Love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast,  
 Find *there* the music of his home at last ;  
 I asked, and I was answered :—Full and high  
 Was that communion with eternity,  
 Too rich for aught so fleeting !—Like a knell  
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words,—“ Farewell,  
 On earth we meet no more ! ”—and all was gone—  
 The pale bright settled brow—the thrilling tone—  
 The still and shining eye !—and never more  
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore  
 That radiant guest !—One full-fraught hour of Heaven,  
 To earthly passion's wild implorings given,  
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire hath shivered  
 The fragile censer in whose mould it quivered,  
 Brightly, consumingly !—What now is left ?—  
 A faded world, of glory's hues bereft,  
 A void, a chain !—I dwell, 'midst throngs, apart,  
 In the cold silence of the stranger's heart ;  
 A fixed, immortal shadow stands between  
 My spirit and life's fast-receding scene ;  
 A gift hath severed me from human ties,  
 A power is gone from all earth's melodies,  
 Which never may return ;—their chords are broken—  
 The music of another land hath spoken,—  
 No after-sound is sweet !—this weary thirst !—  
 And I have heard celestial fountains burst !—  
 What *here* shall quench it ?

Dost thou not rejoice,  
 When the spring sends forth an awakening voice  
 Through the young woods ?—Thou dost !—And in that birth  
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,  
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness !—Couldst thou know  
 How every breeze then summons *me* to go !  
 How all the light of love and beauty shed  
 By those rich hours, but woos me to the Dead !  
 The *only* beautiful that change no more,  
 The only loved !—the dwellers on the shore  
 Of spring fulfilled !—The Dead !—*whom* call we so ?  
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know  
 Things wrapt from us !—Away !—within me pent,  
 That which is barred from its own element  
 Still droops or struggles !—But the day *will* come—  
 Over the deep the free bird finds its home,  
 And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets  
 The sea at last ; and the winged flower-seed meets  
 A soil to rest in ;—shall not *I*, too, be,  
 My spirit-love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?  
 Yes ! by the power whose conquering anguish stirred  
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,  
 Whose agony of triumph won thee back  
 Through the dim pass no mortal step may track,  
 Yet shall we meet !—that glimpse of joy divine,  
 Proved thee for ever and for ever mine !

## THE LADY OF PROVENCE.\*

‘ Courage was cast about her like a dress  
Of solemn comeliness,  
A gathered mind and an untroubled face  
Did give her dangers grace.”—DONNE.

THE war-note of the Saracen  
Was on the winds of France ;  
It had stilled the harp of the Troubadour,  
And the clash of the tourney’s lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,  
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,  
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray  
In a chapel where the mighty lay

On the old Provençal shore ;  
Many a Chatillon beneath,  
Unstirred by the ringing trumpet’s breath,  
His shroud of armour wore.

And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came  
Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,  
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale  
Of stern forms couched in their marble mail,  
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,  
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,  
As leaders in many a bold career,  
And haughty their stillness looked and high,  
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory :  
But meekly the voice of the lady rose  
Through the trophies of their proud repose ;  
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,  
Under their banners of battle she prayed ;  
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,  
Upraised to the Virgin’s portrayed above,  
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave  
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.  
And her fragile frame, at every blast,  
That full of the savage war-horn passed,  
Trembling, as trembles a bird’s quick heart,  
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—  
So knelt she in her woe ;

A weeper alone with the tearless dead—  
Oh ! they reckon not on tears o’er their quiet shed,  
Or the dust had stirred below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught its tone,  
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind’s moan ;—  
Is her lord returned with his conquering bands ?  
No ! a breathless vassal before her stands !—  
“ Hast thou been on the field ?—Art thou come from the host ? ”—  
“ From the slaughter, Lady !—All, all is lost !  
Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,  
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe.

\* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

And thy Lord," his voice took a sadder sound—  
 "Thy Lord—he is not on the bloody ground!  
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume  
 Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom."

A change o'er her mien and her spirit passed!  
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,  
 She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,  
 With a glance, as of sudden royalty:  
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,  
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,  
 And her young voice rose till the peasant shook  
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:—  
 "Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,  
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled?—  
 Away! he is lying by lance and shield,—  
 Point me the path to his battle-field!"

The shadows of the forest  
 Are about the lady now;  
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,  
 Beneath the dark pine bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,  
 There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;  
 The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,  
 Are groaning like things of troubled life;  
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by  
 With a funeral march through the gloomy sky;  
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,  
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,  
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,  
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,  
 When she reached the field of the warrior-dead:  
 There lay the noble, the valiant, low—  
 Ay! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;  
 There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head  
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;  
 Sisters were watching in many a home  
 For the fettered footstep, no more to come;  
 Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,  
 Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;  
 And the fire was heaped, and the bright wine poured,  
 For those now needing nor hearth nor board:  
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,  
 And oh! ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compressed,  
 Pale hands clasped above her *breast*,  
 Stately brow of anguish high,  
 Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye  
 Silently, o'er that red plain,  
 Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging cry,  
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh;



Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,  
 Sudden and shrill from the mountains borne ;  
 And her maidens trembled ;—but on *her* ear  
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;  
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,  
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough.  
 She searched into many an unclosed eye,  
 That looked, without soul, to the starry sky ;  
 She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,  
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay !  
 "Lead where the most hath been dared and done,  
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on !"  
 And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree  
 That waved o'er a fountain red ;  
 Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents free  
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,  
 And the scattered plumage streamed,  
 And the broken shields were tossed.  
 And the shivered lances crossed,  
 And the mail-clad sleepers round  
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band,  
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;  
 He was there ! but affection's glance alone  
 The darkly-changed in that hour had known ;  
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,  
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasped,  
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,  
 And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !  
 As it lay to answer love's look no more,  
 Yet never so proudly loved before !  
 She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,  
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;  
 She felt the full presence, the might of Death,  
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,  
 And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,  
 As she turned to his followers—"Your Lord is there !  
 Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !—  
 Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

Another day—another night—  
 And the sailor on the deep  
 Hears the low chant of a funeral rite  
 From the lordly chapel sweep :

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,  
 As if that rite were in terror done ;  
 Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,  
 And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial-hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,  
 Through the aisle the mourners go ;  
 With a hushed and stealthy tread,  
 Bearing on the noble dead.

## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Sheathed in armour of the field—  
 Only his wan face revealed.  
 Whence the still and solemn gleam  
 Doth a strange sad contrast seem  
 To the anxious eyes of that pale band,  
 With torches wavering in every hand,  
 For they dread each moment the shout of was,  
 And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,  
 No brother of battle, no princely friend ;  
 No sound comes back like the sounds of yore,  
 Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;  
 By the red fountain the valiant lie,  
 The flower of Provençal chivalry ;  
 But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,  
 Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave  
 To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;  
 She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,  
 But the struggling passion must now have way.  
 In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,  
 By turns does the swift blood flush and fail ;  
 The pride on the lip is lingering still,  
 But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill ;  
 Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,  
 Rending the chords of her frail young life,  
 And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,  
 Lifting her voice, as if Death might hear.—

" I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong.  
 My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !  
 Now call me hence, by thy side to be,  
 The world thou leav'st has no place for me.  
 The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—  
 Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !  
 Give me my home on thy noble heart,—  
 Well have we loved, let us both depart !"  
 And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay,  
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;  
 The *living* cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,  
 That strife of the spirit to rend its chain ;  
 She is there at rest in her place of pride,  
 In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed One !—she might not stay  
 When the crown had fallen from her life away ;  
 She might not linger—a weary thing,  
 A dove, with no home for its broken wing,  
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,  
 That know not its own land's melodies.  
 From the long heart-withering early gone ;  
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done.

## THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

["Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe : union redoutable de la mort et de la vie!"—MADAME DE STAEL.]

THERE was music on the midnight ;—  
From a royal fane it rolled,  
And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
Sternly and slowly tolled.  
Strange was their mingling in the sky,  
It hushed the listener's breath ;  
For the music spoke of triumph high,  
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight—  
A sound of many feet ;  
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness  
Along the shadowy street :  
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,  
As it neared the minster-gate,  
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed  
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance  
In the centre of the nave,  
Where the folds of a purple canopy  
Swept down in many a wave ;  
Leading the marble pavement old  
With a weight of gorgeous gloom ;  
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,  
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,  
High on a glittering throne,  
A woman's form sat silently,  
'Midst the glare of light alone.  
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—  
The drapery on her breast  
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
So stonelike was its rest !

But a peal of lordly music  
Shook e'en the dust below,  
When the burning gold of the diadem  
Was set on her pallid brow !  
Then died away that haughty sound,  
And from the encircling band  
Stepped Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush  
    profound,  
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering  
Over each martial frame,  
As one by one, to touch that hand.  
Noble and leader came ?  
Was not the settled aspect fair ?  
Did not a queenly grace,  
Under the parted ebon hair,  
Sit on the pale still face ?

Death ! Death ! canst *thou* be lovely  
Unto the eye of life ?  
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast  
With thy cold mien at strife ?—  
It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,  
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,  
All gathered round the Dead !

And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compressed,  
Lest the strong heart should fail :  
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,  
Watching the homage done,  
By the land's flower and chivalry,  
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,  
Which once his star had been ;  
To every form his glance was turned,  
Save of the breathless queen :  
Though something, won from the grave's  
    embrace,  
Of her beauty still was there,  
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,  
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas ! the crown, the sceptre,  
The treasures of the earth, [gifts,  
And the priceless love that poured those  
Alike of wasted worth !  
The rites are closed,—bear back the Dead  
Unto the chamber deep !  
Lay down again the royal head,  
Dust with the dust to sleep !

There is music on the midnight—  
A requiem sad and slow,  
As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
In dark procession go ;  
And the ring of state, and the starry crown  
And all the rich array,  
Are borne to the house of silence down,  
With her, that queen of clay !

And tearlessly and firmly  
King Pedro led the train,—  
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,  
When they lowered the dust again.  
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above,  
Hymns die, and steps depart :  
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love ?  
*Mightier* thou wast and art.

## ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

“ O sanctissima, O purissima !  
 Dulcis Virgo Maria,  
 Mater amata, intemerata,  
 Ora, ora pro nobis.”—*Sicilian Mariner's Hymn*

IN the deep hour of dreams,  
 Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,  
 And by the starlight gleams,  
 Mother of Sorrows ! lo, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear  
 Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie  
 All, all unfolded there,  
 Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,  
 In thy still beauty, through an early home,  
 Thou knowest the grief, the love,  
 The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee I come !

Many, and sad, and deep,  
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast ;  
 Thou, too, couldst watch and weep—  
 Hear, gentlest mother ! hear a heart oppress !

There is a wandering bark  
 Bearing one from me o'er the restless waves ;  
 Oh ! let thy soft eye mark  
 His course ;—be with him, Holiest, guide and save !

My soul is on that way ;  
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim ;  
 Through the long weary day,  
 I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him,—and me, too, aid !  
 Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess !  
 On thy weak child is laid  
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is poured  
 My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part :  
 Too fearfully adored,  
 Oh ! make not him the chastener of my heart !

I tremble with a sense  
 Of grief to be ;—I hear a warning low—  
 Sweet mother ! call me hence !  
 This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,  
 Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known ;  
 And, worn with feverish strife,  
 Would fold its wings ;—take back, take back thine own !

Hark ! how the wind swept by !  
 The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—  
 Hope of the sailor's eye,  
 And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save !





I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend ! but better, better far,  
Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war,  
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine—  
And yet I will be thine, my Love ! and yet I will be thine !

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,  
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights ;  
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine—  
And yet I will be thine, my Love ! and yet I will be thine.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,  
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,  
With all the kind and laughing eyes, that in its firelight shine,  
To sit forsaken in thy hut,—yet know that thou art mine !

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,  
That I cast away for thee—for thee—all reckless as thou art !  
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell  
Yet, yet I would not change that lot,—oh no ! I love too well !

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,  
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow !  
Mournful !—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,  
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,  
To watch through long, long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,  
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,—  
And yet I will be thine, my Love ! and yet I will be thine !

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,  
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,  
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine,—  
For this I will be thine, my Love ! for this I will be thine !

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#### THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.\*

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with my dead ;  
In the darkness of the forest-boughs,  
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,  
As by mighty wings upborne ;  
The mountain eagle hath not plumes  
So strong as Love and Scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,  
By the white man's path defiled ;  
On to th' ancestral wilderness,  
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have asked the ancient deserts  
To give my dead a place,  
Where the stately footsteps of the free  
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—  
"Go, bring us back thine own !"  
And the streams from all the hunters' hills,  
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters  
That yet untamed may roll ;  
The voices of that chainless host  
With joy shall fill thy soul.

---

\* An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians.—See TUDOR'S *Letters on the Eastern States of America*.

In the silence of the midnight  
 I journey with the dead,  
 Where the arrows of my father's bow  
 Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings,  
 For evermore, behind ;  
 Unmingled with their household sounds,  
 For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,  
 I watched my child's decay,  
 Uncheered, I saw the spirit-light  
 From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,  
 When the death-sleep o'er him fell,

Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"  
 There was none!—pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,  
 To the warrior and his bow,  
 Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,  
 I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial  
 With the mighty hunters gone ;  
 I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,  
 Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight  
 I journey with the dead ;  
 But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,  
 My father's path I tread.

---

 SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,  
 A mingled breathing of grief and glee ;  
 Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,  
 Filling with triumph the sunny air ;  
 Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,  
 It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon  
 A murmur of farewell  
 Told, by its plaintive tone,  
 That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"—  
 This was the free and the joyous strain—  
 "There are clearer skies than ours, afar,  
 We will shape our course by a brighter star ;  
 There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,  
 And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But alas! that we should go"—  
 Sang the farewell voices then—  
 "From the homesteads, warm and low,  
 By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,  
 As if gems were the fruitage of every bough ;  
 O'er our white walls we will train the vine,  
 And sit in its shadow at day's decline ;  
 And watch our herds, as they range at will  
 Through the green savannas, all bright and still.

"But woe for that sweet shade  
 Of the flowering orchard-trees,  
 Where first our children played  
 'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"Ah, all our own shall the forests be,  
 As to the bound of the roebuck free!

None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass !'  
 We will track each step through the wavy grass ;  
 We will chase the elk in his speed and might,  
 And bring proud spoils to the earth at night."

" But, oh ! the grey church-tower,  
 And the sound of Sabbath-bell,  
 And the sheltered garden-bower,—  
 We have bid them all farewell !"

" We will give the names of our fearless race  
 To each bright river whose course we trace ;  
 We will leave our memory with mounts and floods  
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods !  
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore,  
 Where the Indians' graves lay, alone, before."

" But who shall teach the flowers,  
 Which our children loved, to dwell  
 In a soil that is not ours?—  
 Home, home and friends, farewell !"

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#### THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.\*

" If I could see him, it were well with me !"—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,  
 As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls ;  
 And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed  
 But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and flowers below,  
 The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets,—and a gloom came o'er his brow :  
 The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone ;  
 But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, " Thou art mine, fair city ! thou city of the sea !  
 But, oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?—  
 I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,  
 And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

" My brother ! O my brother ! thou art gone,—the true and brave,  
 And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave ;  
 'There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on ;  
 There was *one* to love me in the world,—my brother ! thou art gone !

" In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,  
 We stood together side by side ; one hope was ours,—one path ;  
 Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast ;  
 Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh ! bravest heart, and best !

" I see the festive lights around ;—o'er a dull sad world they shine ;  
 I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro ! where is *thine* ?  
 The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply !—  
 O brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry !

---

\* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.



- " I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,  
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly;—my *friend* hath passed away !  
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,  
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again !
- " I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown ;  
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown ;  
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,  
When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry !
- ' I am lonely—I am lonely ! this rest is even as death !  
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath ;  
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—  
But where art thou, my brother ? where ?—in thy low and early grave !"
- And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,  
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light ;  
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—  
" My brother ! O my brother ! best and bravest ! thou art gone !"

---

### THE RETURN.

- " HAST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back ?  
The free, the pure, the kind ?"  
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,  
As they played to the mountain-wind.
- " Hath thy soul been true to its early love ?"  
Whispered my native streams ;
- " Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove,  
Still revered its first high dreams ?"
- " Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer  
Of the child in his parent-halls ?"—  
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,  
From the old ancestral walls.
- " Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,  
Whose place of rest is nigh ?  
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,  
With the mother's trusting eye ?"—
- Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,  
As I answered—" O ye shades !  
I bring not my childhood's heart again  
To the freedom of your glades.
- " I have turned from my first pure love aside,  
O bright and happy streams !  
Light after light, in my soul have died  
The day-spring's glorious dreams.
- " And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath passed—  
The prayer at my mother's knee ;  
Darkened and troubled I come at last,  
Home of my boyish glee !

" But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,  
To soften and atone ;  
And oh ! ye scenes of those blessed years  
They shall make me again your own."

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.\*

" Clasp me a little longer, on the brink  
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress :  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh ! think—  
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—  
That thou to me hast been all tenderness,  
And friend, to more than human friendship just.  
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust."

*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

Thy voice is in my ear, beloved !  
Thy look is in my heart,  
Thy bosom is my resting-place,  
And yet I must depart.  
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—  
Too precious is its chain,  
All woven of thy love, dear friend,  
Yet vain—though mighty—vain !

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved !  
Thou see'st my life-blood flow,—  
Bow to the chastener silently,  
And calmly let me go !  
A little while between our hearts  
The shadowy gulf must lie,  
Yet have we for their communing  
Still, still Eternity !

Alas ! thy tears are on my cheek,  
My spirit they detain ;  
I know that from thine agony  
Is wrung that burning rain.  
Best, kindest, weep not ;—make the pang,  
The bitter conflict, less—  
Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,  
To feel thy love's excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought of death  
A solemn peace restore !  
The voice that must be silent soon,  
Would speak to thee once more,  
That thou mayst bear its blessing on  
Through years of after-life—  
A token of consoling love,  
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart  
The tender and the true,  
Where mine hath found the happiest rest  
That e'er fond woman's knew ;  
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,  
For my own, my treasured share,  
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
Showered on my path like dew,  
For all the love in those deep eyes,  
A gladness ever new !  
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied  
But in kindly tones of cheer ;  
For every spring of happiness  
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon  
Won from affection tried,  
The right to gaze on death with thee,  
To perish by thy side !  
And yet more for the glorious hope  
Even to *these* moments given—  
Did not *thy* spirit ever lift  
The trust of *mine* to Heaven ?

Now be *thou* strong ! Oh ! knew we not  
Our path must lead to this ?  
A shadow and a trembling still  
Were mingled with our bliss !  
We lighted our young hearts when storm  
Were dark upon the sky,  
In full, deep knowledge of their task  
To suffer and to die !

\* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Be strong : I leave the living voice  
Of this, my martyred blood,  
With the thousand echoes of the hills,  
With the torrent's foaming flood,—  
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,  
A token on the air,  
To rouse the valiant from repose,  
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !  
Ay, joyously endure !  
Our mountains must be altars yet,  
Inviolat and pure ;  
There must our God be worshipped still  
With the worship of the free—  
Farewell !—there's but *one* pang in death  
One only,—leaving thee !

---

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW.

“ All my pretty ones !  
Did you say all ?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Let us make medicine of this great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief !”—*Macbeth*.

My battle-vow !—no minster walls  
Gave back the burning word,  
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone  
Of smothered vengeance heard :  
But the ashes of a ruined home  
Thrilled, as it sternly rose,  
With the mingling voice of blood that shook  
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,  
But where my children lay,  
And the startled vulture, at my step,  
Soared from their precious clay.  
I stood amidst my dead alone—  
I kissed their lips—I poured,  
In the strong silence of that hour,  
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering floor,  
The blackened threshold-stone,  
The bright hair torn, and soiled with blood,  
Whose fountain was my own ;  
These, and the everlasting hills,  
Bore witness that wild night ;  
Before them rose th' avenger's soul,  
In crushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,  
With keen looks would upbraid,  
If from my heart the fiery vow,  
Seared on it then, could fade.  
They have no cause !—Go, ask the streams  
That by my paths have swept,  
The red waves that unstained were born—  
How hath my faith been kept ?

And other eyes are on my soul  
That never, never close,  
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—  
They leave me no repose.  
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the rocks,  
And by the torrent's foam,  
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,  
Full, full of love and home !

Alas ! the mountain-eagle's heart,  
When wronged, may yet find rest,  
Searing the place made desolate,  
He seeks another nest.  
But I—your soft looks wake the thirst  
That wins no quenching rain ;  
Ye drive me back, my beautiful !  
To the stormy fight again !

---

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.

“ Thither where he lies buried !  
That single spot is the whole world to me.”  
*COLERIDGE'S Wallenstein.*

THY voice was in my soul ! it called me on ;  
O my lost friend ! thy voice was in my soul :  
From the cold, faded world, whence thou art gone,  
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,  
I come, I come !





“ Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,  
 Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where?  
 Desolate, desolate our chambers lie !—  
 How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair?  
 O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep ;—  
 I sink away—bear with me—let me weep !”

“ Yes! weep, my sister! weep, till from thy heart  
 The weight flow forth in tears; yet sink thou not!  
 I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,  
 For thee, my gentle one! our orphan lot  
 To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong—  
 Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.

“ A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,  
 A memory of our old victorious dead,—  
 These mantle me with power! and though their fires  
 In a frail censer briefly may be shed,  
 Yet shall they light us onward, side by side ;—  
 Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide?

“ Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set  
 Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone,  
 A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,  
 An echo of our childhood's music gone ;—  
 Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high;  
 Our path is one—with thee I live and die !”

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### BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. “And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed,” says the ancient chronicle, “‘Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?’—‘Look where he is,’ replied the cruel King, ‘and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.’” The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;

“ I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,  
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain !”

“ Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;  
 Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way.”  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,  
 With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;

“ Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,  
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;  
 He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—  
 What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—  
 He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!  
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;—  
 He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?  
 They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;  
 They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,  
 For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then,—  
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—  
 He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—  
 He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,  
 "No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.—  
 My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father, oh! the worth,  
 The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet,  
 I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,—  
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for thee my fields were won,—  
 And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,  
 Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;  
 And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,  
 And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—  
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!  
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?—  
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!"

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep down thine ire,—  
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire!  
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—  
 Thou canst not—and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell,—upon the silent face  
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turned from that sad place:  
 His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—  
 His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

#### THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS.

"To a mysteriously consorted pair  
 This place is consecrate; to death and life,  
 And to the best affections that proceed  
 From this conjunction."—WORDSWORTH.

[At Hindelbank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus:—  
 "Here am I, O God! with the child whom Thou hast given me."]

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,  
 O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!

Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year  
Plucked on the bosom of the dead to wither ;  
Hopes, from their source all holy, though of earth,  
All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told ; of Sabbath hours ;  
Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting ;  
Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers ;  
And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting ;—  
But thou, young mother ! to thy gentle heart  
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence !  
Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping !  
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense  
Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,  
As, kindling up the silent stone, I see  
The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer ! love calls thee, for the night is past ;  
Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking !  
Captive ! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,  
The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking ?  
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, "God of earth and heaven !  
Here am I, with the child whom Thou hast given !"

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### THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages,  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."—*Cymbeline*.

[“ I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along ; the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn.”—*FLINT'S Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*.]

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom...  
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

" Brother ! " (so the chant was sung  
In the slumberer's native tongue),  
" Friend and brother ! not for thee  
Shall the sound of weeping be :—  
Long the Exile's woe hath lain  
On thy life a withering chain ;  
Music from thine own blue streams,  
Wandered through thy fever-dreams  
Voices from thy country's vines,  
Met thee 'midst the alien pines,  
And thy true heart died away ;  
And thy spirit would not stay."

## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

So swelled the chant ! and the deep wind's moan  
Seemed through the cedars to murmur—"Gone!"

"Brother ! by the rolling Rhine,  
Stands the home that once was thine—  
Brother ! now thy dwelling lies  
Where the Indian arrow flies !  
He that blest thine infant head,  
Fills a distant greensward bed ;  
She that heard thy lisping prayer,  
Slumbers low beside him there ;  
They that earliest with thee played,  
Rest beneath their own oak shade,  
Far, far hence !—yet sea nor shore  
Haply, brother ! part ye more ;  
God hath called thee to that band  
In the immortal Fatherland !"

'The *Fatherland!*'—with that sweet word  
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother ! were we there with thee  
Rich would many a meeting be !  
Many a broken garland bound,  
Many a mourned and lost one found ;  
But our task is still to bear,  
Still to breathe in changeful air ;  
Loved and bright things to resign,  
As even now this dust of thine ;  
Yet to hope !—to hope in Heaven,  
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—  
Yet to pray ! and wait the hand  
Beckoning to the Fatherland !"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom ;—  
They had reached the Exile's lonely tomb.

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 THE DREAMING CHILD.

"Alas ! what kind of grief should thy years know !  
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be  
When no breath troubles them."—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy ?  
What should the cloud be made of?—blessed child !  
Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,  
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild :

And now thou tremblest !—wherefore ?—in *thy* soul  
There lies no past, no future.—Thou hast heard  
No sound of presage from the distance roll,  
Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone ; thy mind's young eye  
Hath looked not into Death's, and thence become  
A questioner of mute Eternity,  
A weary searcher for a viewless home :



Nor hath thy sense been quickened unto pain,  
By feverish watching for some step beloved ;  
Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeeful train,  
Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion tossed  
How art thou wildered in the cave of sleep !  
My gentle child ! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,  
'Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep ?

Awake ! they sadden me—those early tears,  
First gushings of the strong dark river's flow,  
That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years  
Th' unfathomable flood of human woe !

Awful to watch, e'en rolling through a dream,  
Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes !  
Wake, wake ! as yet *thy* life's transparent stream  
Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,  
Where now thy thoughts dismayed and darkling rove ;  
Come to the kindly region all thine own,  
The home, still bright for thee with guardian love.

Happy, fair child ! that yet a mother's voice  
Can win thee back from visionary strife !—  
Oh ! shall *my* soul, thus wakened to rejoice,  
Start from the dreamlike wilderness of life ?

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### THE CHARMED PICTURE.

"Oh ! that those lips had language !—Life hath passed  
With me but roughly since I saw thee last."—COWPER.

<p>THINE eyes are charmed—thine earnest eyes— Thou image of the dead ! A spell within their sweetness lies, A virtue thence is shed.</p> <p>Oft in their meek blue light enshrined, A blessing seems to be, And sometimes there my wayward mind A still reproach can see :</p> <p>And sometimes Pity—soft and deep, And quivering through a tear ; Even as if Love in Heaven could weep, For Grief left drooping here.</p> <p>And oh ! my spirit needs that balm, Needs it 'midst fitful mirth ; And in the night-hour's haunted calm, And by the lonely hearth.</p> <p>Look on me <i>thus</i>, when hollow praise Hath made the weary pine For one true tone of other days, One glance of love like thine !</p>	<p>Look on me <i>thus</i>, when sudden glee Bears my quick heart along, On wings that struggle to be free, As bursts of skylark song.</p> <p>In vain, in vain ;—too soon are felt The wounds they cannot flee ; Better in childlike tears to melt, Pouring my soul on thee !</p> <p>Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone, Whence is thy power of change, Thus ever shadowing back my own, The rapid and the strange ?</p> <p>Whence are they charmed—those earnest eyes ?— I know the mystery well ! In mine own trembling bosom lies The spirit of the spell !</p> <p>Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born— Oh ! change no longer, thou ! For ever be the blessing worn On thy pure thoughtful brow !</p>
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## THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.\*

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother !  
 Oh ! my earliest friend, farewell !  
 Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,  
 In a lonely home to dwell ;  
 And from the hills, and from the hearth,  
 And from the household tree,  
 With thee departs the lingering mirth,  
 The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother !  
 Thou'rt speeding to the shore  
 Where the dirgelike tone of parting words  
 Shall smite the soul no more !  
 And thou wilt see our holy dead,  
 The lost on earth and main ;  
 Into the sheaf of kindred hearts,  
 Thou wilt be bound again !

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood  
 That yet his name is heard  
 On the blue mountains, whence his youth  
 Passed like a swift bright bird.  
 The light of his exulting brow,  
 The vision of his glee,  
 Are on me still—oh ! still I trust  
 That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,  
 The rose cut down in spring,  
 That yet my gushing soul is filled  
 With lays she loved to sing.  
 Her soft, deep eyes look through my dreams  
 Tender and sadly sweet ;—  
 Tell her my heart within me burns  
 Once more that gaze to meet !

And tell our white-haired father,  
 That in the paths he trode,  
 The child he loved, the last on earth,  
 Yet walks and worships God.  
 Say, that his last fond blessing yet  
 Rests on my soul like dew,  
 And by its hallowing might I trust  
 Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,  
 That on her grave I pour  
 The sorrows of my spirit forth,  
 As on her breast of yore.  
 Happy thou art that soon, how soon,  
 Our good and bright will see !—  
 Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell,  
 Ere long, with them and thee !

## THE SOLDIER'S DEATHBED.

[“ Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht ! da ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben !”—*Die Räuber.*]

*Like thee to die, thou sun !—*My boyhood's dream  
 Was this ; and now my spirit, with thy beam,  
 Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour  
 Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,  
 Nature's deep longings :—Oh, for some kind eye,  
 Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze ;  
 Some breast to pillow life's last agony,  
 Some voice, to speak of hope and better days,  
 Beyond the pass of shadows !—But I go,  
 I, that have been so loved, go hence alone ;  
 And ye, now gathering round my cwn hearth's glow,  
 Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone,  
 Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,  
 Mingles its cadence while you speak of me :  
 Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,  
 On the red banner of his battles dying,

\* “ Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections.”—See the *Notes to Mrs. Brunton's Works.*

Far, far away!—and oh! your parting prayer—  
 Will not his name be fondly murmured there?  
 It will!—A blessing on that holy hearth!  
 Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth,  
 Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;  
 Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;  
 Young brother, fare thee well!—on each dear head  
 Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,  
 My soul's last earthly breathings!—May your home  
 Smile for you ever!—May no winter come,  
 No *world*, between your hearts! May e'en your tears,  
 For my sake, full of long-remembered years,  
 Quicken the true affections that entwine  
 Your lives in one bright bond!—I may not sleep  
 Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine  
 Over my slumbers; yet your love will keep  
 My memory living in the ancestral halls,  
 Where shame hath never trod;—the dark night falls,  
 And I depart.—The brave are gone to rest,  
 The brothers of my combats, on the breast  
 Of the red field they reaped;—their work is done—  
*Thou*, too, art set!—farewell, farewell, thou sun!  
 The last lone watcher of the bloody sod  
 Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

◆

### THE IMAGE IN THE HEART.

TO

“ True, indeed, it is,  
 That they whom death has hidden from our sight,  
 Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them  
 The future cannot contradict the past—  
 Mortality's last exercise and proof  
 Is undergone.”—WORDSWORTH.

“ The love where death has set his seal,  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
 Nor falsehood disavow.”—BYRON

I CALL thee blest!—though now the voice be fled,  
 Which, to thy soul, brought dayspring with its tone,  
 And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,  
 Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but light was thrown  
 Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,  
 Or changed in every chord, since he is gone,  
 Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,  
 O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone!  
 I call thee blest.

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,  
 As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount and palm,  
 For ever green!—the world's breath enters not,  
 The passion-tempests may not break its calm;  
 'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust un baffled, mayst thou turn,  
 From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,



Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn,  
That, filled with waters of sweet memory, lies  
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home*!—there is no power in change  
To reach that temple of the past ;—no sway,  
In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,  
To sweep the still transparent peace away  
From its hushed air !

And oh ! that glorious image of the dead !  
Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,  
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed  
Its high gifts fearlessly !—I call thee blest,  
If only *there* !

Blest, for the beautiful within thee dwelling,  
Never to fade !—a refuge from distrust,  
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,  
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust  
With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved !—it is no dream,  
No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent love,  
The rainbow still unreached, the ideal gleam,  
That ever seems before, beyond, above,  
Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth  
Singled and marked, hast *known* its home and place !  
And the high memory of its holy worth,  
To this our life a glory and a grace  
For thee hath given :

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved ?  
Thou art !—the love his spirit bore away,  
Was not for death !—a treasure but removed,  
A bright bird parted for a clearer day,—  
Thine still in Heaven !

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### THE LAND OF DREAMS.

“ And dreams, in their development, have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts.  
They make us what we were not—what they will,  
And shake us with the vision that's gone by.”—BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND ! thou land of dreams !  
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,  
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,—  
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,  
When the wavy shadows float by, and part  
Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,  
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,  
 With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,  
 Amidst whose ruins there glide and play  
 Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,  
 Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—  
 All the sere flowers of our days gone by,  
 And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,  
 A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!  
 And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go  
 Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep!  
 Thou art all one world of affections deep,—  
 And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,  
 That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair;  
 All the beloved of my soul are there!  
 The forms my spirit most pines to see,  
 The eyes, whose love hath been life to me:

They are there,—and each blessed voice I hear,  
 Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;  
 But under-tones are in each, that say,—  
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow;  
 I listen to music of long ago;  
 But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay,—  
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I sit by the hearth of my early days;  
 All the home-faces are met by the blaze,—  
 And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say,  
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,  
 And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!  
 Oh! a haunted heart is a weight to bear,—  
 Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,  
 The past, as it fled by my own blue streams!  
 Make not my spirit within me burn  
 For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return!

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,  
 From the world o'er the grave, take thy solemn light,  
 And oh! with the loved, whom no more I see,  
 Show me my home, as it yet may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,  
 No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;  
 So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,  
 Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

## THE TWO HOMES.

"Oh! if the soul immortal be,  
Is not its love immortal too?"

SEE'ST thou my home?—'tis where yon woods are waving  
In their dark richness, to the summer air;  
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,  
Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,  
Fringed with the violet, coloured with the skies!  
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,  
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing  
In every wind that plays across my track;  
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,  
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for—there my mother  
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;  
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother—  
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,  
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;  
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—  
There laughs *my* home—sad stranger! where is thine?

Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,  
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;  
'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,  
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling;  
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!  
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling  
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?  
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine!  
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,  
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!  
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!  
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,  
I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

---

 WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Where hath not woman stood,  
Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne  
By an o'er-mastering current!"

GENTLE and lovely form,  
What didst thou hear,  
When the fierce battle-storm  
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shivered crest,  
Beside thee strown,  
Tell, that amidst the best,  
Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair,  
O'er the wild scene,  
Gleams through its golden hair,  
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—  
Earth-bound the free ;  
How gave those haughty dead  
A place to thee ?

Slumberer ! *thine* early bier  
Friends should have crowned,  
Many a flower and tear  
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,  
Mingling their swell,  
Should o'er thy dust have sung  
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave  
Of thy repose,  
Should have bid violets wave  
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,  
Savage and shrill,  
For requiem o'er thee float,  
Thou fair and still !

And the swift charger sweep,  
In full career,

Trampling thy place of sleep,—  
Why camest thou here ?

Why?—ask the true heart why  
Woman hath been  
Ever, where brave men die,  
Unshrinking seen ?

Unto this harvest ground  
Proud reapers came,—  
Some, for that stirring sound,  
A warrior's name ;

Some, for the stormy play  
And joy of strife ;  
And some, to fling away  
A weary life ;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,  
With the slight frame,  
And the rich locks, whose glow  
Death cannot tame ;

Only one thought, one power,  
*Thee* could have led,  
So, through the tempest's hour,  
To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,  
The love, whose trust  
Woman's deep soul too long  
Pours on the dust !

### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,  
O silent house ! once filled with mirth ;  
Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours  
Hangs dim upon *thine* early flowers ;  
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood  
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,  
Mine own sweet home of other days !  
My children's birth-place ! yet for me,  
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much ! for all about thee spread,  
I feel the memory of the dead,  
And almost linger for the feet  
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,  
Follow me where thy roses blow ;  
The echoes of kind household words  
Are with me 'midst thy singing birds

Till my heart dies, it dies away  
In yearnings for what might not stay ;  
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,  
For all which went with "dust to dust !"

What now is left me, but to raise  
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's gaze,  
To lift, through tears, my straining eye  
Up to my Father's house on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,  
But not in one hath grief a share !  
No haunting shade from things gone by  
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien  
In earthly home no more is seen  
Whose places, where they smiling sate,  
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread ;  
We miss them when the prayer is said ;  
Upon our dreams their dying eyes  
In still and mournful fondness rise.



But they are where these longings vain  
 Trouble no more the heart and brain ;  
 The sadness of this aching love  
 Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,\*  
 Ye dwellers of immortal spheres ;  
 Under the poplar boughs I stand,  
 And mourn the broken household band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,  
 And by your joyful hope in death,  
 Guide me, till on some brighter shore  
 The severed wreath is bound once more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true !  
 No change can cloud my thoughts of you :  
 Guide me, like you to live and die,  
 And reach my Father's house on high !

---

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart ! Oh ! wound it not !  
 A yearning anguish is its lot ;  
 In the green shadow of thy tree,  
 The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves  
 Glad music round thy household eaves :  
 To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—  
 The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing  
 play  
 A lovely sight at fall of day ;—

Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed—  
 His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with  
 friend  
 Beneath one roof in prayer may blend ;  
 Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—  
 Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—  
 The voices of thy kindred band—  
 Oh ! 'midst them all when blest thou art,  
 Deal gently with the stranger's heart !

---

COME HOME !

COME home !—there is a sorrowing breath  
 In music since ye went,  
 And the early flower-scents wander by,  
 With mournful memories blent.  
 The tones in every household voice  
 Are grown more sad and deep,  
 And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes a  
 wish  
 To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved ! come home !—the hour  
 Of many a greeting tone,  
 The time of hearth-light and of song.  
 Returns—and ye are gone !  
 And darkly, heavily it falls  
 On the forsaken room,  
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,  
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones ?  
 With all your boyhood's glee  
 Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,  
 Or on the lone mid-sea ?  
 By stormy hills of battles old ?  
 Or where dark rivers foam ?—  
 Oh ! life is dim where ye are not—  
 Back, ye beloved, come home !

Come with the leaves and winds of  
 spring,  
 And swift birds, o'er the main !  
 Our love is grown too sorrowful—  
 Bring us its youth again !  
 Bring the glad tones to music back !  
 Still, still your home is fair,  
 The spirit of your sunny life  
 Alone is wanting there !

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\* From an ancient Hebrew dirge :—

Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead\*  
 For he is at rest, and we in tears !

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## THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

" *Implora pace!* " \*

ONE draught, kind Fairy ; from that fountain deep,  
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,  
And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep  
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest ;  
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—

One draught of that sweet wave !

Yet, mortal, pause !—within thy mind is laid  
Wealth, gathered long and slowly ; thoughts divine  
Heap that full treasure-house ; and thou hast made  
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine ;—  
Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear  
A pyramid so fair ?

Pour from the fount ! and let the draught efface  
All the vain lore by memory's pride amassed,  
So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,  
And fill the hollow channels of the past ;  
And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf  
Rase the one master-grief !

Yet pause once more !—all, *all* thy soul hath known, [fade !  
Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must  
Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone  
A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made ? [recall ?—  
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would  
Think, wouldst thou part with all ?

Fill with forgetfulness !—there are, there are,  
Voices whose music I have loved too well ;  
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—  
Never ! oh—never, in my home to dwell !  
Take their soft looks from off my yearning  
soul—

Fill high th' oblivious bowl !

Yet pause again !—with memory wilt thou cast  
The undying hope away, of memory born ?  
Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,  
No restless doubt between, no rankling  
thorn ?

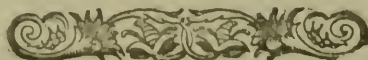
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight  
That make such visions bright ?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high !—yet stay—  
'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land  
Where smiles, long lost, again shall light  
our way,  
And the soul's friends be wreathed in one  
bright band :—

Pour the sweet waters back on their own  
rill,  
I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image  
nought  
May dim within the temple of my breast—  
For their love's sake, which now no earthly  
thought  
May shake or trouble with its own unrest,  
Though the past haunt me as a spirit,—yet  
I ask not to forget.

\* Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1818.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament."—MILTON.

## I.

MARKED ye the mingling of the City's  
 throng, [bright?—  
 Each mien, each glance, with expectation  
 Prepare the pageant and the choral song,  
 The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light!  
 And hark! what rumour's gathering sound  
 is nigh?  
 Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?—  
 Away, be hushed, ye sounds of revelry!  
 Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to weep!  
 Weep! for the storm hath o'er us darkly  
 past, [the blast!  
 And England's Royal Flower is broken by

## II.

Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread  
 That awful fiat o'er our senses came!  
 So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,  
 Whose bright aspirings promised years of  
 fame? [stroyed  
 Oh! when hath life possessed, or death de-  
 More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that  
 smiled?  
 When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?  
 For all is lost—the mother and her child!  
 Our morning-star hath vanished, and the  
 tomb [distant years to come.  
 Throws its deep-lengthened shade o'er

## III.

And she is gone!—the royal and the young!  
 In soul commanding, and in heart benign;  
 Who, from a race of kings and heroes  
 sprung,  
 Glowed with a spirit lofty as her line.  
 Now may the voice she loved on earth so  
 well [vain;  
 Breathe forth her name unheeded and in  
 Nor can those eyes, on which her own  
 would dwell, [again:  
 Wake from that breast one sympathy  
 The ardent heart, the towering mind are  
 fled, [dead.  
 Yet shall undying love still linger with the

## IV.

Oh! many a bright existence we have seen  
 Quenched in the glow and fulness of its  
 prime; [hath been  
 And many a cherish'd flower, ere now,  
 Cropt ere its leaves were breathed upon by  
 time.  
 We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,  
 Whose fields of triumph gave them but a  
 bier;  
 And we have wept when soaring genius died,  
 Checked in the glory of his mid career!  
 But here our hopes were centred—all is o'er:  
 All thought in this absorbed,—she was,  
 and is no more!

## V.

We watched her childhood from its earliest  
 hour, [caught;  
 From every word and look bright omens  
 While that young mind developed all its  
 power,  
 And rose to energies of loftiest thought!  
 On her was fixed the Patriot's ardent eye,  
 One hope still bloomed,—one vista still  
 was fair; [sky,  
 And when the tempest swept the troubled  
 She was our day-spring—all was cloudless  
 there; [gaze,  
 And oh, how lovely broke on England's  
 E'en through the mist and storm, the light  
 of distant days.

## VI.

Now hath one moment darkened future  
 years,  
 And changed the track of ages yet to be!—  
 Yet, mortal! 'midst the bitterness of tears,  
 Kneel, and adore th' inscrutable decree!  
 Oh! while the clear perspective smiled in  
 light, [excess;  
 Wisdom should *then* have tempered hope's  
 And, lost One! when we saw thy lot so  
 bright,  
 We might have trembled at its loveliness!

Joy is no earthly flower—nor framed to bear,  
In its exotic bloom, life's cold ungenial air.

## VII.

All smiled around thee—youth, and love,  
and praise,  
Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine!  
On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,  
As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.  
Heiress of Empires! thou art passed away  
Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,  
Bright o'er one hour of life, a fleeting ray,  
Then leave the rest to solitude and woe!  
Oh! who shall dare to woo such dreams  
again?  
Who hath not wept to know that tears for  
thee were vain?

## VIII.

Yet there is one who loved thee—and  
whose soul  
With mild affections nature formed to melt;  
His mind hath bowed beneath the stern  
control  
Of many a grief—but *this* shall be unfelt!  
Years have gone by—and given his  
honoured head  
A diadem of snow—his eye is dim—  
Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath  
spread—  
The past, the future, are a dream to him!  
Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone  
He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's  
full pride, art gone!

## IX.

The Chastener's hand is on us—we may  
weep, [past,  
But not repine—for many a storm hath  
And, pillowed on her own majestic deep,  
Hath England slept unshaken by the blast!  
And war hath raged o'er many a distant  
plain,  
Trampling the vine and olive in his path;  
While she, that regal daughter of the main,  
Smiled in serene defiance of his wrath!  
As some proud summit, mingling with the  
sky, [and die.  
Hears calmly, far below, the thunders roll

## X.

Her voice hath been th' awakener, and her  
name [might,  
The gathering word of nations, in her  
And all the awful beauty of her fame,  
Apart she dwelt in solitary light!

High on her cliffs alone and firm she stood,  
Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower;  
That torch, whose flame, far streaming  
o'er the flood, [hour.  
Hath guided Europe through her darkest  
—Away, vain dreams of glory!—in the dust  
Be humbled, Ocean-queen! and own thy  
sentence just!

## XI.

Hark! 'twas the death-bell's note! which,  
full and deep,  
Unmixed with aught of less majestic tone,  
While all the murmurs of existence sleep,  
Swells on the stillness of the air alone!  
Silent the throngs that fill the darkened  
street, [mart;  
Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely  
And all is still, where countless thousands  
meet, [heart!  
Save the full throbbing of the awe-struck  
All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,  
As in each ravaged home th' avenging one  
had been.

## XII.

The sun goes down in beauty—his farewell,  
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright;  
And his last mellowed rays around us dwell,  
Lingering, as if on scenes of young delight.  
They smile and fade—but, when the day is  
o'er, [tread?  
What slow procession moves, with measured  
Lo! those who weep for her who weeps  
no more, [dead!  
A solemn train! the mourners and the  
While, bright on high, the moon's un-  
troubled ray [thus away.  
Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing

## XIII.

But other light is in that holy pile,  
Where, in the house of silence, kings  
repose; [aisle,  
There, through the dim arcade and pillared  
The funeral torch its deep-red radiance  
throws.  
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,  
And all around, the stamp of woe may bear;  
But grief, to whose full heart those forms  
are vain—  
Grief unexpressed, unsoothed by them—  
is there.  
No darker hour hath fate for him who  
mourns,  
Than when the all he loved, as dust, to  
dust returns.



## XIV.

We mourn—but not *thy* fate, departed  
One!

We pity, but the living, not the dead;  
A cloud hangs o'er us—"the bright day is  
done"—

And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.  
And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,  
Whose soul with thine had mingled every  
thought:

He, with thine early fond affections blest,  
Lord of a mind with all things lovely  
fraught;

What but a desert to his eye that earth,  
Which but retains of thee the memory of  
thy worth?

## XV.

Oh! there are griefs for nature too intense,  
Whose first rude shock but stupifies the  
soul,

Nor hath the fragile and o'erlaboured sense  
Strength e'en to *feel*, at once, their dread  
control. [hour,

But when 'tis past, that still and speechless  
Of the sealed bosom and the tearless eye,  
Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold  
power

To grasp the fulness of its agony!  
Its death-like torpor vanished—and its  
doom, [nature's bloom.  
To cast its own dark hues o'er life and

## XVI.

And such *his* lot, whom thou hast loved  
and left,

Spirit! thus early to thy home recalled!  
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,  
A warrior's heart! which danger ne'er  
appalled.

Years may pass on—and, as they roll along,  
Mellow those pangs which now his bosom  
rend;

And he once more, with life's unheeding  
throng,

May, though alone in soul, in seeming blend;  
Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind  
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's  
temple shrined.

## XVII.

Yet must the days be long, ere time shall  
steal [with thee,

Aught from *his* grief, whose spirit dwells  
Once deeply bruised, the heart at length  
may heal,

But all it was—oh! never more shall be!

The flowers, the leaf, o'erwhelmed by win-  
ter snow, [return,  
Shall spring again, when beams and showers  
The faded cheek again with health may  
glow, [burn;  
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance  
But the bright freshness of the mind's young  
bloom, [the tomb.  
Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond

## XVIII.

But thou!—thine hour of agony is o'er,  
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been  
run;

While faith, that bids fond nature grieve  
no more,  
Tells that thy crown—though not on earth—  
is won!

Thou, of the world so early left, hast known  
Naught but the bloom of sunshine—and  
for thee,

Child of propitious stars! for thee alone,  
The course of love ran smooth, and brightly  
free. [given:

Not long such bliss to mortal could be  
It is enough for earth, to catch one glimpse  
of heaven!

## XIX.

What though as yet the noon-day of thy  
fame

Rose in its glory, on thine England's eye,  
The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect  
came? [die!

Ours is that loss—and thou wert blest to  
Thou mightst have lived to dark and evil  
years,

To mourn thy people changed, thy skies  
o'ercast;

But thy spring-morn was all undimmed by  
tears, [last!

And thou wert loved and cherished to the  
And thy young name, ne'er breathed in  
ruder tone, [alone.

Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief

## XX.

Daughter of Kings! from that high sphere  
look down

Where still, in hope, affection's thoughts  
may rise;

Where dimly shines to thee that mortal  
crown

Which earth displayed to claim thee from  
the skies.

Look down! and if thy spirit yet retain  
Memory of aught that once was fondly dear

Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that | Blest was thy lot e'en here—and one faint  
 mourn in vain, | sigh, [Eternity !  
 And in their hours of loneliness—be near ! | Oh ! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss  
*Brownwulfsfe., 23rd Dec., 1817.*

1820.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF  
 GEORGE THE THIRD.

“ Among many nations was there no king like  
 him.”—NEHEMIAH.

“ Know ye not that there is a prince and a  
 great man fallen this day in Israel ? ”—SAMUEL.

ANOTHER warning sound ! The funeral  
 bell,

Startling the cities of the isle once more  
 With measured tones of melancholy swell,  
 Strikes on th' awakened heart from shore  
 to shore.

He at whose coming monarchs sink to dust,  
 The chambers of our palaces hath trod,  
 And the long-suffering spirit of the just,  
 Pure from its ruins, hath returned to  
 God !

Yet may not England o'er her Father weep :  
 Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many,  
 and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush !—they yet must  
 flow,

The unrestrained, involuntary tears ;  
 A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,  
 Roused by the glorious shades of vanished  
 years.

Tell us no more 'tis not the time for grief,  
 Now that the exile of the soul is past,  
 And Death, blest messenger of Heaven's  
 relief, [last ;

Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at  
 For him, Eternity hath tenfold day,  
 We feel, we know, 'tis thus—yet Nature  
 will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,  
 Saddening the scene where once it nobly  
 reigned,

A dread memorial of the lightning-stroke,  
 Stamped with its fiery record, he re-  
 mained ;

Around that shattered tree still fondly clung  
 Th' undying tendrils of our love, which  
 drew [sprung

Fresh nurture from its deep decay, and  
 Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true ;  
 While England hung her trophies on the  
 stem, [THEM.

That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of

Of *them* unconscious ! Oh, mysterious  
 doom ! [skies ?

Who shall unfold the counsels of the  
 His was the voice which roused, as from  
 the tomb,

The realm's high soul to loftiest energies !  
 His was the spirit, o'er the isles which  
 threw

The mantle of its fortitude ; and wrought  
 In every bosom, powerful to renew  
 Each dying spark of pure and generous  
 thought ;

The star of tempests ! beaming on the mast,  
 The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst perils  
 deepening fast.

Then from th' unslumbering influence of  
 his worth, [land ;

Strength, as of inspiration, filled the  
 A young, but quenchless, flame went  
 brightly forth,

Kindled by him—who saw it not expand !  
 Such was the will of Heaven. The gifted  
 seer, [to face,

Who with his God had communed, face  
 And from the house of bondage, and of fear,  
 In faith victorious, led the chosen race ;  
 He through the desert and the waste their  
 guide, [and died.

Saw dimly from afar, the promised land—

O full of days and virtues ! on thy head  
 Centred the woes of many a bitter lot ;

Fathers have sorrowed o'er their beauteous  
 dead, [have forgot ;

Eyes, quenched in night, the sunbeam  
 Minds have striven buoyantly with evil  
 years, [at length ;

And sunk beneath their gathering weight  
 But Pain for thee had filled a cup of tears,  
 Where every anguish mingled all its  
 strength ; [stand,

By thy lost child we saw thee weeping  
 And shadows deep around fell from th'  
 Eternal's hand.

[dreams,  
 Then came the noon of glory, which thy  
 Perchance of yore, had faintly prophesied ;  
 But what to thee the splendour of its beams ?  
 The ice-rock glows not 'midst the sum-  
 mer's pride !

Nations leaped up to joy—as streams that burst,

At the warm touch of spring, their frozen chain,  
 And o'er the plains, whose verdure once Roll in exulting melody again ;  
 And bright o'er earth the long majestic line Of England's triumphs swept, to rouse all hearts—but thine.

Oh ! what a dazzling vision, by the veil That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from thee,

When sceptred chieftains thronged, with palms, to hail

The crowning isle, th' anointed of the Within thy palaces the lords of earth Met to rejoice—rich pageants glittered by,

And stately revels imaged, in their mirth, The old magnificence of chivalry.

They reached not thee—amidst them, yet alone,  
 Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and

Yet there was mercy still—if joy no more Within that blasted circle might intrude,  
 Earth had no grief, whose footstep might pass o'er

The silent limits of its solitude !  
 If all unheard the bridal song awoke  
 Our hearts' full echoes, as it swelled on high ;

Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke  
 On the glad strain, with dread solemnity !  
 If the land's rose, unheeded wore its bloom,  
 Alike unfelt the storm, that swept it to the tomb.

And she, who, tried through all the stormy past,

Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour,  
 Watched o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last,

Sustained, inspired, by strong affection's If to thy soul her voice no music bore,  
 If thy closed eye, and wandering spirit caught

No light from looks, that fondly would Thy mien, for traces of responsive thought ;

Oh ! thou wert spared the pang that would Thine inmost heart, when Death that anxious bosom stilled.

Thy loved ones fell around thee—manhood's prime,

Youth with its glory, in its fulness, Age--

All, at the gates of their eternal clime Lay down, and closed their mortal pilgrimage ;

The land wore ashes for its perished flowers,  
 The grave's imperial harvest. Thou meanwhile  
 Didst walk unconscious through thy royal The one that wept not in the tearful isle !  
 As a tired warrior, on his battle-plain,  
 Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might be thine ?

The stream of thought, though broken, Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven might shine,

Where earthly image would no more Though' many a step, of once-familiar sound,

Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,  
 And voices breathed forgotten tones around.

Which that paternal heart once thrilled to hear :

The mind hath senses of its own, and power To people boundless worlds, in its most wandering hours.

Nor might the phantoms to thy spirit known

Be dark or wild, creations of remorse ;  
 Unstained by thee, the blameless past had thrown

No fearful shadows o'er the future's For thee no cloud, from memory's dread abyss,

Might shape such forms as haunt the And closing up each avenue of bliss,

Murmur their summons, to "despair and die !"

No ! e'en though joy depart, though reason Still virtue's ruined home is redolent of peace.

They might be with thee still—the loved, the tried,

The fair, the lost—they might be with More softly seen, in radiance purified

From each dim vapour of terrestrial ill ;  
 Long after earth received them, and the note

Of the last requiem o'er their dust was poured,

As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might Those forms, from us withdrawn—to thee restored !

Spirits of holiness, in light revealed,  
 To commune with a mind whose source of tears was sealed.



Came they with tidings from the worlds  
above, [rest?

Those viewless regions where the weary  
Severed from earth, estranged from mortal  
love, [blest?

Was thy mysterious converse with the  
Or shone their visionary presence bright

With human beauty?—did their smiles  
renew

Those days of sacred and serene delight,  
When fairest beings in thy pathway grew?

Oh! Heaven hath balm for every wound it  
makes, [ne'er forsakes.

Healing the broken heart; it smites—but

These may be phantasies—and this alone,  
Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure;

That rest, made perfect, is at length thine  
own,

Rest, in thy God immortally secure!

Enough for tranquil faith; released from all  
The woes that graved Heaven's lessons  
on thy brow,

No cloud to dim, no fetter to intral,  
Haply thine eye is on thy people now;

Whose love around thee still its offerings  
shed,

Though vainly sweet as flowers, Grief's tri-  
bute to the dead.

But if th' ascending, disembodied mind,  
Borne, on the wings of morning, to the  
skies,

May cast one glance of tenderness behind,  
On scenes, once hallowed by its mortal  
ties, [lay

How much hast thou to gaze on! all that  
By the dark mantle of thy soul concealed,

The might, the majesty, the proud array  
Of England's march o'er many a noble  
field,

All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light,  
Shine like some glorious land, viewed from  
an Alpine height.

Away, presumptuous thought!—departed  
saint! [play

To thy freed vision what can earth dis-  
Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,  
Seen from the birthplace of celestial day?

Oh! pale and weak the sun's reflected rays,  
E'en in their fervour of meridian heat,

To him, who in the sanctuary may gaze  
On the bright cloud that fills the mercy-  
seat! [abode,

And thou may'st view, from thy divine  
The dust of empires flit, before a breath of  
God.

And yet we mourn thee! Yes! thy place  
is void [image dwelt,

Within our hearts—there veiled thine  
But cherished still; and o'er that tie de-  
stroyed, [must melt.

Though Faith rejoice, fond Nature still  
Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy sway,

Thousands were born, who now in dust  
repose, [grey,

And many a head, with years and sorrows  
Wore youth's bright tresses, when thy  
star arose; [dawn,

And many a glorious mind, since that fair  
Hath filled our sphere with light, now to  
its source withdrawn.

Earthquakes have rocked the nations—  
things revered, [down

Th' ancestral fabrics of the world went  
In ruins, from whose stones Ambition reared  
His lonely pyramid of dread renown.

But when the fires, that long had slum-  
bered, pent

Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,  
Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark  
rent, [course,

And swept each holy barrier from their  
Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava-flood,  
Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient  
landmarks stood.

Be they eternal!—be thy children found  
Still, to their country's altars, true like  
thee! [sound

And while "the name of Briton" is a  
Of rallying music to the brave and free,  
With the high feelings, at the word which  
swell, [flame,

To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's  
Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so  
well,

Who left so pure, its heritage of fame!  
Let earth with trophies guard the con-  
queror's dust,

Heaven in our souls embalms the memory  
of the just.

All else shall pass away—the thrones of  
kings,

The very traces of their tombs depart;  
But number not with perishable things

The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,  
Heirlooms from race to race—and oh! in  
days, [blest,

When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are  
When our sons learn "as household words"  
thy praise, [rest!

Still on thine offspring may thy spirit



And many a name of that imperial line,  
 Father and patriot! blend, in England's  
 songs, with thine!

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LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE SEASHORE.

O WANDERER! would thy heart forget  
 Each earthly passion and regret,  
 And would thy wearied spirit rise  
 To commune with its native skies;  
 Pause for a while, and deem it sweet  
 To linger in this calm retreat;  
 And give thy cares, thy griefs, a short sus-  
 pense,  
 Amidst wild scenes of lone magnificence.

Unmixed with aught of meaner tone,  
 Here nature's voice is heard alone:  
 When the loud storm, in wrathful hour,  
 Is rushing on its wing of power,  
 And spirits of the deep awake,  
 And surges foam, and billows break,  
 And rocks and ocean-caves around,  
 Reverberate each awful sound;  
 That mighty voice, with all its dread control,  
 To loftiest thought shall wake thy thrilling  
 soul.

But when no more the sea-winds rave,  
 When peace is brooding on the wave,  
 And from earth, air, and ocean rise  
 No sounds but plaintive melodies;  
 Soothed by their softly mingling swell,  
 As daylight bids the world farewell,  
 The rustling wood, the dying breeze,  
 The faint low rippling of the seas,  
 A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast,  
 A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,  
 Friends have deceived, neglect hath  
 wrung?  
 Hast thou some grief that none may  
 know,  
 Some lonely, secret, silent woe?  
 Or have thy fond affections fled  
 From earth, to slumber with the dead?—  
 Oh! pause awhile—the world disown,  
 And dwell with nature's self alone!  
 And though no more she bids arise  
 Thy soul's departed energies,  
 And though thy joy of life is o'er,  
 Beyond her magic to restore;  
 Yet shall her spells o'er every passion steal,  
 And soothe the wounded heart they cannot  
 heal.

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
 Blossom of being! seen and gone!  
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
 O blest departed One!  
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
 Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art dead, ere guilt had power  
 To stain thy cherub-soul and form,  
 Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
 That never felt a storm!  
 The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath  
 All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,  
 That Heaven benignly called thee hence,  
 Ere yet the world could breathe one blight  
 O'er thy sweet innocence:  
 And thou, that brighter home to bless,  
 Art passed, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth remained,  
 Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!  
 How soon thy brightness had been stained  
 With passion or with grief!  
 Now not a sulling breath can rise,  
 To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;  
 No sculptured image there shall mourn;  
 Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom  
 Such dwelling to adorn.  
 Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be  
 The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,  
 Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath;  
 Each glowing season shall combine  
 Its incense there to breathe;  
 And oft, upon the midnight air,  
 Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,  
 Sweet spirit! visit our repose;  
 And bear, from thine own world of rest  
 Some balm for human woes!  
 What form more lovely could be given  
 Than thine to messenger of heaven!

---

INVOCATION.

HUSHED is the world in night and sleep,  
 Earth, Sea, and Air, are still as death;  
 Too rude to break a calm so deep,  
 Were music's faintest breath.  
 Descend, bright Visions! from aerial  
 bowers,  
 Descend to gild your own soft, silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,  
The weary day have mortals past ;  
Now, dreams of bliss ! be yours to reign,  
And all your spells around them cast ;  
Steal from their hearts the pang, their eyes  
the tear,  
And lift the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

Oh ! bear your softest balm to those,  
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead,  
To them that world of peace disclose,  
Where the bright soul is fled :  
Where Love, immortal in his native clime,  
Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight  
from time.

Or to his loved, his distant land,  
On your light wings the exile bear  
To feel once more his heart expand,  
In his own genial mountain-air ;  
Hear the wild echoes' well-known strains  
repeat, [sweet.  
And bless each note, as Heaven's own music

But oh ! with Fancy's brightest ray,  
Blest dreams ! the bard's repose illumine ;  
Bid forms of heaven around him play,  
And bowers of Eden bloom !  
And waft *his* spirit to its native skies  
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,  
Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,  
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light  
Falls on the placid brow of sleep.  
Descend, bright visions ! from your airy  
bower :  
Dark, silent, solemn, is your favourite hour.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF  
GENERAL SIR EDWARD  
PAKENHAM.

Brave spirit ! mourned with fond regret,  
Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,  
Oh ! who could deem *thy* star should set  
So darkly and so soon !

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind  
Which marked and closed thy brief career ;  
And the fair wreath, by Hope entwined,  
Lies withered on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy doom,  
The soldier's tear thy meed shall be ;  
Yet, son of war ! a prouder tomb  
Might Fate have reared for thee.

*Thou* shouldst have died, O high-souled  
chief !

In those bright days of glory fled,  
When triumph so prevailed o'er grief  
We scarce could mourn the dead.

Noontide of fame ! each tear-drop then  
Was worthy of a warrior's grave :  
When shall affection weep again  
So proudly o'er the brave ?

There on the battle-fields of Spain,  
'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,  
Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,  
Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life  
Thus in its ardent prime should close ;  
Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,  
But died 'midst conquered foes !

Yet hast thou still (though victory's flame  
In that last moment cheered thee not)  
Left Glory's isle another name,  
That ne'er may be forgot :

And many a tale of triumph won,  
Shall breathe that name in Memory's ear,  
And long may England mourn a son  
*Without reproach or fear.*

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
SIR HENRY ELLIS,

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.  
[“Happy are they who die in youth, when  
their renown is around them.”—OSSIAN.]

WEEP'ST thou for him, whose doom was  
sealed  
On England's proudest battle-field ?  
For him, the lion-heart, who died  
In victory's full resistless tide ?  
Oh, mourn him not !  
By deeds like his that field was won,  
And Fate could yield to Valour's son  
No brighter lot.

He heard his band's exulting cry,  
He saw the vanquished eagles fly ;  
And envied be his death of fame,  
It shed a sunbeam o'er his name  
That nought shall dim :  
No cloud obscured his glory's day.  
It saw no twilight of decay—  
Weep not for him !

And breathe no dirge's plaintive moan,  
 A hero claims far loftier tone !  
 Oh ! proudly should the war-song swell,  
 Recording how the mighty fell  
 In that dread hour,  
 When England, 'midst the battle-storm—  
 The avenging angel—reared her form  
 In tenfold power.

Yet gallant heart ! to swell thy praise,  
 Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays ;  
 Since he, the soldier's guiding-star,  
 The Victor-chief, the lord of war,  
 Has owned thy fame :  
 And oh ! like *his* approving word,  
 What trophied marble could record  
 A warrior's name ?

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### GUERRILLA SONG.

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED OF THE  
 SPANISH PATRIOT MINA.

OH ! forget not the hour, when through  
 forest and vale, [native halls ;  
 We returned with our chief to his dear  
 Through the woody Sierra there sighed not  
 a gale, [battlement walls ;  
 And the moonbeam was bright on his  
 And nature lay sleeping in calmness and  
 light, [on our sight.  
 Round the home of the valiant, that rose

We entered that home—all was loneliness  
 round, [grave ;  
 The stillness, the darkness, the peace of the  
 Not a voice, not a step, bade its echoes re-  
 sound, [brave !  
 Ah ! such was the welcome that waited the  
 For the spoilers had passed, like the poison-  
 wind's breath, [death.  
 And the loved of his bosom lay silent in

Oh ! forget not that hour—let its image be  
 near, [our rest,  
 In the light of our mirth, in the dreams of  
 Let its tale awake feelings too deep for a  
 tear, [each breast,  
 And rouse into vengeance each arm and  
 Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty shine  
 O'er the plains of the olive, and hills of the  
 vine.

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### THE AGED INDIAN.

WARRIORS ! my noon of life is past,  
 The brightness of my spirit flown ;  
 I crouch before the wintry blast,  
 Amidst my tribe I dwell alone ;

The heroes of my youth are fled,  
 They rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave !  
 My kindred-chiefs in days of yore,  
 Ye fill an unremembered grave,  
 Your fame, your deeds, are known no more.  
 The records of your wars are gone,  
 Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth,  
 To join the brethren of his prime ;  
 Then will the memory of your birth  
 Sleep with the hidden things of time.  
 With him, ye sons of former days !  
 Fades the last glimmering of your praise.

His eyes, that hailed your spirit's flame,  
 Still kindling in the combat's shock,  
 Have seen, since darkness veiled your fame  
 Sons of the desert and the rock !  
 Another, and another race,  
 Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead !  
 Fearless of heart, and firm of hand !  
 O ! let me join their spirits fled,  
 O ! send me to their shadowy land.  
 Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,  
 He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

These feet no more can chase the deer,  
 The glory of this arm is flown ;—  
 Why should the feeble linger here,  
 When all the pride of life is gone ?  
 Warriors ! why still the stroke deny,  
 Think ye Ontara fears to die ?

He feared not in his flower of days,  
 When strong to stem the torrent's force,  
 When through the desert's pathless maze  
 His way was as an eagle's course !  
 When war was sunshine to his sight,  
 And the wild hurricane, delight !

Shall then the warrior tremble *now* ?  
 Now when his envied strength is o'er ?  
 Hung on the pine his idle bow,  
 His pirogue useless on the shore ?  
 When age hath dimmed his failing eye,  
 Shall he, the joyless, fear to die ?

Sons of the brave ! delay no more,  
 The spirits of my kindred call ;  
 'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er !  
 Oh ! bid the aged cedar fall !  
 To join the brethren of his prime,  
 The mighty of departed time.

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## EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS.

SOFT skies of Italy ! how richly drest,  
Smile these wild scenes in your purpleal  
glow !

What glorious hues, reflected from the  
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow !

Yon torrent, foaming down the granite  
steep,

Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam ;  
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty  
sleep,

Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-  
[stream.

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,  
That still at eve its lofty temple knows ;  
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,  
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose :  
While through the pine-wood gleams the  
vesper star,  
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND  
CHIEF IN "WAVERLEY."

SON of the mighty and the free !  
High-minded leader of the brave !  
Was it for lofty chief like thee,  
To fill a nameless grave ?

Oh ! if amidst the valiant slain,  
The warrior's bier had been thy lot,  
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,  
We then had mourned thee not.

But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,  
That dawn whose sunbeam rose so fair ;  
Vengeance alone may breathe thy name,  
The watchword of Despair !

Yet oh ! if gallant spirit's power  
Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,  
Then glory marked thy parting hour,  
Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,  
But cannot chase their silent gloom ;  
Those beams that gild thy native walls  
Are sleeping on thy tomb !  
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,  
But the loved scenes may vainly smile :  
Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle-sound  
Is mingling with the torrent's roar,  
Unmarked, the wild deer sport around ;  
Thou leadst the chase no more !

Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,  
Those halls where pealed the choral strain ;  
They hear the wind's deep murmuring thrill,  
And all is hushed again.

No banner from the lonely tower  
Shall wave its blazoned folds on high ;  
There the tall grass and summer flower,  
Unmarked shall spring and die.  
No more thy bard, for other ear,  
Shall wake the harp once loved by thine—  
Hushed be the strain *thou* canst not hear,  
Last of a mighty line !

## THE CRUSADER'S WAR-SONG.

CHIEFTAINS, lead on ! our hearts beat  
high,  
Lead on to Salem's towers !  
Who would not deem it bliss to die,  
Slain in a cause like ours ?  
The brave who sleep in soil of thine,  
Die not entombed but shrined, O Palestine !

Souls of the slain in holy war !  
Look from your sainted rest.  
Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,  
To mingle with the blest ;  
Tell us how short the death-pang's power,  
How bright the joys of your immortal  
bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel train !  
Pour forth your loftiest lays ;  
Each heart shall echo to the strain  
Breathed in the warrior's praise.  
Bid every string triumphant swell  
The inspiring sounds that heroes love so  
well.

Salem ! amidst the fiercest hour,  
The wildest rage of fight,  
Thy name shall lend our falchions power,  
And nerve our hearts with might.  
Enviéd be those for thee that fall,  
Who find their graves beneath thy sacred  
wall.

For them no need that sculptured tomb  
Should chronicle their fame,  
Or pyramid record their doom,  
Or deathless verse their name ;  
It is enough that dust of thine  
Should shroud their forms, O blessed Pa-  
lestine !

Chieftains, lead on ! our hearts beat high  
For combat's glorious hour :



Soon shall the red-cross banner fly  
 On Salem's loftiest tower !  
 We burn to mingle in the strife,  
 Where *but* to die ensures eternal life.



THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD.

[It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengary, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them.—See the *Quarterly Review* article of "Culloden Papers."]

OH ! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant forgot !  
 Still fearless and first in the combat, he fell ;  
 But we paused not one tear-drop to shed  
 o'er the spot, [" Farewell."  
 We spared not one moment to murmur  
 We heard but the battle-word given by the  
 chief, [grief !"  
 " To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

And wildly, Clanronald ! we echoed the  
 vow, [in our hand ;  
 With the tear on our cheek, and the sword  
 Young son of the brave ! we may weep for  
 thee now, [band,  
 For well has thy death been avenged by thy  
 When they joined, in wild chorus, the cry of  
 the chief, [grief !"  
 " To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's wild  
 call, [brave ;  
 The clash of the claymore, the shout of the  
 But now thy own bard may lament for thy  
 fall, [grave—  
 And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er thy  
 While Albyn remembers the words of the  
 chief, [grief !"  
 " To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

Thou art fallen, O fearless one ! flower of  
 thy race :  
 Descendant of heroes ! thy glory is set :  
 But thy kindred, the sons of the battle and  
 chase, [yet !  
 Have proved that thy spirit is bright in them  
 Nor vainly have echoed the words of the  
 chief, [grief !"  
 " To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

TO THE EYE.

THRONE of expression ! whence the spirit's  
 ray  
 Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,  
 Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,  
 Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn  
 supreme,  
 And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,  
 Finds its own language to pervade the heart ;  
 Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath  
 not felt,  
 To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt !  
 And by some spell of undefined control,  
 With magnet-influence touch the secret  
 soul !

Light of the features ! in the morn of youth  
 Thy glance is nature, and thy language  
 truth ;  
 And ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,  
 Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and betray,  
 The ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,  
 Or speak one thought that interest would  
 conceal ; [given  
 While yet thou seemest the cloudless mirror,  
 But to reflect the purity of heaven ;  
 O ! then how lovely, there unveiled, to trace  
 The unsullied brightness of each mental  
 grace !

When Genius lends thee all his living light  
 Where the full beams of intellect unite ;  
 When love illumines thee with his varying  
 ray [play ;  
 Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture  
 Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,  
 Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews ;  
 Still does thy power, whose all commanding  
 spell  
 Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,  
 Bid some new feeling to existence start,  
 From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And O ! when thought, in ecstasy sublime,  
 That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of  
 time, [blaze,  
 Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's  
 The light of heaven, the hope of nobler days,  
 (As glorious dreams, for utterance far too  
 high,  
 Flash through the mist of dim mortality ;)  
 Who does not own, that through thy light-  
 ning beams  
 A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams ?  
 That pure, though captive effluence of the  
 sky,  
 The vestal ray, the spark that cannot die !

## THE HERO'S DEATH.

LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,  
Life's closing accents on his tongue,  
When round him, pealing to the sky,  
The shout of victory rung !

Then ere his gallant spirit fled,  
A smile so bright illumed his face—  
Oh ! never, of the light he shed,  
Shall memory lose a trace !

His was a death, whose rapture high  
Transcended all that life could yield ;  
His warmest prayer was so to die,  
On the red battle-field !

And they may feel, who loved him most,  
A pride so holy and so pure :  
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast  
A treasure thus secure !

ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD  
OF GRUTLI.

WHENCE art thou, flower? From holy  
ground,  
Where freedom's foot hath been !  
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound  
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field ! thy birth  
Was not where spears have crossed,  
And shivered helms have strewn the earth,  
'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and showers  
Unto thy cup were given,  
There met high hearts at midnight hours,  
Pure hands were raised to heaven :

And vows were pledged that man should  
Through every Alpine dell [roam  
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,  
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,  
Hallowed the pastoral sod ;  
And souls grew strong for battle there,  
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,  
That calm devoted band,  
And rose, and made their spirits felt  
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born flower !  
Even in thy pale decay  
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,  
Which all high thoughts obey.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF  
VIRGIL.

AND was thy home, pale withered thing,  
Beneath the rich blue southern sky?  
Wert thou a nursling of the Spring,  
The winds, and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light, e'en now,  
Look o'er the Poet's lovely grave,  
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou  
Answering their whisper, there no more  
shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow  
May cluster in their purple bloom,  
But on th' o'ershadowing ilex-bough  
Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is void—oh ! none on earth,  
This crowded earth, may so remain,  
Save that which souls of loftiest birth  
Leave when they part, their brighter  
home to gain.

Another leaf ere now hath sprung  
On the green stem which once was thine—  
When shall another strain be sung  
Like his whose dust hath made that spot  
a shrine ?

FOR A DESIGN OF A BUTTERFLY  
RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light,  
Emblem of that which may not fade or die,  
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,  
To chase the south wind through the glow-  
ing sky ?

What lures thee thus to stay,  
With Silence and Decay,  
Fixed on the wreck of cold Mortality ?

The thoughts once chambered there  
Have gathered up their treasures and are  
Will the dust tell us where [gone—  
They that have burst the prison-house are  
Rise, nursling of the day, [flown ?  
If thou wouldst trace their way—  
Earth hath no voice to make the secret  
known.

Who seeks the vanished bird  
By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?—  
Far thence he sings unheard,  
Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.  
Thou of the sunshine born,  
Take the bright wings of morn !  
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon  
ruined cell.

## A FRAGMENT.

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave !  
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,  
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—  
We call you back no more !

Oh ! there was mourning when ye fell,  
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,  
An agony, a wild farewell—  
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame ;  
The hills keep record of your name,  
And never can a touch of shame  
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,  
When bright names from their place fall  
fast ;  
And ye that with your glory passed,  
We cannot mourn you now.

## ENGLAND'S DEAD.

SON of the ocean isle !  
Where sleep your mighty dead ?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,  
Free, free, the white sail spread !  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
By the pyramid o'erswayed,  
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,  
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun  
From Heaven look fiercely red,  
Unfelt by those whose task is done !  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,

And far, by Ganges' banks at night,  
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !  
It hath no tone of dread,  
For those that from their toils are gone ;—  
*There* slumber England's dead !

Loud rush the torrent-floods  
The western wilds among,  
And free, in green Columbia's woods,  
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !  
Let the arrow's flight be sped !  
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?  
*There* slumber England's dead !

The mountain-storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,  
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !  
Let the forest-wreaths be shed :  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the ice-fields close,  
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !  
Let the cold-blue desert spread !  
*Their* course with mast and flag is done,  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave !  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,  
Free, free the white sail spread !  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

## THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOD, OR MEETING OF WELSH BARDS.

*Held in London, May 22nd, 1822.*

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon ; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the circle of federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (*Maen Gorsedd*, or the stone of assembly).



in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the circle of federation.—See OWEN'S *Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarc Hen.*]

WHERE met our bards of old?—the glorious throng,  
 They of the mountain and the battle-song?  
 They met—oh! not in kingly hall or bower,  
 But where wild Nature girt herself with power:  
 They met—where streams flashed bright from rocky caves,  
 They met—where woods made moan o'er warrior's graves,  
 And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,  
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,  
 And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied  
 The crested Roman in his hour of pride;  
 And where the Carnedd,\* on its lonely hill,  
 Bore silent record of the mighty still;  
 And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech† frowned,  
 And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs round:—  
 There thronged th' inspired of yore!—on plain or height,  
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,*  
 And, baring unto heaven each noble head,  
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.  
 Well might their lays be lofty!—soaring thought  
 From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught:  
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,  
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains,  
 And, like a breeze, in chainless triumph, went  
 Up through the blue resounding firmament!

Whence came the echoes to those numbers high?—  
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by!  
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest  
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;  
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,  
 Severed, by cloud and storm, from all below;  
 And the turf-mounds, once girt by ruddy spears,  
 And the rock-altars of departed years.

Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,  
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore;  
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen  
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,  
 On all her hills, awakening to rejoice,  
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.  
 For us, not ours the festival to hold,  
 'Midst the stone-circles, hallowed thus of old;  
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might  
 First broke, all-glorious, on our infant sight;  
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave,  
 Not by the mountain-llyn,‡ the ocean wave,  
 In these late days we meet!—dark Mona's shore,  
 Eryri's§ cliffs resound with harps no more!

\* *Carnedd*, a stone barrow, or cairn.

† *Cromlech*, a Druidical monument, or altar. The word means a stone of covenant.

‡ *Llyn*, a lake or pool.

§ *Eryri*, Snowdon.



But, as the stream (though time or art may turn)  
 The current, bursting from its caverned urn,  
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,  
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest-bowers),  
 Alike, in rushing strength or sunny sleep,  
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep ;  
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free,  
 Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to thee !  
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,  
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song !  
 Nor yield our souls one patriot-feeling less,  
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,  
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes pealed from every height,  
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light !*

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 ELYSIUM.

[“ In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth ; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the Infernal Regions.”—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

FAIR wert thou in the dreams  
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers  
 And summer winds and low-toned silvery streams,  
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel bowers,  
 Where, as they passed, bright hours  
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings  
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things !

Fair wert thou, with the light  
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,  
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,  
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their last  
 Of glory, fading fast  
 Along the mountains !—but *thy* golden day  
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,  
 A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,  
 From fountain-voices in their secret glades,  
 And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply  
 To summer's breezy sigh,  
 And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,  
 Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death !

And the transparent sky  
 Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain  
 Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made harmony  
 Solemn and sweet ; yet troubling not the brain  
 With dreams and yearnings vain,  
 And dim remembrances, that still draw birth  
 From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,  
 Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel ?  
 Called from the dim procession of the dead,

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,  
 And listen to the swell  
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale  
 The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,  
 With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round !  
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays  
 Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,  
 And in all regions found  
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains !—and become  
 In man's deep heart as voices of his home !

They of the daring thought !  
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied—  
 Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths, had sought  
 The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide !  
 Sages and seers, who died,  
 And left the world their high mysterious dreams,  
 Born 'midst the olive woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they  
 Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice,  
 In regal halls !—the shades o'erhang their way,  
 The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,  
 And gentle hearts rejoice  
 Around their steps ; till silently they die,  
 As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,  
 'Midst her green valleys, earth retained no trace,  
 Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,  
 A shade of sadness on some kindred face,  
 A dim and vacant place  
 In some sweet home ;—thou hadst no wreaths for *these*,  
 Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant at his door  
 Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,  
 And songs on every wind ! From *thy* bright shore  
 No lovelier vision floated round his head—  
 Thou wert for nobler dead !  
 He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,  
 And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell !

The slave, whose very tears  
 Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast  
 Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of *years*,  
 As embers in a burial-urn compressed ;  
 He might not be thy guest !  
 No gentle breathings from thy distant sky  
 Came o'er *his* path, and whispered " Liberty !"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,  
 Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,  
 Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,  
 The child at rest before the mother lay,  
 E'en so to pass away,  
 With its bright smile !—Elysium ! what wert *thou*  
 To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow ?

Thou hadst no home, green land !  
 For the fair creature from her bosom gone,  
 With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,  
 And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown  
 Which, in its clear eye, shone  
 Like spring's first wakening ! but that light was past—  
 Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast ?

Not where *thy* soft winds played,  
 Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep !  
 Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade !  
 From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,  
 And bade man cease to weep !  
 Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,  
 Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love !

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### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long.  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose-stars, in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;—  
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh.  
 And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky ;  
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
 To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,  
 When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,  
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
 Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
 Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay.  
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !  
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last !  
There is something bright from your features passed !  
There is that come over your brow and eye,  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !  
Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet—  
Oh ! what have ye looked on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here  
All whom I saw in the vanished year !  
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ;  
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay  
No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,  
As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;  
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,  
And had not a sound of mortality !  
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains passed ?—  
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last !

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,  
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !  
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,  
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,  
With their laughing eyes and their festa! crown,  
They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,  
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !—  
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,  
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !  
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,  
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,  
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell !

---

 THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON.

YES, it is ours !—the field is won,  
A dark and evil field !  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his bloody  
shield !

Let me not hear your trumpets ring,  
Swell not the battle-horn !  
Thoughts far too sad those notes will  
bring, [borne.  
When to the grave my glorious flower is



Speak not of victory !—in the name  
 There is too much of woe !  
 Hushed be the empty voice of Fame—  
 Call me back *his* whose graceful head is  
 low.

Speak not of victory !—from my halls  
 The sunny hour is gone !  
 The ancient banner on my walls  
 Must sink ere long—I had but him—but  
 one !

Within the dwelling of my sires  
 The hearths will soon be cold,  
 With me must die the beacon-fires  
 That streamed at midnight from the moun-  
 tain-hold.

And let them fade, since *this* must be,  
 My lovely and my brave !  
 Was thy bright blood poured forth for me,  
 And is there but for stately youth a grave ?

Speak to me once again, my boy !  
 Wilt thou not hear my call ?  
 Thou wert so full of life and joy,  
 I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou couldst  
 fall.

Thy mother watches from the steep  
 For thy returning plume ;  
 How shall I tell her that thy sleep  
 Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb ?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,  
 With all thy young renown !—  
 Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,  
 In the mid-fight, when spears and crests  
 went down !

Slow be your march !—the field is won !  
 A dark and evil field !  
 Lift from the ground my noble son,  
 And bear him homewards on his bloody  
 shield.

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## THE FUNERAL GENIUS.

### AN ANCIENT STATUE.

[“*Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur sa tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.*”—VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal.*]

THOU shouldst be looked on when the starlight falls  
 Through the blue stillness of the summer air,  
 Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls ;  
 It hath too fitful and too wild a glare !  
 And thou !—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems  
 To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow ; for so the dead  
 Were crowned of old, with pale spring flowers like these ;  
 Sleep on thine eye hath sunk ; yet softly shed,  
 As from the wing of some faint southern breeze :  
 And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom  
 Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They feared not death, whose calm and gracious thought  
 Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee !  
 They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,  
 And laid thy head against the forest-tree,  
 As that of one, by music's dreamy close,  
 On the wood-violets lulled to deep repose.

They feared not death !—yet who shall say his touch  
 Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair ?  
 Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much  
 Of tender beauty as thy features wear ?  
 Thou sleeper of the bower ! on whose young eyes  
 So still a night, a night of summer, lies !

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Had they seen aught like thee?—Did some fair boy  
 Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest?—  
 His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,  
 But drooping, as with heavy dews oppressed!  
 And his eye veiled so softly by its fringe,  
 And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge?

Oh! happy, if to them the one dread hour  
 Made known its lessons from a brow like thine!  
 If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power  
 Came by a look, so tranquilly divine!—  
 Let him who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,  
 Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart!

But thou, fair slumberer! was there less of woe,  
 Or love, or terror, in the days of old,  
 That men poured out their gladdening spirit's flow,  
 Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold,  
 And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king  
 Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid  
 Far more than we—for loftier faith is ours!  
 Their gems were lost in ashes—yet they made  
 The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,  
 With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs arrayed,  
 And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed  
 O'er its dim precincts?—do we not entrust,  
 But for a time, its chambers with our dead,  
 And strew immortal seed upon the dust?—  
 Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,  
 When living light hath touched the brow of death?

---

 THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS.

AND there they sleep!—the men who stood  
 In arms before th' exulting sun,  
 And bathed their spears in Persian blood,  
 And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep!—th' Olympic wreaths are dead,  
 Th' Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;  
 The Dorian voice of song is fled—  
 Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep, and seems not all around  
 As hallowed unto glory's tomb?  
 Silence is on the battle-ground.  
 The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,  
 But dimly seen through mist and cloud;  
 And still and solemn is the light  
 Which folds the plain, as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen ! here thy beams  
 Are not as those the shepherd loves,  
 Nor look they down on shining streams,  
 By Naiads haunted, in their laurel groves :

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,  
 In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines ;  
 No temple gleaming from the steep,  
 'Midst the grey olives, or the mountain pines :

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,  
 Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,  
 Where man's departed steps are traced  
 But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus !—What slave shall tread  
 O'er freedom's ancient battle-plains ?  
 Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,  
 When their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,  
 And where the Spartan sword flashed high,  
 And where the pæan strains were sung,  
 From year to year swelled on by liberty !

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,  
 Until the bonds of Greece be riven,  
 Save of the leader's charging word,  
 Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven !

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave !  
 No vines festoon your lonely tree !  
 No harvest o'er your war-field wave,  
 Till rushing winds proclaim—the land is free !

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### THE VIEW FROM CASTRI.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS.

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,  
 Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie !  
 There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,  
 Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers nigh :  
 There have been voices, through the sunny sky,  
 And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending,  
 And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,  
 With incense-clouds around the temple blending,  
 And throngs, with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles  
 Brought to the day-god's now forsaken throne ;  
 Thunders have pealed along the rock-defiles,  
 When the far-echoing battle-horn made known  
 That foes were on their way !—the deep wind's moan  
 Hath chilled th' invader's heart with secret fear,  
 And from the Sybil-grottoes, wild and lone,  
 Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,  
 From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk !—but thou unchanged art there !  
 Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams !  
 Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,  
 With thy dark waving-pines, and flashing streams,  
 And all thy founts of song ! their bright course teems  
 With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,  
 Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems  
 As with its mantle, veiling from our gaze  
 The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days !

Away, vain phantasies !—doth less of power  
 Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,  
 Though in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower  
 Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast ?—  
 Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest !  
 Let the great rocks their solitude regain !  
 No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest  
 With their full chords,—but silent be the strain !  
 Thou hast a mightier voice to speak th' Eternal's reign !

---

### THE FESTAL HOUR.

WHEN are the lessons given  
 That shake the startled earth ?—When wakes the foe,  
 While the friend sleeps !—When falls the traitor's blow ?  
 When are proud sceptres riven,  
 High hopes o'erthrown ?—It is, when lands rejoice,  
 When cities blaze, and lift th' exulting voice,  
 And wave their banners to the kindling heaven !

Fear ye the festal hour !  
 When mirth o'erflows, then tremble !—'Twas a night  
 Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,  
 When through the regal bower  
 The trumpet pealed, ere yet the song was done,  
 And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,  
 And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crowned :  
 Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,  
 And Dorian reeds, made summer-melody,  
 And censers waved around ;  
 And lyres were strung, and bright libations poured,  
 When, through the streets, flashed out th' avenging sword,  
 Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles bound !\*

Through Rome a triumph passed.  
 Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by  
 That long array of glorious pageantry,  
 With shout and trumpet-blast.  
 An empire's gems their starry splendour shed  
 O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was led ;  
 A stately victor, crowned and robed, came last. †

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\* The sword of Harmodius.

† Paulus Æmilius, one of whose sons died a few days before, and another shortly after, his triumph on the conquest of Macedon, when Perses, king of that country, was led in chains.



And many a Dryad's bower  
 Had lent the laurels, which, in waving play,  
 Stirred the warm air, and glistened round his way,  
 As a quick-flashing shower.  
 O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress hung,  
 Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung—  
 Woe for the dead!—the father's broken flower!

A sound of lyre and song,  
 In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,  
 Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,  
 Swept with that voice along;  
 And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam,  
 Where a chief revelled in a monarch's dome,  
 And fresh rose garlands decked a glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade  
 The joyous chords ring out!—but strains arose  
 Of wilder omen at the banquet's close!  
 Sounds, by no mortal made,\*  
 Shook Alexandria through her streets that night,  
 And passed—and with another sunset's light,  
 The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay  
 The fair Campanian city,† with its towers  
 And temples gleaming through dark olive bowers,  
 Clear in the golden day;  
 Joy was around it as the glowing sky,  
 And crowds had filled its halls of revelry,  
 And all the sunny air was music's way.

A cloud came o'er the face  
 Of Italy's rich heaven!—Its crystal blue  
 Was changed, and deepened to a wrathful hue  
 Of night, o'ershadowing space,  
 As with the wings of death!—in all his power  
 Vesuvius woke, and hurled the burning shower,  
 And who could tell the buried city's place?

Such things have been of yore,  
 In the gay regions where the citrons blow,  
 And purple summers all their sleepy glow  
 On the grape-clusters pour;  
 And where the palms to spicy winds are waving,  
 Along clear seas of melted sapphire, laving,  
 As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

Turn we to other climes!  
 Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was spread,  
 'Midst the rock-altars of the warrior-dead,‡  
 And ancient battle-rhymes  
 Were chanted to the harp; and yellow mead  
 Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed,  
 And lofty songs of Britain's elder time.

\* See the description given by Plutarch, in his life of Antony, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of Alexandria, the night before Antony's death.

† Herculaneum, of which it is related that all the inhabitants were assembled in the theatres when the shower of ashes, which covered the city, descended.

‡ Stonehenge.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But ere the giant-fane  
 Cast its broad shadows on the robe of even,  
 Hushed were the bards, and, in the face of Heaven,  
 O'er that old burial-plain  
 Flashed the keen Saxon dagger!—Blood was streaming,  
 Where late the mead-cup to the sun was gleaming,  
 And Britain's hearths were heaped that night in vain.

For they returned no more!  
 They that went forth at morn, with reckless heart,  
 In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part;  
 And, on the rushy floor,  
 And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls,  
 The high wood-fires were blazing in their halls;  
 But not for them—they slept—their feast was o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!  
 Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!  
 Tame down the swelling heart!—the bridal rose,  
 And the rich myrtle's flower  
 Have veiled the sword!—Red wines have sparkled fast  
 From venomed goblets, and soft breezes passed,  
 With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath!  
 But pour not all your spirit in the song,  
 Which through the sky's deep azure floats along,  
 Like summer's quickening breath!  
 The ground is hollow in the path of mirth,  
 Oh! far too daring seems the joy of earth,  
 So darkly pressed and girdled in by death!

—◆—

 SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

["In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared he 'would trample the audacious rustics under his feet;' and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

"The 15th of October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tettwang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen, and dismayed."—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*]

THE wine-month\* shone in its golden prime.  
 And the red grapes clustering hung,  
 But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,  
 Than the vintage music, rung.

---

\* *Wine-month*—the German name for October.

A sound, through vaulted cave,  
 A sound, through echoing glen,  
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave ;—  
 'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,  
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,  
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of war,  
 With a thousand of their own.  
 And through the forest glooms  
 Flashed helmets to the day,  
 And the winds were tossing knightly plumes  
 Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's \* wilds there was gleaming steel,  
 As the host of the Austrian passed ;  
 And the Schreckhorn's † rocks, with a savage peal,  
 Made mirth of his clarion's blast.  
 Up 'midst the Righi snows,  
 The stormy march was heard,  
 With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,  
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,  
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,  
 With blazoned streamers, and lances tall,  
 Moved onwards, in princely state.  
 They came, with heavy chains,  
 For the race despised so long—  
 But amidst his Alp-domains,  
 The herdsman's arm is strong !

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn  
 When they entered the rock-defile,  
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn  
 Their bugles rung the while.  
 But on the misty height,  
 Where the mountain-people stood  
 There was stillness, as of night,  
 When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,  
 And a pause—but not of fear,  
 While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might  
 Of the hostile shield and spear.  
 On wound those columns bright  
 Between the lake and wood,  
 But they looked not to the misty height  
 Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,  
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,  
 And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower  
 In the rustling forest shade.

\* Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

† Schreckhorn, *the peak of terror*, a mountain in the canton of Berne.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

There were prince and crested knight,  
 Hemmed in by cliff and flood  
 When a shout arose from the misty height  
 Where the mountain-people stood.  
 And the mighty rocks came bounding down,  
 Their startled foes among,  
 With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—  
 Oh ! the herdsman's arm is strong !  
 They came, like *lauwine*\* hurled  
 From Alp to Alp in play,  
 When the echoes shout through the snowy world,  
 And the pines are borne away.  
 The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,  
 And the Switzers rushed from high,  
 With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride  
 Of the Austrian chivalry :  
 Like hunters of the deer,  
 They stormed the narrow dell,  
 And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,  
 Was the arm of William Tell.  
 There was tumult in the crowded strait,  
 And a cry of wild dismay,  
 And many a warrior met his fate  
 From a peasant's hand that day !  
 And the empire's banner then  
 From its place of waving free,  
 Went down before the shepherd-men,  
 The men of the Forest-sea.  
 With their pikes and massy clubs they brake  
 The cuirass and the shield,  
 And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake  
 From the reapers of the field !  
 The field—but not of sheaves—  
 Proud crests and pennons lay,  
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,  
 In the Autumn tempest's way.  
 Oh ! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,  
 When the Austrian turned to fly,  
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,  
 Had a fearful death to die !  
 And the leader of the war  
 At eve unhelmed was seen,  
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,  
 And a pale and troubled mien.  
 But the sons of the land which the freeman tills  
 Went back from the battle-toil,  
 To their cabin homes 'midst the deep-green hills,  
 All burdened with royal spoil.  
 There were songs and festal fires  
 On the soaring Alps that night,  
 When children sprang to greet their sires  
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

---

\* *Lauwine*, the Swiss name for the avalanche.



## SONG.

FOUNDED ON AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

AWAY ! though still thy sword is red  
 With life-blood from my sire,  
 No drop of thine may now be shed  
 To quench my bosom's fire ;  
 'Though on my heart 'twould fall more blest  
 Than dew's upon the desert's breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the sons of men,  
 Through the wide city's fanes ;  
 I've sought thee by the lion's den,  
 O'er pathless, boundless plains ;  
 No step that marked the burning waste,  
 But mine its lonely course hath traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell  
 O'er my dark spirit cast ;  
 No thought may dream, no words may tell,  
 What there unseen hath passed :  
 This withered cheek, this faded eye,  
 Are seals of thee—behold ! and fly !

Hath not my cup for thee been poured,  
 Beneath the palm-tree's shade ?  
 Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored,  
 Within my dwelling laid ?  
 What though unknown—yet who shall rest  
 Secure—if not the Arab's guest ?

Haste thee ! and leave my threshold-floor  
 Inviolat and pure !  
 Let not thy presence tempt me more,—  
 Man may not thus endure !  
 Away ! I bear a fettered arm,  
 A heart that burns—but must not harm !

Begone ! outstrip the swift gazelle !  
 The wind in speed subdue !  
 Fear cannot fly so swift, so well  
 As vengeance shall pursue ;  
 And hate, like love, in parting pain,  
 Smiles o'er *one* hope—we meet again !

To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,  
 The warrior's dart is free !  
 E'en now, no spot in all thy land,  
 Save *this*, had sheltered thee :  
 Let blood the monarch's hall profane,  
 The Arab's tent must bear no stain !

Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast  
 Avoid thy secret way !  
 And sternly, till thy steps be past,  
 Its whirlwinds sleep to-day !  
 I would not that thy doom should be  
 Assigned by Heaven to aught but me.

## THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

IN the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,  
Where savannahs, in boundless magnificence, spread,  
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,  
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir-tree waves o'er me, the fire-flies' red light  
With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the night ;  
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth  
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn  
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,  
Bright Cross of the South ! and beholding thee shine,  
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main  
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,  
And planted their faith in the regions that see  
Its unperishing symbol emblazoned in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the ocean unknown,  
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,  
Hath their spirit been cheered by thy light, when the deep  
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep !

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world,\*  
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurled ;  
Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow  
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world of the west,  
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest ;  
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,  
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,  
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not ;  
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may be  
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee !

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,  
A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine ;  
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,  
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

## THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON.

I LAY upon the solemn plain,  
And by the funeral mound,  
Where those who died not there in vain,  
Their place of sleep had found.

'Twas silent where the free blood gushed,  
When Persia came arrayed—  
So many a voice had there been hushed,  
So many a footstep stayed.

I slumbered on the lonely spot  
So sanctified by death :  
I slumbered—but my rest was not  
As theirs who lay beneath.

For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,  
They rose—the chainless dead—  
All armed they sprang, in joy, in power,  
Up from their grassy bed.

\* Constantine the Great.

I saw their spears, on that red field,  
Flash as in time gone by—  
Chased to the seas without his shield,  
I saw the Persian fly.

I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast  
Called to another fight—  
From visions of our glorious past,  
Who doth not wake in might?

---

TO MISS F. A. L

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHAT wish can friendship form for thee,  
What brighter star invoke to shine?  
Thy path from every thorn is free,  
And every rose is thine!

Life hath no purer joy in store,  
Time hath no sorrow to efface;  
Hope cannot paint one blessing more  
Than memory can retrace!

Some hearts a boding fear might own,  
Had Fate to *them* thy portion given,  
Since many an eye by tears alone  
Is taught to gaze on Heaven!

And there are virtues oft concealed,  
Till roused by anguish from repose,  
As odorous trees no balm will yield  
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught  
With Sorrow's chastening power to know;  
Thou need'st not thus be sternly taught,  
"To melt at others' woe."

Then still, with heart as blest, as warm,  
Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth:  
Ah! why should virtue dread the *storm*,  
If *sunbeams* prove her worth?

---

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF  
THE ALBUM OF THE SAME.

WHAT first should consecrate as thine,  
The volume, destined to be fraught  
With many a sweet and playful line,  
With many a pure and pious thought?

It should be, what a loftier strain  
Perchance less meetly would impart;  
What never yet was poured in vain,—  
The blessing of a grateful heart—

For kindness, which hath soothed the hour  
Of anxious grief, of weary pain,  
And oft, with its beguiling power,  
Taught languid Hope to smile again.

Long shall that fervent blessing rest  
On thee and thine, and heavenwards  
borne,  
Call down such peace to soothe *thy* breast,  
As *thou* wouldst bear to all that mourn.

---

TO THE SAME,

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

SAY not 'tis fruitless, Nature's holy tear,  
Shed by affection o'er a parent's bier!  
More blest than dew on Hermon's brow that falls,  
Each drop to life some latent virtue calls;  
Awakes some purer hope, ordained to rise,  
By earthly sorrow strengthened for the skies,  
Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt its love,  
With its lost treasure, seeks a home—above.

But grief will claim her hour,—and He, whose eye  
Looks pitying down on Nature's agony,  
He, in whose love the righteous calmly sleep,  
Who bids us hope, forbids us not to weep!  
He, too, hath wept—and sacred be the woes  
Once borne by Him, their inmost source who knows  
Searches each wound, and bids His Spirit bring  
Celestial healing on its dove-like wing!

And who but He shall soothe, when one dread stroke,  
Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath broke?  
Oh! well may those, yet lingering here, deplore  
The vanished light, that cheers their path no more!  
Th' Almighty hand, which many a blessing dealt,  
Sends its keen arrows not to be unfelt!  
By fire and storm Heaven tries the Christian's worth,  
And joy departs, to wean us from the earth,  
Where still too long, with beings born to die,  
Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath lost,  
Shall Faith rejoice when Nature grieves the most;  
'Then comes her triumph! through the shadowy gloom.  
Her star in glory rises from the tomb,  
Mounts to the day-spring, leaves the cloud below,  
And gilds the tears that cease not yet to flow!  
Yes, all is o'er! fear, doubt, suspense are fled,  
Let brighter thoughts be with the virtuous dead!  
The final ordeal of the soul is past,  
And the pale brow is sealed to Heaven at last!<sup>a</sup>

And thou, loved spirit! for the skies mature,  
Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion pure;  
Thou that didst make the home thy presence bless,  
Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle breast,  
Where peace a holy dwelling-place had found,  
Whence beamed her smile benignantly around:  
Thou, that to bosoms widowed and bereft  
Dear, precious records of thy worth hast left,  
The treasured gem of sorrowing hearts to be,  
Till Heaven recall surviving love to thee!

O cherished and revered! fond memory well  
On thee, with sacred, sad delight, may dwell!  
So pure, so blest thy life, that death alone  
Could make more perfect happiness thine own:  
He came—thy cup of joy, serenely bright,  
Full to the last, still flowed in cloudless light;  
He came—an angel, bearing from on high  
The all it wanted—Immortality!

#### A DIRGE.

WEEP for the early lost!—  
How many flowers were mingled in the  
crown  
Thus, with the lovely, to the grave gone  
down,  
E'en when life promised most!  
How many hopes have withered! They  
that bow  
To Heaven's dread will, feel all its mysteries  
now.

Did the young mother's eye  
Behold her child, and close upon the day,  
Ere from its glance th' awakening spirit's ray  
In sunshine could reply? [morn?  
—Then look for clouds to dim the fairest  
Oh! strong is faith, if woe like this be borne.  
For there is hushed on earth  
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a face,  
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent  
place  
By the once-joyous hearth;

<sup>a</sup> "Till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."—Rev. vii. a.



A smile hath passed, which filled its home  
with light, [bright !  
A soul, whose beauty made that smile so

But there *is* power with faith ! [grave  
Power, e'en though nature o'er the untimely  
Must weep, when God resumes the gem He  
gave ;

For sorrow comes of Death,  
And with a yearning heart we linger on,  
When they, whose glance unlocked its  
founts, are gone !

But glory from the dust,  
And praise to Him, the merciful, for those  
On whose bright memory love may still  
repose

With an immortal trust !  
Praise for the dead, who leave us, when they  
part [heart !"  
Such hope as she hath left—" the pure in

## I GO, SWEET FRIENDS !

I GO, sweet friends ! yet think of me  
When spring's young voice awakes the  
flowers ;

For we have wandered far and free  
In those bright hours, the violet's hours

I go ; but when you pause to hear  
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell  
On summer-winds float silvery clear,  
Think on me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,  
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze ;  
For dear hath been its evening mirth  
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard  
To melt in strains of parting woe,  
When hearts to love and grief are stirred  
Think of me then ! I go, I go !

## ANGEL VISITS.

" No more of talk where God or angel guest,  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast."—MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed ?  
Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no more ?  
Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted  
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore ?  
Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,  
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not !

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,  
Man wandered from his Paradise away ;  
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,  
Came down, high guests ! in many a later day,  
And with the patriarchs, under vine or oak,  
'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,  
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,  
That saw your hosts ascending and descending  
On those bright steps between the earth and sky :  
Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,  
And worshiped awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's\* brook ye passed, such radiance wearing  
As mortal vision might but ill endure ;  
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,  
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure ;  
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,  
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night appearing,  
 'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done.  
 Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,  
 Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son?  
 --Haply of those that, on the moonlit plains,  
 Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! Your heavenly dwelling  
 Ye left, and by the unsealed sepulchral stone,  
 In glorious raiment sat; the weepers telling,  
 That *He* they sought had triumphed, and was gone.  
 Now have ye left us for the brighter shore;  
 Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,  
 With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,  
 Though the fresh glory of those days be over,  
 When, 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met;  
 Are ye not near, when faith and hope rise high,  
 When love, by strength, o'er masters agony?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,  
 Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?  
 When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,  
 Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?  
 Dreams! But a deeper thought our souls may fill;  
 One, One is near—a spirit holier still!

---

#### IVY SONG.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY LEAVES GATHERED FROM THE RUINED CASTLE OF RHEINFELS  
 ON THE RHINE.

Oh! how could Fancy crown with *thee*  
 In ancient days the God of Wine,  
 And bid thee at the banquet be  
 Companion of the vine?  
 Thy home, wild plant! is where each sound  
 Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
 Where song's full notes once pealed around,  
 But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle-plains,  
 Where kings before his eagles bent,  
 Entwined thee with exulting strains  
 Around the victor's tent;  
 Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,  
 Triumphant thy boughs might wave,  
 Better thou lovest the silent scene  
 Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,  
 The bards and heroes of the past;  
 Where, through the halls of glory gone,  
 Murmurs the wintry blast;  
 Where years are hastening to efface  
 Each record of the grand and fair;  
 Thou, in thy solitary grace,  
 Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime,  
 Beneath a blue Italian sky,  
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,  
 Save thy wild tapestry !  
 And, reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine  
 To wave where banners waved of yore,  
 O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,  
 Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down  
 Those eyries of a vanished race—  
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown  
 Hath passed, and left no trace.  
 But there thou art !—thy foliage bright  
 Unchanged the mountain storm can brave ?  
 Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
 Or deck the humblest grave !

'Tis still the same ! Where'er we tread,  
 The wrecks of human power we see—  
 The marvels of all ages fled  
 Left to decay and thee !  
 And still let man his fabrics rear,  
 August, in beauty, grace, and strength ;  
 Days pass—thou ivy never sere !\*  
 And all is thine at length !

---

TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WHERE sucks the bee now ? Summer is flying,  
 Leaves round the elm-tree faded are lying ;  
 Violets are gone from their grassy dell,  
 With the cowslip cups, where the fairies dwell ;  
 The rose from the garden hath passed away—  
 Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day !  
 For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled  
 Ever around thee, my gentle child !  
 Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,  
 And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.  
 Roses may vanish, but *this* will stay—  
 Happy and bright is thy natal day !



## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

FFAR was, within the tossing bark  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,  
And baffled in their skill ;  
But One was there, who rose and said  
To the wild sea—*Be still!*

And the wind ceased—it ceased ! that word  
Passed through the gloomy sky ;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
And silence on the blast ;  
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep,  
When sultry day is past.

O Thou ! that in its wildest hour  
Didst rule the tempest's mood,  
Send thy meek spirit forth in power,  
Soft on our souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride  
Thy mandate to fulfil !  
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,  
Speak, and say, *Peace be still!*

## EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A CHILD AND A YOUTH.

THOU, that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,  
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,  
And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,  
Come to this tomb !—it hath a voice for thee !  
Pray ! Thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour :  
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth  
Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to behold  
All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,  
All the mind's treasures silently unfold,  
Look on this tomb !—for thee, too, speaks the grave,  
Where God hath sealed the fount of hope he gave.

## MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

EARTH ! guard what here we lay in holy trust,  
That which hath left our home a darkened place,  
Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled with dust,  
The light departed with our loveliest face.  
Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free—  
We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

But thou, O Heaven ! keep, keep what *thou* hast taken,  
And with our treasure keep our hearts on high ;  
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,  
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy—  
Guide us where these are with our sister flown—  
They were of Thee, and thou hast claimed thine own !

## THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea !  
For ever and the same ;  
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—  
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh ! many a glorious voice is gone  
From the rich bowers of earth,  
And hushed is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.



The Dorian flute that sighed of yore  
 Along the wave, is still ;  
 The harp of Judah peals no more  
 On Zion's awful hill.

The Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord  
 That breathed the mystic tone ;  
 And the songs at Rome's high triumphs  
 poured,  
 Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang  
 O'er stream and mountain free ;  
 And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang  
 Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep !  
 Through many an olden clime,

Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep  
 Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice  
 To every wind and sky,  
 And all our earth's green shores rejoice  
 In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,  
 The sunset's heaven of gold ;  
 And the still midnight hears the sound,  
 Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,  
 Where sceptred cities rose !  
 Thou speakest of One who doth not change—  
 So may our hearts repose.

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### THE CHILD AND DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE OF LADY LOUISA RUSSELL.

THOU art a thing on our dreams to rise,  
 'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,  
 And to fling bright dew from the morning back,  
 Fair form ! on each image of childhood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours  
 When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers,  
 When a world was our own in some dim sweet grove,  
 And treasure untold in one captive dove.

Are they gone? can we think it while *thou* art there,  
 Thou joyous child with the clustering hair?  
 Is it not spring that indeed breathes free  
 And fresh o'er each thought, while we gaze on *thee*?

No ! never more may we smile as thou  
 Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow ;  
 Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine  
 A memory of beauty undimmed as thine—

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,  
 To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,  
 To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne  
 One vision away of the cloudless morn.

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### A DIRGE.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
 Young spirit, rest thee now !  
 Even while with us thy footstep trod,  
 His seal was on thy brow.

DUST, to its narrow house beneath !  
 Soul, to its place on high !—  
 They that have seen thy look in death.  
 No more may fear to die.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers;  
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;  
But oh !—a brighter home than ours  
In heaven is now thine own.

## SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE

“ Oh ! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,  
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust ;  
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years ;  
—And thus they met.”

“ HASTE, with your torches, haste ! make firelight round <sup>the</sup>  
They speed, they press : what hath the miner found ?  
Relic or treasure—giant sword of old ?  
Gems bedded deep—rich veins of burning gold ?  
—Not so—the dead, the dead ! An awe-struck band,  
In silence gathering round the silent stand,  
Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,  
Before the thing that, in the might of death,  
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—  
A sleeper, dreaming not !—a youth with hair  
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair !)  
O'er his cold brow : no shadow of decay  
Had touched those pale, bright features—yet he wore  
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.  
Who could unfold that mystery ? From the throng  
A woman wildly broke ; her eye was dim,  
As if through many tears, through vigils long,  
Through weary strainings ;—all had been for him !  
Those two had loved ! And there he lay, the dead,  
In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood  
With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—  
And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood  
Had long since ebb'd—a meeting sad and strange !  
Oh ! are not meetings in this world of change  
Sadder than partings oft ! She stood there, still,  
And mute, and gazing—all her soul to fill  
With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,  
'Midst that rude cavern, touched with sculpture's grace,  
By torchlight and by death : until at last  
From her deep heart the spirit of the past  
Gushed in low broken tones—“ And there thou art !  
And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part  
As for a few brief hours ! My friend, my friend !  
First love, and only one ! Is this the end  
Of hope deferred, youth blighted ? Yet thy brow  
Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek  
Smiles—how unchanged !—while I, the worm, and weak,  
And faded—oh ! thou wouldst but scorn me now,  
If thou couldst look on me !—a withered leaf,  
Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief !  
Better to see thee thus ! For thou didst go  
Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,  
Unto the dead. My Ulric ! through the night  
How have I called thee ! With the morning light  
How have I watched for thee !—wept, wandered, prayed  
Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,

In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one—  
 One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'Tis gone.  
 Take thy betrothed!" And on his breast she fell,  
 —Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,  
 How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,  
 Joining in death whom life had parted long!  
 They had one grave—one lonely bridal-bed,  
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!  
*His* name had ceased—*her* heart outlived each tie,  
 Once more to look on that dead face, and die!

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### ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"

SING, sing in memory of the brave departed,  
 Let song and wine be poured!  
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,  
 Our brethren of the sword!

Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices  
 Have mingled with our own;  
 Fill high the cup! but when the soul rejoices,  
 Forget not who are gone.

They that stood with us, 'midst the dead and dying,  
 On Albuera's plain;  
 They that beside us cheerily tracked the flying,  
 Far o'er the hills of Spain;

They that amidst us, when the shells were showering  
 From old Rodrigo's wall,  
 The rampart scaled, through clouds of battle towering,  
 First, first at Victory's call;

They that upheld the banners, proudly waving,  
 In Roncesvalles' dell,  
 With England's blood, the southern vineyards laving—  
 Forget not how they fell!

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,  
 Let song and wine be poured!  
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,  
 Our brethren of the sword!

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### HAUNTED GROUND.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside for ever—it may be a sound,  
 A tone of music, summer eve, or spring,  
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric train, wherewith we are darkly bound."—BYRON.

YES, it is haunted, this quiet scene, Fair as it looks, and all softly green; Yet fear thou not—for the spell is thrown, And the might of the shadow, on me alone.	Are thy thoughts wandering to elves and fays, And spirits that dwell where the water plays?
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Oh ! in the heart there are stronger powers,  
That sway, though viewless, this world of  
ours !

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely dells,  
And loved and sorrowed, and heard fare-  
wells,

And learned in my own deep soul to look,  
And tremble before that mysterious book ?

Have I not, under these whispering leaves,  
Woven such dreams as the young heart  
weaves ?

Shadows—yet unto which life seemed  
bound ;

And is it not—is it not haunted ground ?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,  
Troubling the air of the sunny spot ?  
Is there not something to rouse but me,  
Told by the rustling of every tree ?

Song hath been here, with its flow of  
thought ;

Love, with its passionate visions fraught ;  
Death, breathing stillness and sadness  
round ;

And is it not—is it not haunted ground ?

Are there no phantoms, but such as come  
By night from the darkness that wraps the  
tomb ?

A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze,  
Can summon up mightier far than these !

But I may not linger amidst them here !  
Lovely they are, and yet things to fear :  
Passing and leaving a weight behind,  
And a thrill on the chords of the stricken  
mind.

Away, away !—that my soul may soar  
As a free bird of blue skies once more !  
Here from its wing it may never cast  
The chain by those spirits brought back  
from the past.

Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou, too,  
Look on the scenes where thy childhood  
grew—

Where thou hast prayed at thy mother's  
knee,

Where thou hast roved with thy brethren  
free ;

Go thou, when life unto thee is changed,  
Friends thou hast loved as thy soul, es-  
tranged ;

When from the idols thy heart hath made,  
Thou hast seen the colours of glory fade.

Oh ! painfully then, by the wind's low sigh,  
By the voice of the stream, by the flower-  
cup's dye,

By a thousand tokens of sight and sound,  
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted  
ground.

### THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HUNTER.

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,  
Where the Red Indian lays his father's  
dust,

And, by the rushing of the torrent floods,  
To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust ?

Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming  
main,

To pour itself upon the wilds again ?

They are gone forth, the desert's warrior  
race,

By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe ;  
But where art thou, the swift one in the  
chase,

With thy free footstep and unfailling bow ?  
Their singing shafts have reached the  
panther's lair,

And where art thou ?—thine arrows are not  
there.

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is  
won— [hough ;

They hang their spears upon the cypress  
The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is  
done— [thou ?

They hear the tales of old—but where art  
The night-fires blaze beneath the giant pine,  
And there a place is filled that once was  
thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's throng.  
And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow  
aside ;

Child of the forests ! thou art borne along,  
E'en as ourselves, by life's tempestuous  
tide. [rest ?

But will this be ? and canst thou *here* find  
Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's  
breast.



<p>Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear          From the savannah-land, the land of          streams?          Hearest thou not murmurs which none else          may hear?          Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams?          They call—wild voices call thee o'er the          main,          Back to thy free and boundless woods again.</p>	<p>Hear them not! hear them not!—thou          canst not find [thine!          In the far wilderness what once was          Thou hast quaffed knowledge from the          founts of mind, [divine,          And gathered loftier aims and hopes          Thou knowest the soaring thought, the im-          mortal strain—          Seek not the deserts and the woods again.</p>
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STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF —.

<p>IN the full tide of melody and mirth,          While joy's bright spirit beams from          every eye, [from earth,          Forget not him, whose soul, though fled          Seems yet to speak in strains that cannot          die.</p> <p>Forget him not, for many a festal hour,          Charmed by those strains for us has          lightly flown: [power,          And memory's visions, mingling with their          Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar          tone.</p>	<p>Blest be the harmonist, whose well-known          lays          Revivè life's morning dreams, when youth          is fled,          And, fraught with images of other days,          Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.</p> <p>His the dear art whose spells awhile renew          Hope's first illusions in their tenderest          bloom— [threw          Oh! what were life, unless such moments          Bright gleams, "like angel visits," o'er          its gloom?</p>
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THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

<p>YES! thou hast met the sun's last smile          From the haunted hills of Rome;          By many a bright Ægean isle          Thou hast seen the billows foam.</p> <p>From the silence of the Pyramid,          Thou hast watched the solemn flow          Of the Nile, that with its waters hid          The ancient realm below.</p> <p>Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds sung          Some wild and warlike strain,          Where the Moorish horn once proudly rung          Through the pealing hills of Spain.</p> <p>And o'er the lonely Grecian streams          Thou hast heard the laurels moan,          With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams          Of the glory that is gone.</p> <p>But go thou to the pastoral vales          Of the Alpine mountains old,          If thou wouldst hear immortal tales          By the wind's deep whispers told!</p> <p>Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread          Where man hath nobly striven,          And life, like incense, hath been shed,          An offering unto Heaven:</p>	<p>For o'er the snows, and round the pines,          Hath swept a noble flood;          The nurture of the peasant's vines          Hath been the martyr's blood!</p> <p>A spirit, stronger than the sword,          And loftier than despair,          Through all the heroic region poured,          Breathes in the generous air.</p> <p>A memory clings to every steep          Of long-enduring faith,          And the sounding streams glad record keep          Of courage unto death.</p> <p>Ask of the peasant <i>where</i> his sires          For truth and freedom bled?          Ask, where were lit the torturing fires,          Where lay the holy dead!</p> <p>And he will tell thee, all around,          On fount, and turf, and stone,          Far as the chamois' foot can bound,          Their ashes have been sown!</p> <p>Go, when the Sabbath-bell is heard          Up through the wilds to float,          When the dark old woods and caves are          stirred          To gladness by the note:</p>
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When forth, along their thousand rills,  
The mountain people come,  
Join thou their worship on those hills  
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,  
And while the torrent's voice,

Like the swell of many an organ, blends,  
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,  
Through shame, through death, made  
strong,

Before the rocks and heavens have borne  
Witness of God so long !

### SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER.

PILGRIM ! oh say, hath thy cheek been  
fanned

By the sweet winds of my sunny land ?  
Knowest thou the sound of its mountain  
pines ?

And hast thou rested beneath its vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still wander-  
ing by,  
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue sky,  
Floating away o'er hill and heath  
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's  
breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those  
Where the warbling of fountains for ever  
flows ?

Are there brighter flowers than mine own,  
which wave  
O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave ?

O sunshine and song ! they are lying far  
By the streams that look to the western  
star ;

My heart is fainting to hear once more  
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,  
And brave, my Spain ! though thou art not  
free ;

But I call them blest—they have rent *their*  
chain—

They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny Spain !

### THE CONTADINA.

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE.

NOT for the myrtle, and not for the vine,  
Though its grape, like a gem, be the sun-  
beam's shrine ; [showers

And not for the rich blue heaven that  
Joy on thy spirit, like light on the flowers ;  
And not for the scent of the citron trees—  
Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for *these*.

Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,  
Though round thee a gleam, as of spring,  
it throw ; [thine eye,

And not for the lustre that laughs from  
Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny sky,

Though the south in its riches nought  
lovelier sees—

Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for *these*.

But for those breathing and loving things—  
For the boy's fond arm that around thee  
clings,

For the smiling cheek on thy lap that glows,  
In the peace of a trusting child's repose—  
For the hearts whose home is thy gentle  
breast,

Oh ! richly I call thee, and deeply blest !

### TROUBADOUR SONG.

THE warrior crossed the ocean's foam  
For the stormy fields of war ;  
The maid was left in a smiling home  
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin showers  
Poured on the steel-clad line .

Her step was 'midst the summer flowers,  
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,  
And the red blood stained his crest ;  
While she—the gentlest wind of heaven  
Might scarcely fan her breast !

Yet a thousand arrows passed him by,  
And again he crossed the seas ;  
But she had died as roses die  
That perish with a breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come  
For all things bright and fair ;  
There was death within the smiling home—  
How had death found her there ?

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### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

“ Where’s the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land ?”—*Marmion*.

THE stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O’er all the pleasant land !  
The deer across their greensward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam ;  
And the swan glides past them with the  
    sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman’s voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood’s tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours !

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell’s chime  
Floats through their woods at morn ;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o’er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves ;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child’s glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God !

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### THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

“ I have dreamt thou wert  
A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar  
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,  
Whose image unto thee is as a dream  
Of fire and slaughter ; I can see thee wasting,  
Sick of thy native air.”—L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,  
Over the crests of the billows far ;  
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,  
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king’s board ;  
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was poured ;  
The hearth was heaped with the pine-boughs high,  
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme  
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;  
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,  
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,  
They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;  
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,  
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood,—in her mournful eyes  
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;  
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,  
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame  
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,  
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,  
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,  
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze—  
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,  
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,  
With her long locks crowned for her bridal-day,  
And brought to die of the burning dreams  
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—  
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,  
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her work,  
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow—  
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low ;  
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,  
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

" THEY bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land ! of thee !  
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea ?  
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ? in silence let me die,  
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky.  
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth—  
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north ?

Yet thus it shall be once, once more ! My spirit shall awake,  
And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake !  
That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,  
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight !  
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,  
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

" There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but, oh ! their glorious blue !  
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue !  
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,  
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome :  
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,  
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

" And there are haunts in that green land—oh ! who may dream or tell  
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell !  
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves.  
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves :



The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,  
And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy moss beneath.

“ And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day—  
Sweet sounds ! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven away ;  
They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining seas—  
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze ;  
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there,—it were a bliss to die,  
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily !

‘ I may not thus depart—farewell ! Yet no, my country ! no !  
Is not love stronger than the grave ? I feel it must be so !  
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,  
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.  
Its passion deepens—it prevails !—I break my chain—I come  
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my home !”

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—  
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—  
And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,  
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—  
A silence fell o'er the warrior's hall ;  
She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone ;  
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone !

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#### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main !—  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain !—  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—what wealth untold,  
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies !—  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main ;  
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more !—thy waves have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by !  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry,—  
Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !  
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !  
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so long

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—  
 But all is not thine own

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,  
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !—  
 Restore the dead, thou sea !

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### BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,  
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;  
 Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale  
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,  
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—  
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !  
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
 The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,  
 The turf looks red where he won the day—  
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,  
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,  
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;  
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
 And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !  
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.  
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
 Her place is now by another's side—  
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the hier to shed,  
 A crown for the brow of the early dead !  
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,  
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed !  
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
 They are nature's offering, their place is there !  
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
 With a voice of promise they come and part,  
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
 They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers !

## THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"ALAS! the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair,  
She had not known her child."—*Marmion*

REST, pilgrim, rest!—thou'rt from the Syrian land,  
'Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know,  
By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,  
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.  
Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part,  
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!  
Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,  
And dimmed in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last:  
Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze,  
The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is passed,  
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.  
Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the fountain welling  
By the grey pillars of yon ruined shrine?  
See'st thou the dewy grapes, before thee swelling?—  
He that hath left me trained that loaded vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,  
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)  
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,  
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper chime.  
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever,  
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,  
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parched lips' fever--  
There in his place thou'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,  
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,  
In the still hours, like some remembered strain,  
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!  
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen  
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,  
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien,  
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on Heaven and earth  
It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled!  
The very air seemed kindling with his mirth,  
And I—my heart grew young before my child!  
My blessed child!—I had but him—yet he  
Filled all my home even with o'erflowing joy,  
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—  
Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,  
Like a spring dewdrop—then his forehead wore  
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—  
I knew these woods might be his world no more!  
He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go,  
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too much adored!  
He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,  
And bounded from me with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain  
 Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,  
 With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain  
 Where hosts have met—speak! answer! was *he there?*  
 Oh! hath his smile departed?—Could the grave  
 Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?—  
 No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—  
 That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer!—some fond mother's glance  
 O'er thee too brooded in thine early years—  
 Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,  
 Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?  
 Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—what art thou?  
 Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?  
 Look up! oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—  
 Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son, my son!

THEKLA'S SONG; OR, THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

[This song is said to have been composed by Schiller in answer to the inquiries of his friends respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of "*Wallenstein's Death*," after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.]

. . . . "Tis not merely  
 The human being's *pride* that peoples space  
 With life and mystical predominance;  
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of *love*  
 This visible nature, and this common world,  
 Are all too narrow."—COLERIDGE'S *Translation of Wallenstein*.

ASK'ST thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,  
 When from thine eye my floating shadow passed?  
 Was not my work fulfilled and closed below?  
 Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,  
 That melting into song her soul away,  
 Gave the spring-breeze what witched thee in its tone?—  
 But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found!—  
 Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,  
 Where nought again may part what love hath bound,  
 Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt *thou* find us, there with us be blest,  
 If as *our love thy* love is pure and true!  
 There dwells my father,\* sinless and at rest,  
 Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust  
 Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken,  
 There it is with us, even as is our trust,  
 He that believes, is near the holy *then*.

\* *Wallenstein*.



There shall each feeling beautiful and high,  
 Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day ;—  
 Oh ! fear thou not to dream with waking eye !  
 There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

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 THE REVELLERS.

RING, joyous chords !—ring out again !  
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !  
 They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,  
 And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part. —  
 But I met a dimly mournful glance,  
 In a sudden turn of the flying dance ;  
 I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,  
 In a pause of the thrilling melody !  
 And it is not well that woe should breathe  
 On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreath !—  
 Ye that to thought or to grief belong,  
 Leave, leave the hall of song !

Ring, joyous chords !—but who art *thou*  
 With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,  
 And the world of dreamy gloom that lies  
 In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes ?  
 Thou hast loved, fair girl ! thou hast loved too well !  
 Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell ;  
 Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,  
 And art unrepaid for their priceless worth !  
 Mourn on !—yet come thou not *here* the while,  
 It is but a pain to see thee smile !  
 There is not a tone in our songs for thee—  
 Home with thy sorrows flee !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !—  
 But what dost thou with the revel's train ?  
 A silvery voice through the soft air floats,  
 But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes ;  
 There are bright young faces that pass thee by,  
 But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye.  
 Away ! there's a void in thy yearning breast,  
 Thou weary man ! wilt thou *here* find rest ?  
 Away ! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,  
 And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead !  
 Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth—  
 Back to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring forth again !  
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !—  
 But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,  
 And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,  
 By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,  
 By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,  
 I know thee !—it is but the wakeful fear  
 Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !  
 I know thee !—thou fearest the solemn night,  
 With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might !

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,  
 For it asks what the secret soul hath done !  
 And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away !—  
     Back to thy home and pray !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !  
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !  
 And bring fresh wreaths !—we will banish all  
 Save the free in heart from our festive hall.  
 On ! through the maze of the fleet dance, on !—  
 But where are the young and the lovely ?—gone !  
 Where are the brows with the red rose crowned,  
 And the floating forms with the bright zone bound ?  
 And the waving locks and the flying feet,  
 That still should be where the mirthful meet !—  
 They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all !—  
     Alas ! the forsaken hall !

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 THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furled !  
 Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,  
 With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,  
 Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world !  
 Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—  
 Oh ! strong is night—for thou too art at rest !

Stillness hath smoothed thy brow,  
 And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,  
 Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,  
 Alike unconscious and defenceless thou !  
 Tread lightly, watchers ! now the field is won,  
 Break not the rest of nature's weary son !

Perchance some lovely dream  
 Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing  
 To the green places of thy boyish daring,  
 And all the windings of thy native stream ;—  
 Why, this were joy ! upon the tented plain,  
 Dream on, thou conqueror !—be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,  
 With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,  
 And thy dark, troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping  
 So wilt thou rise, oh ! thou of woman born !  
 And put thy terrors on, till none may dare  
 Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps  
 Beneath his vine !—and man must kneel before thee,  
 And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !  
 Shalt thou be stayed because thy brother weeps ?—  
 Wake ! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,  
 Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furled !

Forget that thou, even thou,  
 Hast feebly shivered when the wind passed o'er thee,  
 And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,  
 And felt the night-dew chill thy fevered brow !

Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on!—  
Yet shall the dust take home its mortal soa.

OUR LADY'S WELL.\*

FOUNT of the woods I thou art hid no more  
From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore !  
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,  
And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;  
And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,  
As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass ;  
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,  
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone ;  
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—  
Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the vale ! thou art sought no more  
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,  
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,  
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.  
There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,  
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers !  
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,  
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,  
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—  
Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine !  
A voice that speaks of the past is thine !  
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh,  
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky ;  
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,  
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard !—  
Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,  
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?—  
'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's* domain—  
He hath made thee nature's own again !

Fount of the chapel with ages grey !  
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay !  
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,  
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now !  
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought  
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought ;  
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,  
Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven,  
Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,  
Who hath made thee nature's own again !

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,  
Glad Summer, fare thee well !  
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies  
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset  
Of thy latest lingering day,  
Oh ! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,  
How hast thou passed away ?

\* A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin.

Brightly, sweet Summer ! brightly  
 Thine hours have floated by,  
 To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
 The rangers of the sky.  
 And brightly in the forests,  
 To the wild deer wandering free ;  
 And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,  
 To the happy murmuring bee :

But how to human bosoms,  
 With all their hopes and fears,  
 And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,  
 To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet Summer ! to the captive  
 Thou hast flown in burning dreams  
 Of the woods, with all their whispering  
 leaves,  
 And the blue rejoicing streams ;—

To the wasted and the weary  
 On the bed of sickness bound,  
 In swift delirious fantasies,  
 That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,  
 In longings, wild and vain,

For the gushing founts and breezy hills,  
 And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad Summer !  
 How hast thou flown to me ?  
*My* chainless footstep naught hath kept  
 From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,  
 In memories of the dead—  
 In shadows, from a troubled heart,  
 O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings,  
 To fling a weight aside—  
 'Midst these thy melodies have ceased  
 And all thy roses died.

But, oh ! thou gentle Summer !  
 If I greet thy flowers once more,  
 Bring me again the buoyancy  
 Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine,  
 With song and spirit free ;  
 Or in a purer air than this  
 May that next meeting be !

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THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

. . . . "Sing aloud  
 Old songs, the precious music of the heart."—WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
 When days are long and bright,  
 And the blue gleam of shining rills  
 Is loveliest to the sight !  
 Sing them along the misty moor,  
 Where ancient hunters roved,  
 And swell them through the torrent's roar,  
 The songs our fathers loved !

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,  
 When harps were in the hall,  
 And each proud note made lance and spear  
 Thrill on the bannered wall :  
 The songs that through our valleys green,  
 Sent on from age to age,  
 Like his own river's voice, have been  
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale  
 Is filled with plummy sheaves  
 The woodman, by the starlight pale,  
 Cheered homeward through the leaves :  
 And unto them the glancing oars  
 A joyous measure keep,  
 Where the dark rocks that crest our shores  
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed  
 O'er each old fount and grove ;  
 A memory of the gentle dead,  
 A lingering spell of love.  
 Murmuring the names of mighty men,  
 They bid our streams roll on,  
 And link high thoughts to every glen  
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,  
 When evening-fires burn clear,  
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,  
 And on the hills of deer :  
 So shall each unforgetten word,  
 When far those loved ones roam,  
 Call back the hearts which once it stirred  
 To childhood's holy-home.

The green woods of their native-land  
 Shall whisper in the strain,  
 The voices of their household band,  
 Shall breathe their names again ;  
 The heathery heights in vision rise  
 Where, like the stag, they roved—  
 Sing to your sons those melodies,  
 The songs your fathers loved !



THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,  
To the world that is under the free, blue  
skies !  
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—  
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's  
air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells  
A light all made for the poet dwells ;  
A light, coloured softly by tender leaves,  
Whence the primrose a mellower glow  
receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,  
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee ;  
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery  
fern, [urn.  
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden

There is life, there is youth, there is tame-  
less mirth, [have birth ;  
Where the streams, with the lilies they wear,  
There is peace where the alders are whis-  
pering low ; [woe !  
Come from man's dwellings, with all their

Yes ! we will come—we will leave behind  
The homes and the sorrows of human kind ;  
It is well to rove where the river leads  
Its bright, blue vein along sunny meads :

It is well through the rich, wild woods  
to go, [doe ;  
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and  
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,  
When the heart has been fretted by worldly  
stings :

And to watch the colours that flit and pass,  
With insect-wings through the wavy grass ;  
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-trees  
bark, [dark.  
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,  
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea ;  
To the woods, to the dingles where violets  
blow,  
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet  
A line like the pathway of former feet ;  
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,  
We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot ;—

If the cell, where a hermit of old hath  
prayed,  
Lift up its cross through the solemn  
shade ;—  
Or if some nook where the wild-flowers  
wave,  
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be  
stayed,  
There our quick spirits awhile delayed ;  
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,  
And win back our hearts to their sym-  
pathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies  
be fair,  
Steeped in soft hues of the summer air,—  
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and  
dreams,  
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,  
Where it hath poured forth its vows to  
Heaven ;  
Where to repose it hath brightly past,  
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,  
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,  
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,  
*We*, only *we*, may be linked to God !

KINDRED HEARTS.

OH ! ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below ;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow :  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky,  
Where the rich sunset burns ;  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
 A sorrowful delight !  
 The melody of distant chimes,  
 The sound of waves by night ;  
 The wind that, with so many a tone,  
 Some chord within can thrill,—  
 These may have language all thine own,  
 To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true  
 And steadfast love of years ;  
 The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
 The faithful to thy tears !

If there be one that o'er the dead  
 Hath in thy grief borne part,  
 And watched through sickness by thy bed,—  
 Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
 Wherein bright spirits blend,  
 Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
 With the same breeze that bend,  
 For that full bliss of thought allied,  
 Never to mortals given,—  
 Oh ! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
 Or lift them unto heaven.

### THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.\*

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,  
 As they floated in light away,  
 By the opening and the folding flowers,  
 That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
 And its graceful cup and bell,  
 In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,  
 Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have  
 flowed  
 In a golden current on,  
 Ere from the garden, man's first abode,  
 The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—  
 Those days of song and dreams—

When shepherds gathered their flocks of old  
 By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest  
 Far off in a breezeless main,  
 Which many a bark, with a weary quest,  
 Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
 Marked thus—even thus—on earth,  
 By the closing of one hope's delight,  
 And another's gentle birth !

Oh ! let us live, so that flower by flower  
 Shutting in turn, may leave  
 A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
 A charm for the shaded eve.

### THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,  
 In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;  
 His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,  
 And his arms folded in majestic gloom,  
 And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,  
 Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,  
 Telling the cedars and the pines that there  
 Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,  
 And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.  
 Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone  
 With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

'There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,  
 And he too paused in reverence by that grave,

\* Formed by LINNÆUS.

Asking the tale of its memorial, piled  
 Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;  
 Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,  
 On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—  
 " I listened for the words, which, years ago,  
 Passed o'er these waters : though the voice is fled,  
 Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,  
 Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,  
 Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

" Ask'st thou of him, whose house is lone beneath ?  
 I was an eagle in my youthful pride,  
 When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,  
 To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.  
 Many the times of flowers have been since then—  
 Many, but bringing naught like *him* again !

" Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,  
 O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;  
 Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,  
 Laying the cedars like the corn-stalks low ;  
 But to spread tidings of all holy things,  
 Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings

: Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,  
 I and my brethren that from earth are gone,  
 Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet  
 Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone !  
 He told of One, the grave's dark bonds who broke,  
 And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

" He told of far and sunny lands, which lie  
 Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell :  
 Bright must they be !—for *there* are none that die,  
 And none that weep, and none that say ' Farewell !'  
 He came to guide us thither ;—but away  
 The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

" We saw him slowly fade,—athirst, perchance,  
 For the fresh waters of that lovely clime ;  
 Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,  
 And on his gleaming hair no touch of time,—  
 Therefore we hoped ;—but now the lake looks dim,  
 For the green summer comes,—and finds not him !

" We gathered round him in the dewy hour  
 Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree ;  
 From his clear voice, at first, the words of power  
 Came low, like moanings of a distant sea ;  
 But swelled and shook the wilderness ere long,  
 As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

" And then once more they trembled on his tongue,  
 And his white eyelids flattered, and his head  
 Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung,—  
 Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead ?  
 It is enough !—he sank upon my breast—  
 Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest !

" We buried him where he was wont to pray,  
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide ;  
We reared this Cross in token where he lay,  
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died !  
Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and wave,  
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

" But I am sad !—I mourn the clear light taken  
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,  
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,  
And the true words forgotten, save by one,  
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,  
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye :—  
" Son of the Wilderness ! despair thou not,  
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,  
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot !  
Heaven darkly works ;—yet where the seed hath been  
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

" Hope on, hope ever !—by the sudden springing  
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long ;  
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,  
After cold silent months, the woods among ;  
And by the rendin g of the frozen chains,  
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains ;

" Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,  
But as a lovely song to leave no trace,  
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,  
And the full dayspring rise upon thy race !  
And fading mists the better path disclose,  
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,  
Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,  
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,  
By many a blue stream in its lonely way ;  
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press  
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

#### THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood—  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard in life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone—  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone.  
He listened—and his heart beat high :  
That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rushed burning through his frame, —  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame ;  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,  
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars. Across his soul  
There swept a sudden change :  
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal  
A shadow dark and strange  
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all ?*



No more than this ! What seemed it *now*  
 First by that spring to stand ?  
 A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
 Bathed his own mountain-land !  
 Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,  
 Their wild, sweet voices, called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,  
 His childhood's haunt of play,  
 Where brightly through the beechen shade  
 Their waters glanced away ;  
 They called him, with their sounding waves,  
 Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought  
 Of each familiar scene,  
 Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
 With all that lay between—

The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
 The whirling sands, the red simoom !

Where was the glow of power and pride ?  
 The spirit born to roam ?  
 His altered heart within him died  
 With yearnings for his home !  
 All vainly struggling to repress  
 The gush of painful tenderness.

He wept ! The stars of Afric's heaven  
 Beheld his bursting tears,  
 E'en on that spot where fate had given  
 The meed of toiling years !—  
 O Happiness ! how far we flee  
 Thine own sweet paths in search of thee !

## CASABIANCA.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
 Whence all but he had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm—  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, father, say  
 If yet my task is done !"  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
 If I may yet be gone !"  
 And but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
 " My father ! must I stay ?"  
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And streamed above the gallant child  
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—  
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part ;  
 But the noblest thing which perished there  
 Was that young faithful he

## OUR DAILY PATHS.

" Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings."—WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
 Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise  
 We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way  
 Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree,  
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee ;  
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown,  
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,  
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes ! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow too is there :  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air !  
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,  
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,  
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades ;  
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone  
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will,  
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill ?  
No ! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind us fast,  
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,  
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track ;  
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,  
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be ? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield !  
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field !  
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,  
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease ?  
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,  
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,  
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies !

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#### LAST RITES.

By the mighty minster's bell,  
Tolling with a sudden swell !  
By the colours half-mast high,  
O'er the sea hung mournfully ;  
Know, a prince hath died !

By the drum's dull muffled sound,  
By the arms that sweep the ground,  
By the volleying muskets' tone,  
Speak ye of a soldier gone  
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills  
Reverently the ancient hills,\*  
Learn, that from his harvests done,  
Peasants bear a brother on  
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white  
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright,  
By the garland on the bier,  
Weep ! a maiden claims thy tear -  
Broken is the rose !

Which is the tenderest rite of all ?  
Buried virgin's coronal,  
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,  
Farewell gun for warrior dead,  
Herdsman's funeral hymn ?

Tells not each of human woe,  
Each of hope and strength brought low ?  
Number each with holy things,  
If one chastening thought it brings,  
Ere life's day grow dim !

\* A custom still retained at rural funerals, in some parts of England and Wales.

## THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,  
 When a young mother, with her first-born, thence  
 Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vowed  
 Unto the Temple service. By the hand  
 She led him, and her silent soul, the while,  
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
 Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
 That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,  
 To bring before her God. So passed they on,  
 O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves  
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
 Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,  
 With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
 Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest ;  
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
 That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
 As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount  
 Lay like a twilight star 'midst palmy shades,  
 Making its bank green gems along the wild,  
 There, too, she lingered, from the diamond wave  
 Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,  
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
 To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached,  
 The Earth's One Sanctuary—and rapture hushed  
 Her bosom, as before her, through the day,  
 It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
 In light, like floating gold. But when that hour  
 Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
 Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear  
 Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm  
 Clung e'en as joy clings—the deep spring-tide  
 Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child  
 Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds  
 Of weeping and sad song.—“ Alas ! ” she cried,

‘ Alas ! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me ;  
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
 And now fond thoughts arise,  
 And silver cords again to earth have won me ;  
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
 How shall I hence depart ?

‘ How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
 So late, along the mountains, at my side ?  
 And I, in joyous pride,  
 By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
 Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
 Beholding thee so fair !

‘ And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
 Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
 Turned from its door away ?  
 While through its chambers wandering, weary hearted,

- I languish for thy voice, which past me still,  
Went like a singing rill !
- ‘ Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn ;  
Nor will thy sleep’s low dove-like breathings greet me  
As ‘midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.
- “ And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round thee,  
Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed ?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear ?
- “ What have I said, my child ?—Will *He* not hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?  
Shall *He* not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?—  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.
- “ I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, *He* shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
And thou shalt be His child.
- “ Therefore, farewell !—I go, my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks.—  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ‘  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength.—Farewell !”

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### THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute gun  
Had pealed along the deep,  
And mournfully the rising sun  
Looked o’er the tide-worn steep.  
A bark from India’s coral strand,  
Before the raging blast,  
Had bowed her topsails to the sand,  
And voyaged her noble mast.

The queenly ship !—brave hearts had striven,  
And true ones died with her !—  
We saw her mighty cable riven,  
Like floating gossamer.  
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,  
A star once o’er the seas—  
Her anchor gone, her deck upturn—  
And sadder things than these !

We saw her treasures cast away,—  
The rocks with pearls were sown,  
And strangely sad, the ruby’s ray  
Flashed out o’er fretted stone.  
And gold was strewn the wet sands o’er,  
Like ashes by a breeze ;  
And gorgeous robes—but oh ! that shore  
Had sadder things than these !

We saw the strong man still and low,  
A crushed reed thrown aside ;  
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died.  
And near him on the seaweed lay—  
Till then we had not wept—  
But well our gushing hearts might say,  
That there a *mother* slept !



For her pale arms a babe had prest,  
 With such a wreathing grasp,  
 Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,  
 Yet not undone the clasp.  
 Her very tresses had been flung  
 To wrap the fair child's form,  
 Where still their wet long streamers hung,  
 All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,  
 Gleamed up the boy's dead face,  
 Like slumber's, trustingly serene,  
 In melancholy grace.

Deep in her bosom lay his head,  
 With half-shut violet eye—  
*He* had known little of her dread,  
 Nought of her agony !

Oh ! human love, whose yearning heart  
 Through all things vainly true,  
 So stamps upon thy mortal part  
 Its passionate adieu—  
 Surely thou hast another lot,  
 There is some home for thee,  
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering not  
 The moaning of the sea !

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### THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,  
 Light up the beacon-pyre !—  
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,  
 And waved the sign of fire.  
 A hundred banners to the breeze  
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—  
 And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?—  
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,  
 The peasant by his hearth ;  
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
 And rises from the earth.

The mother on her first-born son  
 Looks with a boding eye—  
*They* come not back, though all be won,  
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound  
 The falchion to his side ;  
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned  
 The lover quits his bride.  
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,  
 By *earthly* clarion spread !—  
 How will it be when kingdoms hear  
 The blast that wakes the Dead ?

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### EVENING PRAYER.

AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

"Now in thy youth, beseech of Him  
 Who giveth, upbraiding not ;  
 That His light in thy heart become not dim,  
 And His love be unforgot ;  
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be  
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."—BERNARD BARTON.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room  
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds  
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom  
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,  
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,  
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely !—Childhood's lip and cheek,  
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought !  
 Gaze—yet what see'st thou in those fair, and meek.  
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?—  
 Thou see'st what Grief must nurture for the sky,  
 What Death must fashion for Eternity !

Oh ! joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest  
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,

As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest,  
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—  
 Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies  
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breast th' untroubled springs  
 Of Hope make melody where'er ye tread,  
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings  
 Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;  
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,  
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,  
 And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
 And sunless riches, from affection's deep,  
 To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower !  
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
 And to bewail that worship. Therefore pray !

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,  
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;  
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,  
 And, oh ! to love through all things. Therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,  
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,  
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,  
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight !  
 Earth will forsake—oh ! happy to have given  
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

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### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

“ Il est dans la Nature d'aimer à se livrer à l'idée même qu'on redoute. ”—*Corneille*

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care ;  
 Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;  
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;—  
 But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
 Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine ;  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,  
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own. O Death.

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—  
 They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

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#### THE LOST PLEIAD.

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."—BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens departed?—  
 Oh! void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky  
 Still hold their place on high,  
 Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,  
 Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?  
 She wears her crown of old magnificence,  
 Though thou art exiled thence—  
 No desert seems to part those urns of light,  
 'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—  
 The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;  
 And from the silvery sea  
 To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—  
 Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee,

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,  
 E'en as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,  
 Swept by the wind away?  
 Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,  
 And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?—  
 Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,  
 When from its height afar  
 A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven  
 Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

## THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

“The inviolate island of the sage and free.”—BYRON.

ROCKS of my country ! let the cloud  
Your crested heights array,  
And rise ye like a fortress proud,  
Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand,  
Breasting the billow's foam :  
Oh ! thus for ever guard the land,  
The severed Land of Home !

I have left rich blue skies behind,  
Lighting up classic shrines,  
And music in the southern wind,  
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers  
Have floated o'er my way ;  
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours,  
Hath soothed me with its lay.

The Isles of Greece, the Hills of Spain,  
The purple Heavens of Rome,—  
Yes, all are glorious ;—yet again,  
I bless thee, Land of Home !

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land !  
And thine the guarded hearth ;  
And thine the dead, the noble band,  
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,  
Their steps are on thy plains ;  
Their names, by old majestic trees,  
Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide  
Of thine exulting sea :  
Oh ! be it still a joy, a pride,  
To live and die for thee !

## THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb,  
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;  
And green, along the ocean side,  
The mounds arise where heroes died ;  
But show me, on thy flowery breast,  
Earth ! where thy *nameless* martyrs rest !

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days ;  
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,  
Resigned the bitter cup to take,  
And silently, in fearless faith,  
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud  
stone

Their narrow couch of rest is known ;  
The still sad glory of their name  
Hallows no fountain unto Fame ;  
No—not a tree the record bears  
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed  
The ashes of that multitude :  
It may be that each day we tread  
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,

And the young flowers our children sow  
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh ! that the many rustling leaves,  
Which round our homes the Summer  
weaves,

Or that the streams, in whose glad voice  
Our own familiar paths rejoice,  
Might whisper through the starry sky,  
To tell where those blest slumberers lie !

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled,  
With knowledge of their presence filled,  
And by its breathings taught to prize  
The meekness of self-sacrifice?—  
But the old woods and sounding waves  
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there  
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,  
So let it be !—Like him, whose clay  
Deep buried by his Maker lay,  
They sleep in secret,—but their sod  
Unknown to man, is marked of God !



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Pregar, pregar, pregar,  
Ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati?"—ALFIERI

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently ;  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave ;  
Pray—ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;

Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial-plain ;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

"Von Baumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,  
Wie ruft es dir freundlich und lind ;  
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern ?  
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind !"—LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

OH ! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves ?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves ?

The summer birds are calling  
Thy household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
From their banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours—  
But when wilt thou return ?

Oh ! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide ;  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring ;  
And to thee the leaves' light play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return ?—  
Sweet dews may freshen soon  
The flower, within whose urn  
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,  
Which the lake's clear bosom wore  
Darkly may shadows lie—  
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again  
To the freedom of the woods,  
To the birds' triumphant strain,  
To the mountain solitudes !

But when wilt thou return ?  
Along thine own pure air  
There are young sweet voices borne—  
Oh ! should not thine be there ?

Still at thy father's board  
There is kept a place for thee ;  
And by thy smile restored,  
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,  
Thy coming step to greet,  
A look of days gone by,  
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said  
For thee kind bosoms yearn,  
For thee fond tears are shed—  
Oh ! when wilt thou return ?

## THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now !  
Some to the songs from the forest bough,  
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,  
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep-mid sea,  
To the dash of the waves in their foaming  
glee,  
As they break into spray on the ship's tall  
That holds through the tumult her path of  
pride.

And some—oh, well may *their* hearts re-  
joice !—  
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice :  
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,  
When from the board and hearth 'tis gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's  
breath,  
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing  
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,  
Which tells that a field must ere night be  
won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,  
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,  
As it heavily calls them forth to die,  
When the bright sun mounts in the laugh-  
ing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,  
And some to the din from the city borne,  
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,  
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequered earth  
Each unto light hath a daily birth ;  
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or  
sweet,  
Are the voices which first our upspringing  
meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,  
Which from the dust shall awaken us all :  
One !—but to severed and distant dooms,  
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs ?

## THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

[“ Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings ; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.”—CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,  
When Indian forests pour  
Forth, to the billow and the breeze,  
Their odours from the shore ;  
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh  
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh ! welcome are the winds that tell  
A wanderer of the deep  
Where, far away, the jasmines dwell,  
And where the myrrh-trees weep !  
Blest on the sounding surge and foam  
Are tidings of the citron's home !

The sailor at the helm they meet,  
And hope his bosom stirs,  
Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet  
The fair earth's messengers,  
That woo him, from the moaning main,  
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales,  
Of many a flowering glade,  
And fount's bright gleam, in island vales  
Of golden-fruited shade :

Across his lone ship's wake they bring  
A vision and a glow of spring.

And, O ye masters of the lay !  
Come not even thus your songs  
That meet us on life's weary way,  
Amidst her toiling throngs ?  
Yes ! o'er the spirit thus they bear  
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime  
That in our birth hath part ;  
Their tones are of the world, which time  
Sears not within the heart :  
They tell us of the living light  
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,  
Back to our early love,—  
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,  
Whence far and fast we rove.  
Welcome high thought and holy strain  
That make us Truth's and Heaven's agents

## THE DYING IMPROVISATORE.\*

"My heart shall be poured over thee—and break."—*Prophecy of DANTE.*

THE spirit of my land,  
It visits me once more !—though I must die  
Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fanned,  
My own bright Italy !

It is, it is thy breath,  
Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame  
Is shaken by the wind,—in life and death  
Still trembling, yet the same !

Oh ! that love's quenchless power  
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,  
And through thy groves its dying music shower,  
Italy ! Italy !

The nightingale is there,  
The sunbeams glow, the citron flower's perfume,  
The south wind's whisper in the scented air—  
It will not pierce the tomb !

Never, oh ! never more,  
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,  
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—  
My Italy ! farewell !

Alas !—thy hills among  
Had I but left a memory of my name,  
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,  
Unto immortal fame !

But like a lute's brief tone,  
Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,  
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen and gone,  
So hath my spirit passed—

Pouring itself away  
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns  
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,  
Into a fleeting lay ;

That swells, and floats, and dies,  
Leaving no echo to the summer woods  
Of the rich breathings and impassioned sighs  
Which thrilled their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me !  
Friends ! that upon its murmurs oft have hung  
When from my bosom, joyously and free,  
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue  
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,  
And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,  
Sweet friends ! remember me !

\* Sestini, the Roman Improvisatore, when on his deathbed at Paris, is said to have poured forth a Farewell to Italy, in his most impassioned poetry.

And in the marble halls  
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear  
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,  
Let me be with you there !

Fain would I bind, for you,  
My memory with all glorious things to dwell !  
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew—  
Sweet friends ! bright land ! farewell !

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### MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

[“ Oh ! mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir, strebt nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinem Menschen gegönnt ist.”—TIECK.]

THE chord, the harp's full chord is hushed  
The voice hath died away,  
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed  
But yesterday.

Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,  
The full o'ersweeping tone,  
The sounds that sighed “ Farewell, farewell !”  
Are gone—all gone !

The love, whose fervent spirit passed  
With the rich measure's flow ;  
The grief, to which it sank at last—  
Where are they now ?

They are with the scents by summer's breath  
Borne from a rose now shed :  
With the words from lips long sealed in death—  
For ever fled.

The sea-shell of its native deep  
A moaning thrill retains ;  
But earth and air no record keep  
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,  
They woke in floating by ;  
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—  
Could these too die ?

They died ! As on the water's breast  
The ripple melts away,  
When the breeze that stirred it sinks to rest—  
So perished they !

Mysterious in their sudden birth,  
And mournful in their close,  
Passing, and finding not on earth  
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath of flowers  
Why thus to come and go ?  
A long, long journey must be ours  
Ere this we know !



## THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

" Was mir fehlt?—Mir fehlt ja alles,  
Bin so ganz verlassen hier!"—*Tyrolese Melody.*

THE hearth, the hearth is desolate ! the fire is quenched and gone  
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone ;  
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night.  
Oh ! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light !

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,  
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.  
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,  
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas ! the lonely hearth !

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,  
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung.  
Sad, strangely sad in stranger lands, must sound each household tone :  
The hearth, the hearth is desolate ! the bright fire quenched and gone !

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee ?  
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea ?  
Oh ! some are hushed, and some are changed, and never shall one strain  
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again.

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,  
Alas ! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears !  
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone :  
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quenched and gone !

Not so—'tis *not* a broken chain : thy memory binds them still,  
Thou holy hearth of other days ! though silent now and chill.  
The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine attesting stone,  
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though called from earth away,  
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway ;  
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,  
Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone !

## THE DREAMER.

[" There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind ; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever."—*English Opium-eater.*]

" Thou hast been called, O sleep, the friend of woe,  
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so."—SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams ! thou art slumbering now—  
The moonlight's calm is upon thy brow ;  
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast  
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at rest—  
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,  
When eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Peace ! The sad memories that through the day  
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay,

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,  
That bowed thee as winds bow the willow's head,  
The yearnings for faces and voices gone—  
All are forgotten! Sleep on, sleep on!

*Are* they forgotten? It is not so!  
Slumber divides not the heart from its woe.  
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,  
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:  
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O love and grief!  
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf:

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,  
As on a lyre ere its chords are still!  
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye,  
There's a large tear gathering heavily—  
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit pressed:  
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest!

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours—  
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.  
Oh, we bear within us mysterious things!  
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed springs;  
And Passion—those gulfs of the heart to fill  
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,  
Flinging the peace of our couch away!  
Well might we look on our souls in fear—  
They find no fount of oblivion here!  
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—  
How know we if under the wings of death?

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 THE WINGS OF THE DOVE.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—*Psalms* lv

OH! for thy wings, thou dove!  
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast;  
That, borne like thee above,  
I too might flee away, and be at rest!

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,  
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest bird?  
In what rich leafy glooms,  
By the sweet voice of hidden waters stirred?

Over what blessed home,  
What roof with dark, deep, summer foliage crowned,  
O fair as ocean's foam!  
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine  
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary wooed,  
Though still, as if divine,  
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

Yet wherefore ask thy way?  
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim, thou art!  
Unto the greenwood spray,  
Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart!

No echoes that will blend  
A sadness with the whispers of the grove ;  
No memory of a friend  
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove !

Oh ! to some cool recess  
Take, take me with thee on the summer wind,  
Leaving the weariness  
And all the fever of this life behind :

The aching and the void  
Within the heart whereunto none reply,  
The young bright hopes destroyed—  
Bird ! bear me with thee through the sunny sky !

Wild wish, and longing vain,  
And brief upspringing to be glad and free !  
Go to thy woodland reign !  
My soul is bound and held—I may not flee.

For even by all the fears  
And thoughts that haunt my dreams—untold, unknown,  
And burning woman's tears,  
Poured from mine eyes in silence and alone ;

*Had* I thy wings, thou dove !  
High 'midst the gorgeous Isles of Cloud to soar,  
Soon the strong cords of love  
Would draw me earthwards—homewards—yet once more.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.\*

["Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la contemplation des choses divines, voudroit déployer ses ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui découvrir des scènes de lumière ; mais quand la mort touche son corps périssable, elle jette un regard en arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres et vers ses compagnes mortelles."—SCHLEGEL.]

Translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

FEARFULLY and mournfully  
Thou bidd'st the earth farewell,  
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one !  
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing !  
The sunshine of that shore  
Around thee, as a glorious robe,  
Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering  
There through th' Elysian sky,  
Hath no deep tone that seems to float  
From a happier time gone by :

And there the day's last crimson  
Gives no sad memories birth,  
No thought of dead or distant friends,  
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully  
Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,  
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest one !  
In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—  
The sunny wave's repose,  
The wood with its rich melodies,  
The summer and its rose.

A land that sees no parting,  
That hears no sound of sighs,  
That waits thee with immortal air—  
Lift, lift those anxious eyes !

Oh ! how like *thee*, thou trembler !  
Man's spirit fondly clings  
With timid love, to this, its world  
Of old familiar things !

\* Written for a picture in which Psyche, on her flight upwards is represented looking back sadly and anxiously to the earth.

We pant, we thirst for fountains  
That gush not here below !  
On, on we toil, allured by dreams  
Of the living water's flow :

We pine for kindred natures  
To mingle with our own ;  
For communings more full and high  
Than aught by mortal known :

We strive with brief aspirings  
Against our bounds in vain ;  
Yet summoned to be free at last,  
We shrink—and clasp our chain !

And fearfully and mournfully  
We bid the earth farewell,  
Though passing from its mists, like thee  
In a brighter world to dwell.

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### THE BOON OF MEMORY.

“Many things answered me.”—*Marfred.*

I GO, I go !—and must mine image fade,  
From the green spots wherein my childhood played,  
By my own streams ?  
Must my life part from each familiar place,  
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace  
Of its lone themes ?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget  
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met  
In grief or glee ?  
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,  
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,  
Poured full and free ?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory ! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live  
For evermore !  
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,  
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,  
A thought restore !

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,  
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,  
Set deep that thought !  
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,  
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,  
With me be fraught !

And Memory answered me ;—“ Wild wish and vain !  
I have no hues the loveliest to detain  
In the heart's core.  
The place they held in bosoms all their own,  
Soon with new shadows filled, new flowers o'ergrown,  
Is theirs no more.”

Hast *thou* such power, O Love ?—and Love replied,  
“ It is not mine ! Pour out thy soul's full tide  
Of hope and trust,  
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—  
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,  
Wild words on dust !”

Song, is the gift with thee ?—I ask a lay,  
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away



From the still breast ;  
Filled with a tone—oh ! not for deathless fame,  
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,  
Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—" It is not in me,  
Though called immortal ; though my gifts may be  
All but divine.

A place of lonely brightness I can give ;—  
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live—  
This is not mine !"

Death, Death ! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil ?  
And Death, the Strong One, spoke :—" I can but still  
Each vain regret.

What if forgotten ?—All thy soul would crave,  
Thou, too, within the mantle of the grave,  
Wilt soon forget ?

Then did my heart in lone faint sadness die,  
As from all nature's voices one reply,  
But one—was given.

" Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer ! with a tone  
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—  
Seek it in heaven."

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#### IVAN THE CZAR.

HE sat in silence on the ground,  
The old and haughty Czar,  
Lonely, though princes girt him round,  
And leaders of the war ;  
He had cast his jewelled sabre,  
That many a field had won,  
To the earth beside his youthful dead—  
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,  
Was laid that form of clay,  
Where the light a stormy sunset shed  
Through the rich tent made way ;  
And a sad and solemn beauty  
On the pallid face came down,  
Which the lord of nations mutely watched,  
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,  
From his full bosom broke—  
A mournful thing it was to hear  
How then the proud man spoke !  
The voice that through the combat  
Had shouted far and high,  
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,  
Burdened with agony.

" There is no crimson on thy cheek,  
And on thy lip no breath ;  
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—  
They tell me this is death !

And fearful things are whispering  
That I the deed have done—  
For the honour of thy father's name,  
Look up, look up, my son !

" Well might I know death's hue and  
mien—

But on *thine* aspect, boy !  
What, till this moment, have I seen  
Save pride and tameless joy ?

Swiftest thou wert to battle,  
And bravest there of all—  
How could I think a warrior's frame  
Thus like a flower should fall ?

" I will not bear that still cold look—  
Rise up, thou fierce and free !  
Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook  
All, save this calm, from thee !  
Lift brightly up, and proudly,  
Once more thy kindling eyes !  
Hath my word lost its power on earth ?  
I say to thee, arise !

" Didst thou not know I loved thee well !  
Thou didst not ! and art gone,  
In bitterness of soul, to dwell  
Where man must dwell alone.  
Come back, young fiery spirit !  
If but one hour to learn  
The secrets of the folded heart  
That seemed to thee so stern

"Thou wert the first, the first, fair child  
That in mine arms I pressed :  
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled  
Like summer on my breast !  
I reared thee as an eagle,  
To the chase thy steps I led,  
I bore thee on my battle-horse,  
I look upon thee—dead !

"Lay down my warlike banners here,  
Never again to wave,  
And bury my red sword and spear,  
Chiefs ! in my first-born's grave !

And leave me !—I have conquered,  
I have slain—my work is done !  
Whom have I slain ?—ye answer not—  
*Thou too art mute, my son !*

And thus his wild lament was poured  
Through the dark resounding night,  
And the battle knew no more his sword,  
Nor the foaming steed his might.  
He heard strange voices moaning  
In every wind that sighed ; [shrank—  
From the searching stars of heaven he  
Humbly the conqueror tied.

### CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.

[Founded on the following circumstance related in the *Percy Anecdotes* of imagination :—

"It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief ; and addressing himself in Irish to her mother : 'Madam,' said he, 'I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me ; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us ; nay,' said he emphatically, 'she will not survive twelve months.' The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard."]

"Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er thine eye  
The lights and shadows come and go too fast ;  
Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice  
Are sounds of tenderness too passionate  
For peace on earth : oh ! therefore, child of song !  
'Tis well thou shouldst depart."

A SOUND of music, from amidst the hills,  
Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful sound  
Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose,  
And sank in mournfulness. There sat a  
bard

By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept  
Flashing through rock and wood : the  
sunset's light

Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,  
And the wind's whisper in the mountain  
ash

Whose clusters drooped above. His head  
was bowed,

His hand was on his harp, yet thence its  
touch [stood

Had drawn but broken strains ; and many  
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,  
The unchaining of his soul, the gush of  
song—

Many and graceful forms !—yet one alone  
Seemed present to his dream ; and she,  
indeed,

With her pale virgin brow, and changeful  
check,

And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,  
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks  
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,  
E'en painfully !—a creature to behold  
With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught

unseen  
Should waft the vision from us, leaving  
earth

Too dim without its brightness ! Did such  
fear

O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one  
By his own rushing stream ? Once more  
he gazed

Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more  
From the deep chords his wandering mind  
brought out

A few short festive notes, an opening strain  
Of bridal melody, soon dashed with grief—  
As if some wailing spirit in the strings

Met and o'er-mastered him ; but yielding then  
To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully  
Like moaning waters o'er the harp he  
poured

The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang—

" Voice of the grave !  
I hear thy thrilling call ;  
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,  
In the sere leaf's trembling fall !  
In the shiver of the tree,  
I hear thee, O thou voice !  
And I would thy warning were but for me,  
That my spirit might rejoice.

" But thou art sent  
For the sad earth's young and fair,  
For the graceful heads that have not bent  
To the wintry hand of care !  
They hear the wind's low sigh,  
And the river sweeping free,  
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,  
And the woods—but they hear not thee !

" Long have I striven  
With my deep-foreboding soul,  
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,  
And darkly on must roll.  
There's a young brow smiling near,  
With a bridal white rose wreath—  
Unto *me* it smiles from a flowery bier,  
Touched solemnly by death !

" Fair art thou, Morna !  
The sadness of thine eye  
Is beautiful as silvery clouds  
On the dark-blue summer-sky !  
And thy voice comes like the sound  
Of a sweet and hidden rill,  
That makes the dim woods tuneful round—  
But soon it must be still !

" Silence and dust  
On thy sunny lips must lie—  
Make not the strength of love thy trust,  
A stronger yet is nigh !  
No strain of festal flow  
That my hand for thee hath tried,  
But into dirge-notes wild and low  
Its ringing tones have died.

" Young art thou, Morna !  
Yet on thy gentle head,  
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,  
A spirit hath been shed !  
And the glance is thine which sees  
Through nature's awful heart—  
But bright things go with the summer breeze,  
And thou too must depart !

" Yet, shall I weep ?  
I know that in thy breast  
There swells a fount of song too deep,  
Too powerful for thy rest !  
And the bitterness I know,  
And the chill of this world's breath—  
Go—all undimmed in thy glory, go !  
Young and crowned bride of death !

" Take hence to heaven  
Thy holy thoughts and bright !  
And soaring hopes, that were not given  
For the touch of mortal blight !  
Might we follow in thy track,  
This parting should not be !  
But the spring shall give us violets back,  
And every flower but thee !"

There was a burst of tears around the bard :  
All wept but one—and she serenely stood,  
With her clear brow and dark religious eye  
Raised to the first faint star above the hills,  
And cloudless ; though it might be that her  
cheek

Was paler than before. So Morna heard  
The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,  
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,—  
All, save the loveliest far ! A voice, a  
smile,  
A young sweet spirit gone.

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### THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

FROM THE " PORTRAIT GALLERY," AN UNFINISHED POEM,

" If there be but one spot on thy name,  
One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice  
Whose tones thou shrinkest from—Woman ! veil thy face,  
And bow thy head—and die !"

THOU see'st her pictured with her shining hair  
(Famed were those tresses in Provençal song),  
Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair  
Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along  
Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving  
'Midst the rich curls ; and, oh ! how meekly loving

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Its earnest looks are lifted to the face  
 Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace !  
 Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less  
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,  
 Than might beseem a mother's ; on her brow  
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,  
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,  
 As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.  
 These may be dreams—but how shall woman tell  
 Of woman's shame, and not with tears ? She fell !  
 That mother left that child !—went hurrying by  
 Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,  
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene  
 She hung. But no ! it could not thus have been.  
 For *she went on* !—forsook her home, her hearth,  
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,  
 To live a gaudy and dishonoured thing,  
 Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,  
 Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife.  
 He recked no more of glory : grief and shame  
 Crushed out his fiery nature, and his name  
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls  
 Crept year by year : the minstrel passed their walls ;  
 The warder's horn hung mute. Meantime the child,  
 On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,  
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew  
 Into sad youth ; for well, too well, she knew  
 Her mother's tale ! Its memory made the sky  
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye ;  
 Checked on her lip the flow of song, which fain  
 Would there have lingered ; flushed her cheek to pain,  
 If met by sudden glance ; and gave a tone  
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,  
 E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low  
 And plaintive. Oh ! there lie such depths of woe  
 In a *young* blighted spirit ! Manhood rears  
 A haughty brow, and age has done with tears ;  
 But youth bows down to misery, in amaze  
 At the dark cloud o'er mantling its fresh days,—  
 And thus it was with her. A mournful sight  
 In one so fair—for she indeed was fair ;  
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light—  
*Hers* were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,  
 And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek  
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,  
 Still that fond child's—and oh ! the brow above  
 So pale and pure ! so formed for holy love  
 To gaze upon in silence !—But she felt  
 That love was not for her, though hearts would melt  
 Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given  
 Went with her ; and low prayers, that called on Heaven  
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn  
 With alms before her castle gate she stood,  
 Midst peasant groups : when, breathless and o'erworn,  
 And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,



A stranger through them broke. The orphan maid,  
 With her sweet voice and proffered hand of aid,  
 Turned to give welcome ; but a wild sad look  
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit shook ;  
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued  
 By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,  
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears  
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years  
 From the heart's urn ; and with her white lips pressed  
 The ground they trod ; then, burying in her vest  
 Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out—"Oh undefiled !  
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my child !"

Isaure had prayed for that lost mother ; wept  
 O'er her stained memory, while the happy slept  
 In the hushed midnight ; stood with mournful gaze  
 Before yon picture's smile of other days,  
 But never breathed in human ear the name  
 Which weighed her being to the earth with shame.  
 What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,  
 The dark remembrances, the altered guise,  
 Awhile o'erpowered her ? From the weeper's touch  
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much  
 For that all-humbled one ; its mortal stroke  
 Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke  
 At once in silence. Heavily and prone  
 She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone,  
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore  
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—  
 Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty rolled,  
 And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her—called her : 'twas too late—  
 Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate !  
 The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—  
 How didst thou fall, O bright-haired Ermengarde !

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### THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

"O good old man ! how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times."—*As you Like It*.

FALLEN was the house of Giafar ; and its name,  
 The high romantic name of Barmecide,  
 A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,  
 By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,  
 Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,  
 Had so passed sentence : but man's chainless heart  
 Hides that within its depths which never yet  
 The oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate  
 Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,  
 Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;  
 The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales  
 Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice  
 Was there—the fountain's ; through those eastern courts.

Over the broken marble and the grass,  
Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An aged man,  
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath  
His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate  
On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,  
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,  
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,  
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale  
He told that sad yet stately solitude,  
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,  
Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,  
By song or high recital of their deeds,  
Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race  
To people their own halls : with these alone,  
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts  
Held still unbroken converse. He had been  
Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now  
The ivy of its ruins, unto which  
His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day,  
And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;  
For crowds around the grey-haired chronicler  
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts  
Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze  
Wanders through forest branches, and is met  
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,  
The spirit of his passionate lament,  
As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke  
One echoing murmur. But this might not be  
Under a despot's rule, and, summoned thence,  
The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne :  
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,  
And with his white lips rigidly compressed ;  
Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak  
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.  
Was it to sue for grace ? His burning heart  
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,  
And he was changed !—and thus, in rapid words,  
The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way :—

- “ And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,  
With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave ?  
What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land ?  
I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band !
- “ My chiefs ! my chiefs ! the old man comes that in your halls was nursed—  
That followed you to many a fight, where flashed your sabres first—  
That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart :—  
Oh ! must the music of that name with him from earth depart ?
- “ It shall not be ! A thousand tongues, though human voice were still,  
With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill ;  
The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are sown,  
And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.
- “ For it is not as a flower whose scent with the drooping leaves expires,  
And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires :  
It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,  
It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings poured.

"The founts, the many gushing founts which to the wild ye gave,  
Of you, my chiefs! shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave;  
And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,  
Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

"The very walls your bounty reared for the stranger's homeless head,  
Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!  
Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cistern rung,  
And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst its young.

"It is enough! Mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees—  
I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and to the breeze!  
I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,  
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs! are there."

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears  
O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a thought—  
Oh! many a sudden and remorseful thought—  
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred race,  
O'erflowed his softening heart. "Live! live!" he cried,  
"Thou faithful unto death! Live on, and still  
Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band!"

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#### THE SPANISH CHAPEL.\*

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies."—MOORE.

I MADE a mountain brook my guide  
Through a wild Spanish glen,  
And wandered on its grassy side,  
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,  
And many a sunny glance,  
To a green spot of beauty lone,  
A haunt for old romance,

A dim and deeply bosomed grove  
Of many an agèd tree,  
Such as the shadowy violets love,  
'The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut-bough  
There on the waters lay,  
The bright stream reverently below,  
Checked its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,  
And led a silvery sheen  
On through the breathing solitude  
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around  
Of solemn influence dwelt,  
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,  
Not to be told, but felt;

While sending forth a quiet gleam  
Across the wood's repose,  
And o'er the twilight of the stream,  
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat  
Through many a myrtle wound,  
And there a sight—how strangely sweet  
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,  
E'en at the threshold made,  
As if to sleep through sultry hours,  
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep?—oh! ne'er on childhood's eye  
And silken lashes pressed,  
Did the warm *living* slumber lie  
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow  
Its cheeks' pure marble died—  
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow  
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm was chill.  
The soft lips' breath was fled,  
And the bright ringlets hung so still—  
The lovely child was dead!

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\* Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Recollections of the Peninsula*

"Alas!" I cried, "fair faded thing!  
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,  
And thou hast left a woe, to cling  
Round yearning hearts for years!"

But then a voice came sweet and low—  
I turned, and near me sat  
A woman with a mourner's brow,  
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,  
All solemnly serene,

A shadowed image I could trace  
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger! thou pitiest me," she said,  
With lips that faintly smiled,  
"As here I watch beside my dead,  
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may be  
By pangs in this world riven,  
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,  
An angel thus to heaven!"

### THE KAISER'S FEAST.

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the Empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—MISS BENDER'S *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.]

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—  
The red wine mantled high;  
Banners were trembling on the wall  
To the peals of minstrelsy:  
And many a gleam and sparkle came  
From the armour hung around,  
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,  
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord  
Beneath the harper's hand?  
And suddenly from that rich board,  
Why rose the wassail band? [way  
The strings were hushed—the knights made  
For the queenly mother's tread,  
As up the hall, in dark array,  
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,  
And still before him stood;  
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face  
Flushed the proud warrior-blood:  
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,  
"Wherefore this mourning vest:  
And the clinging children by thy side,  
In weeds of sadness drest!"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,  
And theirs, my son, my son!  
Look on the features of thy line  
In each fair little one!  
Though grief awhile within their eyes  
Hath tamed the dancing glee,  
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—  
Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother—where?  
He in thy home that grew,  
And smiling with his sunny hair,  
Ever to greet thee flew?  
How would his arms thy neck entwine,  
His fond lips press thy brow!  
My son! oh, call these orphans thine!—  
Thou hast no brother now!

"What! from their gentle eyes doth nought  
Speak of thy childhood's hours,  
And smite thee with a tender thought  
Of thy dead father's towers?  
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,  
When reared together there,  
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—  
Where is thy brother—where?"

"Well didst thou love him then, and he  
Still at thy side was seen!  
How is it that such things can be  
As though they ne'er had been?  
Evil was this world's breath, which came  
Between the good and brave!  
Now must the tears of grief and shame  
Be offered to the grave.

"And let them, let them there be poured!  
Though all unfelt below—  
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,  
Shall soften as they flow.  
Oh! death is mighty to make peace;  
Now bid his work be done!  
So many an inward strife shall cease—  
Take, take these babes, my son!"



His eye was dimmed—the strong man shook With feelings long suppressed ; Up in his arms the boys he took, And strained them to his breast,	And a shout from all in the royal hall Burst forth to hail the sight ; And eyes were wet 'midst the brave that met At the Kaiser's feast that night.
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### THE RELEASE OF TASSO.

THERE came a bard to Rome ; he brought a lyre  
 Of sounds to peal through Rome's triumphant sky,  
 To mourn a hero on his funeral pyre,  
 Or greet a conqueror with its war-notes high ;  
 For on each chord had fallen the gift of fire,  
 The living breath of Power and Victory—  
 Yet he, its lord, the sovereign city's guest,  
 Sighed but to flee away, and be at rest.

He brought a spirit whose ethereal birth  
 Was of the loftiest, and whose haunts had been  
 Amidst the marvels and the pomps of earth,  
 Wild fairy-bowers, and groves of deathless green,  
 And fields, where mail-clad bosoms prove their worth,  
 When flashing swords light up the stormy scene—  
 He brought a weary heart, a wasted frame,—  
 The Child of Visions from a dungeon came.

On the blue waters, as in joy they sweep,  
 With starlight floating o'er their swells and falls,  
 On the blue waters of the Adrian deep,  
 His numbers had been sung—and in the halls,  
 Where, through rich foliage if a sunbeam peep,  
 It seems Heaven's wakening to the sculptured walls,—  
 Had princes listened to those lofty strains,  
 While the high soul they burst from pined in chains.

And in the summer-gardens, where the spray  
 Of founts, far-glancing from their marble bed,  
 Rains on the flowering myrtles in its play,  
 And the sweet limes, and glassy leaves that spread  
 Round the deep golden citrons—o'er his lay  
 Dark eyes—dark, soft, Italian eyes—had shed  
 Warm tears, fast glittering in that sun, whose light  
 Was a forbidden glory to his sight.

Oh ! if it be that wizard sign and spell,  
 And talisman had power of old to bind,  
 In the dark chambers of some cavern-cell,  
 Or knotted oak, the spirits of the wind,  
 Things of the lightning-pinion, wont to dwell  
 High o'er the reach of eagles, and to find  
 Joy in the rush of storms—even such a doom  
 Was that high minstrel's in his dungeon-gloom.

But he was free at last !—the glorious land  
 Of the white Alps and pine-crowned Apennines,  
 Along whose shore the sapphire seas expand,  
 And the wastes teem with myrtle, and the shrines  
 Of long-forgotten gods from Nature's hand  
 Receive bright offerings still ; with all its vines,

And rocks, and ruins, clear before him lay—  
The seal was taken from the founts of day.

The winds came o'er his cheek ; the soft winds, blending  
All summer- sounds and odours in their sigh ;  
The orange-groves waved round ; the hills were sending  
Their bright streams down ; the free birds darting by,  
And the blue festal heavens above him bending,  
As if to fold a world where none could die !  
And who was he that looked upon these things ?—  
If but of earth, yet one whose thoughts were wings

To bear him o'er creation ! and whose mind  
Was as an air-harp, wakening to the sway  
Of sunny Nature's breathings unconfined,  
With all the mystic harmonies that lay  
Far in the slumber of its chords enshrined,  
Till the light breeze went thrilling on its way.—  
There was no sound that wandered through the sky  
But told him secrets in its melody.

Was the deep forest lonely unto him,  
With all its whispering leaves ? Each dell and glade  
Teemed with such forms as on the moss-clad brim  
Of fountains, in their sparry grottoes, played,  
Seen by the Greek of yore through twilight dim,  
Or misty noontide in the laurel-shade.—  
There is no solitude on earth so deep  
As that where man decrees that man should weep !

But oh ! the life in Nature's green domains,  
The breathing sense of joy ! where flowers are springing  
By starry thousands, on the slopes and plains,  
And the grey rocks—and all the arched woods ringing,  
And the young branches trembling to the strains  
Of wild-born creatures, through the sunshine winging  
Their fearless flight—and sylvan echoes round,  
Mingling all tones to one Æolian sound ;

And the glad voice, the laughing voice of streams,  
And the low cadence of the silvery sea,  
And reed-notes from the mountains, and the beams  
Of the warm sun—all these are for the free !  
And they were *his* once more, the bard, whose dreams  
Their spirit still had haunted.—Could it be  
That he had borne the chain ?—oh ! who shall dare  
To say how much man's heart uncrushed may bear ?

So deep a root hath hope !—but woe for this,  
Our frail mortality, that aught so bright,  
So almost burthened with excess of bliss,  
As the rich hour which back to summer's light  
Calls the worn captive, with the gentle kiss  
Of winds, and gush of waters, and the sight  
Of the green earth, must so be bought with years  
Of the heart's fever, parching up its tears ;

And feeding a slow fire on all its powers,  
Until the boon for which we grasp in vain,  
Is hardly won at length, too late made gains,  
When the soul's wing is broken, comes like rain

Withheld till evening, on the stately flowers  
Which withered in the noontide, ne'er again  
To lift their heads in glory.—So doth Earth  
Breathe on her gifts, and melt away their worth.

The sailor dies in sight of that green shore,  
Whose fields, in slumbering beauty, seemed to lie  
On the deep's foam, amidst its hollow roar  
Called up to sunlight by his fantasy—  
And, when the shining desert-mists that wore  
The lake's bright semblance, have been all passed by;  
The pilgrim sinks beside the fountain-wave,  
Which flashes from its rock, too late to save.

Or, if we live, if that, too dearly bought,  
And made too precious by long hopes and fears,  
Remains our own—love, darkened and o'erwrought  
By memory of privation—love, which wears  
And casts o'er life a troubled hue of thought,  
Becomes the shadow of our closing years,  
Making it almost misery to possess  
Aught watched with such unquiet tenderness.

Such unto him, the bard, the worn and wild,  
And sick with hope deferred, from whom the sky,  
With all its clouds in burning glory piled,  
Had been shut out by long captivity ;  
Such, freedom was to Tasso.—As a child  
Is to the mother, whose foreboding eye  
In its too radiant glance, from day to day,  
Reads that which calls the brightest first away.

And he became a wanderer—in whose breast  
Wild fear, which, e'en when every sense doth sleep,  
Clings to the burning heart, a wakeful guest,  
Sat brooding as a spirit, raised to keep  
Its gloomy vigil of intense unrest  
O'er treasures, burthening life, and buried deep  
In cavern-tomb, and sought, through shades and stealth,  
By some pale mortal, trembling at his wealth.

But woe for those who trample o'er a mind !  
A deathless thing.—They know not what they do,  
Or what they deal with !—Man perchance may bind  
The flower his step hath bruised ; or light anew  
The torch he quenches ; or to music wind  
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew—  
But for the soul !—oh ! tremble, and beware  
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries *there !*

For blindness wraps that world—our touch may turn  
Some balance, fearfully and darkly hung,  
Or put out some bright spark, whose ray should burn  
To point the way a thousand rocks among—  
Or break some subtle chain, which none discern,  
Though binding down the terrible, the strong,  
Th' o'ersweeping passions—which to loose on life  
Is to set free the elements for strife !

Who then to power and glory shall restore  
 That which our evil rashness hath undone ?  
 Who unto mystic harmony once more  
 Attune those viewless chords ?—There is but One !  
 He that through dust the stream of life can pour,  
 The Mighty and the Merciful alone !—  
 Yet oft His paths have midnight for their shade—  
 He leaves to man the ruin man hath made !

◆

### TASSO AND HIS SISTER.

[“Devant vous est Sorrente ; là demeuroit la sœur de Tasse, quand il vint en pèlerin d'aller à cette obscure amie, un asile contre l'injustice des princes.—Ses longues douleurs avoient presque égaré sa raison ; il ne lui restait plus que du génie.”—*Corinne*.]

SHE sat, where on each wind that sighed  
 The citron's breath went by ;  
 While the deep gold of eventide  
 Burned in the Italian sky.  
 Her bower was one where daylight's close  
 Full oft sweet laughter found,  
 As thence the voice of childhood rose  
 To the high vineyards round.  
 But still and thoughtful, at her knee,  
 Her children stood that hour,  
 Their bursts of song, and dancing glee,  
 Hushed as by words of power.  
 With bright, fixed, wondering eyes that  
 gazed  
 Up to their mother's face ;  
 With brows through parting ringlets raised,  
 They stood in silent grace.  
 While she—yet something o'er her look  
 Of mournfulness was spread—  
 Forth from a poet's magic book  
 The glorious numbers read ;  
 The proud, undying lay, which poured  
 Its light on evil years ;  
 His of the gifted Pen and Sword,\*  
 The triumph and the tears.  
 She read of fair Erminia's flight,  
 Which Venice once might hear  
 Sung on her glittering seas at night,  
 By many a gondolier ;  
 Of him she read, who broke the charm  
 That wrapt the myrtle grove ;  
 Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,  
 That slew his Paynim love.  
 Young cheeks around that bright page  
 glowed,  
 Young holy hearts were stirred ;  
 And the meek tears of woman flowed  
 Fast o'er each burning word.

And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf  
 Came sweet each pause between ;  
 When a strange voice of sudden grief  
 Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned—a way-worn man  
 In pilgrim garb stood nigh,  
 Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,  
 Of proud, yet restless eye.  
 But drops that would not stay for pride  
 From that dark eye gushed free,  
 As, pressing his pale brow, he cried.  
 “Forgotten ! e'en by thee !

“Am I so changed ?—and yet we two  
 Oft hand in hand have played—  
 This brow hath been all bathed in dew,  
 From wreaths which thou hast made.  
 We have knelt down and said one prayer,  
 And sang one vesper strain—  
 My thoughts are dim with clouds of care—  
 Tell me those words again !

“Life hath been heavy on my head ;  
 I come a stricken deer,  
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bleed,  
 To bleed in stillness here.”—  
 She gazed—till thoughts that long had  
 slept,  
 Shook all her thrilling frame—  
 She fell upon his neck, and wept,  
 And breathed her brother's name.

Her *brother's* name !—and who was he,  
 The weary one, th' unknown,  
 That came, the bitter world to flee,  
 A stranger to his own ?—  
 He was the bard of gifts divine,  
 To sway the hearts of men ;  
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,  
 He of the Sword and Pen !

\* It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso with his sword and pen was superior to all men.



## THE NECROMANCER.

" Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?  
 Resolve me of all ambiguities?  
 Perform what desperate enterprise I will?  
 I'll have them fly to India for gold,  
 Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,  
 And search all corners of the New-found World  
 For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."—MARLOWE'S *Faustus*.

AN old man on his deathbed lay, an old yet stately man;  
 His lip seemed moulded for command, though quivering now, and wan;  
 By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,  
 But his pale brow still austere wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round the mystic room  
 From where the orient palm-trees wave, bright gem and dazzling plume;  
 And vases with rich odour filled, that o'er the couch of death  
 Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,  
 Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light;  
 All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,  
 Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb.

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,  
 While shadows cast from many thoughts o'erswept the old man's face.  
 He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,  
 To one that o'er him long had watched, in reverence and alone.

" I leave," he said, " an empire dread, by mount, and shore, and sea,  
 Wider than Roman Eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly free;  
 Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,  
 Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering host.

" They hear me—*they* that dwell far down where the sea-serpent lies,  
 And they, the unseen, on Afric's hills that sport when tempests rise;  
 And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams make way,  
 My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me, and obey.

" They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and cup of gold,  
 From cities roofed with ocean-waves, that buried them of old;  
 They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man shall never find,  
 With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart enshrined.

" But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling breath;  
 I have swayed the rushing elements—but still and strong is Death!  
 I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits free—  
 Thou hast brave and high aspirants, youth!—my Sceptre is for thee!

" Now listen! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall compel  
 The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or hell!  
 But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in human ear,  
 Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals near."

His voice in faintness died away,—and a sudden flush was seen,  
 A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassioned mien—  
 A mantling and a fading swift, a look with sadness fraught;  
 And that too passed—and boldly then rushed forth the ardent thought.

" Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in human ear?  
I have a friend—a noble friend—as life our friendship dear!  
Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,  
But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal mine own?"

" And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—  
Oh! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above?  
Must a deep gulf between the souls, now closely linked, be set?  
Keep, keep the Sceptre!—leave me free, and loved and trustful yet!"

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—  
" Well hast thou chosen!—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die.  
Live thou, beloved and trustful yet!—No more on human head  
Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed!"

ULLA; OR, THE ADJURATION.

Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the  
stars,  
And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of  
thee.  
Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth,  
And never found thy likeness. Speak to me!  
This once—once more!"—*Manfred*.

" THOU'RT gone!—thou'rt slumbering low  
With the sounding seas above thee:  
It is but a restless woe,  
But a haunting dream to love thee!  
Thrice the glad swan has sung  
To greet the spring-time hours,  
Since thine oar at parting flung  
The white spray up in showers.

There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round thy home;  
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou art surely of them—come!"

'Twas Ulla's voice! Alone she stood  
In the Iceland summer night,  
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,  
From a dark rock's beetling height.

" I know thou hast thy bed [thee;  
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound

The storm sweeps o'er thy head,  
But the depths are hushed around thee

What wind shall point the way  
To the chambers where thou'rt lying?  
Come to me thence, and say  
If thou thought'st on me in dying?

I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and cheek.  
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou'rt surely of them—speak!"

She listened—'twas the wind's low moan,  
'Twas the ripple of the wave,  
'Twas the waking osprey's cry alone  
As it startled from its cave.

" I know each fearful spell  
Of the ancient Runic lay,

Whose muttered words compel  
The tempest to obey.  
But I adjure not *thee*  
By magic sign or song;  
My voice shall stir the sea  
By love—the deep, the strong!

By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her sighs,  
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—by the vows we pledged—arise!"

Again she gazed with an eager glance,  
Wandering and wildly bright!—  
She saw but the sparkling waters dance  
To the arrowy northern light.

By the slow and struggling death  
Of hope that loathed to part,

By the fierce and withering breath  
Of despair on youth's high heart—  
By the weight of gloom which clings  
To the mantle of the night,  
By the heavy dawn which brings  
Nought lovely to the sight—

By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of grief and fear  
Come to me from the ocean's dead! Awake, arise, appear!"

Was it her yearning spirit's dream?  
Or did a pale form rise,  
And o'er the hushed wave glide and gleam,  
With bright, still, mournful eyes?

'Have the depths heard? They have!  
My voice prevails—thou'rt there,

Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright ones have their home,  
We will sleep among the ocean's dead. Stay for me, stay!—I come!"

There was a sullen plunge below,  
A flashing on the main;

Dim from thy watery grave—  
O thou that wert so fair!

Yet take me to thy rest!  
There dwells no fear with love;  
Let me slumber on thy breast,  
While the billow rolls above!

And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's  
Shut, and grew still again. [woe--

TO WORDSWORTH.

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,  
The old and full of voices,—by the source  
Of some free stream, whose gladdening  
presence fills

The solitude with sound; for in its course  
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a  
part [heart.  
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken  
To the still breast in sunny garden  
bowers, [awaken,  
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones  
And bud and bell with changes mark  
the hours. [the day  
There let thy thoughts be with me, while  
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,  
When night hath hushed the woods, with  
all their birds, [were sweet  
There, from some gentle voice, that lay  
As antique music, linked with household  
words; [might move,  
While in pleased murmurs woman's lip  
And the raised eye of childhood shine in  
love.

Or, where the shadows of dark solemn  
yews [ground,  
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-  
Thy verse hath power that brightly might  
diffuse  
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around;  
From its own glow of hope and courage  
high,  
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy!—thou art e'en as one  
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,  
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,  
Sees where the springs of living waters  
lie;

Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by  
thee,  
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each  
glad wanderer free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED.

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was  
assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called  
John the Parricide, was left to die by the way  
side, and only supported in his last moments by  
a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay—  
Did censers waft perfume,  
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,  
And through his proud chamber's gloom?  
He lay upon a greensward bed,  
Beneath a darkening sky—  
A lone tree waving o'er his head,  
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen as warriors fall,  
Where spear strikes fire with spear?  
Was there a banner for his pall,  
A buckler for his bier?  
Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms  
I had strewn the bloody sod,  
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,  
Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of cheer  
And princely vassals nigh?  
And priests, the crucifix to rear  
Before the glazing eye?  
A peasant girl that royal head  
Upon her bosom laid,  
And, shrinking not for woman's dread,  
The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat: from hill and wood  
Red sank the mournful sun;  
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—  
Treason its worst had done



With her long hair she vainly pressed  
The wounds, to stanch their tide—  
Unknown, on that meek humble breast,  
Imperial Albert died !



### TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER.

“Umile in tanta gloria.”—PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
Of sainted genius called too soon away,  
Of light from this world taken, while it shone  
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—  
How shall our grief, if mournful these things  
be,  
Flow forth, O thou of many gifts ! for thee?  
Hath not thy voice been here amongst us  
heard? [power,  
And that deep soul of gentleness and  
Have we not felt thy breath in every word  
Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dew to  
shower? [burned—  
Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have  
Of heaven they were, and thither have re-  
turned.

How shall we mourn thee? With a lofty  
trust,  
Our life's immortal birthright from above !  
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,  
Through shades and mysteries lifts a  
glance of love,  
And yet can weep !—for nature thus deploras  
The friend that leaves us, though for happier  
shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,  
One strain of solemn rapture, be allowed !  
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,  
Not to decay, but unto death hast bowed,  
In those bright regions of the rising sun,  
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had  
won.

Praise ! for yet one more name with power  
endowed [press ;  
To cheer and guide us, onward as we  
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed  
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !  
Thine, Heber, thine ! whose memory from  
the dead  
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led !



### CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
When but His Father's eye

Looked through the lonely garden's shade,  
On that dread agony !  
The Lord of all, above, beneath,  
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
The skies might well grow dim,  
When this mortality had power  
So to o'ershadow *Him* ! [know  
That He who gave man's breath might  
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,  
The faint perplexing dread,  
The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
All darkened round his head !  
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

It passed not—though the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath His tread ;  
It passed not—though to Him the grave  
Had yielded up its dead.  
But there was sent Him from on high  
A gift of strength, for man to die.

And was *His* mortal hour beset  
With anguish and dismay?—  
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
In the dark, narrow way?  
How, but through Him, that path who trod?  
Save, or we perish, Son of God !



### THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

LOWLY upon his bier  
The royal conqueror lay,  
Baron and chief stood near  
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle,  
Crowds mutely gazing streamed,  
Altar and tomb, the while,  
Through mists of incense gleamed :

And by the torch's blaze  
The stately priest had said  
High words of power and praise  
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound  
Of requiems to repose,  
When from the throngs around  
A solemn voice arose :

“Forbear, forbear !” it cried,  
In the holiest name forbear !  
He hath conquered regions wide,  
But he shall not slumber *there*.



" By the violated hearth  
Which made way for you proud shrine,  
By the harvests which this earth  
Hath borne to me and mine ;

" By the home even here o'erthrown,  
On my children's native spot,—  
Hence ! with his dark renown  
Cumber our birthplace not !

" Will my sire's unransomed field  
O'er which your censers wave,  
To the buried spoiler yield  
Soft slumber in the grave ?

" The tree before him fell  
Which we cherished many a year,  
But its deep root yet shall swell  
And heave against his bier.

" The land that I have tilled,  
Hath yet its brooding breast  
With my home's white ashes filled—  
And it shall not give him rest.

" Here each proud column's bed  
Hath been wet by weeping eyes,—  
Hence ! and bestow your dead  
Where no wrong against him cries !"

Shame glowed on each dark face  
Of those proud and steel-girt men,  
And they bought with gold a place  
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him  
Whose banner flew so far !  
And a peasant's tale could dim  
The name, a nation's star !

One deep voice thus arose  
From a heart which wrongs had riven—  
Oh ! who shall number those  
That were but heard in Heaven ?\*

### THE ADOPTED CHILD.

" WHY wouldst thou leave me, oh ! gentle  
child ? [wild,  
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and  
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—  
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,  
Where many an image of marble gleams,  
And the sunshine of picture for ever  
streams."

" Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers  
play, [summer-day,  
Through the long bright hours of the  
They find the red cup-moss where they  
climb, [thyme ;  
And they chase the bee o'er the scented  
And the rocks where the heath-flower  
blooms they know—  
Lady, kind lady ! oh ! let me go."

" Content thee, boy ! in my bower to dwell,  
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest  
well ;

Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,  
Harps which the wandering breezes tune ;  
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,  
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains  
heard."

" My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,  
A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;  
She sings it under our own green tree,  
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee ;  
I dreamt last night of that music low—  
Lady, kind lady ! oh ! let me go."

" Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,  
She hath taken the babe on her quiet  
breast ; [no more,  
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy,  
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.—  
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,  
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest  
dye."

" Is my mother gone from her home away ?  
—But I know that my brothers are there  
at play. [bell,  
I know they are gathering the foxglove's  
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling  
well, [streams flow—  
Or they launch their boats where the bright  
Lady, kind lady ! oh ! let me go."

" Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers  
now, [brow,  
They sport no more on the mountain's  
They have left the fern by the spring's  
green side, [tried.—  
And the streams where the fairy barks were  
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,  
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot."

" Are they gone, all gone from the sunny  
hill ?— [still,  
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it  
And the red-deer bound in their gladness  
free,  
And the turf is bent by the singing bee,

\* For the particulars of this and other scarcely less remarkable circumstances which attended the obsequies of William the Conqueror, see Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, vol. iv. p. 480

And the waters leap and the fresh winds  
blow—  
Lady, kind lady ! oh ! let me go."

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THE DEPARTED.

"Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre."—BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way  
To the spirit's distant shore ?  
Earth's mightiest men in armed array,  
Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner  
Flew far as eagles fly,  
They are gone where swords avail them not,  
From the feast of victory.

And the seers, who sat of yore  
By orient palm or wave,  
They have passed with all their starry lore—  
Can ye still fear the grave ?—

We fear, we fear !—the sunshine  
Is joyous to behold,  
And we reckon not of the buried kings,  
Or the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink ?—the bards whose lays  
Have made your deep hearts burn,  
They have left the sun, and the voice of  
praise,  
For the land whence none return :

And the lovely, whose memorial  
Is the verse that cannot die,  
They too are gone with their glorious bloom,  
From the gaze of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng  
Of the earth's departed flowers,  
And the masters of the mighty song  
In their far and fadeless bowers ?

Those songs are high and holy,  
But they vanquish not our fear ;  
Not from *our* path those flowers are gone—  
We fain would linger here !

Linger then yet awhile,  
—As the last leaves on the bough !  
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile  
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices  
In your walks that now are still ;  
There are seats left void in your earthly  
homes,  
Which none again may fill,

Soft eyes are seen no more  
That made spring-time in your heart !  
Kindred and friends are gone before,—  
And ye still fear to part ?—

We fear not now, we fear not !  
Though the way through darkness  
bends ;  
Our souls are strong to follow *them*,  
Our own familiar friends !

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AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

THERE were thick leaves above me and  
around, [hood's sleep,  
And low sweet sighs, like those of child-  
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound  
As of soft showers on water—dark and deep  
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still,  
They seemed but pictured gloom—a hidden  
rill,  
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,  
Under the fern-tufts ; and a tender gleam  
Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm  
shed, [boughs down,  
Came pouring through the woven beech-  
And steeped the magic page wherein I read  
Of royal chivalry and old renown,  
A tale of Palestine.\*—Meanwhile the bee  
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,  
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of  
flowers, [free,  
Blue skies, and amber sunshine—brightly  
On filmy wings the purple dragon-fly  
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by !  
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell  
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

But ere long,  
All sense of these things faded, as the spell,  
Breathing from that high gorgeous tale,  
grew strong, [I heard ;—  
On my chained soul—'twas not the leaves  
A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirred,  
Through its proud floating folds—'twas not  
the brook,  
Singing in secret through its grassy glen—  
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen  
Pealed from the desert's lonely heart and  
shook [are high,  
The burning air.—Like clouds when winds  
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,  
And tents rose up, and sudden lance and  
spear [lay clear,  
Flashed where a fountain's diamond wave

\* "The Talisman."—*Tales of the Crusaders.*

Shadowed by graceful palm-trees.—Then  
the shout  
Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,  
Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose  
glorious hue [blue ;  
Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of  
And harps were there—I heard their sound-  
ing strings,  
As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.  
The bright masque faded—unto life's worn  
track [back?—  
What called me, from its flood of glory,  
A voice of happy childhood!—and they  
passed, [blast—  
Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's  
Yet might I scarce bewail the vision gone,  
My heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's  
tone.

THE INVOCATION

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A SISTER-IN-  
LAW.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!  
Where is the spirit gone,  
That past the reach of human sight,  
Even as a breeze hath flown?—  
And the stars answered me—"We roll  
In light and power on high,  
But, of the never-dying soul,  
Ask that which cannot die!"

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!  
Thou art a wanderer free;  
Tell me if *thou* its place canst find,  
Far over mount and sea?—  
And the wind murmured in reply,  
" The blue deep I have crossed,  
And met its barks and billows high,  
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose  
Around the setting sun,  
Answer! have ye a home for those  
Whose earthly race is run?  
The bright clouds answered—"We depart,  
We vanish from the sky;  
Ask what is deathless in the heart  
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within!  
Thou of the deep low tone!  
Answer me, through life's restless din,  
Where is the spirit flown?—  
And the voice answered—"Be thou still!  
Enough to know is given;  
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* task fulfil,  
*Thine* is to trust to Heaven!"

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

A SONG for the death-day of the brave—  
A song of pride!  
The youth went down to a hero's grave,  
With the sword, his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,  
And pure, and high—  
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,  
Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone  
Beneath his hand  
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,  
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet  
In their first glow, [met  
Like a southern stream that no frost hath  
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—  
A song of pride!  
For him that went to a hero's grave,  
With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays  
To turn the flight,  
And a guiding spirit for after-days,  
Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,  
'Midst all high thought;  
And a memory unto his mother's breast,  
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight  
Of earthly breath,  
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,  
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave—  
A song of pride!  
For him that went to a hero's grave,  
With the sword, his bride!

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND.

" His very heart athirst  
To gaze at nature in her green array,  
Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed  
With visions prompted by intense desire;  
Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
Far distant, such as he would die to find:  
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more."  
COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves!—the ceaseless  
roar!—  
Silence, ye billows!—vex my soul no more



There's a spring in the woods by my sunny  
home,  
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam ;  
Oh ! the fall of that fountain is sweet to  
hear, [ear !  
As a song from the shore to the sailor's  
And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws  
Through the feathery fern and the olive  
boughs,  
And the gleam on its path as it steals away  
Into deeper shades from the sultry day,  
And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed  
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,  
They haunt me ! I dream of that bright  
spring's flow,  
I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe !

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry,  
My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound  
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut  
round ? [lies

Know ye it, brethren ! where bowered it  
Under the purple of southern skies ?  
With the streamy gold of the sun that shines  
In through the cloud of its clustering vines,  
And the summer breath of the myrtle  
flowers,

Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,  
And the fire-fly's glance through the dark-  
ening shades,

Like shooting stars in the forest glades,  
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim  
fall— [all ?  
Speak ! have ye known, have ye felt them

The heavy rolling surge ! the rocking  
mast !— [thou blast,  
Hush ! give my dream's deep music way,

Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous earth !  
The notes of the singing cicala's mirth,  
The murmurs that live in the mountain  
pines,

The sighing of reeds as the day declines,  
The wings flitting home through the crim-  
son glow

That steps the wood when the sun is low,  
The voice of the night-bird that sends a  
thrill [are still—

To the heart of the leaves when the winds  
I hear them !—around me they rise, they  
swell, [dwell—

They call back my spirit with Hope to  
They come with a breath from the fresh  
spring-time,

And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high—away, away !  
Shroud my green land no more, thou  
blinding spray !

It is there !—down the mountains I see the  
sweep

Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,  
With the burden and glory of flowers that  
they bear

Floating upborne on the blue summer air,  
And the light pouring through them in  
tender gleams, [streams !

And the flashing forth of a thousand  
Hold me not, brethren ! I go, I go  
To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles

blow, [shadows rest,  
To the depths of the woods, where the  
Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,

To the rocks that resound with the water's  
play— [way !  
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—give

Give way !—the booming surge, the tem-  
pest's roar, [more.

The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul no

### THE EFFIGIES.

“ Der rasche kampf verewigt einen Mann :  
Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.  
Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen  
Der überbliebenen, der verlass'nen Frau,  
Zählt keine Nachwelt.”—GOETHE.

WARRIOR ! whose image on thy tomb  
With shield and crested head,  
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom  
By the stained window shed ;  
The records of thy name and race  
Have faded from the stone,  
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace  
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,  
Flung out o'er many a fight ;  
A war-cry ringing far and clear,  
And strong to turn the flight ;  
An arm that bravely bore the lance  
On for the holy shrine ;  
A haughty heart and a kingly glance—  
Chief ! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place where leaders sate  
Around the council board ;  
In festal halls a chair of state,  
When the blood-red wine was poured  
A name that drew a prouder tone  
From herald, harp, and bard :  
Surely these things were all thine own—  
So hadst thou thy reward.



Woman ! whose sculptured form at rest  
 By the armed knight is laid,  
 With meek hands folded o'er a breast  
 In matron robes arrayed ;  
 What was *thy* tale ?—O gentle mate  
 Of him, the bold and free,  
 Bound unto his victorious fate,  
 What bard hath sung of *thee* ?

*He* wooed a bright and burning star—  
*Thine* was the void, the gloom,  
 The straining eye that followed far  
 His fast-receding plume ;  
 The heart-sick listening while his steed  
 Sent echoes on the breeze ;  
 The pang—but when did *Fame* take heed  
 Of griefs obscure as these ?

Thy silent and secluded hours  
 Through many a lonely day  
 While bending o'er thy brodered flowers,  
 With spirits far away ;  
 Thy weeping midnight prayers for him  
 Who fought on Syrian plains,  
 Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—  
*These* fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine !—long years  
 With tasks unguerdoned fraught—  
 Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,  
 Vigils of anxious thought ;  
 Prayer at the cross in fervour poured,  
 Alms to the pilgrim given—  
 Oh ! happy, happier than thy lord,  
 In that lone path to heaven !

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM  
 FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
 Their giant branches tost :

And the heavy night hung dark  
 The hills and water o'er,  
 When a band of exiles moored their bark  
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
 They, the true-hearted, came,  
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
 In silence and in fear,— [gloom,  
 They shook the depths of the desert's  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
 And the stars heard and the sea !  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
 rang  
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared  
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,  
 Amidst that pilgrim-band—  
 Why had they come to wither there  
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
 There was manhood's brow serenely high  
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?  
 Bright jewels of the mine ?  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod !  
 They have left unstained what there they  
 found—  
 Freedom to worship God !

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

“ And slight, withal, may be the things which  
 bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would  
 fling  
 Aside for ever ;—it may be a sound—  
 A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—  
 A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may  
 wound—  
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are  
 darkly bound.”—*Childe Harold*.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds  
 to waken [shore,  
 Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the  
 And dim remembrances, whose hue seems  
 taken  
 From some bright former state, our own  
 no more ;  
 Is not this all a mystery ? Who shall say  
 Whence are those thoughts, and whither  
 tends their way ?

The sudden images of vanished things  
 That o'er the spirit flash, we know not  
 why ;

Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,

Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by ;

A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—  
A flower-scent floating past our parents' door ;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,  
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;

A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,  
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown ;

Are not these mysteries when to life they start,  
And press vain tears in gushes from the [heart ?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,

Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,  
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,

Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread ;  
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—  
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear ?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,  
That oft-times whispers to the haunted breast, [still,

In a low tone which nought can drown or  
'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest ;  
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall ? [all !

Why shakes the spirit thus ? 'Tis mystery

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink  
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not ;

Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think  
Are those whom death has parted from our lot !

Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—  
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel [mind ;

Her way amidst these marvels of the  
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal

The immortal being with our dust entwined ? [wake

So let us deem ! and e'en the tears they  
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

### THE PALM-TREE.\*

It waved not through an eastern sky,  
Beside a fount of Araby ;

It was not fanned by southern breeze  
In some green isle of Indian seas ;  
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep  
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew  
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;  
Through the laburnum's dropping gold  
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there ! The willow  
streamed

Where silvery waters near it gleamed,  
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee  
To murmur by the desert's tree,  
And showers of snowy roses made  
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—  
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;  
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,  
On sparks of dew soft colour flung ;  
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—  
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,  
Seemed reckless all of dance or song :  
He was a youth of dusky mien,  
Whereon the Indian sun had been,  
Of crested brow and long black hair—  
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,  
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.  
He passed the pale-green olives by,  
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;  
But when to that sole palm he came,  
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke—  
The silence of his soul it broke !  
It whispered of his own bright isle,  
That lit the ocean with a smile ;  
Ay, to his ear that native tone  
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay  
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;  
The dashing of his brethren's oar—  
The conch-note heard along the shore,  
All through his wakening bosom swept—  
He clasped his country's tree, and wept !

\* This incident is, I think, recorded by Du  
Lille, in his poem of *Les Jardins*.

Oh! scorn him not! The strength whereby  
The patriot girds himself to die,  
The unconquerable power which fills  
The freeman battling on his hills,  
These have one fountain deep and clear—  
Thesame whence gushed that childlike tear!

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### THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S.

'THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou wake,  
fair child?  
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?  
When the lark's wing mounts with the  
breeze of morn? [born?—  
When the first rich breath of the rose is  
Lovely thou sleepest! yet something lies  
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes;  
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—  
When will the hour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes—not when the  
lark [dark.  
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats  
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet  
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale  
brow yet;

Love with sad kisses unfelt, hath pressed  
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast;  
And the glad Spring, calling out bird and  
bee, [thee  
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child! but

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one!—that  
thou shouldst die,  
And life be left to the butterfly!\*  
Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept from  
the bough:

Oh! for the world where thy home is now!  
How may we love but in doubt and fear,  
How may we anchor our fond hearts here;  
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,  
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee?

---

### THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,  
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—  
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like  
thee?

---

\* A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, is  
sculptured on the monument

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean  
smiles— [isles—  
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand  
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery  
foam, [home.  
And gladdened the sailor, like words from

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,  
Thou art streaming on through their green  
arcades, [thy glow  
And the quivering leaves that have caught  
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay  
Folding their heights in its dark array;  
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became  
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—  
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;  
But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,  
And it laughed into beauty at that bright  
spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,  
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;  
And thou scornest not, from thy pomp to  
shed  
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle  
thy way, [day,  
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to—  
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies  
old,  
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest  
grave, [wave;  
Where a flower to the sighing winds may  
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams  
of rest,  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! what is like thee?  
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—  
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,—  
The faith, touching all things with hues of  
Heaven.

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### BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

"Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs;  
—bring back  
The love that I have lost!"

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices  
in the woods, [mute:  
And reed-like echoes, that have long been



Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's view-  
less flute, [or glee,  
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness  
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the  
joyous leaves, [and glade,  
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse  
Where each young spray a rosy flush re-  
ceives, [whispery shade,

When thy south wind hath pierced the  
And happy murmurs, running through the  
grass,  
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy  
call, [their sleep!  
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst  
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams  
betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of  
flowers! [free,  
Thou from the dust hast set that glory  
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,  
And penciling the wood anemone:  
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye  
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*, O  
Spring! [sighs?  
The human heart, with all its dreams and  
Thou that givest back so many a buried  
thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!  
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er  
thou art—  
What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! We know  
not well [by thee,  
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused  
What fond, strange yearnings, from the  
soul's deep cell,  
Gush for the faces we no more may see!  
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,  
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,  
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall  
meet, [door,  
Past words of welcome to our household  
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted  
feet— [trees,  
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering  
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come  
they back

With thy young birds, and leaves, and  
living blooms?

Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track  
Hope to thy world may look beyond the  
tombs? [air,

Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine  
Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

### THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

THE hills all glowed with a festive light,  
For the royal city rejoiced by night:  
There were lamps hung forth upon tower  
and tree,

Banners were lifted and streaming free;  
Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire;  
Like a shooting meteor was every spire;  
And the outline of many a dome on high  
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark  
sky.

I passed through the streets. There were  
throng on throng— [songs;  
Like sounds of the deep were their mingled  
There was music forth from each palace  
borne—

A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;  
The forests heard it, the mountains rang,  
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;  
Rich and victorious was every tone,  
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the  
slain?

Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain!  
Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—  
Grief in the homes they have left must  
dwell:

Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,  
And bowing the beauty of woman's head!  
Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one  
tender moan  
For the many brave to their slumbers gone?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—  
Too strong, perchance, was the bright  
lamp's glare!

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous  
crowd—

The music of victory was all too loud!  
Mighty it ruled on the winds afar,  
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car—  
Through torches and streamers its flood  
swept by:

How could I listen for moan or sigh?



Turn then away from life's pageants—turn,  
 If its deep story thy heart would learn !  
 Ever too bright is that outward show,  
 Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.  
 But lift the proud mantle which hides from  
 thy view [and true :  
 The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad  
 Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal :—  
 So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

### THE SPELLS OF HOME.

" There blend the ties that strengthen  
 Our hearts in hours of grief,  
 The silver links that lengthen  
 Joy's visits when most brief."  
 BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood  
 played, [eye  
 By the household tree through which thine  
 First looked in love to the summer sky,  
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath  
 Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,  
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,  
 Holy and precious—oh, guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,  
 Which hath lulled thee into many a dream,  
 By the shiver of the ivy leaves  
 To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,  
 By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,  
 By the music of the Sabbath chimes,  
 By every sound of thy native shade,  
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,  
 When twilight called unto household mirth,  
 By the fairy tale or the legend old  
 In that ring of happy faces told,  
 By the quiet hour when hearts unite  
 In the parting prayer and the kind " Good-  
 night !"

By the smiling eye, and the loving tone,  
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,  
 A guardian power and a guiding light.  
 It hath led the freeman forth to stand  
 In the mountain-battles of his land ;  
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas  
 To die on the hills of his own feesh breeze ;  
 And back to the gates of his father's hail  
 It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when thy heart, in its pride, would  
 stray  
 From the pure first-loves of its youth away—

When the sullyng breath of the world  
 would come  
 O'er the flowers it brought from its child-  
 hood's home—  
 Think thou again of the woody glade,  
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made—  
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
 And the kindly spell shall have power once  
 more !

### ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

" Roma, Roma, Roma !  
 Non è piu come era prima."

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more  
 As thou hast been !  
 On thy seven hills of yore  
 Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then  
 Purpling the street,  
 Leaders and sceptred men  
 Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,  
 As gods were seen—  
 Rome, Rome ! thou art no more  
 As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow  
 Never shall rise ;  
 What hast thou left thee now ?—  
 Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,  
 Gloriously bright !  
 Veiling thy wastes afar  
 With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,  
 Rome ! for thy dower,  
 Flushing tall cypress-bough,  
 Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine.  
 Lovely to hear,  
 While night, o'er tomb and shrine  
 Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,  
 By starlight sung,  
 Sweeps through the arches dim  
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,  
 On thy soft air,  
 Lingers and loves to dwell  
 With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift  
 Of sudden song—  
 A charmed fountain, swift,  
 Joyous and strong.  
 Thou hast fair forms that move  
 With queenly tread ;  
 Thou hast proud fanes above  
 Thy mighty dead.  
 Yet wears thy Tiber's shore  
 A mournful mien :—  
 Rome, Rome ! thou art no more  
 As thou hast been !

### THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast  
 Shoots like a glancing star,  
 While the red radiance of the west  
 Spreads kindling fast and far ;  
 And yet that splendour wins thee not—  
 Thy still and thoughtful eye  
 Dwells but on one dark distant spot  
 Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee ! O'er the slumbering deep  
 A solemn glory broods ;  
 A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,  
 And all the golden woods ;  
 A thousand gorgeous clouds on high  
 Burn with the amber light !—  
 What spell from that rich pageantry  
 Chains down thy gazing sight ?

A softening thought of human cares,  
 A feeling linked to earth !  
 Is not yon speck a bark which bears  
 The loved of many a hearth ?  
 Oh ! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear,  
 Crowd her frail world even now,  
 And manhood's prayer and woman's tear  
 Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,  
 The glittering seas below ;  
 But we are bound by cords of love  
 To kindred weal and woe.  
 Therefore, amidst this wide array  
 Of glorious things and fair,  
 My soul is on that bark's lone way—  
 For human hearts are there.

### THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !  
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of  
 spring ?

" We come from the shores of the green  
 old Nile,  
 From the land where the roses of Sharon  
 smile, [Indian sky,  
 From the palms that wave through the  
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

" We have swept o'er cities in song re-  
 nowned—  
 Silent they lie with the deserts round !  
 We have crossed proud rivers whose tide  
 hath rolled  
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;  
 And each worn wing hath regained its home,  
 Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's  
 dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's  
 dome, [foam ?—  
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's  
 " We have found a change, we have found  
 a pall, [hall,  
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's  
 And a mark on the floor as of life-drops  
 spilt— [built !"  
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we

O joyous birds ! it hath still been so ;  
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest  
 go !  
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep :  
 Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,  
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?—

" A change we have found there—and  
 many a change !  
 Faces and footsteps, and all things strange !  
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
 And the young that were have a brow of  
 care, [played—  
 And the place is hushed where the children  
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we  
 made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !  
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air  
 Ye have a guide, and shall we despair ?  
 Ye over desert and deep have passed—  
 So may we reach our bright home at last !

### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee ;—  
 Their graves are severed far and wide  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow :  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep ;  
*He* was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest  
Above the noble slain :  
He wrapt his colours round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree ;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth !—  
Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,  
And nought beyond, O Earth !

### MOZART'S REQUIEM.

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate ; and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

These birds of Paradise but long to flee  
Back to their native mansion."  
*Prophecy of Dante.*

A REQUIEM !—and for whom ?  
For beauty in its bloom ?  
For valour fallen—a broken rose or sword ?  
A dirge for king or chief,  
With pomp of stately grief, [plore] ?  
Banner, and torch, and waving plume de-

Not so—it is not so !  
The warning voice I know, [tone ;  
From other worlds a strange mysterious  
A solemn funeral air  
It called me to prepare,  
And my heart answered secretly—my own !

One more then, one more strain,  
In links of joy and pain,  
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall !  
And let me breathe my dower  
Of passion and of power  
Full into that deep lay—the last of all !

The last !—and I must go  
From this bright world below,  
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet  
sound !  
Must leave its festal skies,  
With all their melodies,  
That ever in my breast glad echoes found !

Yet have I known it long :  
Too restless and too strong [flame ;  
Within this clay hath been the o'er-mastering  
Swift thoughts, that came and went,  
Like torrents o'er me sent,  
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,  
Which none may stay or bind, [soul ;  
The beautiful comes floating through my  
I strive with yearnings vain  
The spirit to detain  
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll !

Therefore disturbing dreams  
Trouble the secret streams  
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast ;  
Something far more divine  
Than may on earth be mine, [rest.  
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me

Shall I then *fear* the tone  
That breathes from worlds unknown ?—  
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*  
Shall grasp their full desire,  
And this unsettled fire  
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more then, one more strain ;  
To earthly joy and pain  
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell !  
I pour each fervent thought,  
With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,  
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.



## THE IMAGE IN LAVA.\*

THOU thing of years departed !  
 What ages have gone by  
 Since here the mournful seal was set  
 By love and agony.

Temple and tower have mouldered,  
 Empires from earth have passed,  
 And woman's heart hath left a trace  
 Those glories to outlast !

And childhood's fragile image,  
 Thus fearfully enshrined,  
 Survives the proud memorials reared  
 By conquerors of mankind.

Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering  
 Upon thy mother's breast  
 When suddenly the fiery tomb  
 Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,  
 Fair babe and loving heart !  
 One moment of a thousand pangs--  
 Yet better than to part !

Haply of that fond bosom  
 On ashes here impressed,  
 Thou wert the only treasure, child !  
 Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished  
 Its other love had been,  
 And where it trusted, nought remained  
 But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,  
 Thy form within its clasp,  
 Than live and lose thee, precious one !  
 From that impassioned grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics  
 Left by the pomps of old,  
 To gaze on this rude monument  
 Cast in affection's mould.

Love ! human love ! what art thou ?  
 Thy print upon the dust  
 Outlives the cities of renown  
 Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal  
 Thou art, whose earthly glow  
 Hath given these ashes holiness--  
 !t must, it *must* be so !

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,  
 That hymned the Saviour's birth !  
 Are ye not singing still on high,  
 Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"  
 To us yet speak the strains  
 Wherewith, in days gone by,  
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains,  
 O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light ! whose beams  
 That hour heaven's glory shed  
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams  
 And on the shepherd's head ;  
 Be near, through life and death,  
 As in that holiest night  
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
 O clear and shining light !

O star ! which led to Him whose love  
 Brought down man's ransom free ;  
 Where art thou ?—"Midst the hosts above  
 May we still gaze on thee ?  
 In heaven thou art not set,  
 Thy rays earth might not dim--  
 Send them to guide us yet,  
 O star which led to Him !

## A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed  
 Soft through a quiet room,  
 That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,  
 Still, but with nought of gloom.  
 For there, serene in happy age  
 Whose hope is from above,  
 A father communed with the page  
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
 On his grey holy hair,  
 And touched the page with tenderest light  
 As if its shrine were there !  
 But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone  
 With something lovelier far--  
 A radiance all the spirit's own,  
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met  
 His calm, benignant eye ;  
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
 Of immortality !  
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow  
 Of quenchless faith survives :  
 While every feature said--" I know  
 That my Redeemer lives !"

\* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncoffering of Herculaneum.



And silent stood his children by,  
 Hushing their very breath,  
 Before the solemn sanctity  
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.  
 Silent—yet did not each young breast  
 With love and reverence melt?  
 O! blest be those fair girls, and blest  
 That home where God is felt!

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### THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS.\*

—“His early days  
 Were with him in his heart.”—WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,  
 In years when hearts entwine,  
 Had filled with childhood's merry noise  
 A valley of the Rhine:  
 To rock and stream that sound was known,  
 Gladsome as hunter's bugle-tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes,  
 There had each vineyard seen;  
 Up every cliff whence eagles rise,  
 Their bounding step had been:  
 Ay! their bright youth a glory threw  
 O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as day-spring's flush, was brief  
 As early bloom or dew;  
 Alas! 'tis but the withered leaf  
 That wears the enduring hue!  
 Those rocks along the Rhine's fair shore  
 Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they stood,  
 And heard life's thrilling call,  
 As if a silver clarion wooed  
 To some high festival;  
 And parted as young brothers part,  
 With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide  
 Wherein our steps were one,  
 Like river-branches, far and wide,  
 Dissevering as they run;  
 And making strangers in their course,  
 Of waves that had the same bright source.

Met they no more? Once more they met,  
 Those kindred hearts and true!  
 'Twas on a field of death, where yet  
 The battle-thunders flew,  
 Though the fierce day was wellnigh past,  
 And the red sunset smiled its last.

\* For the tale on which this little poem is founded, see *L'Hermite en Italie*.

But as the combat closed, they found  
 For tender thoughts a space,  
 And e'en upon that bloody ground  
 Room for one bright embrace,  
 And poured forth on each other's neck  
 Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory spread  
 All melted with those tears,  
 The faces of the holy dead  
 Rose as in vanished years;  
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever-blest,  
 Lifted its voice in each full breast!

Oh! was it *then* a time to die?  
 It was!—that not in vain  
 The soul of childhood's purity  
 And peace might turn again.  
 A ball swept forth—'twas guided well—  
 Heart unto heart those brothers fell!

Happy, yes, happy thus to go!  
 Bearing from earth away  
 Affections, gifted ne'er to know  
 A shadow—a decay—  
 A passing touch of change or chill,  
 A breath of aught whose breath can kill.

And they, between whose severed souls,  
 Once in close union tied,  
 A gulf is set, a current rolls  
 For ever to divide;  
 Well may *they* envy such a lot,  
 Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle not.

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### THE LAST WISH.

“Well may I weep to leave this world—these  
 —all these beautiful woods, and plains, and  
 hills.”—*Lights and Shadows*.

Go to the forest shade,  
 Seek thou the well-known glade,  
 Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets  
 lie,  
 Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,  
 Like dark eyes, filled with sleep,  
 And bathed in hues of summer's midnight  
 sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed  
 Around my dying bed  
 A breath of May and of the wood's repose;  
 For I, in sooth, depart  
 With a reluctant heart,  
 That fain would linger where the bright  
 sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee !—  
 Alas ! this may not be ;  
 Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !  
 Go where the fountain's breast  
 Catches, in glassy rest,  
 The dim green light that pours through  
 laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,  
 Steeped in that tender light,  
 The water-lilies tremble there e'en now ;  
 Go to the pure stream's edge,  
 And from its whispering sedge  
 Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered  
 brow !

Then, as in Hope's young days,  
 Track thou the antique maze  
 Of the rich garden to its grassy mound ;  
 There is a lone white rose,  
 Shedding, in sudden snows,  
 Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well knowest thou that fair tree—  
 A murmur of the bee  
 Dwells ever in the honeyed lime above :  
 Bring me one pearly flower  
 Of all its clustering shower—  
 For on that spot we first revealed our love,

Gather one woodbine bough,  
 Then, from the lattice low [mark,  
 Of the bowered cottage, which I bade thee  
 When by the hamlet last  
 Through dim wood-lanes we passed,  
 While dews were glancing to the glow-  
 worm's spark.

Haste ! to my pillow bear  
 Those fragrant things and fair ;  
 My hand no more may bind them up at eve—  
 Yet shall their odour soft  
 One bright dream round me waft  
 Of life, youth, summer—all that I must  
 leave !

And oh ! if thou wouldst ask  
 Wherefore thy steps I task, [trace—  
 The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to  
 'Tis that some thought of me,  
 When I am gone, may be  
 The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell  
 (Oh ! break not thou the spell !)  
 In the deep wood and by the fountain-side ;  
 Thou must not, my beloved !  
 Rove where we two have roved,  
 Forgetting her that in her spring-time died !

## FAIRY FAVOURS.

—Give me but  
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart ;  
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp  
 Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDEST thou wear the gift of immortal  
 bloom ? [tomb]  
 Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy  
 Drink of this cup ! it is richly fraught  
 With balm from the gardens of Genii  
 brought ;  
 Drink ! and the spoiler shall pass thee by,  
 When the young all scattered like rose-  
 leaves lie, [gone,  
 And would not the youth of my soul be  
 If the loved had left me, one by one ?  
 Take back the cup that may never bless,  
 The gift that would make me brotherless.  
 How should I live, with no kindred eye  
 To reflect mine immortality !

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or  
 spell,  
 Over the mighty in air that dwell ?  
 Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and  
 steep  
 To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep ?  
 Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,  
 Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming, then  
 Hush every voice in the homes of men ?  
 Would not bright eyes in my presence  
 quail ? [pale ?  
 Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn  
 No gift be mine that aside would turn  
 The human love for whose founts I yearn.

Wouldst thou, then, read through the hearts  
 of those  
 Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose ?  
 Wear this rich gem ! it is charmed to show  
 When a change comes over affection's glow :  
 Look on its flushing or fading hue,  
 And learn if the trusted be false or true !

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,  
 Though my heart's wealth be but poured  
 on dust !  
 Let not a doubt in my soul have place,  
 To dim the light of a loved one's face ;  
 Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—  
 That glory would pass could I look on  
 guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,  
 Favoured of spirits ! poured forth on thee ?

Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,  
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,  
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—  
Answer me! how may I grace it best?

Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers un-  
seen, [lean!  
But a human heart where my own may  
A friend, one tender and faithful friend,  
Whose thoughts' free current with mine  
may blend;  
And, leaving not either on earth alone,  
Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be  
one!

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

[On a monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a bride at the altar.]

"We bear her home! we bear her home!  
Over the murmuring salt sea's foam;  
One who has fled from the war of life,  
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."

BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day,  
When thy gems in rich array  
Made the glistening mirror seem  
As a star-reflecting stream;  
When the clustering pearls lay fair  
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,  
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,  
Like a silvery halo gleaming,  
Mellowed all that pomp and light  
Into something meekly bright;  
Did the fluttering of thy breath  
Speak of joy or woe beneath?  
And the hue that went and came  
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,  
Flowed that crimson from th' unrest,  
Or the gladness of thy breast?—  
Who shall tell us?—from thy bower,  
Brightly didst thou pass that hour;  
With the many-glancing oar,  
And the cheer along the shore,  
And the wealth of summer flowers  
On thy fair head cast in showers,  
And the breath of song and flute,  
And the clarion's glad salute,  
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide  
Wert thou borne in pomp, young bride!  
Mirth and music, sun and sky,  
Welcomed thee triumphantly!  
Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,  
In some deeper spirit wrought,

Whispering, as untold it blent  
With the sounds of merriment,—  
"From the home of childhood's glee  
From the days of laughter free,  
From the love of many years,  
Thou art gone to cares and fears;  
To another path and guide,  
To a bosom yet untried!  
Bright one! oh! there well may be  
Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."

Bride! when through the stately fane  
Circled with thy nuptial train,  
'Midst the banners hung on high  
By thy warrior-ancestry,  
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,  
In soft beauty thou wast led;  
When before the shrine thy form  
Quivered to some bosom storm,  
When, like harp-strings with a sigh  
Breaking in mid-harmony,  
On thy lip the murmurs low  
Died with love's unfinished vow;  
When like scattered rose-leaves, fled  
From thy cheek each tint of red,  
And the light forsook thine eye,  
And thy head sank heavily;  
Was that drooping but th' excess  
Of thy spirit's blessedness?  
Or did some deep feeling's might,  
Folded in thy heart from sight,  
With a sudden tempest shower,  
Earthward bear thy life's young flower?  
Who shall tell us?—on *thy* tongue  
Silence, and for ever, hung!  
Never to thy lip and cheek  
Rushed again the crimson streak,  
Never to thine eye returned  
That which there had beamed and burned  
With the secret none might know,  
With thy rapture or thy woe,  
With thy marriage-robe and wreath,  
Thou wert fled, young bride of death!  
One, one lightning moment there  
Struck down triumph to despair,  
Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,  
Into darkness—terror—dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,  
Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,  
Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,  
Deaf to that wild funeral wail.  
Yet perchance a chastening thought,  
In some deeper spirit wrought,  
Whispering, while the stern sad knell  
On the air's bright stillness fell;—  
"From the power of chill and change  
Souls to sever and estrange:



From love's wane—a death in life  
 But to watch—a mortal strife ;  
 From the secret fevers known  
 To the burning heart alone,  
 Thou art fled—afar, away—  
 Where these blights no more have sway !  
 Bright one ! oh ! there well may be  
 Comfort 'midst our tears for thee !"

### THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

" A long war disturbed your mind—  
 Here your perfect peace is signed ;  
 'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,  
 End your moan, and come away !"

WEBSTER, *Duchess of Malfy.*

THERE were taint sounds of weeping ;—  
 fear and gloom  
 And midnight vigil in a stately room  
 Of Lusignan's old halls ;—rich odours there  
 Filled the proud chamber as with Indian air,  
 And soft light fell, from lamps of silver  
 thrown,  
 On jewels that with rainbow lustre shone  
 Over a gorgeous couch :—There emeralds  
 gleamed,  
 And deeper crimson from the ruby streamed  
 Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set  
 Hiding from sunshine.—Many a carcanet  
 Starry with diamonds, many a burning  
 chain  
 Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,  
 And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath  
 Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of  
 death, [lay,  
 Hung drooping solemnly ;—for there one  
 Passing from all Earth's glories fast away,  
 Amidst those queenly treasures : They had  
 been  
 Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands,  
 And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen  
 She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold  
 hands  
 Had pressed them to her languid heart once  
 more,  
 Melting in childlike tears. But this was  
 o'er— [now—  
 Love's last vain clinging unto life ; and  
 A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her  
 brow, [moved,  
 Her eye was fixed, her spirit seemed re-  
 Though not from Earth, from all it knew  
 or loved,  
 Far, far away ! her handmaids watched  
 around,  
 In awe, that lent to each low midnight sound

A might, a mystery ; and the quivering light  
 Of wind-swayed lamps, made spectral in  
 their sight

The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,  
 Gleaming along the walls with braided hair,  
 Long in the dust grown dim ; and she, too,  
 saw,

But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,  
 Those pictured shapes !—a bright, yet  
 solemn train, [brain,  
 Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy  
 Clothed in diviner hues ; while on her ear  
 Strange voices fell, which none besides  
 might hear,

Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh  
 Of winds o'er harp-strings through a mid-  
 night sky ; [tone,

And thus it seemed, in that low thrilling  
 Th' ancestral shadows called away their  
 own.

Come, come, come !

Long thy fainting soul hath yearned  
 For the step that ne'er returned ;  
 Long thine anxious ear hath listened,  
 And thy watchful eye hath glistened  
 With the hope, whose parting strife  
 Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—  
 Now the heavy day is done,  
 Home awaits thee, wearied one !  
 Come, come, come.

From the quenchless thoughts that burn  
 In the sealed heart's lonely urn ;  
 From the coil of memory's chain  
 Wound about the throbbing brain ;  
 From the veins of sorrow deep,  
 Winding through the world of sleep ;  
 From the haunted halls and bowers,  
 Thronged with ghosts of happier hours !  
 Come, come, come !

On our dim and distant shore  
 Aching love is felt no more !  
 We have loved with earth's excess—  
 Past is now that weariness !  
 We have wept, that weep not now—  
 Calm is each once beating brow !  
 We have known the dreamer's wees—  
 All is now one bright repose !  
 Come, come, come !

Weary heart that long hast bled,  
 Languid spirit, drooping head,  
 Restless memory, vain regret,  
 Pining love whose light is set,  
 Come away !—'tis hushed, 'tis well !  
 Where by shadowy fountains we dwell,



All the fever-thirst is stilled,  
All the air with peace is filled,—  
Come, come, come !

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,  
She passed, as twilight melts to night,  
away !

THE MAGIC GLASS.

"How lived, how loved, how died they?"  
BYRON.

"THE Dead ! the glorious Dead !—And  
shall they rise ?

Shall they look on thee with their proud  
bright eyes ?

Thou askest a fearful spell !  
Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,  
What kingly vision shall obey my call ?  
The deep grave knows it well !

"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors !  
shall they pass

Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass  
With triumph's long array ? [urn,  
Speak ! and those dwellers of the marble  
Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,  
As on their proudest day.

"Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of  
song ?—

O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng  
Shall waft a solemn gleam !  
Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant  
brows,  
Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,  
But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O mighty master !—Though  
their lays [praise,

Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and  
Hallowed for evermore !  
And not the buried conquerors ! Let them  
sleep,

And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths keep  
In joy, from shore to shore !

"But, if the narrow house may so be moved,  
Call the bright shadows of the most be-  
loved,

Back from their couch of rest !  
That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be filled  
With peace, if human love hath ever stilled  
The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth !—An idle quest is  
thine ;

These have no trophy, no memorial shrine ;

I know not of their place !  
'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,  
Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint  
and low,  
Have passed, and left no trace.

"Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and  
hills,

And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,  
Their covering turf may bloom ;  
But ne'er hath Fame made relics of its  
flowers,— [bowers,  
Never hath pilgrim sought their household  
Or poet hailed their tomb."

"Adieu, then, master of the midnight  
spell !

Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves  
may tell

That which I pine to know !  
I haste to seek, from woods and valleys  
deep,  
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,  
Records of joy and woe."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL.

["Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans  
cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent  
valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et  
d'une mère heureuse."—MADAME DE STAEL.]

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven !  
Thou, to whom its fires are given,  
Joyously thy car hath rolled  
Where the conqueror's passed of old !  
And the festal sun that shone  
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,  
Makes thy day of glory bright,  
With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,  
Freedom's foot so proudly trode ;  
While, from tombs of heroes borne  
From the dust of empire shorn,  
Flowers upon thy graceful head,  
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,  
In a soft and rosy rain,  
Touched with many a gemlike stain.

Thou hast gained the summit now !  
Music hails thee from below ;—  
Music, whose rich notes might stir  
Ashes of the sepulchre ;  
Shaking with victorious notes  
All the bright air as it floats.  
Well may woman's heart beat high  
Unto that proud harmony !

Now afar it rolls—it dies—  
 And thy voice is heard to rise  
 With a low and lovely tone  
 In its thrilling power alone ;  
 And thy lyre's deep silvery string,  
 Touched as by a breeze's wing,  
 Murmurs tremblingly at first,  
 Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky  
 Now hath lit thy large dark eye,  
 And thy cheek a flush hath caught  
 From the joy of kindled thought ;  
 And the burning words of song  
 From thy lip flow fast and strong,  
 With a rushing stream's delight  
 In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun !  
 Now thy living wreath is won.  
 Crowned of Rome !—Oh ! art thou not  
 Happy in that glorious lot ?—  
 Happier, happier far than thou,  
 With the laurel on thy brow,  
 She that makes the humblest hearth  
 Lovely but to one on earth !

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### THE RUIN.

" Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
 Making a truth and beauty of its own."

WORDSWORTH.

" Birth has gladdened it ; Death has sanctified  
 it."—*Guesses at Truth.*

No dower of storied song is thine,  
 O desolate abode !  
 Forth from thy gates no glittering line  
 Of lance and spear hath flowed.  
 Banners of knighthood have not flung  
 Proud drapery o'er thy walls,  
 Nor bugle notes to battle rung  
 Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleausance* here  
 By courtly hands been dressed,  
 For Princes, from the chase of deer,  
 Under green leaves to rest :  
 Only some rose, yet lingering bright  
 Beside thy casements lone,  
 Tells where the spirit of delight  
 Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,  
 And sovereign beauty's lot,  
 House of quenched light and silent board !  
 For me thou needest not.

It is enough to know that *here*,  
 Where thoughtfully I stand,  
 Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,  
 Have linked one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells !—  
 A solemnizing breath,  
 A presence all around thee dwells,  
 Of human life and death.  
 I need but pluck yon garden flower  
 From where the wild weeds rise,  
 To wake, with strange and sudden power,  
 A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou  
 hearth !  
 Deserted now by all !  
 Voices at eve here meet in mirth  
 Which eve may ne'er recall.  
 Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,  
 And childhood's laughing glee,  
 And song and prayer, have all been known,  
 Hearth of the dead ! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured  
 Upon the infant head,  
 As if in every fervent word  
 The living soul were shed ;  
 Thou hast seen partings, such as bear  
 The bloom from life away—  
 Alas ! for love in changeful air,  
 Where nought beloved can stay :

Here, by the restless bed of pain,  
 The vigil hath been kept,  
 Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,  
 Burst forth on eyes that wept :  
 Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,  
 The breathless influence, shed  
 Through the dim dwelling, from the room  
 Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,  
 Have here been marked and mourned,  
 And time hath filled the vacant place,  
 And gladness hath returned ;  
 Till from the narrowing household chain  
 The links dropped one by one !  
 And homewards hither, o'er the main,  
 Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for thought,  
 Fixed eye and lingering tread,  
 Where, with their thousand mysteries  
 fraught,  
 Even lowliest hearts have bled ?  
 Where, in its ever-haunting thirst  
 For draughts of purer day,

Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst  
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems  
The long-forsaken spot ;  
To deep affections, tender dreams,  
Hopes of a brighter lot !  
Therefore in silent reverence here,  
Hearth of the dead ! I stand,  
Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,  
Have linked one household band.

### THE MINSTER.

" A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined  
Our hopes of immortality."—BYRON.

SPEAK low !—the place is holy to the breath  
Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer ;  
Tread lightly !—for the sanctity of death  
Broods with a voiceless influence on the  
air :  
Stern, yet serene !—a reconciling spell,  
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !—  
Not for the light that pours its fervid  
streams [aisle,  
Of rainbow glory down through arch and  
Kindling old banners into haughty  
gleams, [tomb  
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's  
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph  
pealing, [high ;  
Mighty as forest sounds when winds are  
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, re-  
vealing [geantry :—  
Through incense-mists their sainted pa-  
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm  
and power,  
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver  
chord [bound ;  
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is  
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here  
have poured [around ;—  
Their anguish forth, are with me and  
I look back on the pangs, the burning  
tears,  
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust. Re-  
inorse ! [head ;  
That here hast bowed with ashes on thv

And thou, still battling with the tempest's  
force— [time has bled—  
Thou, whose bright spirit through all  
Speak, wounded Love ! if penance here,  
or prayer,  
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair ?

No voice, no breath !—of conflicts past, no  
trace !— [quest ?  
Doth not this hush give answer to my  
Surely the dread religion of the place  
By every grief hath made its might con-  
fest !—

Oh ! that within my heart I could but keep  
Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure, and  
still, and deep !

### THE SONG OF NIGHT.

And storm and darkness ! ye are wondrous  
strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength."—BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth ! [dew,  
With all my gifts !—for every flower sweet  
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew  
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies  
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,  
But, through its veins of beauty, so receive  
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star ; [day track,  
Making thy streams, that on their noon-  
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,  
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace ;—I shed  
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er the  
honey-bee, [young glee,  
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's  
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay  
The weary babe ; and sealing with a breath  
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath  
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !  
Who calls me silent ? I have many tones—  
The dark skies thrill with low, mysterious  
moans,  
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone  
From the deep organ of the forest shades,  
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their  
Till the bright day is done ; [giades



But in the human breast  
A thousand still small voices I awake,  
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to  
The mantle of its rest. [shake

I bring them from the past :  
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,  
From crushed affections, which, though  
long o'erborne,  
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :  
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love  
They pass—though low as murmurs of a  
dove—  
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train : [tread,  
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me  
The intensely bright, the beautiful,—the  
dead,—  
Phantoms of heart and brain.

Looks from departed eyes— [vain,  
These are my lightnings!—filled with anguish  
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,  
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,  
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland  
song, [strong,  
I am the avenging one! the armed—the  
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light  
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!  
—the tempest-birth  
Of memory, thought, remorse:—Be holy,  
earth!  
I am the solemn night!

### THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.

[Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness; fired by lightning: now rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.—See LANZI'S *History of Painting*, translated by ROSCOP.]

"Where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?  
Are ye like those that shake the human breast?  
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high  
nest?"—*Childe Harold*.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!—  
The air is filled with sleep,  
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's  
breath;  
The fixed and solemn stars  
Glean through my dungeon bars—  
Wake, rushing wind! this breezeless calm  
is death!

Ye watch-fires of the skies!  
The stillness of your eyes  
Looks too intensely through my troubled  
soul:  
I feel this weight of rest  
An earth-load on my breast—  
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark  
clouds roll!

I am your own, *your* child,  
O ye, the fierce and wild  
And kingly tempests!—will ye not arise?  
Hear the bold spirit's voice,  
That knows not to rejoice  
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

By sounding ocean-waves,  
And dim Calabrian caves,  
And flashing torrents, I have been your  
mate;  
And with the rocking pines  
Of the olden Apennines,  
In your dark path stood fearless and elate.

Your lightnings were as rods,  
That smote the deep abodes  
Of thought and vision—and the stream  
gushed free;  
Come, that my soul again  
May swell to burst its chain—  
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea!

Within me dwells a flame,  
An eagle caged and tame,  
Till called forth by the harping of the blast;  
*Then* is its triumph's hour,  
It springs to sudden power,  
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering  
mast.

Then, then, the canvas o'er,  
With hurried hand I pour  
The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul!  
Kindling to fiery life  
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife;—  
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark  
clouds, roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend,  
The shivering leaf descend.



The forest branch give way before your  
 might ;  
 But I, your strong compeer,  
 Call, summon, wait you here,—  
 Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm and  
 night !

### DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

"Ay, Warrior, arm ! and wear thy plume  
 On a proud and fearless brow !  
 I am the lord of the lonely tomb,  
 And a mightier one than thou !

" Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief,  
 Bid her a long farewell !  
 Like the morning's dew shall pass that  
 grief—  
 Thou comest with me to dwell !

" Thy bark may rush through the foaming  
 deep  
 Thy steed o'er the breezy hill ;  
 But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,  
 Narrow, and cold, and chill !"

" Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, oh  
 Death?  
 And is thy day so near?  
 Then on the field shall my life's last breath  
 Mingle with victory's cheer !

" Banners shall float, with the trumpet's  
 note,  
 Above me as I die !  
 And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble  
 grave,  
 Under the Syrian sky.

" High hearts shall burn in the royal hall  
 When the minstrel names that spot ;  
 And the eyes I love shall weep my fall,  
 Death, Death ! I fear thee not !"

" Warrior ! thou bearest a haughty heart ;  
 But I can bend its pride ! [part  
 How shouldst thou know that thy soul will  
 In the hour of victory's tide ?

" It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,  
 That I shall make thee mine ;  
 It may be lone on the desert sands,  
 Where men for fountains pine !

" It may be deep amidst heavy chains,  
 In some strong Paynim hold ;—  
 I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,  
 Wherewith to tame the bold !"

" Death, Death ! I go to a doom unblest,  
 If this indeed must be ;  
 But the cross is bound upon my breast,  
 And I may not shrink for thee !

" Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are  
 given  
 To the cause of the holy shrine :  
 I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,  
 O Death !—and not to thine !"

### THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,  
 Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts o  
 rain

Meet in the sky ;  
 " Thou art gone hence !" one sang ; " Our  
 light is flown, [own,  
 Our beautiful, that seemed too much our  
 Ever to die !

" Thou art gone hence !—our joyous hills  
 among  
 Never again to pour thy soul in song,  
 When spring-flowers rise !  
 Never the friend's familiar step to meet  
 With loving laughter, and the welcome  
 sweet  
 Of thy glad eyes."

" Thou art gone home, gone *home!*" then,  
 high and clear, [tear  
 Warbled that other Voice : " Thou hast no  
 Again to shed.  
 Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,  
 Never, weighed down by Memory's clouds,  
 again  
 To bow thy head.

" Thou art gone home ! oh ! early crowned  
 and blest ; [rest  
 Where could the love of that deep heart find  
 With aught below ? [decay,  
 Thou must have seen rich dream by dream  
 All the bright rose-leaves drop from life  
 away—  
 Thrice blest to go !"

Yet sighed again that breeze-like Voice of  
 grief— [brief,  
 " Thou art gone hence ! alas ! that aught so  
 So loved should be !  
 Thou tak'st our summer hence !— the flower.  
 the tone,  
 The music of our being, all in one,  
 Depart with thee !

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision  
fled!

Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?  
The dark unknown?

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,  
Never again to light up hearth or hall,  
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, *home!*" once more th' exulting  
Voice arose; [repose

"Thou art gone home! from that divine  
Never to roam!

Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,  
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—  
Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—  
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath  
past

The rough sea's foam!  
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are  
stilled,— [heart is filled.—  
Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy  
Thou art gone home!"

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### THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain."

WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to  
swell;

Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,—  
Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,  
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer  
and song; [left?

Who now of storms hath dream or memory  
And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the  
smiles

Of summer tremble on the water's breast!  
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,  
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,  
The genii groves of Araby shall pour!  
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy  
side,

On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie  
O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are  
furled, [by,

And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps  
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern  
skies, [sleep,

On the mid-ocean see thee chained in  
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,  
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts  
renowned, [makes way;

By night shall sparkle where thy prow  
Strange creatures of the abyss that none  
may sound,

In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and  
fear, [mark;—

Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to  
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!  
Hail, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us  
back, [and hearth;

All whom thou bearest far from home  
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall  
track

Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's  
shade,

Where through the foliage Indian suns  
look bright;

Some, in the snows of wintry regions laid,  
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding  
wave,— [them sweep;

Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er  
Never may flower be strewn above their  
grave,

Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy  
proud form [may swell;

On our glad sight no more perchance  
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—  
Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

---

### THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,  
One, where a thousand stood!

Well might proud tales be told by thee,  
Last of the solemn wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,  
With leaves yet darkly green?

Stillness is round, and noontide glows—  
Tell us what thou hast seen

" I have seen the forest shadows lie  
Where men now reap the corn ;  
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,  
Through the deep glades at morn.

" With the glance of many a gallant spear,  
And the wave of many a plume,  
And the bounding of a hundred deer,  
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

" I have seen the knight and his train ride  
past,  
With his banner borne on high ;  
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast  
From his gleaming panoply.

" The Pilgrim at my feet hath laid  
His palm branch 'midst the flowers,  
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,  
Kneeling, at vesper-hours.

" And the merry-men of wild and glea,  
In the green array they wore,  
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,  
And the hunter's song of yore.

" And the minstrel, resting in my shade,  
Hath made the forest ring  
With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,  
Once loved by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone,  
That walked the earth of old ;  
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,  
The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now,  
Like the glory with the dead :—  
I would that where they slumber low  
My latest leaves were shed !"

Oh ! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,  
That mourns for the past !  
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,  
Embowered from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound  
Of laughter meets mine ear ;  
For the poor man's children sport around  
On the turf, with naught to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall  
A happy summer-glow ;  
And the open door stands free to all,  
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze,  
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree !  
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,  
For the stormy past, with thee ?

## THE STREAMS.

" The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny moun-  
tain,  
Or forests by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths ; all those have  
vanished !  
They live no longer in the faith of heaven,  
But still the heart doth need a language !"

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

Ye have been holy, O founts and floods !  
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,  
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,  
With the water-flowers on your breast  
asleep,  
And ye that gush from the sounding caves—  
Hallowed have been your waves.

Hallowed by man, in his dreams of old,  
Unto beings not of this mortal mould,  
Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous  
powers,  
Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,  
And sought with its fancied sound to still  
The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers  
gone, [thrown  
O'er your sweet waters, ye streams ! were  
Thousands of gifts, to the sunny sea  
Have ye swept along in your wanderings  
free, [vow—  
And thrilled to the murmur of many a  
Where all is silent now !

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath  
been  
So linked in love to your margins green ;  
That still, though ruined, your early shrines  
In beauty gleam through the southern vines,  
And the ivied chapels of colder skies,  
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing  
earth, [springs have birth ;  
Are those, bright streams ! where your  
Whether their caverned murmur fills,  
With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,  
Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful  
flow  
Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert-sands,  
With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,  
And a flash from under some ancient rock  
Where a shepherd-king might have watched  
his flock,  
Where a few lone palm-trees lift their heads,  
And a green Acacia spreads.



Or whether, in bright old lands renowned,  
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,  
And the shadow, flung from the Grecian  
    pine, [line,  
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming  
And the tall reeds whisper to your waves,  
Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place !  
By the freshest fern your path we trace ;  
By the brightest cups on the emerald moss,  
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,  
By the rainbow-glancing of insect-wings,  
In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers  
Are all your own through the summer-  
hours ;

There the proud stag his fair image knows,  
Traced on your glass beneath alder-boughs,  
And the Halcyon's breast, like the skies  
arrayed,  
Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with elves  
and fays

Peopled your banks in the olden days,  
And the memory left by departed love,  
To your antique founts in glen and grove,  
And the glory born of the poet's dreams—  
*These* are your charms, bright streams !

Now is the time of your flowery rites,  
Gone by with its dances and young de-  
lights :

From your marble urns ye have burst away,  
From your chapel-cells to the laughing day ;  
Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,—  
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,  
Haunts of all gentle and glad things !  
Holy, to converse with Nature's lore,  
That gives the worn spirit its youth once  
more,

And to silent thoughts of the love divine,  
Making the heart a shrine !

#### THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the  
voice of a spirit."—GRAY'S *Letters*.

OH ! many a voice is thine, thou Wind !  
full many a voice is thine,  
From every scene thy wing o'er-sweeps thou  
bear'st a sound and sign ;  
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with  
a mastery all thine own,  
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that  
gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war,  
where shivered helmets lie,  
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note  
of a clarion in the sky ;  
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of  
stormy drums,— [leader comes.  
All these are in thy music met, as when a

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from  
their wastes brought back  
Each noise of waters that awoke in the  
mystery of thy track ;  
The chime of low soft southern waves on  
some green palmy shore,  
The hollow roll of distant surge, the ga-  
thered billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep,  
thou mighty rushing Wind !  
And thou bearest all their unisons in one  
full swell combined ;  
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all  
hidden things and free,  
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have  
lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for  
the conqueror passing by,  
Thou art wafting from their streets a  
sound of haughty revelry ;  
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the  
harpings in the hall,  
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy  
rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and  
shrines, from ancient minsters vast,  
Through the dark aisles of a thousand  
years thy lonely wing hath passed ;  
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy  
swell, the stately dirge's tone,  
For a chief, with sword, and shield, and  
helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes,  
wherein our young days flew,  
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering  
there, the loved, the kind, the true ;  
Thou callest back those melodies, though  
now all changed and fled,—  
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with  
music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind !  
these many notes in *thee* ?  
Far in our own unfathomed souls their  
fount must surely be ;  
Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, *there* Thought  
watches, Memory lies,  
From whose deep urn the tones are poured  
through all Earth's harmonies.



## THE VIGIL OF ARMS.

[The candidate for knighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch the night before his inauguration, in a church, and completely armed. This was called "the Vigil of Arms."]

A SOUNDING step was heard by night  
In a church where the mighty slept,  
As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light,  
'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.  
He walked in dreams of power and fame,  
He lifted a proud, bright eye,  
For the hours were few that withheld his  
name  
From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moon-lit aisles he paced alone,  
With a free and stately tread ;  
And the floor gave back a muffled tone  
From the couches of the dead :  
'The silent many that round him lay,  
The crowned and helmeted that were,  
The haughty chiefs of the war-array—  
Each in his sepulchre !

But no dim warning of time or fate  
That youth's flushed hopes could chill,  
He moved through the trophies of buried  
state

With each proud pulse throbbing still.  
He heard, as the wind through the chancel  
sung,

A swell of the trumpet's breath ;  
He looked to the banners on high that  
hung,  
And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour seemed  
Before him to unfold ;  
Through the solemn arches on it streamed,  
With many a gleam of gold :  
There were crested knight and gorgeous  
dame,

Glittering athwart the gloom,  
And he followed, till his bold step came  
To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy might  
Of the monumental stone,  
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's light,  
That over its quiet shone,  
And the image of that sire, who died  
In his noonday of renown—  
These had a power unto which the pride  
Of fiery life bowed down.

And a spirit from his early years  
Came back o'er his thoughts to move,  
Till his eye was filled with memory's tears,  
And his heart with childhood's love !

And he looked, with a change in his softer  
ing glance,

To the armour o'er the grave,—  
For there they hung, the shield and lance  
And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was there,  
With its cross for the hour of need,  
When the knight's bold war-cry hath sunk  
in prayer,

And the spear is a broken reed !—  
Hush ! did a breeze through the armour  
sigh ?

Did the folds of the banner shake ?  
Not so !—from the tomb's dark mystery  
There seemed a voice to break !

He had heard that voice bid clarions blow,  
He had caught its last blessing's breath,—  
'Twas the same—but its awful sweetness  
now

Had an under-tone of death !  
And it said,—“The sword hath conquered  
kings, [passed ;

And the spear through realms hath  
But the cross, alone, of all these things,  
Might aid me at the last.”

---

 THE HEART OF BRUCE IN  
MELROSE ABBEY.

HEART ! that didst press forward still,\*  
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,  
Where the knightly words were crossing  
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,  
Leader of the charging spear,  
Fiery heart !—and liest thou *here* ?  
May this narrow spot inurn  
Aught that so could beat and burn ?  
Heart ! that lovedst the clarin's blast,  
Silent is thy place at last ;  
Silent,—save when early bird  
Sings where once the mass was heard ;  
Silent—save when breeze's moan  
Comes through flowers or fretted stone ;  
And the wild-rose waves around thee,  
And the long dark grass hath bound  
thee,—  
Sleep'st thou, as the swain might sleep,  
In his nameless valley deep ?  
No ! brave heart !—though cold and lone  
Kingly power is yet thine own !

---

\* “Now pass thou forward, as thou wert  
wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die !”  
With these words Douglas threw from him the  
heart of Bruce, into mid-battle against the Moors  
of Spain.

Feel I not thy spirit brood  
O'er the whispering solitude ;  
Lo ! at one high thought of thee,  
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,  
Sweeping past thy lowly bed,  
With a mute, yet stately tread ;  
Shedding their pale armour's light  
Forth upon the breathless night,  
Bending every warlike plume  
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,  
Armed to follow thee, or die ?  
Now, true heart, as thou wert wont,  
Pass thou to the peril's front !  
Where the banner-spear is gleaming,  
And the battle's red wine streaming,  
Till the Paynim quail before thee,  
Till the cross wave proudly o'er thee ;—  
Dreams ! the falling of a leaf  
Wins me from their splendours brief ;  
Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn them not,  
Thou that seek'st the holy spot ;  
Nor, amidst its lone domain,  
Call the faith in relics vain !

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#### NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."  
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's  
home [to roam,  
Through the crowded paths of the world  
And the green leaves whispered, as he  
passed,

"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast ?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting  
here,

Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear ;  
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,  
Thou hast left in our shades with the  
spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,  
Thou and thy brother have gaily played ;  
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,  
But as ye *have* met there—oh ! never  
more !"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,  
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung :  
"Wherefore so fast unto life away ?  
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay !

"Thou mayst come to the summer woods  
again, [strain ;  
And thy heart have no echo to greet their

Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—  
A change must pass o'er thee—farewell,  
farewell !"

On rode the youth :—and the founts and  
streams [dreams :—

Thus mingled a voice with his joyous  
"We have been thy playmates through  
many a day,

Wherefore thus leave us ?—oh ! yet delay :

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth !  
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.  
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,  
The peace it could once on thy heart  
bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy child-  
hood's glee, [free ;  
With the breath of the world on thy spirit  
Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirred,  
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no  
part—

What should it do for a burning heart ?  
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest  
rill,

Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell !—when thou comest again to  
thine own, [tone ;

Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest  
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—  
Yet on, fiery dreamer ! farewell ! farewell !"

And a something of gloom on his spirit  
weighed, [shade ;

As he caught the last sounds of his native  
But he knew not, till many a bright spell  
broke,

How deep were the oracles Nature spoke !

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#### THE BEINGS OF THE MIND.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray,  
And more beloved existence ; that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage."—BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your  
woes,

Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought !  
I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs  
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought !  
'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,  
And sorrowful for visions that are gone !

Come to me ! make your thrilling whispers  
neard

Ye, by those masters of the soul endowed  
With life, and love, and many a burning  
word, [from a cloud,

That bursts from grief, like lightning  
And smites the heart, till all its chords  
reply, [sweeps by.  
As leaves make answer when the wind

Come to me ! visit my dim haunt !—the  
sound

Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath ;  
The stock-dove's note above ; and all  
around,

The poesy that with the violet's breath  
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden  
streams, [dreams.  
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep

Friends, friends !—for such to my lone  
heart ye are— [eyes

Unchanging ones ! from whose immortal  
The glory melts not as a waning star,  
And the sweet kindness never, never dies ;  
Bright children of the bard ! o'er this green  
dell [spell !

Pass once again, and light it with your

Imogen ! fair Fidele ! meekly blending  
In patient grief, " a smiling with a sigh ;"  
And thou, Cordelia ! faithful daughter,  
tending

That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky ;  
Thou of the soft low voice !—thou art not  
gone ! [tone.  
Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like

And come to me !—sing me thy willow-  
strain,

Sweet Desdemona ! with the sad surprise  
In thy beseeching glance, where still,  
though vain,

Undimmed, unquenchable affection lies ;  
Come, bowing thy young head to wrong  
and scorn,  
As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne.

And thou, too, fair Ophelia ! flowers are  
here, [spot—

That well might win thy footstep to the  
Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,  
And pansies for sad thoughts,—but  
needed not ! [light

Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and  
In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south ! enshrining  
All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong ;

The glow, the sweetness, in its rose com-  
bining, [song !

The soul its nightingales pour forth in  
Thou, making death deep joy !—but *couldst*  
thou die ?

No !—thy young love hath immortality !

From earth's bright faces fades the light of  
morn, [tone ;

From earth's glad voices drops the joyous  
But ye, the children of the soul, were born  
Deathless, and for undying love alone ;  
And, O ye beautiful ! 'tis well, how well,  
In the soul's world, with you, where change  
is not, to dwell !

---

### THE LYRE'S LAMENT.

[“ A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock,  
and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind  
—but no human being was to be seen.”—*Salmu-  
thiel.*]

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring  
To the wild wind of the sea :  
“ O melancholy wind,” it sighed,  
“ What would thy breath with me ?

“ Thou canst not wake the spirit  
That in me slumbering lies,  
Thou strikest not forth th' electric fire  
Of buried melodies.

“ Wind of the dark sea-waters !  
Thou dost but sweep my strings  
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,  
With the rushing of thy wings.

“ But the spell—the gift—the lightning—  
Within my frame concealed,  
Must I moulder on the rock away,  
With their triumphs unrevealed ?

“ I have power, high power, for freedom  
To wake the burning soul ! [hills  
I have sounds that through the ancient  
Like a torrent's voice might roll.

“ I have pealing notes of victory  
That might welcome kings from war ;  
I have rich deep tones to send the wail  
For a hero's death afar.

“ I have chords to lift the pæan  
From the temple to the sky,  
Full as the forest-unisons  
When sweeping winds are high.



" And Love—for Love's lone sorrow  
 I have accents that might swell  
 Through the summer air with the rose's  
 Or the violet's faint farewell : [breath,  
 ' Soft—spiritual—mournful—  
 Sighs in each note enshrined—  
 But who shall call that sweetness forth ?  
*Thou* canst not, ocean-wind !

" I pass without my glory,  
 Forgotten I decay—  
 Where is the touch to give me life ?—  
 Wild, fitful wind, away !"  
 So sighed the broken music  
 That in gladness had no part—  
 How like art thou, neglected lyre,  
 To many a human heart !

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### TASSO'S CORONATION.\*

A crown of victory ! a triumphal song !  
 Oh I call some friend, upon whose pitying heart  
 The weary one may calmly sink to rest :  
 Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,  
 Pour the last prayer for mortal agony !

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,  
 Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of victory ;  
 There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial streets along,  
 For again a conqueror must be crowned,—a kingly child of song :

Yet his chariot lingers,  
 Yet around his home  
 Broods a shadow silently,  
 'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,  
 To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car ;  
 A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,  
 To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

Peace ! within his chamber  
 Low the mighty lies ;  
 With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,  
 And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing strain  
 In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main !  
 Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,  
 As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes ! for him, the victor,  
 Sing,—but low, sing low !  
 A soft sad *miserere* chant  
 For a soul about to go !

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,  
 Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day ;  
 Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past renown—  
 Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sunshine  
 From the fading sight !  
 There needs no ray by the bed of death,  
 Save the holy taper's light.

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\* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol



The wreath is twined,—the way is strewn—the lordly train are met—  
 The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet?  
 Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—  
 Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

Silence! forth we bring him,  
 In his last array;  
 From love and grief the freed, the flown—  
 Way for the bier—make way!

## THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou callest its children a happy band;  
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?  
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle  
 boughs?"—

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering  
 seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry  
 wings,  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"—

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of  
 gold?"—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral  
 strand?"— [land?"—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the  
 tomb,—

'It is there, it is there, my child!"

## THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!  
 Warrior bird! what seek'st thou here?  
 Wherefore by the fountain's brink  
 Doth thy royal pinion sink?

Wherefore on the violet's bed  
 Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?  
 Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,  
 Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn?

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?  
 Look upon thine own bright skies!  
 Lift thy glance! the fiery sun  
 There his pride of place hath won!  
 And the mountain lark is there,  
 And sweet sound hath filled the air;  
 Hast thou left that realm on high?  
 Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bowed  
 From thine empire o'er the cloud!  
 Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,  
 Thou hast stooped too near the earth,  
 And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,  
 And the toils of death have bound thee!—  
 Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,  
 Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?  
 Was thy sky's dominion lone?  
 Chill and lone it well might be,  
 Yet that mighty wing was free!  
 Now the chain is o'er it cast,  
 From thy heart the blood flows fast,  
 Woe for gifted souls and high!  
 Is not such *their* destiny?

## SADNESS AND MIRTH.

"Nay, these wild fits of uncurbed laughter  
 Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,  
 As it has lowered of late, so keenly cast,  
 Unsued seem, and strange.

Oh! nothing strange!  
 Didst thou ne'er see the swallow veering breast,  
 Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,  
 In the sunned glimpses of a troubled day,  
 Shiver in silvery brightness?  
 Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash  
 In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path,  
 Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

Oh, gentle friend !  
Chide not ~~the~~ mirth, who yesterday was sad,  
And may be so to-morrow !"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,  
Where the bright wine foamed over sculptured gold ;  
Sadness and Mirth !— ye were mingled [there  
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air ;  
As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,  
Ye mixed in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore  
a gloom,  
A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;  
It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,  
To the rose a colouring not its own,  
To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power— [dower !  
Sadness and Mirth ! ye had each your

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,  
With the Roman eagles through the sky !  
I know that e'en then, in his hour of pride,  
The soul of the mighty within him died ;  
That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,  
Which the music of victory might never fill.

Thou wert there, O Mirth ! swelling on the shout,  
Till the temples, like echo-caves, rang out ;  
Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,  
All the rich voices in air were thine,  
The incense, the sunshine—but Sadness !  
thy part,  
Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;  
Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier !  
As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,  
Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;  
As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky—  
Sadness and Mirth ! so ye come and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,  
Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest !  
When the breath of the violet is out in spring, [music ring,  
When the woods with the wakening of  
O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,  
Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness and Mirth ? [on earth :  
Bright stream and dark one !—oh ! never

Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,  
While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere, [sweep,  
While flowers unfold where the storm may  
While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

But there smiles a land, O ye troubled pair !  
Where ye have no part in the summer air.  
Far from the breathings of changeful skies,  
Over the seas and the graves it lies ;  
Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,  
And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-SONG.

" Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,  
Die mit seelenvollen melodie  
Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen ?—  
Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie."

SCHILLER

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,  
And die away, my heart !  
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,  
And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,  
The waters changed their tone,  
And wherefore, in the faded world,  
Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,  
And where the flowercup's glow ?  
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,  
And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice in every whisper  
Of the wave, the bough, the air,  
Comes asking for the beautiful,  
And moaning, " Where, oh ! where ?

Tell of the brightness parted,  
Thou bee, thou lamb at play !  
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth !—  
Are ye, too, passed away ?

Mournfully, sing mournfully !  
The royal rose is gone.  
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt  
In one deep farewell tone !

Not so !—swell forth triumphantly,  
The full, rich, fervent strain !  
Hence with young love and life I go,  
In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,  
With every precious thing,  
Upon the last warm southern breeze  
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,  
 When the days of hope are past,  
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,  
 To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly !  
 Sing to the woods I go !  
 For me, perchance, in other lands,  
 The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,  
 And the greensward's violet breath,  
 And the dance of light leaves in the wind  
 May there know nought of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully !  
 Swell high, then break, my heart  
 With love, the spirit of the woods,  
 With summer I depart !

—◆—  
 THE DIVER.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in  
 song."—SHELLEY.

THOU hast been where the rocks of coral  
 grow,  
 Thou hast fought with eddying waves ;—  
 Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,  
 Thou searcher of ocean's caves !

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth  
 of old,  
 And wrecks where the brave have striven ;  
 The deep is a strong and a fearful hold,  
 But thou its bar hast riven !

A wild and weary life is thine ;  
 A wasting task and lone,  
 Though treasure-grotes for thee may shine,  
 To all besides unknown !

A weary life ! but a swift decay  
 Soon, soon shall set thee free ;  
 Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,  
 Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,  
 Well are the death-signs read—  
 Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,  
 Ere hope and power be fled !

And bright in beauty's coronal  
 That glistening gem shall be ;  
 A star to all in the festive hall—  
 But who will think on *thee* ?

None ! as it gleams from the quæen-like  
 head,  
 Not one 'midst throngs will say,

"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,  
 For that pale quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought !—  
 And are not those like thee  
 Who win for earth the gems of thought ?  
 O wrestler with the sea !

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,  
 Where the passion-fountains burn,  
 Gathering the jewels far below  
 From many a buried urn :

Wringing from lava-veins the fire,  
 That o'er bright words is poured !  
 Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre  
 A spirit in each chord.

But, oh ! the price of bitter tears,  
 Paid for the lonely power  
 That throws at last, o'er desert years,  
 A darkly-glorious dower !

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,  
 So radiant thoughts are strewed ;—  
 The soul whence those high gifts are shed,  
 May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain is sung,  
 Till a thousand hearts are stirred,  
 What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,  
 Have gushed with every word ?

None, none !—his treasures live like thine,  
*He* strives and dies like thee ;—  
 Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark  
 shrine,  
 O wrestler with the sea !

—◆—  
 THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

"Les poètes dont l'imagination tient à la  
 puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas  
 les bannis d'une autre région ?"—MADAME DE  
 STAËL, *De l'Allemagne*.

No tears for thee !—though light be from  
 us gone [less one !  
 With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet rest-  
 No tears for thee ! [mourn  
 They that have loved an exile, must not  
 To see him parting for his native bourne  
 O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,  
 Breathed but the language of another  
 sphere,  
 Unechoed round ;  
 And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our  
 weeping skies  
 Some half-remembered strain of paradise  
 Might sadly sound.



Hast thou been answered?—thou, that  
 from the night  
 And from the voices of the tempest's might,  
 And from the past,  
 Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,  
 To pour the secrets of man's destiny  
 Forth on the blast !

Hast thou been answered?—thou, that  
 through the gloom,  
 And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,  
 A cry didst send,  
 So passionate and deep? to pierce, to move,  
 To win back token of unburied love  
 From buried friend !

And hast thou found where living waters  
 burst?  
 Thou, that didst pine amidst us, in the thirst  
 Of fever-dreams !

Are the true fountains thine for evermore?  
 Oh! lured so long by shining mists, that  
 wore

The light of streams !

Speak ! is it well with thee?—We call, as  
*thou*, [brow,  
 With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled  
 Wert wont to call [free?—  
 On the departed! Art thou blest and  
 Alas! the lips earth covers, even to *thee*,  
 Were silent all !

Yet shall our hope rise fanned by quench-  
 less faith, [breath,  
 As a flame, fostered by some warm wind's  
 In light upsprings : [the sought ;  
 Freed soul of song ! yes, thou hast found  
 Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought,  
 On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,  
 When life's young music, ringing far and  
 O'erflows the sky :— [clear,  
 No tears for *thee* ! the lingering gloom is  
 ours— [powers,  
 Thou art for converse with all glorious  
 Never to die !

### TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

“ Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti !  
 Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può libe-  
 rarsi.”

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up  
 my spirit, [that thrill?  
 On eagle wings, through every plume  
 It hath no crown of victory to inherit—  
 Be still, triumphant harmony ! be still !

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly  
 swelling  
 Into rich floods of joy :—it is but pain  
 To mount so high, yet find on high no  
 dwelling,  
 To sink so fast, so heavily again :

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to young  
 chieftain dying  
 On his own battle-field, at set of sun,  
 With his freed country's banner o'er him  
 flying, [guerdon won.  
 Well mightst thou speak of fame's high

No sounds for earth?—Yes, for the martyr  
 leading  
 Unto victorious death serenely on,  
 For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,  
 Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is  
 beating [vain !  
 Against life's narrow bound, in conflict  
 For power, for joy, high hope, and raptu-  
 rous greeting, [exulting strain.  
 Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hushed,

Be hushed, or breathe of grief!—of exile  
 yearnings  
 Under the willows of the stranger-shore ;  
 Breathe of the soul's untold and restless  
 burnings [no more.  
 For looks, tones, footsteps, that return

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil keep-  
 ing [wealth to pine ;  
 Through the night-hours, o'er wasted  
 Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose-  
 leaves heaping, [shrine.  
 In the shut heart, at once a tomb and

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing  
 From worlds beneath some blue Elysian  
 sky ; [undying—  
 Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th'  
 Of joy no more—bewildering harmony !

### SECOND SIGHT.

“ Ne'er erred the prophet heart that grief in  
 spired,  
 Though joy's illusions mock their votarist.”  
 MATURIN

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends !  
 A mournful gift is mine !  
 A murmur of the soul which blends  
 With the flow of song and wine.



An eye that through the triumph's hour  
Beholds the coming woe,  
And dwells upon the faded flower  
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom  
Where the father's board is spread ;  
I see the stillness and the gloom  
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the withered garlands lie  
Forsaken on the earth, [fly  
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers  
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain  
On the warrior's gorgeous crest ;  
And the bier amidst the bridal train  
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time,  
Through the ivy branches made,  
Where the palace, in its glory's prime,  
With the sunshine stands arrayed.

The thunder of the seas I hear,  
The shriek along the wave,  
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and  
cheer  
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends  
To me some warning sign :—  
A mournful gift is mine, O friends !  
A mournful gift is mine !

Oh ! prophet heart ! thy grief, thy power,  
To all deep souls belong ;  
The shadow in the sunny hour,  
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—  
For them a veil is riven :  
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,  
Their home is but in Heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND.

" Thy path is not as mine :—where thou art blest,  
My spirit would but wither : mine own grief  
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,  
Than all thy happiness."

HATH the summer's breath, on the south  
wind borne,  
Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn?  
Hath it lured thee, Bird ! from their sound-  
ing caves,  
To the river-shores, where the osier waves ?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,  
Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many  
a cell ?

Where the moss bears print of the wild  
deer's tread ?  
And the heath like a royal robe is spread ?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright sea-  
bird ! [heard,  
There is joy where the song of the lark is  
With the dancing of waters through copse  
and dell, [bell.  
And the bee's low tune in the fox-glove's

Thou hast done well !—Oh ! the seas are  
lone,  
And the voice they send up hath a mourn-  
ful tone ;  
A mingling of dirges and wild farewells,  
Fitfully breathed through its anthem-swells.

The proud bird rose as the words were  
said—  
The rush of his pinion swept o'er my head,  
And the glance of his eye in its bright  
disdain,  
Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the  
ocean's breast,  
To his throne of pride on the billow's  
crest !—

Oh ! who shall say, to a spirit free,  
" *There* lies the pathway of bliss for thee ?"

THE SLEEPER.

" For sleep is awful"—BYRON.

OH ! lightly, lightly tread !  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,  
A gracious dewy cloud,  
A covering mantle given  
The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !  
Revere the pale still brow,  
'The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hair's willow flow.

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back,  
From the world unseen by you  
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
 In her childhood's land, perchance,  
 Where her young sisters play,  
 Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
 Her spirit haply weaves ;  
 A harmony profound  
 Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,  
 A laughing tone of streams .—  
 Long may her sojourn be  
 In the music-land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,  
 Each gleam of beauty fled,  
 Each lost one still more fair—  
 Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

#### THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O DIM forsaken mirror !  
 How many a stately throng  
 Hath o'er thee gleamed, in vanished hours  
 Of the wine-cup and the song !

The song hath left no echo ;  
 The bright wine hath been quaffed,  
 And hushed is every silvery voice  
 That lightly here hath laughed.

O mirror, lonely mirror,  
 Thou of the silent hall ! [bloom—  
 Thou hast been flushed with beauty's  
 Is this, too, vanished all ?

It is, with the scattered garlands  
 Of triumphs long ago ;  
 With the melodies of buried lyres,  
 With the faded rainbow's glow :

And for all the gorgeous pageants,  
 For the glance of gem and plume,  
 For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,  
 And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,  
 Thou givest but faintly back  
 The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,  
 On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit  
 Thou tellest me 'twill be,  
 When the forms and hues of this world fade  
 From his memory, as from thee :

And his heart's long-troubled waters  
 At last in stillness lie,  
 Reflecting but the images  
 Of the solemn world on high.

#### CURFEW SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK ! from the dim church-tower,  
 The deep, slow curfew's chime !  
 A heavy sound unto hall and bower,  
 In England's olden time !  
 Sadly 'twas heard by him who came  
 From the fields of his toil at night,  
 And who might not see his own hearth's  
 flame  
 In his children's eyes make light.

Sadly and sternly heard  
 As it quenched the wood-fire's glow,  
 Which had cheered the board, with the  
 mirthful word,  
 And the red wine's foaming flow ;  
 Until that sullen, booming knell,  
 Flung out from every fane,  
 On harp and lip, and spirit fell,  
 With a weight, and with a chain.

Woe for the wanderer then  
 In the wild-deer's forests far !  
 No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,  
 Might guide him as a star.  
 And woe for him whose wakeful soul,  
 With lone aspirings filled,  
 Would have lived o'ersome immortal scroll,  
 While the sounds of earth were stilled.

And yet a deeper woe,  
 For the watchers by the bed,  
 Where the fondly loved, in pain lay low,  
 And rest forsook the head.  
 For the mother, doomed *unseen* to keep  
 By the dying babe her place,  
 And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep,  
 Yet not behold its face !

Darkness, in chieftain's hall !  
 Darkness, in peasant's cot !  
 While Freedom, under that shadowy pall,  
 Sat mourning o'er her lot.  
 Oh ! the fireside's peace we well may prize,  
 For blood hath flowed like rain,  
 Poured forth to make sweet sanctuaries  
 Of England's homes again !

Heap the yule-fagots high,  
 Till the red light fills the room !  
 It is home's own hour, when the stormy sky  
 Grows thick with evening gloom.  
 Gather ye round the holy hearth,  
 And by its gladdening blaze,  
 Unto thankful bliss we will change our  
 mirth,  
 With a thought of the olden days.

THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

[Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and a sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines :

"Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht."  
(Forget not the faithful Dead.)

—See *Draues's Letters from Mecklenburg*, and *Körner's Prosaische Aufsätze*, von C. A. Tiedge.]

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,  
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage  
sleepest,  
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,  
Thy place of memory, as an altar,  
keepst ;  
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, Bard ! rest, Soldier !—by the father's  
hand  
Here shall the child of after years be led,  
With his wreath-offering silently to stand,  
In the hushed presence of the glorious  
dead. [trod  
Soldier and Bard ! for thou thy path hast  
With Freedom and with God.\*

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,  
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors  
bore thee, [fight  
And with true hearts thy brethren of the  
Wept as they veiled their drooping ban-  
ners o'er thee ; [token,  
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave  
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb—a lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying—

\* The poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feelings, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young  
head, [dying.

When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow  
Brother, true friend ! the tender and the  
grave—

She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for *her*,  
To whom the wide world held that only  
spot—

*She* loved thee—lovely in your lives ye were,  
And in your early deaths divided not.

Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy—what  
hath she ?—

Her own blest place by thee !

It was thy spirit, brother ! which had made  
The bright world glorious to her thought-  
ful eye, [played,

Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye  
And sent glad singing through the free  
blue sky. [passed,

Ye were but two—and when that spirit  
Woe to the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long—she lingered but to  
trace [breast,

Thine image from the image in her  
Once, once again to see that buried face

But smile upon her, ere she went to rest,  
Too sad a smile ! its living light was o'er—  
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice de-  
parted [had fled—

The home too lonely whence thy step  
What then was left for her, the faithful-  
hearted ?— [the dead.

Death, death, to still the yearning for  
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored,  
Here with the Lyre and Sword.

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those  
trust [years,

That meet for moments but to part for  
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust  
from dust, [tears.

That love, where love is but a fount of  
Brother, sweet sister ! peace around ye  
dwell—

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

TO AN INFANT.

THOU wak'st from happy sleep, to play,  
With bounding heart, my boy !  
Before thee lies a long, bright day  
Of summer and of joy !



Thou hast no heavy thought or dream,  
To cloud thy fearless eye ;—  
Long be it thus !—life's early stream  
Should still reflect the sky !

Yet,—ere the cares of earth lie dim,  
On thy young spirit's wings,—  
Now, in thy morn, forget not *Him*  
From whom each pure thought springs !

So,—in thy onward vale of tears,  
Where'er thy path may be,  
When strength hath bowed to evil years,—  
*He* will remember thee !

---

### ANCIENT SONG OF VICTORY.

" Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade."

BYRON.

#### I.

Io ! they come, they come !  
Garlands for every shrine !  
Strike lyres to greet them home ;  
Bring roses, pour ye wine !

#### II.

Swell, swell the Dorian flute  
'Through the blue, triumphal sky !  
Let the Cittern's tone salute  
The Sons of Victory !

#### III.

With the offering of bright blood,  
They have ransomed hearth and tomb,  
Vineyard, and field, and flood ;—  
Io ! they come, they come !

#### IV.

Sing it where olives wave,  
And by the glittering sea,  
And o'er each hero's grave,—  
Sing, sing, the land is free !

#### V.

Mark ye the flashing oars,  
And the spears that light the deep ?  
How the festal sunshine pours  
Where the lords of battle sweep

#### VI.

Each hath brought back his shield ;—  
Maid, greet thy lover home !  
Mother, from that proud field,  
Io ! thy son is come !

#### VII.

Who murmured of the dead ?  
Hush, boding voice ! We know  
That many a shining head  
Lies in its glory low.

#### VIII.

Breathe not those names to-day !  
They shall have their praise ere long,  
And a power all hearts to sway,  
In ever-burning song.

#### IX.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,  
To hail the conquerors home !  
Bring wreaths for every shrine—  
Io ! they come, they come !

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### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

FORGET them not !—though now their name  
Be but a mournful sound,  
Though by the hearth its utterance claim  
A stillness round.

Though for their sakes this earth no more  
As it hath been may be,  
And shadows, never marked before,  
Brood o'er each tree ;

And though their image dim the sky,  
Yet, yet forget them not !  
Nor, where their love and life went by,  
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence there,  
A charm, not elsewhere found ;  
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,  
The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an altered tone  
Through the young foliage bear,  
Though every flower, of something gone,  
A tinge may wear ;

Oh ! fly it not !—no fruitless grief  
Thus in their presence felt,  
A record links to every leaf  
There, where they dwell.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,  
Still tend their garden-bower,  
And call them back, the holy Dead,  
To each lone hour !

The *holy* Dead !—oh ! blest we are,  
That we may name them so,  
And to their spirits look afar,  
Through all our woe !



Blest, that the things they loved on earth,  
As relics we may hold,  
Which wakes sweet thoughts of parted worth.  
By springs untold !

Blest, that a deep and chastening power  
Thus o'er our souls is given,  
If but to bird, or song, or flower,  
Yet all for Heaven !

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

'Tis lone on the waters  
When eve's mournful bell  
Sends forth to the sunset  
A note of farewell !

When borne with the shadows  
And winds as they sweep,  
There comes a fond memory  
Of Home o'er the deep !

When the wing of the sea-bird  
Is turned to her nest,  
And the heart of the sailor  
To all he loves best.

'Tis lone on the waters—  
That hour hath a spell  
To bring back sweet voices  
And words of farewell !

THE ANGELS' CALL.

" Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away ! "

COME to the land of peace !  
Come where the tempest hath no longer  
sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease !

Fear hath no dwelling there !  
Come to the mingling of repose and love,  
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove  
Through the celestial air !

Come to the bright and blest,  
And crowned for ever !—'midst that shin-  
ing band, [every land,  
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from  
Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone :  
Come to thy mother !—on the Sabbath  
shore, [once more  
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back,  
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left :  
Come to thy sisters !—joyously again  
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet  
Shall greet their long-bereft ! [strain,

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's  
bough :  
Come to thy father !—it is finished now ;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode  
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark  
trace, [place :  
And, oh ! bright victory—death by love no  
Come, Spirit, to thy God !

WOMAN AND FAME.

" Happy—happier far than thou,  
With the laurel on thy brow ;  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth. "

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.  
Away ! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine  
Into so proud a wreath ;  
For that resplendent gift of thine,  
Heroes have smiled in death.  
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,  
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone  
Can bid each life-pulse beat,  
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,  
Calling the brave to meet :  
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,  
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,  
A mockery in thine eye,  
To the sick heart that doth but long  
For aid, for sympathy ;  
For kindly looks to cheer it on,  
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame ! thou canst not be the stay  
Unto the drooping reed,  
The cool fresh fountain, in the day  
Of the soul's feverish need ;  
Where must the lone one turn or flee ?—  
Not unto thee, oh ! not to thee !

## THE THEMES OF SONG.

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,  
And melancholy fear subdued by faith."

WORDSWORTH.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?  
Where'er, for freedom shed,  
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream  
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,  
Bears record to the faith  
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,  
Victor of fear and death.

Where'er a spire points up to Heaven,  
Through storm and summer air,  
Telling that all around have striven,  
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow  
In its pride hath been struck down,  
Or a bright-haired virgin head laid low,  
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a home and hearth have been,  
That now are man's no more;  
A place of ivy, freshly green,  
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,  
Some nameless greensward heap,  
A bird may sing, a violet wave,  
A star its vigil keep;

Or where a yearning heart of old,  
Or a dream of shepherd men,  
With forms of more than earthly mould,  
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be  
We die, we pass away; [found—  
But faith, love, pity—these are bound  
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,  
The tear from hidden springs,  
The thorn, and glory of the rose—  
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream,  
To the deep sea hath gone;  
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,  
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

## THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

["We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments;—and then days, months, years intervene— and we see and know nothing of each other."]—

WASHINGTON IRVING.]

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,  
When calms had stilled the tide;  
A few bright days of Summer glee  
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling thence in mirth;  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main  
Cloudless and lovely slept;—  
While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly meaning shone;  
—Oh! brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast  
Over the deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely, on their way  
The parting vessels bore;  
—In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet—Oh! never more!

Never to blend in Victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of woe;—  
And thus bright spirits mingle here,  
Such ties are formed below!

## FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

["Fair Helen of Kirconnel," as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.]

HOLD me upon thy faithful heart,  
Keep back my flitting breath;  
'Tis early, early to depart,  
Sweet friend!—yet this is Death!

Look on me still:—let that kind eye  
Be the last light I see!  
Oh! sad it is in spring to die,  
But yet I die for thee!

For thee, my own!—thy stately head  
Was never thus to bow;—  
Give tears when with me Love hath fled,  
True Love—thou know'st it now!

Oh! the free streams looked bright, where'er  
We in our gladness roved;  
And the blue skies were very fair—  
Dear friend! because we loved.

Farewell!—I bless thee!—live thou on,  
When this young heart is low!  
Surely my blood thy life hath won—  
Clasp me once more—I go!

---

### A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

“Rosa, Rosa! perche sulla tua beltà  
Sempre è scritta questa parola—morte?”

How much of memory dwells amidst thy  
bloom,  
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!  
The Bridal day—the Festival—the Tomb—  
Thou hast thy part in each,—thou state-  
liest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating  
by  
A thousand images of Love and Grief,  
Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,  
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and  
brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed  
thee first  
In the clear light of Eden's golden day;  
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,  
Linked with no dim remembrance of  
decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the  
bier;  
Rose! coloured now by human hope or  
pain;  
Surely where death is not—nor change nor  
fear, [again!  
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own Flower,

---

### THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

“Striking the electric chain wherewith we are  
darkly bound.”—*Childe Harold.*

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell?  
Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and  
tell!

How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,  
Passionate visions of love and death!

How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,  
Words and low tones from the days gone  
by—

A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—  
Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and  
tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's deep  
spring  
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?  
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,  
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and fruitless  
all— [fall;  
Showers that refresh not, yet still must  
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,  
For a brighter home while the Spirit  
yearns!

Something of mystery there surely dwells,  
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells;  
Something that finds not its answer here—  
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,  
Through the stream of thy triumphs is  
heard to sweep, [mer sky—  
Like a moan of the breeze through a sum-  
Like a name of the dead when the wise  
foams high!

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be  
fraught [thought;—  
With vain remembrance and troubled  
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its  
birth [earth!  
Links it with regions more bright than

---

### SONG.

OH! ye voices gone,  
Sounds of other years!  
Hush that haunting tone,  
Melt me not to tears.  
All around forget,  
All who loved you well,  
Yet sweet voices, yet,  
O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of Spring,  
With the breath of flowers,  
Floating back, ye bring  
Thoughts of banished hours,

Hence your music take,  
 Oh! ye voices gone!  
 This lone heart ye make  
 But more deeply lone.

—◆—  
 O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

—“ I fled the home of grief,  
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;  
 I found the helmet of my chief,  
 His bow still hanging on our wall,  
 And took it down, and vowed to rove  
 This desert place, a huntress bold:  
 Nor would I change my buried love  
 For any heart of living mould.”

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies;  
 The weight of omens heavy in the  
 cloud:—  
 Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,  
 And gird the form whose beauty grief  
 hath bowed,  
 And leave the tomb, as tombs *are* left—  
 alone,  
 To the stars' vigil, and the wind's wild  
 moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,  
 Where gems are glittering, and bright  
 wine is poured—  
 Where to glad measures chiming footsteps  
 fall,  
 And soul seems gushing from the harp's  
 full chord;  
 And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,  
 Than the sad "*Love-lies-bleeding*" of the  
 grave.

Oh! little know'st thou of the o'ermaster-  
 ing spell,  
 Wherewith love binds the spirit, strong  
 in pain,

To the spot hallowed by a wild farewell,  
 A parting agony—intense, yet vain,  
 A look—and darkness when its gleam hath  
 flown,  
 A voice—and silence when its words are  
 gone.

She hears thee not;—her full, deep, fervent  
 heart  
 Is set in her dark eyes;—and they are  
 bound  
 Unto that cross, that shrine, that world  
 apart,  
 Where faithful blood hath sanctified the  
 ground.  
 And love with death striven long by tear  
 and prayer,  
 And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last  
 A light, a joy of its own wanderings born;  
 Around her path a vision's glow is cast,  
 Back, back, her lost one comes in hues  
 of morn!\*

For her the gulf is filled—the curtain shred,  
 Whose mystery parts the living and the  
 dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse  
 high,  
 All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the  
 strong!  
 Oh! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,  
 And more forlorn, amidst the world's  
 gay throng,  
 Than hers,—the queen of that majestic  
 gloom,  
 The tempest, and the desert, and the  
 tomb.

\* "A son of light, a lovely form  
 He comes, and makes her glad."





## ADDITIONAL MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### WHERE IS THE SEA?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

[A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied—"The sea—where is it?"]

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—  
Where is my own blue sea?  
With all its barks in fleet career,  
And flags, and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves which first  
Awoke my childhood's glee;  
The measured chime—the thundering  
burst—  
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,  
Soft, soft your winds may be;  
Yet my sick heart within me dies—  
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,  
I hear the whispering tree;  
The echoes of my soul are mute,  
—Where is my own blue sea?

---

### TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.

How is it that before mine eyes,  
While gazing on thy mien,  
All my past years of life arise,  
As in a mirror seen?  
What spell within thee hath been shrined  
To image back my own deep mind?

Even as a song of other times  
Can trouble memory's springs;  
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes  
Can wake departed things;  
Even as a scent of vernal flowers  
Hath records fraught with vanished hours,—

Such power is thine! They come, the dead,  
From the grave's bondage free,  
And smiling back the changed are led  
To look in love on thee;

And voices that are music flown  
Speak to me in the heart's full tone:

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress—  
The thoughts of happier years—  
And a vain gush of tenderness  
O'erflows in childlike tears;  
A passion which I may not stay,  
A sudden fount that must have way.

But thou, the while—oh! almost strange,  
Mine imaged self! it seems  
That on *thy* brow of peace no change  
Reflects my own swift dreams;  
Almost I marvel not to trace  
Those lights and shadows in *thy* face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep—  
Affection, Memory, Grief—  
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep  
O'er a frail aspen leaf!  
Oh, that the quiet of thine eye  
Might sink there when the storm goes by

Yet look thou still serenely on,  
And if sweet friends there be  
That when my song and soul are gone  
Shall seek my form in thee,—  
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best  
To flee away and be at rest!

---

### NO MORE.

*No more!* A harp-string's deep and break-  
ing tone,  
A last, low, summer breeze, a far-off  
swell,  
A dying echo of rich music gone,  
Breathe through those words—those  
murmurs of farewell—  
No more!

To dwell in peace, with home-affections  
bound,  
To know the sweetness of a mother's  
voice,  
To feel the spirit of her love around  
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—  
No more!

A dirge-like sound! To greet the early  
friend

Unto the hearth, his place of many  
days;

In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,  
Or join the household laughter by the  
blaze—

No more!

Through woods that shadowed our first  
years to rove

With all our native music in the air;  
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,  
And turn, and read our own heart's  
answer *there*—

No more!

Words of despair!—yet earth's, all earth's  
the woe

Their passion breathes—the desolately  
deep!

That sound in heaven—oh! image then  
the flow

Of gladness in its tones—to part, to  
weep—

No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,  
To see the beautiful from life depart,

To wear impatiently a secret chain,  
To waste the untold riches of the heart—

No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive,  
to yearn

For human love\*—and never quench that  
thirst;

To pour the soul out, winning no return,  
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—

No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,  
To mourn the changed, the far away,  
the dead,

To send our troubled spirits through the  
unseen,

Intensely questioning for treasures fled—

No more!

Words of triumphant music! Bear we on  
The weight of life, the chain, the un-  
genial air;

Their deathless meaning, when our tasks  
are done,

To learn in joy,—to struggle, to despair—

No more!

\* "*Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme  
j'aime!*" was a mournful expression of Madame  
de Staël's.

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN  
POET.

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting  
earth,

This world of changes and farewells, a  
friend

That will not fail me in his love and worth,  
Tender and firm, and faithful to the end?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest—  
Long on vain idols its devotion shed;

Some have forsaken, whom I loved the  
best,

And some deceived, and some are with  
the dead.

But *Thou*, my Saviour! Thou, my hope and  
trust,

Faithful art Thou when friends and joys  
depart;

Teach me to lift these yearnings from the  
dust,

And fix on Thee, th' Unchanging One,  
my heart!

PASSING AWAY.

" 'Passing away' is written on the world, and  
all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,  
In its glory's full array;  
Read what those buds disclose—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies  
Of the soft blue summer day;  
It is traced in sunset's dyes—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,  
As their young leaves glistening play  
And on brighter things than these—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow  
Where the spirit's ardent ray  
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart;  
Alas! that *there* Decay  
Should claim from Love a part—  
"Passing away."

Friends, friends!—oh! shall we meet  
 In a land of purer day,  
 Where lovely things and sweet  
 Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,  
 And the thoughts that in them lay  
 When we mingled sympathies  
 "Passing away?"

Oh! if this may be so,  
 Speed, speed, thou closing day!  
 How blest from earth's vain show  
 To pass away!

THE ANGLER.

"I in these flowery meads would be;  
 These crystal streams should solace me;  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I with my angle would rejoice;

And angle on, and beg to have  
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

ISAAC WALTON.

THOU that hast loved so long and well  
 The vale's deep, quiet streams,  
 Where the pure water-lilies dwell,  
 Shedding forth tender gleams;  
 And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing  
 Glances in golden eyes of spring!

Oh, lone and lovely haunts are thine!  
 Soft, soft the river flows,  
 Wearing the shadow of thy line,  
 The gloom of alder-boughs;  
 And in the midst a richer hue,  
 One gliding vein of heaven's own blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—  
 The whisper of the reed,  
 The plashing trout, the rustling bird,  
 The scythe upon the mud;  
 Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,  
 There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to lave  
 At noon his panting breast;  
 'Tis not the bittern, by the wave  
 Seeking her sedgy nest;  
 The air is filled with summer's breath,  
 The young flowers laugh—yet look! 'tis  
 Death!

But if, where silvery currents rove,  
 Thy heart, grown still and sage,  
 Hath learned to read the words of love  
 That shine o'er nature's page;  
 If holy thoughts thy guests have been  
 Under the shade of willows green;

Then, lover of the silent hour  
 By deep lone waters passed!  
 Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,  
 To cheer thee through the last;  
 And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,  
 May'st calmly bid thy streams farewell.

SONG FOR AN AIR BY HUMMEL

OH! if thou wilt not give thine heart,  
 Give back my own to me;  
 For if in thine I have no part,  
 Why should mine dwell with thee? \*

Yet no! this mournful love of mine  
 I will not from me cast;  
 Let me but dream 'twill win me thine  
 By its deep truth at last!

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live  
 Through years without reply?  
 —Oh! if thy heart thou wilt not give,  
 Give me a thought, a sigh!

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

I AM free!—I have burst through my  
 galling chain,  
 The life of young eagles is mine again;  
 I may cleave with my bark the glad  
 sounding sea,  
 I may rove where the wind roves—my path  
 is free!

The streams dash in joy down the summer  
 hill,  
 The birds pierce the depths of the sky at  
 will,  
 The arrow goes forth with the singing  
 breeze,—  
 And is not my spirit as one of these?

Oh! the green earth with its wealth of  
 flowers,  
 And the voices that ring through its forest  
 bowers,  
 And the laughing glance of the founts that  
 shine,  
 Lighting the valleys—all, all are mine!

\* The first verse of this song is a literal translation from the German.

I may urge through the desert my foaming  
steed,  
The wings of the morning shall lend him  
speed ;

I may meet the storm in its rushing glee—  
Its blasts and its lightnings are not more  
free !

Captive ! and hast thou then rent thy  
chain ?

Art thou free in the wilderness, free on the  
main ?

Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly soar,  
But must thou not mingle with throngs the  
more ?

The bird when he pineth, may hush his  
song,

Till the hour when his heart shall again be  
strong ;

But thou—canst thou turn in thy woe aside,  
And weep, midst thy brethren ? No, not  
for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way,  
When the thoughts burning in thee shall  
spring to day ?

May the care that sits in thy weary breast  
Look forth from thine aspect, the revel's  
guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,  
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of  
scorn ;

Thou must fold thy mantle that none may  
see,

And mask thee with laughter, and say thou  
art free.

No ! thou art chained till thy race is run,  
By the power of all in the soul of one ;  
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the fetter  
be—

Dreamer ! fond dreamer ! oh, who is free ?

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### THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

" La voila telle que la mort nous l'a faite."

BOSSUET

[ " Never was a philosophical imagination more  
beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher,  
Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes  
of plants their primitive forms, which were again  
raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of  
roses, say they, will again revive in roses, un-

substantial and unodoriferous ; they are not roses  
which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate  
apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen  
but for a moment."—*Curiosities of Literature.*]

'TWAS a dream of olden days  
That Art, by some strange power.  
The visionary form could raise  
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the rose,  
By its own meek beauty bowed,  
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, unclose,  
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,  
As a second rainbow, spring ;  
Of summer's path a dreary trace,  
A fair, yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom  
That a flush around it shed,  
And the soul within, the rich perfume,  
Where were they ? Fled, all fled !

Naught but the dim, faint line  
To speak of vanished hours.—  
Memory ! what are joys of thine ?  
—Shadows of buried flowers !

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### THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on  
the coast of Forfarshire, used formerly to be  
marked only by a bell, which was so placed as  
to be swung by the motion of the waves, when  
the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has  
since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell  
Had reached its height,  
Then tolled the rock's lone bell  
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge  
Swept the deep sound,  
Making each wild wind's dirge  
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone  
The sailor blessed,  
Steering through darkness ou  
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float  
On life's wide sea,  
Welcome each warning note,  
Stern though it be !



EVENING SONG OF THE  
TYROLESE PEASANTS.\*

COME to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,  
And the summer dew to flowers,  
And rest to us, is given  
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !  
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat  
Of labour's task are o'er,  
And kindly voices greet  
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ! tuneful is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs ;  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows !

But rest more sweet and still  
Than ever nightfall gave,  
Our yearning hearts shall fill  
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,  
No scorching noontide heat ;  
There shall be no more snow,  
No weary, wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes  
From the hills our fathers trode,  
To the quiet of the skies,  
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

ST. LUKE vii. 37—40.

THOU that with pallid cheek,  
And eyes in sadness meek,  
And faded locks that humbly swept the  
ground,  
From thy long wanderings won,  
Before the all-healing Son,  
Didst bow thee to the earth—O lost and  
found !

When thou wouldst bathe his feet  
With odours richly sweet, [tear,  
And many a shower of woman's burning  
And dry them with that hair,  
Brought low the dust to wear,  
From the crowned beauty of its festal year.

Did He reject thee then,  
While the sharp scorn of men  
On thy once bright and stately head was  
cast ?

No ! from the Saviour's mien,  
A solemn light serene  
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

For thee, their smiles no more  
Familiar faces wore ;  
Voices, once kind, had learned the stranger's  
tone :

Who raised thee up, and bound  
Thy silent spirit's wound ?—  
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone !

But which, O erring child,  
From home so long beguiled !—  
Which of thine offerings won those words  
of heaven,  
That o'er the bruised reed,  
Condemned of earth to bleed,  
In music passed, " Thy sins are all for-  
given " ?

Was it that perfume, fraught  
With balm and incense, brought  
From the sweet woods of Araby the Blest ?  
Or that fast-flowing rain  
Of tears, which not in vain,  
To Him who scorned not tears, thy woes  
confessed ?

No ! not by these restored  
Unto thy Father's board, [made ;  
Thy peace, that kindled joy in heaven, was  
But, costlier in His eyes,  
By that blessed sacrifice, [laid.  
Thy heart, thy full deep heart, before Him

\* "The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come to the sunset tree."—See CAPTAIN JAMNER'S interesting *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*.

## THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN.

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

["The monument by Chantrey in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs. Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires and is touched only at their bidding, might have thought, from any previous experience, that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping:—

'But something lies

Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes.'

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest; and this, and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened—their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled—all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side-aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonizes with the character of the whole. It is as follows:—

'Sacred to the Memory of

ELLEN JANE and MARIANNE, only children  
Of the late Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, and

ELLEN JANE, his wife.

Their affectionate Mother,

In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved  
Innocence,

Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,  
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance  
That "of such is the kingdom of God."\*

A. N.]"

FAIR images of sleep,  
Hallowed, and soft, and deep,  
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,  
Like moonlight on shut bells  
Of flowers in mossy dells, [skies !  
Filled with the hush of night and summer

How many hearts have felt  
Your silent beauty melt  
Their strength to gushing tenderness away !

\* From "The Offering," an American annual.

How many sudden tears,  
From depths of buried years  
All freshly bursting, having confessed you  
stay !

How many eyes will shed  
Still, o'er your marble bed,  
Such drops from memory's troubled foun-  
tains wrung—  
While hope hath blights to bear,  
While love breathes mortal air,  
While roses perish ere to glory sprung !

Yet from a voiceless home,  
If some sad mother come  
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,  
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,  
And the sweet breathings low,  
Of babes that grew and faded on her  
breast ;

If then the dove-like tone  
Of those faint murmurs gone,  
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return ;  
If for the soft bright hair,  
And brow and bosom fair,  
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply  
yearn ;

O gentle forms, entwined  
Like tendrils, which the wind  
May wave, so clasped, but never can un-  
link !  
Send from your calm profound  
A still, small voice—a sound  
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to  
sink !

By all the pure, meek mind  
In your pale beauty shrined,  
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to  
die—  
O'er her worn spirit shed,  
O fairest, holiest dead !  
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

## A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

DREAMER ! and wouldst thou know  
If love goes with us to the viewless bourne :  
Wouldst thou bear hence th' unfathomed  
source of woe  
In thy heart's lonely urn ?

What hath it been to thee,  
That power, the dweller of thy secret  
breast?

A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,  
Finding no place of rest :

A precious odour cast  
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by ;  
A voice of music uttered to the blast,  
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,  
Wouldst thou be bless'd? Too sleepless,  
too profound,  
Are the soul's hidden springs ; there is no  
line  
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail  
When thou wouldst fill them with that  
ocean's power ?  
As thine own cheek, before high thoughts  
grows pale  
In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink  
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one  
spot,  
When thy heart strives, held down by many  
a link,  
Where thy beloved are not ?

Is not thy very soul  
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,  
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,  
Bows down thy weary head ?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*—  
The burden and the shadow of thy life—  
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss  
With earthly feelings' strife ?

Not thus, not thus—oh, no !  
Not veiled and mantled with dim clouds of  
care,  
That spirit of my soul should with me go  
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs  
To its own sphere, where night afar is  
driven,  
As to its place the flower-seed findeth  
wings,  
So must love mount to heaven !

Vainly it shall not strive  
There on weak words to pour a stream of  
fire ;  
Thought unto thought shall kindling im-  
pulse give,  
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh ! its blessings *there*,  
Showered like rich balsam forth on some  
dear head,  
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,  
A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream  
That love goes with us to the shore un-  
known ;  
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam  
In mercy shall be thrown !

---

### A FAREWELL TO WALES.

FOR THE MELODY CALLED "THE ASH GROVE,"  
ON LEAVING THAT COUNTRY WITH MY  
CHILDREN.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I  
bear—  
Farewell, and a blessing be with thee, green  
land !  
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure  
mountain air,  
On the chords of the harp, and the min-  
strel's free hand,  
From the love of my soul with my tears it  
is shed,  
As I leave thee, green land of my home  
and my dead !

I bless thee !—yet not for the beauty which  
dwells  
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of  
thy shore ;  
And not for the memory set deep in thy  
dells,  
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of  
yore ;  
And not for thy songs of those proud ages  
fled—  
Green land, poet-land of my home and my  
dead !

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that  
beat  
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy  
skies ;  
For thy cottage-hearths burning the stranger  
to greet,  
For the soul that shines forth from thy  
children's kind eyes !  
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee  
be spread,  
Green land of my childhood, my home, and  
my dead !



TO A WANDERING FEMALE  
SINGER.

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffered :  
Unto feeling deep and strong,  
Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail  
string—  
I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—  
But well—oh, but too well !  
Thou hast suffered all that woman's breast  
May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted,  
Thou hast been forsaken long,  
Thou hast watched for steps that came not  
back—  
I know it by thy song !

By the low, clear silvery gushing  
Of its music from thy breast ;  
By the quivering of its flute-like swell—  
A sound of the heart's unrest ;

By its fond and plaintive lingering  
On each word of grief so long.  
Oh ! thou hast loved and suffered much—  
I know it by thy song !

◆◆◆  
THE PALMER.

"The faded palm-branch in his hand  
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land."—SCOTT.

ART thou come from the far-off land at  
last ?

Thou that hast wandered long !  
Thou art come to a home whence the  
smile hath passed  
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding  
heart

Thou wilt seek—but all are gone ;  
They are parted, e'en as waters part,  
To meet in the deep alone !

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,  
From thine eye the light of morn ;  
And the shades of thought o'erhang thy  
brow,  
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the  
distant shore

For thy wasted youth to pay ?  
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once  
more ?

Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way ?

"I have brought but the palm-branch in  
my hand,  
Yet I call not my bright youth lost !  
I have won but high thought in the Holy  
Land,  
Yet I count not too dear the cost !

"I look on the leaves of the deathless  
tree—  
These records of my track ;  
And better than youth in its flush of glee,  
Are the memories they give me back !

"They speak of toil, and of high emprise,  
As in words of solemn cheer ;  
They speak of lonely victories  
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

"They speak of scenes which have now  
become  
Bright pictures in my breast ;  
Where my spirit finds a glorious home,  
And the love of my heart can rest.

"The colours pass not from *these* away,  
Like tints of shower or sun ;  
Oh ! beyond all treasures that know decay,  
Is the wealth my soul hath won !

"A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,  
An inborn light is cast ;  
For the sake of the palm from the holy  
shrine,  
I bewail not my bright days past !"

◆◆◆  
THE DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS.

SHE came forth in her bridal robes arrayed,  
And midst the graceful statues, round the  
hall

Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,  
Stood pale yet proudly beautiful as they :  
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like  
gleam

Of jewels trembling from her braided hair,  
And *death* upon her brow!—but glorious  
death !

Her own heart's choice, the token and the  
seal

Of love, o'ermastering love ; which, till  
that hour,

Almost an anguish in the brooding weight  
Of its unutterable tenderness,  
Had burdened her full soul. But now, oh !  
now,

Its time was come—and from the spirit's  
depths,



The passion and the mighty melody  
Of its immortal voice in triumph broke.  
Like a strong rushing wind !

The soft pure air  
Came floating through that hall—the  
Grecian air,  
Laden with music—flute-notes from the  
vales,  
Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds of  
life.

And the glad sunshine of the golden clime  
Streamed, as a royal mantle, round her  
form—

The glorified of love ! But she—she  
looked

Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to die,  
Deep—deepest, holiest joy ! Or if a thought  
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented  
breeze,

And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the  
tide

Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a  
thought

That owned the summer loveliness of life  
For *him* a worthy offering ! So she stood,  
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced  
awhile ;

Till her eye kindled, and her quivering  
frame

With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,  
As the pale priestess trembles to the breath  
Of inborn oracles !—Then flushed her  
cheek,

And all the triumph, all the agony,  
Borne on the battling waves of love and  
death,

All from her woman's heart, in sudden  
song,

Burst like a fount of fire.

" I go, I go !

Thou sun ! thou golden sun ! I go

Far from thy light to dwell :

Thou shalt not find my place below,

Dim is that world—bright sun of Greece,  
farewell !

" The laurel and the glorious rose

Thy glad beam yet may see ;

But where no purple summer glows,

O'er the dark wave / haste from them and  
thee.

" Yet doth my spirit faint to part ?

—I mourn thee not, O sun !

Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart :

Sing me triumphal songs !—my crown is  
won :

" Let not a voice of weeping rise—  
My heart is girt with power !  
Let the green earth and festal skies  
Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing  
hour !

" For thee, for *thee*, my bosom's lord !  
Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;  
Thine is the torch of life restored,  
Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory !

" Now may the boundless love, that lay  
Unfathomed still before,  
In one consuming burst find way—  
In one bright flood all, all its riches pour !

" Thou know'st, thou know'st what love  
is *now* !

Its glory and its might—  
Are they not written on my brow ?  
And will that image ever quit thy sight ?

" No ! deathless in thy faithful breast,  
There shall my memory keep  
Its own bright altar-place of rest,  
While o'er my grave the cypress branches  
weep.

" Oh, the glad light !—the light is fair,  
The soft breeze warm and free ;  
And rich notes fill the scented air,  
And all are gifts—*my* love's last gifts to  
thee !

" Take me to thy warm heart once more !  
Night falls—my pulse beats low :  
Seek not to quicken, to restore—  
Joy is in every pang. I go, I go !

" I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,  
I meet thy fond look still ;  
Keen is the strife of love and death ;  
Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's  
thrill.

" Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,  
Though mists o'ershade mine eye ;  
Sing, Paean ! sing a conqueror's song !  
For thee, for *thee*, my spirit's lord, I die !"

THE HOME OF LOVE.

THOU mov'st in visions, Love ! Around  
thy way,  
E'en through this world's rough path and  
cheerful day,  
For ever floats a gleam—

Not from the realms of moonlight or the  
morn,  
But thine own soul's illumined chambers  
born—  
The colouring of a dream !

Love ! shall I read thy dream ? Oh ! is it  
not  
All of some sheltering wood-embosomed  
spot—  
A bower for thee and thine ?  
Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ; yet  
there  
Something of heaven in the transparent air  
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies,  
Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,  
As o'er some blessed isle ;  
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow  
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal  
bow  
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have there  
A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear  
Greeting from some bright shore,  
Where none have said *farewell* !—where no  
decay  
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day ;  
Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,  
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast  
Hidden from earthly ill ;  
There wouldst thou watch the homeward  
step, whose sound,  
Wakening all nature to sweet echoes  
round,  
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glori-  
ous page,  
From mind to mind the immortal heritage,  
For thee its treasures pour ;  
Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,  
Or dearer interchange of playful word,  
Affection's household lore.

And the rich union of mingled prayer,  
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,  
Thence duly should arise ;  
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath,  
Of spirits, not to be disjoined by death,  
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm  
should come  
To mar the stillness of that angel-home ;  
There should thy slumbers be  
Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely  
blessed,  
Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took  
rest  
Under some balmy tree.

Love ! Love ! thou passionate in joy and  
woe !  
And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace  
below—  
*Here*, where bright things must die ?  
O thou ! that, wildly worshipping, dost  
shed  
On the frail altar of a mortal head  
Gifts of infinity !

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful  
Love !  
Danger seems gathering from beneath,  
above,  
Still round thy precious things ;  
Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,  
In their sweet shade can yield thee no  
repose,  
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense im-  
bued,  
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,  
So in thy prescient breast  
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic  
thrill  
To the low footstep of each coming ill :  
Oh ! canst *thou* dream of rest ?

Bear up thy dream ! thou mighty and thou  
weak !  
Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to  
break—  
As a flame, tempest-swayed !  
He that sits calm on high is yet the  
source  
Whence thy soul's current hath its  
troubled course,  
He that great deep hath made !

Will He not pity ?—He whose searching  
eye  
Reads all the secrets of thine agony ?—  
Oh ! pray to be forgiven  
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,  
And seek with *Him* that bower of blessed-  
ness.  
Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

" La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens a un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'étais nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres ; dans l'etroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux avec des livres et des fleurs."—MADAME ROLAND.

COME! let me make a sunny realm around thee  
Of thought and beauty! Here are books and flowers,  
With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound thee—  
The raveled coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,  
Even as the odour in the flower enshrined ;  
Here the crowned spirits of departed ages  
Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and change, and anguish,  
For some high place where faith her wing might rest,  
Are burning here—a flame that may not languish—  
Still pointing upward to that bright hill's crest!

Their grief, the veiled infinity exploring  
For treasures lost, is here ;—their boundless love,  
Its mighty streams of gentleness outpouring  
On all things round, and clasping all above.

And the bright beings, their own heart's creations,  
Bright, yet all human, here are breathing still ;  
Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations  
Are here, and victories of prevailing will!

Listen! oh, listen! let their high words cheer thee!  
Their swan-like music ringing through all woes ;  
Let my voice bring their holy influence near thee—  
The Elysian air of their divine repose!

Or wouldst thou turn to earth? *Not earth*  
all furrowed

By the old traces of man's toil and care,  
But the green peaceful world that never sorrowed,

The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air!

Look on these flowers! as o'er an altar shedding,

O'er Milton's page, soft light from coloured urns!

They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,

When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,

Fresh banks of many a low-voiced hidden stream,

Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles

Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,

Covering the turf with flowery blossom-showers ;

—Too richly dowered, O friend! are we for sadness—

Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!



FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA  
ATTENDED BY ANGELS.

" How rich that forehead's calm expanse!  
How bright that heaven-directed glance!  
—Waft her to glory, winged powers!  
Ere sorrow be renewed,  
And intercourse with mortal hours  
Bring back a humbler mood!"

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,

Wear yet so deep a calm? O child of song!

Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,  
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?

Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?

Low haunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,

Stealing midst crowds away, have wept [to hear?



No, not to thee! *Thy* spirit, meek, yet  
queenly,

On its own starry height, beyond all this,  
Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,  
Breathes no faint undertone through  
songs of bliss.

Say by what strain, through cloudless  
ether swelling,

Thou hast drawn down those wanderers  
from the skies?

Bright guests! even such as left of yore  
their dwelling

For the deep cedar-shades of Paradise!

What strain? Oh! not the nightingale's,  
when, showering

Her own heart's life-drops on the burn-  
ing lay,

She stirs the young woods in the days of  
flowering,

And pours her strength, but not her  
grief, away:

And not the exile's—when, midst lonely  
billows,

He wakes the Alpine notes his mother  
sung,

Or blends them with the sigh of alien  
willows,

Where, murmuring to the wind, his  
harp is hung:

And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts  
be holy,

And sweet his *avè*-song when day grows  
dim;

Yet, as he journeys, pensively and slowly,  
Something of sadness floats through that  
low hymn.

But thou!—the spirit which at eve is fill-  
ing

All the hushed air and reverential sky—  
Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn  
rapture thrilling—

This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings of  
devotion

Wherein the currents of thy heart gush  
free;

Therefore no world of sad and vain emo-  
tion

Is the dream-haunted music-land for  
*thee*.

## THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKK'S.

DARK chieftain of 'the heath and height!  
Wild feaster on the hills by night!

See'st thou the stormy sunset's glow  
Flung back by glancing spears below?  
Now for one strife of stern despair!  
The foe hath tracked thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood  
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood;  
And in whose dreams a moan should be,  
Not of the water, nor the tree;  
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—  
Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one 'that pale beside thee stands,  
More true than all thy mountain bands!  
She will not shrink in doubt and dread  
When the balls whistle round thy head:  
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye  
No longer may to hers reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace  
Hath faded from her form and face;  
And many a thought, the fitting guest  
Of woman's meek, religious breast,  
Hath perished in her wanderings wide,  
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,  
A flower upon a ruin's wall—  
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast  
Of lovely ones to be the last—  
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,  
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh! not wholly lost the heart  
Where that undying love hath part;  
Not worthless all, though far and long  
From home estranged, and guided wrong!  
Yet may its depths by heaven be stirred,  
Its prayer for thee be poured and heard!

## THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS  
LAWRENCE'S.

"All good and guiltless as thou art,  
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—  
Griefs that along thy altered face  
Will breathe a more subduing grace,  
Thou even those looks of joy that lie  
On the soft cheek of infancy."—WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the  
honey-bee?

Hast thou been with the lamb in the pas-  
tures free?



With the hare through the copses and  
dingles wild ?

With the butterfly over the heath, fair  
child ?

Yes ! the light fall of thy bounding feet  
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy  
seat :

Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells,  
And brought back a treasure of buds and  
bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique  
song

Breathed o'er the names of that flowery  
throng :

The woodbine, the primrose, the violet  
dim,

The lily that gleams by the fountain's  
brim ;

These are old words, that have made each  
grove

A dreaming haunt for romance and love—  
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,  
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy  
lore

Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er :  
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep  
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep ;  
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell  
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed  
cell ;

And the scent by the blossoming sweet-  
briers shed,

And the beauty that bows the wood-  
hyacinth's head.

O happy child ! in thy fawn-like glee,  
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?  
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of  
spring,

O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;  
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—  
What if to droop and to perish soon ?

Nature hath mines of such wealth—and  
thou

Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone  
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous  
one !

And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,  
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;  
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes  
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;  
And to teach thee that grief hath her need-  
ful part

Midst the hidden things of each human  
[heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for  
this ?

Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !  
Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look,  
With a reverent spirit, through nature's  
book ;

By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
To track the paths of a love divine ;  
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear  
God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

THOU hast watched beside the bed of  
death,

O fearless human Love !

Thy lip received the last, faint breath,  
Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,  
In a low and farewell tone ;

Thou hast given the grave both flower and  
tear—

—O Love ! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot  
Where thou wert wont to rove ;

For there the friend of thy soul is not,  
Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love !

Thou wilt meet but mournful Memory  
there ;

Her dreams in the grove she weaves,  
With echoes filling the summer air,  
With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,  
From those dim, haunted bowers,  
And shut thine ear to the wild, sweet strain  
That tells of vanished hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart  
The image of the dead ;

For the tie is rent that gave thee part  
In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more  
That thus can life outlast :

All between parted souls is o'er.—  
Love ! Love ! forget the past !

"Voice of vain boding ! away, be still !  
Strive not against the faith

That yet my bosom with light can fill,  
Unquenched and undimmed by death.

" From the pictured smile I will not turn,  
Though sadly now it shine;  
Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn  
For the step once linked with mine;

" Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,  
Though its notes the pang renew.  
—Such memories deep in my heart I hold,  
To keep it pure and true.

" By the holy instinct of my heart,  
By the hope that bears me on,  
I have still my own undying part  
In the deep affection gone.

" By the presence that about me seems  
Through night and day to dwell,  
Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams!  
—I have breathed no *last* farewell!"

---

### THE SISTER'S DREAM.

[Suggested by a picture in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps!—but not the free and sunny  
sleep

That lightly on the brow of childhood  
lies:

Though happy be her rest, and soft, and  
deep,

Yet, ere it sank upon her shadowed eyes,  
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves  
o'erswept

Her soul's meek stillness—she had prayed  
and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,  
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead!

That unto her bequeathed a mournful home,  
Whence with their voices all sweet  
laughter fled.

They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,  
As from the world where no frail blossom  
dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of  
earth—

Not as they were when binding up the  
flowers,

Telling wild legends round the winter-  
hearth,

Braiding their long, fair hair for festal  
hours:

These things are past—a spiritual gleam,  
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years  
In those pure aspects may no more be  
read

Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—and the  
tears

Which o'er their mother's holy dust they  
shed,

Are all effaced. There earth hath left no  
sign

Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But oh! more soft, more tender—breathing  
more

A thought of pity, than in vanished days!  
While, hovering silently and brightly o'er

The lone one's head, they meet her  
spirit's gaze

With their immortal eyes, that seem to  
say, [away!"]

" Yet, sister! yet we love thee—come

'Twill fade, the radiant dream! And will  
she not

Wake with more painful yearning at her  
heart?

Will not her home seem yet a lonelier  
spot,

Her task more sad, when those bright  
shadows part?

And the green summer after them look  
dim, [hymn?

And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild

But let her hope be strong, and let the  
dead

Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty  
still;

Be their names uttered, be their memory  
spread [fill!

Yet round the place they never more may  
All is not over with earth's broken tie—

Where, where should sisters love, if not or  
high?

---

### A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

[These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott, at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigour of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.]

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,  
And a blessing on thee rest!

While the heather waves its purple bell  
 O'er moor and mountain-crest ;  
 While stream to stream around thee calls,  
 And braes with broom are drest,  
 Glad be the harping in thy halls—  
 A blessing on thee rest !

While the high voice from thee sent forth  
 Bids rock and cairn reply,  
 Wakening the spirits of the North  
 Like a chieftain's gathering-cry ;  
 While its deep master-tones hold sway  
 As a king's o'er every breast,  
 Home of the Legend and the Lay !  
 A blessing on thee rest !

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower !  
 Long honours to thy line !  
 And hearts of proof, and hands of power,  
 And bright names worthy thine !  
 By the merry step of childhood, still  
 May thy free sward be prest !  
 —While one proud pulse in the land can  
 thrill,  
 A blessing on thee rest !

---

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

O SUNSHINE and fair earth !  
 Sweet is your kindly mirth ;  
 Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay !  
 Too sad it is to part,  
 Thus in my spring of heart,  
 With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf  
 Touches no chord of grief,  
 No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :  
 Not one triumphal tone,  
 One hue of hope, is gone  
 From song or bloom beneath the summer  
 skies.

Death, Death ! ere yet decay,  
 Call me not hence away !  
 Over the golden hours no shade is thrown ;  
 The poesy that dwells  
 Deep in green woods and dells  
 Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death !  
 Not for the vernal breath  
 Of winds that shake forth music from the  
 trees :  
 Not for the splendour given  
 To night's dark, regal heaven,  
 Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprieve for these

But for the happy love  
 Whose light, where'er I rove,  
 Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,  
 Shedding on branch and flower  
 A rainbow-tinted shower  
 Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !  
 Too beautiful is home—  
 A home of gentle voices and kind eyes !  
 And I the loved of all,  
 On whom fond blessings fall  
 From every lip. Oh ! wilt thou rend such  
 ties ?

Sweet sisters I weave a chain  
 My spirit to detain :  
 Hold me to earth with strong affection  
 back ;  
 Bind me with mighty love  
 Unto the stream, the grove,  
 Our daily paths—our life's familiar track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !  
 Your voices bear a sound  
 Of hope—a light comes with you and  
 departs ;  
 Hush my soul's boding swell,  
 That murmurs of farewell.  
 How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts ?

Death ! grave !—and are there those  
 That woo your dark repose  
 Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth ?  
 Surely about them lies  
 No world of loving eyes.  
 Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home and  
 hearth !

---

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice !  
 My soul hath pined for thee ;  
 Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from  
 shore  
 To wanderer on the sea.  
 I hear thee in the rustling woods,  
 In the sighing vernal airs ;  
 Thou call'st me from the lonely earth  
 With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps  
 From its green paths are fled,  
 A dimness and a hush have lain  
 O'er all its beauty spread.



The silence of th' unanswering soul  
Is on me and around ;  
My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,  
Thou still, small, warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard ;  
Sweet household name by name hath  
changed  
To grief's forbidden word !  
From dreams of night on each I call,  
Each of the far removed ;  
And waken to my own wild cry--  
"Where are ye, my beloved?"

Ye left me! and earth's flowers were dim  
With records of the past ;  
And stars poured down another light  
Than o'er my youth they cast.  
Birds will not sing as once they sung,  
When ye were at my side,  
And mournful tones are in the wind  
Which I heard not till ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !  
Why should the last remain ?  
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,  
Bearing in light again ?  
E'en could this be, too much of fear  
O'er love would now be thrown.—  
Away! away! from time, from change,  
Once more to meet my own !

---

### THE VICTOR.

"De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rien qui  
t'aime?"—LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !  
Ye are the strong in this world of ours ;  
Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell midst  
the flowers ;  
—Which hath the conqueror's wreath ?

*Thou* art the victor, Love !  
*Thou* art the fearless, the crowned, the  
free,  
The strength of the battle is given to  
thee—  
The spirit from above !

Thou hast looked on Death, and  
smiled !  
Thou hast borne up the reed-like and  
fragile form  
Through the waves of the fight, through  
the rush of the storm,  
On field, and flood, and wild !

No!—*Thou* art the victor, Death !  
Thou comest, and where is that which  
spoke,  
From the depths of the eye, when the spirit  
woke ?  
—Gone with the fleeting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left  
Of all that loved us, to say if aught  
*Yet loves*—yet answers the burning thought  
Of the spirit lone and left ?

Silence is where thou art !  
Silently there must kindred meet,  
No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet,  
No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !  
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's  
power,  
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and  
flower,  
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign  
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be  
still ;  
But the fiery thought and the lofty will  
Are not for him to chain !

They shall soar his might above !  
And thus with the root whence affection  
springs,  
Though buried, it is not of mortal things—  
*Thou* art the victor, Love !

---

### LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT ROSANNA.\*

OH! lightly tread through these deep  
chestnut bowers,  
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty  
moved !  
And touch with reverent hand these leaves  
and flowers—  
Fair things, which well a gentle heart  
hath loved !  
A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,  
Whence the bright stream of song in tear-  
drops flowed.

---

\* A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow,  
formerly the abode of the authoress of "Psyche."



Aud bid its memory sanctify the scene !  
 And let th' ideal presence of the dead  
 Float round, and touch the woods with  
 softer green,  
 And o'er the streams a charm, like moon-  
 light, shed,  
 Through the soul's depths in holy silence  
 felt—  
 A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt !

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

"How perfect was the calm ! It seemed no  
 sleep,  
 No mood which season takes away or  
 brings ;  
 I could have fancied that the mighty deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne."  
 WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves  
 That now in sunshine sweep !  
 Speak to me from thy hidden caves,  
 Voice of the solemn deep !

Hath man's lone spirit here  
 With storms in battle striven ?  
 Where all is now so calmly clear,  
 Hath anguish cried to heaven ?

—Then the sea's voice arose  
 Like an earthquake's undertone :  
 "Mortal ! the strife of human woes  
 Where hath *not* nature known ?

"Here to the quivering mast  
 Despair hath wildly clung ;  
 The shriek upon the wind hath passed,  
 The midnight sky hath rung.

"And the youthful and the brave,  
 With their beauty and renown,  
 To the hollow chambers of the wave  
 In darkness have gone down.

"They are vanished from their place—  
 Let their homes and hearths make  
 moan !  
 But the rolling waters keep no trace  
 Of pang or conflict gone."

—Alas ! thou haughty deep !  
 The strong, the sounding far !  
 My heart before thee dies,—I wet ?  
 To think on what we are !

To think that so we pass—  
 High hope, and thought, and mind —  
 Even as the breath-stain from the glass,  
 Leaving no sign behind !

Sawst thou naught else, thou main ?  
 Thou and the midnight sky ?  
 Naught save the struggle, brief and vain,  
 The parting agony !

—And the sea's voice replied :  
 "Here nobler things have been !  
 Power, with the valiant when they died,  
 To sanctify the scene :

"Courage, in fragile form,  
 Faith, trusting to the last,  
 Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro' the  
 storm :  
 But all alike have passed."

Sound on, thou haughty sea !  
 These have not passed in vain ;  
 My soul awakes, my hope springs free  
 On victor wings again.

*Thou*, from thine empire driven,  
 May'st vanish with thy powers ;  
 But, by the hearts that here have striven,  
 A loftier doom is ours !

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"I seem like one who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all but me departed."—MOORE.

SEE'ST thou yon gray, gleaming hall,  
 Where the deep elm-shadows fall ?  
 Voices that have left the earth  
 Long ago,  
 Still are murmuring round its hearth,  
 Soft and low :  
 Ever there ;—yet one alone  
 Hath the gift to hear their tone.  
 Guests come thither, and depart,  
 Free of step, and light of heart ;  
 Children, with sweet visions blessed,  
 In the haunted chambers rest ;  
 One alone unslumbering lies  
 When the night hath sealed all eyes,  
 One quick heart and watchful ear,  
 Listening for those whispers clear.

See'st thou where the woodbine-flowers  
 O'er yon low porch hang in showers ?

Startling faces of the dead,  
 Pale, yet sweet,  
 One lone woman's entering tread  
 There still meet !  
 Some with young, smooth foreheads fair,  
 Faintly shining through bright hair ;  
 Some with reverend locks of snow—  
 All, all buried long ago !  
 All, from under deep sea-waves,  
 Or the flowers of foreign graves,  
 Or the old and bannered aisle,  
 Where their high tombs gleam the while :  
 Rising, wandering, floating by,  
 Suddenly and silently,  
 Through their earthly home and place.  
 But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,  
 Are those sounds and visions known ?  
 Wherefore hath that spell of power,  
 Dark and dread,  
 On *her* soul, a baleful dower,  
 Thus been shed ?

Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,  
 No strange gift of mystery lies !  
 She is lone where once she moved  
 Fair, and happy, and beloved !  
 Sunny smiles were glancing round her,  
 Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her.  
 Now those silver chords are broken,  
 Those bright looks have left no token—  
 Not one trace on all the earth,  
 Save her memory of their mirth.  
 She is lone and lingering now,  
 Dreams have gathered o'er her brow,  
 Midst gay songs and children's play,  
 She is dwelling far away,  
 Seeing what none else may see—  
 Haunted still her place must be !

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### THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS.

" God gave him reverence of laws,  
 Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—  
 A spirit to his rocks akin,  
 The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein !"  
 COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,  
 And the wild-flower glens that lie  
 Far amidst the ancient hills,  
 Which the fountain-music fills ;  
 Singing of the snow-peaks bright,  
 And the royal eagle's flight,  
 And the courage and the grace  
 Fostered by the chamois-chase ;

In his fetters, day by day,  
 So the Shepherd-poet lay.  
 Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell  
 Did those notes of freedom swell,  
 Breathing sadness not their own  
 Forth with every Alpine tone ?  
 Wherefore !—can a tyrant's ear  
 Brook the mountain-winds to hear,  
 When each blast goes pealing by  
 With a song of liberty ?  
 Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand  
 O'er the Shepherd-poet's land ;  
 Sounding there the waters gushed,  
 While the lip of man was hushed ;  
 There the falcon pierced the cloud,  
 While the fiery heart was bowed.  
 But this might not long endure,  
 Where the mountain-homes were pure,  
 And a valiant voice arose,  
 Thrilling all the silent snows ;  
*His*—now singing far and lone,  
 Where the young breeze ne'er was  
 known ;  
 Singing of the glad blue sky,  
 Wildly—and how mournfully !

Ave none but the Wind and the Lammey  
 Geyer  
 To be free where the hills unto heaven  
 aspire ?  
 Is the soul of song from the deep glens  
 past,  
 Now that their poet is chained at last ?—  
 Think of the mountains, and deem not so !  
 Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow !  
 Yes ! though forbidden be every word  
 Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath  
 stirred,  
 Yet even as a buried stream through earth  
 Rolls on to another and brighter birth,  
 So shall the voice that hath seemed to die  
 Burst forth with the anthem of liberty !

And another power is moving  
 In a bosom fondly loving :  
 Oh ! a sister's heart is deep,  
 And her spirit strong to keep  
 Each light link of early hours,  
 All sweet scents of childhood's flowers !  
 Thus each lay by Ernl sung,  
 Rocks and crystal caves among,  
 Or beneath the linden-leaves,  
 Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,  
 Rapid though as bird-notes gushing.  
 Transient as a wan cheek's flushing.  
 Each in young Teresa's breast  
 Left its fiery words impressed :

Treasured there lay every line,  
 As a rich book on a hidden shrine.  
 Fair was that lone girl, and meek,  
 With a pale, transparent cheek,  
 And a deep-fringed violet eye  
 Seeking in sweet shade to lie,  
 Or, if raised to glance above,  
 Dim with its own dews of love ;  
 And a pure Madonna brow,  
 And a silvery voice and low,  
 Like the echo of a flute,  
 Even the last, ere all be mute.  
 But a loftier soul was seen  
 In the orphan sister's mien,  
 From that hour when chains defiled  
 Him, the high Alps' noble child.  
 Tones in her quivering voice awoke,  
 As if a harp of battle spoke ;  
 Light, that seemed born of an eagle's  
 nest,  
 Flashed from her soft eyes unrepressed ;  
 And her form, like a spreading water-  
 flower,  
 When its frail cup swells with a sudden  
 shower,  
 Seemed all dilated with love and pride,  
 And grief for that brother, her young  
 heart's guide.  
 Well might they love !—those two had  
 grown  
 Orphans together and alone :  
 The silence of the Alpine sky  
 Had hushed their hearts to piety ;  
 The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,  
 Had been their altar when they prayed ;  
 There, more in tenderness than woe,  
 The stars had seen their young tears flow ;  
 The clouds, in spirit-like descent,  
 Their deep thoughts by one touch had  
 blent,  
 And the wild storms linked them to each  
 other—  
 How dear can peril make a brother !

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,  
 The vine waves unpruned o'er their moun-  
 tain cot :  
 Away, in that holy affection's might,  
 The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the  
 night.  
 She is gone forth alone, but her lighted  
 face,  
 Filling with soul every secret place,  
 Hath a dower from heaven, and a gift of  
 sway,  
 To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way.  
 Like the sudden flinging forth on high  
 Of a banner, that startleth silently !

She hath wandered through many a ham-  
 let-vale,  
 Telling its children her brother's tale ;  
 And the strains by his spirit poured away  
 Freely as fountains might shower their  
 spray,  
 From her fervent lip a new life have caught,  
 And a power to kindle yet bolder thought ;  
 While sometimes a melody, all her own,  
 Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,  
 May be heard midst the lonely rocks to flow,  
 Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet  
 low.

" Thou'rt not where wild-flowers wave  
 O'er crag and sparry cave ;  
 Thou'rt not where pines are sounding,  
 Or joyous torrents bounding—  
 Alas, my brother !

" Thou'rt not where green, on high,  
 The brighter pastures lie ;  
 Ev'n those, thine own wild places,  
 Bear of our chain dark traces :  
 Alas, my brother !

" Far hath the sunbeam spread,  
 Nor found thy lonely bed ;  
 Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,  
 Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—  
 Alas, my brother !

" Thou, that for joy wert born,  
 Free as the wings of morn !  
 Will aught thy young life cherish,  
 Where the Alpine rose would perish ?—  
 Alas, my brother !

" Canst thou be singing still,  
 As once on every hill ?  
 Is not thy soul forsaken,  
 And the bright gift from thee taken ?—  
 Alas, alas, my brother !"

And *was* the bright gift from the captive  
 fled ?  
 Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit  
 dead ?  
 Not so !—but as rooted in stillness deep,  
 The pure stream-lily its place will keep,  
 Though its tearful urns to the blast may  
 quiver,  
 While the red waves rush down the foaming  
 river :  
 So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,  
 Trembling, yet not to be borne away !  
 He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,  
 And felt that his country no chains might  
 bear ;



He thought of the hunter's haughty life,  
And knew there must yet be noble strife.  
But, oh! when he thought of that orphan  
maid,

His high heart melted—he wept and prayed!  
For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,  
A waker of heroes in every glen,  
With a glance inspired which no grief could  
tame,

Bearing on hope like a torch's flame;  
While the strengthening voice of mighty  
wrongs

Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs.  
But his dreams were filled by a haunting  
tone,

Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;  
And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye,  
Which looked on it—oh! how beseechingly!  
And there floated past him a fragile form.  
With a willow droop, as beneath the  
storm;

Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart  
strove

In vain with its burden of helpless love!  
Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—  
There flashed through his dungeon a swift  
strong light;

He sprang up—he climbed to the grating-  
bars.

—It was not the rising of moon or stars,  
But a signal-flame from a peak of snow,  
Rocked through the dark skies to and fro!  
There shot forth another—another still—  
A hundred answers of hill to hill!

Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,  
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,  
And each is hailed with a pealing shout,  
For the high Alps waving their banners  
out!

Erni! young Erni! the land hath risen!—  
Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!  
Those free streamers glancing, and thou  
not there!

—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce de-  
spair?

—Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his  
cell,

At the gates of the mountain citadel!  
Hark! a clear voice through the rude  
sounds ringing!

Doth he know the strain, and the wild,  
sweet singing?

“There may not long be fetters,  
Where the cloud is earth's array,  
And the bright floods leap from cave and  
steep,  
Like a hunter on the prey!

“There may not long be fetters,  
Where the white Alps have their  
towers;  
Unto Eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,  
The chain is not for ours!”

It is she! She is come like a dayspring  
beam,  
She that so mournfully shadowed his dream!  
With her shining eyes and her buoyant  
form,  
She is come! her tears on his cheek are  
warm;  
And oh! the thrill in that weeping voice!  
“My brother! my brother! come forth  
rejoice!”

Poet! the land of thy love is free,—  
Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

## TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

—“How divine  
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,  
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,  
And mountainous retirements, only trod  
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate  
To oldest time! And reckless of the storm  
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,  
Be as a presence or a motion—One  
Among the many there.”—WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh, whither do ye call  
me?

Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!  
Chains of care to lower earth enthral me,  
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!  
Is there peace where ye are born on high?  
Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,  
In our hearts would haunting memories  
die?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling  
Whence the footsteps of the loved are  
gone!  
Never from those rocky halls came swelling  
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth  
In the pathway of your wanderings free;  
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,  
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.



There the rushing of the falcon's pinion  
Is not from some hidden pang to fly ;  
All things breathe of power and stern do-  
minion—  
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds ! oh ! is it, is it only  
Where man's trace hath been that so we  
pine ?  
Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,  
Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine !

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers !  
At whose tone my heart within me burns ;  
Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,  
Where the waters have their secret urns !

There to commune with a loftier spirit  
Than the troubling shadows of regret ;  
There the wings of freedom to inherit,  
Where the enduring and the winged are  
met.

Hush, proud voices ! gentle be your falling !  
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be ;  
Hush ! the heart your trumpet-sounds are  
calling,  
Darkly still may grow—but never free !

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### THE PROCESSION.

"The peace which passeth all understanding,"  
disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It  
lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed  
moonlight."—COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of many  
feet,  
And music rushed through the crowded  
street :  
Proud music, such as tells the sky  
Of a chief returned from victory.

There were banners to the winds unrolled,  
With haughty words on each blazoned fold ;  
High battle-names, which had rung of yore  
When lances clashed on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,  
There were flowers of the woods on the  
pathway strown ;  
And wheels that crushed as they swept  
along ;—  
Oh ! what doth the violet amidst the  
throng ?

I saw where a bright procession passed  
The gates of a minster old and vast ;  
And a king to his crowning-place was led,  
Through a sculptured line of the warrior-  
dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array  
Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,  
And the coloured light, that wrapped them  
all,  
Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine eye  
Away from th' ancestral pageantry—  
A grave by the lordly minster's gate,  
Unhonoured, and yet not desolate.

It was a dewy greensward bed,  
Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;  
But Love—oh, lovelier than all beside !—  
That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,  
Young—but how sorrowfully fair !  
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,  
That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,  
And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek ;  
And I deemed, by its lifted gaze of love,  
That her sad heart's treasure was all above.

For alone she seemed midst the throng to  
be,  
Like a bird of the waves far away at sea,  
Alone, in a mourner's vest arrayed,  
And with folded hands, e'en as if she prayed.

It faded before me, that mask of pride,  
The haughty swell of the music died ;  
Banner, and armour, and tossing plume,  
All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy  
grace,  
And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm  
face,  
Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night-hour  
glide—  
—Oh ! Love is lovelier than all beside !

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### THE BROKEN LUTE.

"When the lamp is shattered,  
The light in the dust lies dead ;  
When the cloud is scattered,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,  
Sweet sounds are remembered not  
When the words are spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and lute.  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute."  
SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,  
Midst forms that breathed from the pictured  
walls ;

But a glow of beauty like her own,  
There had no dream of the painter thrown.  
Lit from within was her noble brow,  
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may  
flow ;

Her young, clear cheek had a changeful  
hue,  
As if ye might see how the soul wrought  
through,

And every flash of her fervent eye  
Seemed the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was ! From her childhood's  
years

A being of sudden smiles and tears—  
Passionate visions, quick light and shade—  
Such was that high-born Italian maid !  
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell  
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,  
Or as the sounds in Æolian strings,  
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings ;  
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,  
Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,  
In the city's hour of moonlight glee—  
Oft would that gift of the southern sky  
O'erflow from her lips in melody ;  
Oft amid festal halls it came,  
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—  
Till the dance was hushed, and the silvery  
tone

Of her inspiration was heard alone.  
And fame went with her, the bright, the  
crowned,  
And music floated her steps around ;  
And every / of her soul was borne  
Through the sunny land, as on wings of  
morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,  
With a power so deep in her youthful  
breast ?

Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye  
So many changes and dreams went by ?

And in whose cheek the swift crimson  
wrought

As if but born from the rush of thought ?  
Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile  
She moved as a bark in the sunbeam's  
smile ;

For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,  
All, all on a happy love was poured !  
How loves a heart whence the stream of  
song

Flows, like the life-blood, quick, bright,  
and strong ?

How loves a heart, which hath never proved  
One breath of the world ? Even so she  
loved ;

Blessed, though the lord of her soul, afar,  
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,  
Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,  
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.

Proud music breathed in her song, when  
fame

Gave a tone more thrilling to his name ;  
And her trust in his love was a woman's  
faith—

Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Othman  
host,

In the land that quelled the Persian's boast,  
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn  
For the day of triumph and return !  
The day is come ! the flashing deep  
Foams where the galleys of victory sweep ;  
And the sceptred city of the wave  
With her festal splendour greets the brave ;  
Cymbal, and clarion, and voice, around,  
Make the air one stream of exulting sound ;  
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,  
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of  
all,

Robed for her warrior's festival,  
Moving a queen midst the radiant throng,  
Was she, th' inspired one, the maid of  
song !

The lute he loved on her arm she bore,  
As she rushed in her joy to the crowded  
shore ;

With a hue on her cheek like the damask  
glow

By the sunset given unto mountain snow,  
And her eye all filled with the spirit's play,  
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful  
day,

And her long hair waving in ringlets  
bright—

So came that being of hope and light !

One moment, Erminia ! one moment more,  
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er !  
The bark of her lover hath touched the  
strand—

Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand ?  
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like  
grace

Accorded well with the Grecian face,  
And the eye, in its clear, soft darkness  
meek,

And the lashes that drooped o'er a pale  
rose cheek,

And he looked on that beauty with tender  
pride—

The warrior hath brought back an Eastern  
bride !

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,  
Struck by the lightning of swift despair ?  
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,  
And her cheek to her heart sent back the  
blood ;

And there came from her quivering lip no  
word,

Only the fall of her lute was heard,  
As it dropped from her hand at her rival's  
feet,

Into fragments, whose dying thrill was  
sweet !

What more remaineth ? Her day was  
done ;

Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one !  
The light, the vision, the gift of power,  
Passed from her soul in that mortal hour,  
Like the rich sound from the shattered  
string

Whence the gush of sweetness no more  
might spring !

As an eagle struck in his upward flight,  
So was her hope from its radiant height ;  
And her song went with it for evermore,  
A gladness taken from sea and shore !

She had moved to the echoing sound of  
fame—

Silently, silently, died her name !  
Silently melted her life away,

As ye have seen a young flower decay,  
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burned expire,  
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's  
fire,

Leaving its channel all dry and mute—  
Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute !

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

"How weeps yon gallant band  
O'er him their valour could not save !  
For the bayonet is red with gore,  
And he, the beautiful and brave,  
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand."—WILSON.

In the shadow of the Pyramid  
Our brother's grave we made,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

The blood-red sky above us  
Was darkening into night,  
And the Arab watching silently  
Our sad and hurried rite ;

The voice of Egypt's river  
Came hollow and profound ;  
And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,  
Rocked with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid  
Hung o'er the grave we made,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

The fathers of our brother  
Were borne to knightly tombs,  
With torch-light and with anthem-note,  
And many waving plumes :

But he, the last and noblest  
Of that high Norman race,  
With a few brief words of soldier-love  
Was gathered to his place ;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,  
Where his youthful form we laid,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

But let him, let him slumber  
By the old Egyptian wave !  
It is well with those who bear their fame  
Unsullied to the grave !

When brightest names are breathed on  
When loftiest fall so fast,  
We would not call our brother back  
On dark days to be cast,—

From the shadow of the Pyramid,  
Where his noble heart we laid,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.



TO A PICTURE OF THE  
MADONNA.

"Ave Maria! May our spirits dare  
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?"  
BYRON.

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny skies,  
Born where the rose hath richest dyes;  
To thee a southern heart hath given  
That glow of love, that calm of heaven,  
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,  
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills  
The haunted air of Roman hills,  
Or where Venetian waves of yore  
Heard melodies, they hear no more,  
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle  
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine  
Mid forests of the Apennine,  
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell  
Pass like a floating anthem-swell,  
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way  
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,  
Perchance thine island-chapel stood,  
Where from the blue Sicilian sea  
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,  
And blessed thy power to guide, to save,  
Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,  
Forth from those lips of beauty flow!  
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,  
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,  
Which, at thy secret shrine revealed,  
Have gushed from human hearts unsealed!

Surely to thee hath woman come,  
As a tired wanderer back to home!  
Unveiling many a timid guest  
And treasured sorrow of her breast,  
A buried love—a wasting care—  
Oh! did those griefs win peace from prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul  
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?  
Those thoughts, which poured their quench-  
less fire  
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,  
Did they to still submission die  
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bowed  
Before thee, midst the incense cloud?

Hath the crowned leader's bosom lone  
To thee its haughty griefs made known?  
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,  
And win the unconquered one to weep?

Hushed is the anthem, closed the vow,  
The votive garland withered now;  
Yet holy still to me thou art,  
Thou that hast soothed so many a heart!  
And still must blessed influence flow  
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,  
Of rest for gentle hearts above;  
Of hope, that hath its treasure there,  
Of home, that knows no changeful air.  
Bright form! lit up with thoughts divine,  
Ave! such power be ever thine!

## DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

"We colour heaven with our own human  
thoughts,  
Our vain aspirations, fond remembrances,  
Our passionate love, that seems unto itself  
An Immortality."

DREAM'ST *thou* of heaven? What  
dreams are thine?  
Fair child, fair gladsome child?  
With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,  
And bounding footsteps wild!

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore  
Can wear, my bird! to thee?  
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er  
Thy glance and spirit free?

"Oh! beautiful is heaven, and bright  
With long, long summer days;  
I see its lilies gleam in light  
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there unchecked, methinks, I rove,  
And seek where young flowers lie,  
In vale and golden-fruited grove—  
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou poet of the lonely thought,  
Sad heir of gifts divine!  
Say with what solemn glory fraught  
Is heaven in dreams of thine?

"Oh! where the living waters flow  
Along that radiant shore,  
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know  
The exile-thirst no more.



' The burden of the stranger's heart  
Which here alone I bear,  
Like the night-shadow shall depart,  
With my first waking *there*.

" And borne on eagle wings afar,  
Free thought shall claim its dower  
From every realm, from every star,  
Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft sad eye,  
Of spiritual gleam,  
Tell me of those bright worlds on high,  
How doth *thy* fond heart dream?

By the sweet mournful voice I know,  
On thy pale brow I see,  
That thou hast loved, in fear, and woe—  
Say what is heaven to thee?

" Oh! heaven is where no secret dread  
May haunt love's meeting hour,  
Where from the past no gloom is shed  
O'er the heart's chosen bower:

" Where every severed wreath is bound—  
Where none have heard the knell  
That smites the heart with that deep  
sound—

*Farewell, beloved!—farewell!*

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### THE WISH.

COME to me, when my soul  
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here;  
When earthly chains are as a shrivelled  
scroll,  
Oh! let me feel thy presence! be but  
near!

That I may look once more  
Into thine eyes, which never changed for  
me;

That I may speak to thee of that bright  
shore  
Where, with our treasure, we have longed  
to be.

Thou friend of many days!  
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth!  
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise  
The trembling pinions of my hope from  
earth?

By every solemn thought  
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days  
gone by,  
From the deep voices of the mountains  
caught,  
O'er all th' adoring silence of the sky;

By every lofty theme  
Whereon, in low-toned reverence we have  
spoken;

By our communion in each fervent  
dream  
That sought from realms beyond the grave  
a token;

And by our tears for those  
Whose loss hath touched our world with  
hues of death;

And by the hopes that with their dust  
repose,  
As flowers await the south-wind's vernal  
breath;

Come to me in that day—  
The one—the severed from all days—O  
friend!

Even then, if human thought may then  
have sway,  
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to  
blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone:  
I ask my heart if all indeed must die—  
All that of holiest feelings it hath known!  
And my heart's voice replies—Eternity!

---

### WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB,

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF  
KILKENNY.

" Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap,  
The undelighted, slighted thing;  
There in the cold earth, buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the Spring."  
MRS. TIGHE'S " Poem on the Lily."

I STOOD where the lip of song lay low,  
Where the dust had gathered on Beauty's  
brow;

Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,  
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,  
Of deep affections that inly wrought,  
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear—  
They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,  
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!  
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wings,  
No burden of mortal sufferings.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,  
Over a bright world of joy and bloom ;  
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,  
The all that severed *thy* life and *mine*.

*Mine*, with its inborn mysterious things,  
Of love and grief its unfathomed springs ;  
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth  
and sky,  
With voices to question eternity !

*Thine*, in its reckless and joyous way,  
Like an embodied breeze at play !  
Child of the sunlight ! thou winged and  
free !  
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee !

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,  
Thou hast no longings that pine for home ;  
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and  
bird,  
To fly from the sickness of hope deferred :

In thy brief being no strife of mind,  
No boundless passion, is deeply shrined ;  
While I, as I gazed on thy swift flight by,  
One hour of my soul seemed infinity !

And she, that voiceless below me slept,  
Flowed not her song from a heart that  
wept ?

—O Love and Song ! though of heaven  
your powers,  
Dark is your fate in this world of ours.

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,  
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,  
Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,  
Didst waft me visions of brighter things !

Thou that dost image the freed soul's  
birth,  
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,  
Oh ! fitly thy path is through flowers that  
rise  
Round the dark chamber where Genius  
lies !

---

### PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO,

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF  
SCHILLER, BY COLONEL D'AGUILAR, AND  
PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,  
DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1837

Too long apart, a bright but severed band,  
The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's fair  
land

Majestic strains, but not for us, had sung—  
Moulding to melody a stranger tongue.

Brave hearts leaped proudly to their words  
of power,

As a true sword bounds forth in battle's  
hour ;

Fair eyes rained homage o'er th' impass-  
ioned lays,

In loving tears, more eloquent than praise ;  
While we, far distant, knew not, dreamed  
not aught

Of the high marvels by that magic wrought

But let the barriers of the sea give way,  
When mind sweeps onward with a con-  
queror's sway !

And let the Rhine divide high souls no  
more

From mingling on its old heroic shore,  
Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds through  
many an age

Have made the poet's own free heritage !  
To us, though faintly, may a wandering  
tone

Of the far minstrelsy at last be known ;  
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the  
burning tear,

Have sprung to greet, must not be strangers  
here.

And if by one, more used on march and  
heath

To the shrill bugle than the muse's breath,  
With a warm heart the offering hath been  
brought,

And in a trusting loyalty of thought,  
So let it be received !—a soldier's hand  
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous land  
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this fair  
cline,

Since Tara heard the harp of ancient time,  
Hath song held empire ; then, if not with  
*fame*,

Let the green isle with kindness bless his  
aim,

The joy, the power, of kindred song to  
spread,

Where once that harp "the soul of music  
shed !"

---

### THE FREED BIRD

RETURN, return, my bird !  
I have dressed thy cage with flowers ;  
'Tis lovely as a violet bank  
In the heart of forest bowers

" I am free, I am free—I return no more !  
 The weary time of the cage is o'er ;  
 Through the rolling clouds I can soar on  
 high,  
 The sky is around me—the blue, bright  
 sky !  
 The hills lie beneath me, spread far and  
 clear,  
 With their glowing heath - flowers and  
 bounding deer ;  
 I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—  
 I am free, I am free—I return no more ! "

Alas, alas ! my bird !  
 Why seek'st thou to be free ?  
 Wert thou not blessed in thy little bower,  
 When thy song breathed naught but  
 glee ?

" Did my song of the summer breathe  
 naught but glee ?  
 Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to  
 thee ?

—Oh ! hadst thou known its deep meaning  
 well,  
 It had tales of a burning heart to tell !  
 From a dream of the forest that music  
 sprang,  
 Through its notes the peal of a torrent  
 rang ;  
 And its dying fall, when it soothed thee  
 best,  
 Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest. "

Was it with thee thus, my bird ?  
 Yet thine eye flashed clear and bright ;  
 I have seen the glance of sudden joy  
 In its quick and dewy light.

" It flashed with the fire of a tameless race,  
 With the soul of the wild-wood, my native  
 place !  
 With the spirit that panted through heaven  
 to soar :  
 Woo me not back—I return no more !  
 My home is high, amidst rocking trees,  
 My kindred things are the star and the  
 breeze,  
 And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,  
 And the odours that wander afar away ! "

Farewell—farewell, then, bird !  
 I have called on spirits gone,  
 And it may be they joyed, like *thee*, to  
 part—  
 Like thee, that wert all my own !

" If they were captives, and pined like me,  
 Though love may guard them, they joyed  
 to be free ;

They sprang from the earth with a burst  
 of power,  
 To the strength of their wings, to their  
 triumph's hour !  
 Call them not back when the chain is  
 riven,  
 When the way of the pinion is all through  
 heaven !  
 Farewell ! — with my song through the  
 clouds I soar,  
 I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no  
 more ! "

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.\*

" Thou falcon-hearted dove !"—COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming  
 Round Damietta's towers,  
 Though a Christian banner from her wall  
 Waved free its lily-flowers.  
 Ay, proudly did the banner wave,  
 As queen of earth and air ;  
 But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds  
 In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon  
 Their kingly chieftain lay,  
 And low on many an Eastern field  
 Their knighthood's best array.  
 'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,  
 The wine-cup round to send ;  
 For each that touched it silently  
 Then missed a gallant friend !

And mournful was their vigil  
 On the beleaguered wall,  
 And dark their slumber, dark with dreams  
 Of slow defeat and fall.  
 Yet a few hearts of chivalry  
 Rose high to breast the storm,  
 And one—of all the loftiest there —  
 Thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending  
 O'er the slumber of her child,

\* Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the  
 Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the  
 king her husband, she there gave birth to a son,  
 whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of  
 her misfortunes. Information being conveyed  
 to her, that the knights intrusted with the defence  
 of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had  
 them summoned to her apartment ; and, by her  
 heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that  
 they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the  
 last extremity.



With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,  
 As the Virgin Mother's mild.  
 Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe,  
 Midst the clash of spear and lance,  
 And a strange, wild bower was thine, young  
 queen !  
 Fair Marguerite of France !

A dark and vaulted chamber,  
 Like a scene for wizard-spell,  
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom  
 Of the warrior citadel ;  
 And there midst arms the couch was  
 spread,  
 And with banners curtained o'er,  
 For the daughter of the minstrel-land,  
 The gay Provençal shore !

For the bright queen of St. Louis,  
 The star of court and hall !  
 But the deep strength of the gentle heart  
 Wakes to the tempest's call !  
 Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,  
 His soul with grief oppressed,  
 Yet calmly lay the desolate,  
 With her young babe on her breast !

There were voices in the city,  
 Voices of wrath and fear—  
 " The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—  
 We will not perish here !  
 Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent gleam  
 O'er tower and bastion high !  
 Our distant homes are beautiful—  
 We stay not here to die ! "

They bore those fearful tidings  
 To the sad queen where she lay—  
 They told a tale of wavering hearts,  
 Of treason and dismay :  
 The blood rushed through her pearly cheek,  
 The sparkle to her eye—  
 " Now call me hither those recreant  
 knights  
 From the bands of Italy ! " \*

Then through the vaulted chambers  
 Stern iron footsteps rang ;  
 And heavily the sounding floor  
 Gave back the sabre's clang.  
 They stood around her—steel-clad men,  
 Moulded for storm and fight,  
 But they quailed before the loftier soul  
 In that pale aspect bright.

Yes ! as before the falcon shrinks  
 The bird of meaner wing,  
 So shrank they from th' imperial glance  
 Of her—that fragile thing !  
 And her flute-like voice rose clear and high  
 Through the din of arms around -  
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,  
 As a silver clarion's sound.

" The honour of the Lily  
 Is in your hands to keep,  
 And the banner of the Cross, for Him  
 Who died on Calvary's steep ;  
 And the city which for Christian prayer  
 Hath heard the holy bell—  
 And is it *these* your hearts would yield  
 To the godless infidel ?

" Then bring me here a breastplate  
 And a helm, before ye fly,  
 And I will gird my woman's form,  
 And on the ramparts die !  
 And the boy whom I have borne for woe,  
 But never for disgrace,  
 Shall go within mine arms to death  
 Meet for his royal race.

" Look on him as he slumbers  
 In the shadow of the lance !  
 Then go, and with the Cross forsake  
 The princely babe of France !  
 But tell your homes ye left *one* heart  
 To perish undefiled ;  
 A woman, and a queen, to guard  
 Her honour and her child ! "

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves  
 When winds are in the wood ;  
 And a deepening murmur told of men  
 Roused to a loftier mood.  
 And her babe awoke to flashing swords,  
 Unsheathed in many a hand,  
 As they gathered round the helpless One,  
 Again a noble band !

" We are thy warriors, lady !  
 True to the Cross and thee ;  
 The spirit of thy kindling words  
 On every sword shall be !  
 Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast !  
 Rest—we will guard thee well !  
 St. Denis for the Lily-flower  
 And the Christian citadel ! "

\* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Fies.



THE WANDERER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT  
VON LUBECK.

I COME down from the hills alone ;  
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan !  
I wander on in thoughtful care,  
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,  
And flowers are pale, and life is old,  
And words fall soulless on my ear—  
Oh, I am still a stranger here !

Where are thou, land, sweet land, mine  
own !

Still sought for, longed for, never known !  
The land, the land of hope, of light,  
Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends the green paths  
tread,

And where in beauty rise my dead ;  
The land that speaks my native speech,  
The blessed land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,  
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*  
And spirit-sounds come answering this—  
" *There, where thou art not, there is bliss !* "

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

" Who does not recollect the exultation of  
Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of  
Africa ? The affecting mention of the influence  
of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in  
a time of suffering and despondency, in the  
heart of the same savage country, is familiar to  
every one."—Howitt's " Book of the Seasons."

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,  
O lonely, loneliest flower !  
Where the sound of song hath never passed  
From human hearth or bower ?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,  
For that glowing heart, that fain  
Would breathe the out joy with each wind to  
rove—  
In vain, lost thing ! in vain !

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,  
For thy glory's fleeting hour,  
For the desert place, thy living tomb—  
O lonely, loneliest flower !

I said—but a low voice made reply :  
" Lament not for the flower !  
Though its blossoms all unmarked must die,  
They have had a glorious dower.

" Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's  
way,  
And the paths where lovers tread ;  
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,  
By its odours have been shed.

" Yes ! dew more sweet than ever fell  
O'er island of the blest,  
Were shaken forth, from its purple bell,  
On a suffering human breast.

" A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,  
O'er the waste of burning sand,  
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,  
He fled from a ruthless band.

" And dreams of home in a troubled tide  
Swept o'er his darkening eye,  
As he lay down by the fountain-side,  
In his mute despair to die.

" But his glance was caught by the desert's  
flower,  
The precious boon of heaven ;  
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,  
To his fainting heart was given.

" For the bright flower spoke of One  
above—  
Of the presence felt to brood,  
With a spirit of pervading love,  
O'er the wildest solitude.

" Oh ! the seed was thrown those wastes  
among  
In a blessed and gracious hour,  
For the lorn one rose in heart made strong  
By the lonely, loneliest flower ! "

THE STRANGER ON EARTH.

Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrun,  
Das Land wo meine Rosen bluhn,  
Wo meine Todten aufersteh'n,  
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd geh'n ;  
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,  
Das theure Land—hier ist es nicht !

WHERE art thou ? Tell me, where ?  
Land of my native air,  
That I might feel thy breathing on my  
cheek !  
And ye, whose being's tone  
Would give me back my own,  
Where dwell ye, children of my country ?  
Speak !

Show me your home, your place,  
 O ye, my kindred race !  
 —My spirit on the dust its wealth hath  
 flung,  
 Striving for words of power,  
 A boundless love to shower  
 O'er hearts that knew not e'en that feeling's  
 tongue.

Along the sounding sea,  
 And 'midst the mountains free,  
 My voice finds echoes here ; my soul hath  
 none !  
 Shrinking, I feel around,  
 The solitude profound,  
 Ev'n as a child on desert-plains alone.

I know that in me lie, —  
 As buried harmony  
 In the Lyre's chord awaits the master's  
 hand, —  
 Powers, never to unclose  
 From dark and cold repose,  
 Save in *thine* air, my Home, my viewless  
 land !

For in thy glorious bowers,  
 Dreading no changeful hours,  
 Dwells the pure Love, so faintly shadowed  
 here ;  
 Finding its language known,  
 Ev'n to the deepest tone,  
 A native melody in that bright sphere !

And thou, O sunny shore !  
 Hast music, that no more  
 Shall trouble the worn heart with vague  
 desires ;  
 Like summer o'er the deep,  
 I know *thy* songs will sweep  
 Over those restless thoughts and wandering  
 fires.

Where art thou ? Tell me, where ?  
 Home of the Good and Fair !  
 I seek thy trace in all things, yet in vain ;  
 Thy meanings, bright, and high,  
 And earnest, in each eye,  
 An echo of thy sounds in every strain.

Do mighty mountains old  
 Thy loveliness enfold ?  
 Or deserts guard thee with their burning  
 gloom ?  
 As the dread flaming brand  
 That hung o'er Eden's land,  
 Shut up the pathway to that world of  
 bloom ?

Or art thou some lone isle,  
 Girt ever by the smile  
 Of waves, wherein Heaven's azure slum-  
 bering lies ?  
 Oh ! send by breeze or bird,  
 A sign, a leaf, a word,  
 A guiding flower-breath from thine own  
 pure skies !

Yes ! mournfully profound,  
 Within my soul, a sound  
 Speaks, like a shell's low murmur for the  
 sea ;  
 Whispering, thou radiant clime !  
 That but o'er Death and Time,  
 The Exile-Spirit can be borne to thee !

---

#### THE TWO MONUMENTS.\*

"Oh ! blessed are they who live and die like  
 'him,'  
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow  
 mourned !" — WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high  
 In a dim cathedral's nave,  
 Making a gorgeous canopy  
 O'er a noble, noble grave !

And a marble warrior's form beneath,  
 With helm and crest arrayed,  
 As on his battle-bed of death,  
 Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet lingered in his eye,  
 Ere by the dark night sealed ;  
 And his head was pillowed haughtily  
 On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy-pile,  
 With the glory of his wing,  
 An eagle sat—yet seemed the while  
 Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shivered lance,  
 There by the sculptor bound ;  
 But in the light of his lifted glance  
 Was *that* which scorned the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues,  
 From a storied window poured,  
 There fell, there centred, to suffuse  
 The conqueror and his sword.

---

\* Suggested by a passage in Captain Sherer's  
 "Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in  
 Germany"

A flood of hues—but *one* rich dye  
O'er all supremely spread,  
With a purple robe of royalty  
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name  
Was a trumpet-note in war,  
His pathway still the march of fame,  
His eye the battle-star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,  
From the coloured light, one ray,  
Where a low and pale memorial-stone  
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chiselled *there*,  
Mourning for parted worth ;  
But the very heart of love and prayer  
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been  
As a hidden streamlet's course,  
Bearing on health and joy unseen  
From its clear mountain-source :

Whose young, pure memory, lying deep  
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,  
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,  
A soft light, meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early called  
Unto Music's land away,  
Had won for God the earth's enthralled  
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet, enrolled  
In no high song of fame,  
The pastor of the mountain-fold  
Left but to heaven his name.

To heaven, and to the peasant's hearth,  
A blessed household-sound ;  
And finding lowly love on earth,  
Enough, enough, he found !

Bright and more bright before me gleamed  
That sainted image still,  
'Till one sweet moonlight memory seemed  
The regal fane to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turned  
From those proud trophies nigh !  
How my full heart within me burned  
Like *Him* to live and die !

\* "Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie."—WORDSWORTH.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

I LOOKED on the field where the battle was  
spread,  
When thousands stood forth in their glanc-  
ing array ;  
And the beam from the steel of the valiant  
was shed  
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'er-  
shadowed the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,  
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they  
stood ;  
I heard the stern shout as the foemen drew  
near,  
Like the storm that lays low the proud  
pines of the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war-drum were  
rolled,  
Uprousing the wolf from the depth of his  
lair ;  
On high to the gust stream'd the banner's  
red fold,  
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl  
of despair.

I look'd on the field of contention again,  
When the sabre was sheathed and the  
tempest had past ;  
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on  
the plain,  
And the fern softly sighed in the low, wail-  
ing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of re-  
pose,  
And bright shone the stars through the  
sky's deepened blue ;  
And sweetly the song of the night-bird  
arose,  
Where the fox-glove lay gemmed with its  
pearl-drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark,  
frowning host,  
As the ocean in might, as the storm-cloud  
in speed ?  
Where now are the thunders of victory's  
boast—  
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength  
of the steed ?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering  
stone,  
'To mark the lone scene of their shame or  
their pride ;

One grass-covered mound told the traveller  
alone  
Where thousands lay down in their anguish,  
and died !

O Glory ! behold thy famed guerdon's extent :  
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-  
wasting lot—  
A name like the mist, when the night-  
beams are spent ;  
A grave with its tenants unwept and for-  
got !

---

### A PENITENT'S RETURN.

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?  
Ah, no ! the spirit of domestic peace,  
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,  
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,  
Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,  
The hallowed porch. She hath a heavenly  
smile,  
That sinks into the sullen soul of Vice,  
And wins him o'er to virtue."—WILSON.

My father's house once more,  
In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet around,  
Something, amidst the dewy calm pro-  
found,  
Broods, never marked before !

Is it the brooding night ?  
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,  
That makes the home so tranquil and so  
fair,  
O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,  
And stilled, and darkened in each time-worn  
hue,  
Since the rich, clustering roses met my  
view,  
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last  
I stood and lingered—where my sisters  
made  
Our mother's bower—I deemed not that it  
cast  
So far and dark a shade !

How spirit-like a tone  
Sighs through yon tree ! My father's place  
was there  
At evening hours, while soft winds waved  
his hair !  
Now those gray locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !  
Even as if angel-steps had marked the sod  
I tremble where I move—the voice of God  
Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night  
That makes my home so awful ? Faith-  
less-hearted !  
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath de-  
parted  
The inborn, gladdening light !  
No outward thing is changed ;  
Only the joy of purity is fled,  
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,  
'Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore the calm abode,  
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade ;  
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of  
God  
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that door  
Still breathe the pure fragrance on the un-  
tainted air ;  
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more  
To pass, and rest thee there !

And must I turn away ?—  
Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice I  
hear—  
Sadder than once it seemed—yet soft and  
clear ;—  
Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !  
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the  
mild !  
Mother ! my mother ! now receive thy  
child :  
Take back the lost and found !

---

### A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

" We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live ;  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud  
And, would we aught behold of higher worth  
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed  
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
Enveloping the earth ;  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element."

COLERIDGE

GREEN spot of holy ground !  
If thou couldst yet be found,



Far in deep woods, with all thy starry  
flowers ;

If not one sullyng breath  
Of time, or change, or death,  
Had touched the vernal glory of thy  
bowers ;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,  
Worn by the desert's heat,  
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose ?  
Might our eyes wander there  
Through heaven's transparent air,  
And rest on colours of the immortal rose ?

Say, would thy balmy skies  
And fountain melodies  
Our heritage of lost delight restore ?  
Could thy soft honey-dews  
Through all our veins diffuse  
The early, childlike, trustful sleep once  
more ?

And might we, in the shade  
By thy tall cedars made,  
With angel-voices high communion hold ?  
Would their sweet, solemn tone  
Give back the music gone,  
Our Being's harmony, so jarred of old ?

Oh no !—thy sunny hours  
Might come with blossom-showers,  
All thy young leaves to spirit-lyres might  
thrill ;  
But *we*—should we not bring  
Into thy realms of spring  
The shadows of our souls to haunt us  
still ?

What could *thy* flowers and airs  
Do for our earth-born cares ?  
Would the world's chain melt off and leave  
us free ?

No !—past each living stream,  
Still would some fever-dream  
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more  
for thee !

Should we not shrink with fear  
If angel-steps were near,  
Feeling our burdened souls within us die ?  
How might our passions brook  
The still and searching look,  
The starlike glance of seraph purity ?

Thy golden-fruited grove  
Was not for pining love ;  
Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal  
skies !

Oh ! *thou* wert but a part  
Of what man's exiled heart  
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise !

## LET US DEPART !

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previous to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the Temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying "Let us depart hence!"]

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,  
And a brooding hush profound  
Lay where the Roman eagle shone  
High o'er the tents around—

The tents that rose by thousands,  
In the moonlight glimmering pale ;  
Like white waves of a frozen sea  
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the Temple's massy shadow  
Fell broad, and dark, and still,  
In peace—as if the Holy One  
Yet watched His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard  
In that old fane's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by,  
And a dread voice raised the cry,  
"Let us depart !"

Within the fated city  
E'en then fierce discord raved,  
Though o'er night's heaven the comet  
sword  
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare  
Through the dark streets ringing high  
Though every sign was full which told  
Of the bloody vintage nigh ;

Though the wild red spears and arrows  
Of many a meteor host  
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,  
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard  
In the Temple's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by,  
And a voice cried mournfully,  
"Let us depart !"

But within the fated city  
There was revelry that night—  
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,  
And the blaze of banquet-light.

The footsteps of the dancer  
Went bounding through the hall,  
And the music of the dulcimer  
Summoned to festival :

While the clash of brother-weapons  
 Made lightning in the air,  
 And the dying at the palace-gates  
 Lay down in their despair ;

And that fearful sound was heard  
 At the Temple's thrilling heart,  
 As if mighty wings rushed by,  
 And a dread voice raised the cry,  
 " *Let us depart !* "

### ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ.\*

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,  
 Holiest of sufferers ! round thy path of  
 woe,  
 And by the weight of mortal agony  
 Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek  
 brow,  
 My heart was awed : the burden of thy  
 pain  
 Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I looked once more — and, as the virtue  
 shed  
 Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray  
 Of victory from thy mien ; and round thy  
 head,  
 The halo, melting spirit-like away,  
 Seemed of the very soul's bright rising  
 born,  
 To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

And upwards, through transparent dark-  
 ness gleaming,  
 Gazed in mute reverence woman's earnest  
 eye,  
 Lit, as a vase whence inward light is  
 streaming,  
 With quenchless faith, and deep love's  
 fervency,  
 Gathering, like incense round some dim-  
 veiled shrine,  
 About the form, so mournfully divine !

Oh ! let thine image, as e'en then it rose,  
 Live in my soul for ever, calm and clear,  
 Making itself a temple of repose,  
 Beyond the breath of human hope or  
 fear !

A holy place, where through all storms  
 may lie  
 One living beam of dayspring from on  
 high.

### COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT.

" Could we but keep our spirits to that height,  
 We might be happy ; but this clay will sink  
 Its spark immortal."—BYRON.

RETURN, my thoughts—come home !  
 Ye wild and winged ! what do ye o'er the  
 deep ?  
 And wherefore thus the abyss of time o'er-  
 sweep,  
 As birds the ocean-foam ?

Swifter than shooting-star,  
 Swifter than lances of the northern-light,  
 Upspringing through the purple heaven of  
 night,  
 Hath been your course afar !

Through the bright battle-clime,  
 Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian  
 streams,  
 And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,  
 By temples of old time :

Through the north's ancient halls,  
 Where banners thrilled of yore—where  
 harp-strings *صدف*  
 But grass waves now o'er those that fought  
 and sung,  
 Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,  
 Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems  
 to brood ;  
 And sometimes on the haunted solitude  
 Rises the pilgrim's hymn :

Or where some fountain lies,  
 With lotus-cups through orient spice-woods  
 gleaming !  
 There have ye been, ye wanderers ! idly  
 dreaming  
 Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts—return !  
 Cares wait your presence in life's daily  
 track,  
 And voices, not of music, call you back—  
 Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh, no ! return ye not !  
 Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be !  
 Go, bring me strength from journeyings  
 bright and free,  
 O'er many a haunted spot.

\* This picture is in the possession of the  
 Viscount Harberton, Merrion Square, Dublin.

Go ! seek the martyr's grave,  
Midst the old mountains, and the deserts  
vast ;

Or, through the ruined cities of the past,  
Follow the wise and brave !

Go ! visit cell and shrine,  
Where woman hath endured !—through  
wrong, through scorn,  
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne  
By promptings more divine !

Go, shoot the gulf of death !  
Track the pure spirit where no chain can  
bind,

Where the heart's boundless love its rest  
may find,  
Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high ;  
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth  
would lay

On your victorious wings—mount, mount !  
Your way  
Is through eternity !

---

THE WATER-LILY.

“The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the  
calm clear water, but no less serene among  
the black and scowling waves.”—*Lights and  
Shadows of Scottish Life.*

OH ! beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-  
queen !  
Crowning the depths, as with the light  
serene

Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave !  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure  
spread  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm ! thus bearing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower ?

Oh ! love is most like thee,  
The love of woman ! quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and  
fast,  
Midst life's dark sea.

And faith—oh, is not faith  
Like thee, too, lily ! springing into light,  
Still buoyantly, above the billows' night,  
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes ! linked with such high thought,  
Flower ! let thine image in my bosom lie :  
Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought—

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

---

THE SONG OF PENITENCE.

UNFINISHED.

HE passed from earth  
Without his fame,—the calm, pure, starry  
fame

He might have won, to guide on radiantly  
Full many a noble soul,—he sought it not ;  
And e'en like brief and barren lightning  
passed

The wayward child of genius. And the  
songs

Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,  
Had showered forth recklessly, as ocean-  
waves

Fling up their treasures mingled with dark  
weed,

They died before him ;—they were winged  
seed

Scattered afar, and, falling on the rock  
Of the world's heart, had perished. One  
alone,

One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,  
The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,  
Survived the vainly-gifted. In the souls  
Of the kind few that loved him, with a love  
Faithful to even its disappointed hope,  
That song of tears found root, and by their  
hearths

Full oft, in low and reverential tones,  
Filled with the piety of tenderness,  
Is murmured to their children, when his  
name

In some faint harp-string of remembrance  
falls,

Far from the world's rude voices, far away.  
Oh ! hear, and judge him gently ; 'twas his  
last.

I come alone, and faint I come—  
To nature's arms I flee ;

The green woods take their wanderer  
home.

But Thou, O Father ! may I turn to Thee ?



The earliest odour of the flower,  
The bird's first song is Thine ;  
Father in heaven ! my dayspring's hour  
Poured its vain incense on another shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-loved  
scene  
Around me faded lies ;  
Therefore, remembering what hath been,  
I ask, is this mine early paradise ?

It is, it is—but Thou art gone ;  
Or if the trembling shade  
Breathe yet of thee, with altered tone  
Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dis-  
mayed.

---

#### THE ENGLISH BOY.

Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors ; and make them  
swear  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were  
born."—AKENSIDE.

LOOK from the ancient mountains down,  
My noble English boy !  
Thy country's fields around thee gleam  
In sunlight and in joy.

Agès have rolled since foeman's march  
Passed o'er that old, firm sod ;  
For well the land hath fealty held  
To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !  
And let thy kindling mind  
Drink in the spirit of high thought  
From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,  
The halls beneath thee lie  
Which poured forth to the fields of yore  
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly  
They stand, midst oak and yew !  
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed  
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords  
hang  
Whose faith knew no alloy,  
And shields of knighthood, pure from  
stain :  
Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church  
Gleams by the antique elm,  
Or where the minster lifts the cross  
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free hearts'  
blood  
That England's prayer might rise,  
From those gray fanes of thoughtful years,  
Unfettered, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,  
This earth's most glorious dust,  
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,  
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet —  
My gallant English boy !  
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,  
The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have closed  
Above her faithful dead ;  
That red-cross flag victoriously  
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perished—this green turf to keep  
By hostile tread unstained,  
These knightly halls inviolate,  
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light  
Along our shore is set,  
And many an answering beacon-fire  
Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !  
And pray, like *them* to stand,  
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard  
The altars of the land.

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#### TO THE BLUE ANEMONE.

FLOWER of starry clearness bright !  
Quivering urn of coloured light !  
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye  
From the intenseness of the sky ?  
From a long, long fervent gaze  
Through the year's first golden days,  
Up that blue and silent deep,  
Where, like things of sculptured sleep,  
Alabaster clouds repose,  
With the sunshine on their snows ?  
Thither was thy heart's love turning,  
Like a censer ever burning,  
Till the purple heavens in thee  
Set their smile. Anemone ?



Or can those warm tints be caught  
Each from some quick glow of thought?  
So much of bright *soul* there seems  
In thy bendings and thy gleams,  
So much thy sweet life resembles  
That which feels, and weeps, and trembles,  
I could deem thee spirit-filled,  
As a reed by music thrilled,  
When thy being I behold  
To each loving breath unfold,  
Or, like woman's willowy form,  
Shrink before the gathering storm  
I could ask a *voice* from thee,  
Delicate Anemone!

Flower! thou seem'st not born to die  
With thy radiant purity,  
But to melt in air away,  
Mingling with the soft Spring-day,  
When the crystal heavens are still,  
And faint azure veils each hill,  
And the lime-leaf doth not move,  
Save to songs that stir the grove,  
And earth all glorified is seen,  
As imaged in some lake serene;  
—Then thy vanishing should be,  
Pure and meek Anemone!

Flower! the laurel still may shed  
Brightness round the victor's head;  
And the rose in beauty's hair  
Still its festal glory wear;  
And the willow-leaves drop o'er  
Brows which love sustains no more:  
But by living rays refined,  
Thou, the trembler of the wind,  
Thou the spiritual flower,  
Sentient of each breeze and shower,  
Thou, rejoicing in the skies,  
And transpierced with all their dyes;  
Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,  
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,  
Thou the poet's type shalt be,  
Flower of soul, Anemone!

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

FROM BLACKWOOD, 1835.

"Par correr miglior acqua alza le vele,  
Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto."—DANTE.

MY soul was mantled with dark shadows,  
born  
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain;  
Its phantoms hung around the star of  
morn,  
A cloud-like, weeping train:

Through the long day they dimmed the  
autumn gold  
On all the glistening leaves, and wildly  
rolled,  
When the last farewell flush of light was  
glowing  
Across the sunset sky,  
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory  
throwing  
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn night  
Came rushing with her might  
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,  
Then with each fitful blast  
Prophetic murmurs passed,  
Wakening or answering some deep Sybil-  
tone  
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to  
rise  
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-  
harp flies.

"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and  
strive no more—  
Faint spirit! strive no more: for thee too  
strong  
Are outward ill and wrong,  
And inward wasting fires! Thou canst  
not soar  
Free on a starry way,  
Beyond their blighting sway,  
At heaven's high gate serenely to adore!  
How shouldst *thou* hope earth's fetters to  
unbind?  
O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to  
the wind!

"Never shall aught but broken music  
flow  
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful  
woe—  
Such homeless notes as through the forest  
sigh,  
From the reeds' hollow shaken,  
When sudden breezes waken  
Their vague, wild symphony.  
No power is theirs, and no abiding-place  
In human hearts; their sweetness leaves  
no trace—  
Born only so to die!

"Never shall aught but perfume, faint and  
vain,  
On the fleet pinion of the changeful  
hour,  
From thy bruised life again  
A moment's essence breathe;

Thy life, whose trampled flower  
 Into the blessed wreath  
 Of household-charities no longer bound,  
 Lies pale and withering on the barren  
 ground.

"So fade, fade on! Thy gift of love shall  
 cling

A coiling sadness round thy heart and  
 brain—

A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,  
 All sensitive to pain!

And still the shadow of vain dreams shall  
 fall

O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening  
 pall.

Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink  
 subdued

In cold and unrepining quietude!"

Then my soul yielded: spells of numbing  
 breath

Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death—  
 Its powers, like leaves before the night-  
 rain, closing;

And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves  
 tossed

On the chill bosom of some desert coast,  
 Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seemed

As if a soft mist gleamed

Before my passive sight, and, slowly curl-  
 ing,

To many a shape and hue

Of visioned beauty grew,

Like a wrought banner, fold by fold un-  
 furling.

Oh! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward  
 eye

Unrolling then swept by

With dreamy motion! Silvery seas were  
 there,

Lit by large dazzling stars, and arched  
 by skies

Of southern midnight's most transparent  
 dyes;

And gemmed with many an island, wildly  
 fair,

Which floated past me into orient day,  
 Still gathering lustre on th' illumined way,

Till its high groves of wondrous flowering-  
 Coloured the silvery seas. [trees

And then a glorious mountain-chain up-  
 rose,

Height above spiry height!

A soaring solitude of woods and snows,

All steeped in golden light!

While as it passed, those regal peaks un-  
 veiling,

I heard, methought, a waving of dread  
 wings,

And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,  
 From lyres that quivered through ten  
 thousand strings—

Or as if waters, forth to music leaping

From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's  
 hall,

On their bold way victoriously were sweep-  
 ing,

Linked in majestic anthems!—while  
 through all

That billowy swell and fall,

Voices, like ringing crystal, filled the air

With inarticulate melody, that stirred

My being's core; then, moulding into  
 word

Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise,  
 and bear

In that great choral strain my trembling  
 part,

Of tones by love and faith struck from a  
 human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night!

A happier oracle within my soul

Hath swelled to power; a clear, unwaver-  
 ing light

Mounts through the battling clouds that  
 round me roll;

And to a new control

Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing  
 tones,

Wherein my glad sense owns

The accordant rush of elemental sound

To one consummate harmony profound—

One grand Creation-Hymn,

Whose notes the seraphim

Lift to the glorious height of music winged  
 and crowned.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my  
 lyre,

Faithful though faint? Shall not my spirit's  
 fire,

If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend

Now to its fount and end?

Shall not my earthly love, all purified,

Shine forth a heavenward guide,

An angel of bright power—and strongly  
 bear

My being upward into holier air,

Where fiery passion-clouds have no  
 abode,

And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with  
 God?

The radiant hope new-born  
 Expands like rising morn  
 In my life's life : and as a ripening rose  
 The crimson shadow of its glory throws  
 More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure  
 stream ;  
 So from that hope are spreading  
 Rich hues, o'er nature shedding  
 Each day a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me !—once  
 enjoyed,  
 Father of Spirits ! let them not de-  
 part—  
 Leaving the chilled earth, without form  
 and void,  
 Darkened by mine own heart !  
 Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom  
 alone  
 All lovely gifts and pure  
 In the soul's grasp endure ;  
 Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne  
 All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore  
 Breaking its crested waves on that sole  
 shore—

Oh, consecrate my life ! that I may sing  
 Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,  
 In a full heart of music ! Let my lays  
 Through the resounding mountains waft  
 Thy praise,  
 And with that theme the wood's green  
 cloisters fill,  
 And make their quivering, leafy dimness  
 thrill  
 To the rich breeze of song ! Oh ! let me  
 wake

The deep religion, which hath dwelt  
 from yore  
 Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,  
 And wildest river-shore !  
 And let me summon all the voices dwelling  
 Where eagles build, and caverned rills are  
 welling,  
 And where the cataract's organ-peal is  
 swelling,  
 In that one spirit gathered to adore !

Forgive, O Father ! if presumptuous  
 thought  
 Too daringly in aspiration rise !  
 Let not Thy child all vainly have been  
 taught  
 By weakness, and by wanderings, and  
 by sighs  
 Of sad confession ! Lowly be my heart,  
 And on its penitential altar spread

The offerings worthless, till Thy grace im-  
 part  
 The fire from heaven, whose touch alone  
 can shed  
 Life, radiance, virtue !—let that vital spark  
 Pierce my whole being, wildered else and  
 dark !

Thine are all holy things—oh, make *me*  
 Thine !  
 So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine  
 Unto that Spirit which goes forth from  
 Thee,  
 Strong and divinely free,  
 Bearing Thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,  
 And brooding o'er them with a dovelike  
 wing,  
 Till thought word, song, to Thee in wor-  
 ship spring,  
 Immortally endowed for liberty and light.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

I STAND upon the threshold stone  
 Of mine ancestral hall ;  
 I hear my native river moan ;  
 I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale  
 That saw my childhood's plays ;  
 The low wind in its rising wail  
 Hath a strange tone, a sound of other  
 days.

But I must rule my swelling breast :  
 A sign is in the sky !  
 Bright o'er you gray rock's eagle-nest  
 Shines forth a warning star—it bids me  
 fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,  
 His deep voice haunts mine ear ;  
 He tells me of the noble band  
 Whose lives have left a brooding glory  
 here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain  
 Their pure and lofty faith ;  
 And yield up all things, to maintain  
 The cause for which they girt themselves  
 to death.

And I obey. I leave their towers  
 Unto the stranger's tread,  
 Unto the creeping grass and flowers,  
 Unto the fading pictures of the dead.



I leave their shields to slow decay,  
 Their banners to the dust :  
 I go, and only bear away  
 Their old majestic name — a solemn  
 trust !

I go up to the ancient hills,  
 Where chains may never be,  
 Where leap in joy the torrent-rills,  
 Where man may worship God, alone and  
 free.

There shall an altar and a camp  
 Impregnably arise ;  
 There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,  
 To shine, unwavering, through the open  
 skies.

And song shall midst the rocks be heard,  
 And fearless prayer ascend ;  
 While, thrilling to God's holy word,  
 The mountain-pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more  
 Its deep thought shall suppress,  
 But the long-buried truth shall pour  
 Free currents thence, amidst the wilder-  
 ness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower !  
 Farewell, my father's hearth !—  
 Perish my home ! where lawless power  
 Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish ! let deathlike silence fall  
 Upon the lone abode ;  
 Spread fast, dark ivy ! spread thy pall ;—  
 I go up to the mountains with my God.



#### ANTIQUÉ GREEK LAMENT.

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-  
 waters,  
 Restless as they with their many-flashing  
 surges,  
 Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—  
 Through the long night I pine ; the golden  
 sun

Looks dim since thou hast left me, and  
 the spring

Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my  
 beloved ?

Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,  
 By the old temple on the breezy cliff,

These hands have heaped the watch-fire,  
 till it streamed

Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red  
 Along the crested billows !—but in vain :  
 Thy white sail comes not from the distant  
 isles—

Yet thou wert faithful ever. Oh ! the deep  
 Hath shut above thy head—that graceful  
 head ;

The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering  
 locks ;

The white sail never will bring back the  
 loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-  
 waters,

Restless as they with their many-flashing  
 surges,

Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

Where art thou?—where? Had I but  
 lingering pressed

On thy cold lips the last long kiss—but  
 smoothed

The parted ringlets of thy shining hair  
 With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had  
 been stilled

Into a voiceless grief : I would have strewed  
 With all the pale flowers of the vernal  
 woods—

White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,  
 And frail anemone, thy marble brow,

In slumber beautiful ! I would have heaped  
 Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy  
 pyre,

And with mine own shorn tresses hung  
 thine urn

And many a garland of the pallid rose :  
 But thou liest far away ! No funeral chant,

Save the wild moaning of the wave, is  
 thine :

No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried  
 wreck ;

Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert  
 most loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-  
 waters,

Restless as they with their many-flashing  
 surges,

Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,  
 And speak to me ! E'en though thy voice  
 be changed,

My heart would know it still. Oh, speak  
 to me !

And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,



Which knows not how the festal sunshine  
burns.

If yet, in some pale mead of asphodel,  
We two shall meet again! Oh, I would  
quit

The day rejoicingly—the rosy light—  
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,  
And sweet, familiar melodies of earth,  
To dwell with thee below! Thou answerest  
not!

The powers whom I have called upon are  
mute:

The voices buried in old whispery caves,  
And by lone river-sources, and amidst  
The gloom and mystery of dark prophet-  
oaks,

The wood-gods' haunt—they give me no  
reply!

All silent—heaven and earth! For ever-  
more

From the deserted mountains thou art  
gone—

For ever from the melancholy groves,  
Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering  
sound!

And I—I pine through all the joyous day,  
Through the long night I pine—as fondly  
pines

The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn  
life

To song in moonlight woods. Thou hear'st  
me not!

The heavens are pitiless of human tears:  
The deep sea-darkness is about thy head;  
The white sail never will bring back the  
loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-  
waters,

Restless as they with their many-flashing  
surges,

Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

---

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

“Thou stream,

Whose source is inaccessiblely profound,  
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?  
‘Thou imaginest my life.”

DARKLY thou glidest onward,  
Thou deep and hidden wave!  
The laughing sunshine hath not looked  
into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—

A hollow sound we hear,

A muffled voice of mystery,  
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure

Follows thy lonely way;

No fairy moss, or lily's cup,

Is freshened by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,

Her glorious wings to lave;

Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,

Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee,

When to the mighty sea,

Fresh bursting from their caverned veins,

Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine

For a moment, and be lost,

With all thy melancholy sounds,

In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh! art thou not, dark river!

Like the fearful thoughts untold

Which haply, in the hush of night,

O'er many a soul have rolled?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—

Who hath not felt their power?

Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,

E'en in his fondest hour?

They hold no heart-communion,

They find no voice in song,

They dimly follow far from earth

The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course and lonely,

And fruitless in man's breast;

They come and go, and leave no trace

Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings

At length be like thy way;

Their shadows, as thy waters, lost

In one bright flood of day!

---

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

“For we are many in our solitudes.”—*Lament*  
of Tasso.

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng

Were gathered in one spot;

The dwellers of a thousand homes—

Yet midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—

The mother and her child:

The friends, the sisters of one hearth—

None spoke—none moved—none smiled!

There lovers met, between whose lives  
Years had swept darkly by;  
After that heart-sick hope deferred,  
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,  
The breeze's faintest sound,  
The shiver of an insect's wing,  
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died  
For the deep quiet's sake;  
Your tread the softest moss have sought,  
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude  
Bound in that spell of peace?  
How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air—  
Some glory high above,  
That linked and hushed those human souls  
In reverential love?

Or did some burdening passion's weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath?  
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?  
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself  
Lay on each lonely heart!  
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,  
Thousands—but each apart.

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### THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.

“Les sarcophages même chez les anciens, ne rapellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes : on voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux.”—*Corinne*.

O EVER-JOYOUS band  
Of revellers amidst the southern vines!  
On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,  
Fixed in undying lines!

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,  
And thou, that wearest the immortal  
wreath,  
And thou, from whose young lip and flute  
the soul  
Of music seems to breathe;

And ye, luxuriant flowers!  
Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,  
And clustered fruitage, born of sunny  
hours,  
Under Italian skies:

Ye, that a thousand springs,  
And leafy summers with their odorous  
breath,  
May yet outlast,—what do ye there, bright  
things!  
Mantling the place of death?

Of sunlight and soft air,  
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,  
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye  
bear;—  
Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight  
The bound that severs festivals and tombs  
Music and silence, roses and the blight,  
Crowns and sepulchral glooms?

Or, when the father laid  
Haply his child's pale ashes here to sleep,  
When the friend visited the cypress shade  
Flowers o'er the dead to heap;

Say if the mourners sought,  
In these rich images of summer mirth,  
These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to lose  
the thought  
Of our last hour on earth?

Ye have no voice, no sound,  
Ye flutes and lyres! to tell me what I seek:  
Silent ye are, light forms with vine-leaves  
crowned,  
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas! for those that lay  
Down in the dust without their hope of  
old!  
Backward they looked on life's rich ban-  
quet-day,  
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,  
And through the plane-trees every sun-  
beam's glow,  
And each glad murmur from the homes of  
men,  
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,  
When its last melodies float o'er our way.  
Its changeful hues before us faintly swim  
Its fitting lights decay;—

E'en though we bid farewell  
Unto the spring's blue skies and budding  
trees,  
Yet may we lift our hearts in hope to dwell  
Midst brighter things than these:

And think of deathless flowers,  
 And of bright streams to glorious valleys  
 given,  
 And know the while, how little dream of  
 ours  
 Can shadow forth of heaven.

A PARTING SONG.

"O mes amis! rapellez-vous quelquefois mes  
 vers! mon ame y est empreinte."—*Corinne*.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends?  
 When will ye think of me?—  
 When the last red light, the farewell of  
 day,  
 From the rock and the river is passing  
 away—  
 When the air with a deepening hush is  
 fraught,  
 And the heart grows burdened with tender  
 thought,  
 Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?  
 When will ye think of me?—  
 When the rose of the rich midsummer-time  
 Is filled with the hues of its glorious  
 prime—  
 When ye gather its bloom, as in bright  
 hours fled,  
 From the walks where my footsteps no  
 more may tread—  
 Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?  
 When will ye think of me?—  
 When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye  
 At the sound of some olden melody—  
 When ye hear the voice of a mountain  
 stream,  
 When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—  
 Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!  
 Thus ever think of me!  
 Kindly and gently, but as of one  
 For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—  
 As of a bird from a chain unbound,  
 As of a wanderer whose home is found—  
 So let it be.

WE RETURN NO MORE!

"When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
 And saw around me the wide field revive  
 With fruits and fertile promise; and the Spring  
 Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,  
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
 I turned from all she brought to all she could  
 not bring."—*Childe Harold*.

"WE return!—we return!—we return no  
 more!"  
 So comes the song to the mountain shore,  
 From those that are leaving their Highland  
 home  
 For a world far over the blue sea's foam:  
 "We return no more!" and through cave  
 and dell  
 Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

"We return!—we return!—we return no  
 more!"  
 So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er;  
 Murmuring up from the depths of the  
 heart,  
 Where lovely things with their light depart:  
 And the inborn sound hath a prophet's  
 tone,  
 And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

"We return!—we return!—we return no  
 more!"  
 Is it heard when the days of flowers are  
 o'er?  
 When the passionate soul of the night-bird's  
 lay  
 Hath died from the summer woods away?  
 When the glory from sunset's robe hath  
 passed,  
 Or the leaves are oorne on the rushing  
 blast?

No! It is not the rose that returns no  
 more;—  
 A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;  
 And it is not the voice that o'erflows the  
 bowers  
 With a stream of love through the starry  
 hours;  
 Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,  
 Nor the frail flushed leaves which the wild  
 wind strews.

"We return!—we return!—we return no  
 more!"  
 Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter  
 shore?



Those wings that follow the southern breeze,  
 Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?  
 Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm  
 They come, with the sunshine, when waves  
 grow calm.

"But we!—we return!—we return no more!"

The heart's young dreams, when their spring is o'er;  
 The love it hath poured so freely forth—  
 The boundless trust in ideal worth;  
 The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—  
 These are the lost that return not again!

### LIGHTS AND SHADES.

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light;  
 The darkest wave hath light foam near it;  
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;  
 The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;  
 Nor life nor death the future closes;  
 And round the shadowy brow of Care  
 Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

### O YE HOURS!

O YE hours! ye sunny hours!  
 Floating lightly by,  
 Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
 Odours and blue sky?

"Yes! we come, again we come,  
 Through the wood-paths free:  
 Bringing many a wanderer home,  
 With the bird and bee."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!  
 Are ye wafting song?  
 Doth wild music stream in showers  
 All the groves among?

"Yes! the nightingale is there  
 While the starlight reigns,  
 Making young leaves and sweet air  
 Tremble with her strains"

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!  
 In your silent flow,  
 Ye are mighty, mighty powers!  
 Bring ye bliss or woe?

"Ask not this—oh! seek not this!  
 Yield your hearts awhile  
 To the soft wind's balmy kiss,  
 And the heaven's bright smile.

"Throw not shades of anxious thought  
 O'er the glowing flowers!  
 We are come with sunshine fraught,  
 Question not the hours!"

### THE COTTAGE GIRL.

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,  
 Her fair face laughing at the sunny day;  
 A gush of waters tremulously bright,  
 Kindling the air to gladness with their light;

And a soft gloom beyond of summer trees,  
 Darkening the turf; and, shadowed o'er by these,  
 A low, dim, woodland cottage—this was all!

What had the scene for memory to recall  
 With a fond look of love? What secret spell  
 With the heart's pictures made its image dwell?

What but the spirit of the joyous child,  
 That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure smiled,  
 Casting upon the common things of earth  
 A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth!

### TROUBADOUR SONG.

THEY reared no trophy o'er his grave,  
 They bade no requiem flow;  
 What left they there to tell the brave  
 That a warrior sleeps below?

A shivered spear, a cloven shield,  
 A helm with its white plume torn,  
 And a blood-stained turf on the fatal field  
 Where a chief to his rest was borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,  
 But who hath a tomb more proud?  
 For the Syrian wilds his record keep,  
 And a banner is his shroud.



## HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD.

## INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

OH ! blest art thou, whose steps may rove  
Through the green paths of vale and  
grove,

Or, leaving all their charms below,  
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow ;

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,  
And cities with their stately fanes,  
And forests, that beneath thee lie,  
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee nought so fair  
As Nature's varied marvels there ;  
And if thy pure and artless breast  
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,  
For thee the gale of summer blows,  
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,  
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul  
Can soar to Him who made the whole,  
If to thine eye the simplest flower  
Portray His bounty and His power :

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,  
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand ;  
If Nature's music bid thee raise  
*Thy* song of gratitude and praise ;

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,  
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought ;  
If there thou lov'st *His* love to read,  
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed !

## THE RAINBOW.

"I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall  
be for a token of a covenant between Me and  
the earth."—*Genesis ix. 13.*

SOFT falls the mild reviving shower  
From April's changeful skies,  
And raindrops bend each trembling flower  
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
A thousand buds to day,  
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,  
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell  
With fragrance fills the shade ;  
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,  
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark ! what arch of varied hue  
From heaven to earth is bowed ?  
Haste ; ere it vanish, haste to view  
The Rainbow in the cloud !

How bright its glory ! there behold'  
The emerald's verdant rays,  
The topaz blends its hue of gold  
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair ;—  
Gaze on that arch of coloured light,  
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,  
Fast by the Eternal chained,  
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep  
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
Fixed by His sovereign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,  
When vernal zephyrs blow ;  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth ! which yet  
Smiles with each charm endowed,  
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set  
The Rainbow in the cloud !

## THE SUN.

THE Sun comes forth ;—each mountain  
height

Glows with a tinge of rosy light,  
And flowers, that slumbered through the  
night,

Their dewy leaves unfold ;  
A flood of splendour bursts on high,  
And ocean's breast gives back a sky  
All steeped in molten gold.

Oh ! thou art glorious, orb of day ;  
Exulting nations hail thy ray,  
Creation swells a choral lay,

To welcome thy return ;  
From thee all nature draws her hues,  
Thy beams the insect's wing suffuse,  
And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade ;—when earth and  
heaven

By fire and tempest shall be riven,  
Thou, from thy sphere of radiance driven,

O Sun ! must fall at last ;  
Another heaven, another earth,  
New power, new glory shall have birth,  
When all we see is past.

But He, who gave the word of might,  
" Let there be light "—and there *was* light,  
Who bade thee chase the gloom of night,  
And beam the world to bless ;—  
For ever bright, for ever pure,  
Alone unchanging shall endure,  
The Sun of Righteousness !

### THE RIVERS.

Go ! trace th' unnumbered Streams, o'er  
earth

That wind their devious course,  
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,  
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,  
Proud scenes of man's renown,  
Some lead their solitary tide  
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,  
Where Afric's deserts lie ;  
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands  
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail  
Exulting seems to swell ;  
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,  
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow  
Their various waves may sweep  
Through cities or through shades, they  
To the same boundless deep. [flow

Oh ! thus, whate'er our path of life,  
Through sunshine or through gloom,  
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,  
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief whose mighty deeds we hail,  
The monarch throned on high,  
The peasant in his native vale,  
All journey on—to die !

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God !  
The pilgrim's course attend,  
I will not fear the dark abode,  
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence Thine all-redeeming Son,  
Who died the world to save,  
In light, in triumph, rose, and won  
The victory from the grave !

### THE STARS.

" The heavens declare the glory of God, and  
the firmament showeth His handy-work."—  
*Psalm* xix. 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,  
The moon in brightness walks on high,  
And, set in azure, every Star  
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance  
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;  
The glories of its realm explore,  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense  
The marvels of Omnipotence ?  
Seest thou not there the Almighty name  
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,  
That sparkle through the shades of night ;  
Behold them !—can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little Star, whose rays  
In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;  
Each is a world, by Him sustained,  
Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,  
Hath circling planets of its own,  
And beings, whose existence springs  
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know  
No stain of guilt, nor tear of woe ;  
But raising still the adoring voice,  
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, oh ! child of clay !  
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand,  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care !

Be thou at peace ! the all-seeing eye,  
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,  
The searching glance which none may  
flee,  
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

## THE OCEAN.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."—  
PSALM cvii. 23, 24.

HE that in venturous barks hath been  
A wanderer on the deep,  
Can tell of many an awful scene,  
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight  
Hath met his wandering eye,  
Beneath the streaming northern light,  
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,  
Whose echoing thunder peals  
Loud, as if rushed along the shore  
An army's chariot wheels;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,  
Or fixed upon the coast,  
Like glittering citadel or fane,  
'Mid the bright realms of frost;

Of coral rocks, from waves below  
In steep ascent that tower,  
And fraught with peril, daily grow,  
Formed by an insect's power;

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night  
Shine o'er the tides afar,  
And make the expanse of ocean bright,  
As heaven, with many a star.

Oh God! Thy name *they* well may praise,  
Who to the deep go down,  
And trace the wonders of Thy ways,  
Where rocks and billows frown!

If glorious be that awful deep  
No human power can bind,  
What then art *Thou*, who bidst it keep  
Within its bounds confined!

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,  
Eternal praise to Thee,  
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,  
Or still the raging sea!

## THE THUNDER-STORM.

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Dead stillness reigns in air,  
There is not e'en a breeze, on high  
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hushed, the waves at rest,  
The lake is dark and still,  
Reflecting on its shadowy breast  
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,  
The rose-tree in the bower;  
The birds have ceased their songs of love,  
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon; yet Nature's calm profound  
Seems as at midnight deep;  
But hark! what peal of awful sound  
Breaks on creation's sleep?

The thunder bursts!—its rolling might  
Seems the firm hills to shake;  
And in terrific splendour bright,  
The gathered lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child!  
Though by the bolt's descent  
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,  
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,  
With all-surveying eye?  
Doth not His power all nature fill,  
Around, beneath, on high?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions, free  
To track the realms of air,  
Thou couldst not reach a spot where He  
Would not be with thee there!

In the wide city's peopled towers,  
On the vast ocean's plains,  
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,  
Alike the Almighty reigns!

Then fear not, though the angry sky  
A thousand darts should cast;—  
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,  
And be with *Him* at last?

## THE BIRDS.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,  
and not one of them is forgotten before God?"—  
St. Luke xii. 6.

TRIBES of the air! whose favoured race  
May wander through the realms of space,  
Free guests of earth and sky;  
In form, in plumage, and in song,  
What gifts of nature mark your throng  
With bright variety!

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,  
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,



And the wild haunts ye love ;  
Birds of the gentle beak ! \* how dear  
Your wood-note, to the wanderer's ear,  
In shadowy vale or grove !

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,  
Where swain or hunter may not climb,  
The mountain-eagle seeks ;  
Alone he reigns, a monarch there,  
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare  
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their home  
Where the white billows roar and foam,  
Around the o'erhanging rock ;  
Fearless they skim the angry wave,  
Or sheltered in their sea-beat cave,  
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,  
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,  
Parched by the blaze of day ;  
The swan, where northern rivers glide,  
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide,  
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,  
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power,  
And many a storm defies ;  
Bright in the orient realms of morn,  
All beauty's richest hues adorn  
The Bird of Paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,  
And spicy forests breathing balm,  
Weave soft their pendant nest ;  
Some deep in Western wilds, display  
Their fairy form and plumage gay,  
In rainbow colours drest.

Others no varied song may pour,  
May boast no eagle-plume to soar,  
No tints of light may wear ;  
Yet, know, our Heavenly Father guides  
The least of these, and well provides  
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then *thy* guardian be ?  
Will not His aid extend to *thee* ?  
Oh ! safely may'st thou rest !—  
Trust in His love, and e'en should pain,  
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,  
Know, what He wills is best !

## THE SKY-LARK.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE Sky-lark, when the dews of morn  
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,  
And violets round his nest exhale  
Their fragrance on the early gale,  
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings  
Buoyant with joy, and soars, and sings

He rests not on the leafy spray,  
To warble his exulting lay,  
But high above the morning cloud  
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,  
And swells, when nearest to the sky,  
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator ! thus the more  
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,  
The more she triumphs to behold  
Thy love in all Thy works unfold,  
And bids her hymns of rapture be  
Most glad, when rising most to Thee !



## THE NIGHTINGALE.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive hour  
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower  
And bids the solitary star  
Shine in pale beauty from afar ;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,  
And peasants seek their village-dale,  
And mists from river-wave arise,  
And dew in every blossom lies ;

When evening's primrose opes, to shed  
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;  
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light  
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight ;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,  
Awakes the lonely Nightingale ;  
And from a hermitage of shade  
Fills with her voice the forest-glade :

And sweeter far that melting voice,  
Than all which through the day rejoice ;  
And still shall bard and wanderer love  
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven ! oh ! thus when day  
With all its cares hath passed away,  
And silent hours waft peace on earth,  
And hush the louder strains of mirth :

\* The Italians call all singing-birds, *birds of the gentle beak*.



Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer  
To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;  
Yon star, my signal, set on high,  
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may Thy mercy and Thy power  
Protect me through the midnight hour ;  
And balmy sleep and visions blest  
Smile on Thy servant's bed of rest.

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### THE NORTHERN SPRING.

WHEN the soft breath of Spring goes forth,  
Far o'er the mountains of the North,  
How soon those wastes of dazzling snow  
With life, and bloom, and beauty glow !

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,  
Then break the streams from icy chains ;  
And the glad rein-deer seeks no more  
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pinewood's boughs are seen  
Fringed tenderly with living green ;  
And roses, in their brightest dyes,  
By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom  
And the cold fetters of the tomb,  
Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice  
Call forth His servants to rejoice.

For He, whose word is truth, hath said,  
His power to life shall wake the dead,  
And summon those He loves on high,  
To " put on immortality ! "

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,  
On wings of light the soul shall soar,  
Exulting, to that blest abode,  
Where tears of sorrow never flowed.

---

### PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII.

" Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord from  
the heavens : praise him in the heights. "

PRAISE ye the Lord ! on every height  
Songs to His glory raise !  
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night,  
Join in immortal praise !

O heaven of heavens ! let praise far-swell-  
ing  
From all thine orbs be sent !  
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling  
Above the firmament !

For His the word which gave you birth,  
And majesty, and might :  
Praise to the Highest from the earth,  
And let the deeps unite !

O fire and vapour, hail and snow,  
Ye servants of His will ;  
O stormy winds, that only blow  
His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise ;  
Fair cedars of the wood ;  
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,  
Or track the plains for food ;

Judges of nations ! kings, whose hand  
Waves the proud sceptre high !  
O youths and virgins of the land ;  
O age and infancy ;

Praise ye His name, to whom alone  
All homage should be given ;  
Whose glory from the eternal throne  
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven !

---

### THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

" Oh ! call my brother back to me !  
I cannot play alone ;  
The summer comes with flower and bee—  
Where is my brother gone ?

" The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track ;  
I care not now to chase its flight—  
Oh ! call my brother back !

" The flowers run wild—the flowers we  
sowed  
Around our garden tree ;  
Our vine is drooping with its load—  
Oh ! call him back to me ! "

" He would not hear thy voice, fair child—  
He may not come to thee !  
The face that once like spring-time smiled  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

" A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given ;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !  
Thy brother is in heaven. "

" And has he left his birds and flowers ;  
And must I call in vain ?  
And thro' the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again ?

" And by the brook and in the glade  
Are all our wanderings o'er ?  
Oh ! while my brother with me played,  
*Would I had loved him more !* "

## HYMN.

BY THE SICK-BED OF A MOTHER.

FATHER ! that in the olive shade  
 When the dark hour came on,  
 Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
 Strengthen thy Son ;

Oh ! by the anguish of that night,  
 Send us down blest relief ;  
 Or to the chastened, let Thy might  
 Hallow this grief !

And Thou, that when the starry sky  
 Saw the dread strife begun,  
 Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
 "Thy will be done ;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all  
 That e'er have mourned the chief—  
 Thou, Saviour ! if the stroke *must* fall,  
 Hallow this grief !

## THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."—GEN. iii. 10.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice  
 At evening's fall drew near ;  
 Father ! and did not man rejoice  
 That blessed sound to hear ?

Did not his heart within him burn,  
 Touched by the solemn tone ?  
 Not so !—for, never to return,  
 Its purity was gone.

Therefore, midst holy stream and bower,  
 His spirit shook with dread,  
 And called the cedars, in that hour,  
 To veil his conscious head.

Oh ! in each wind, each fountain-flow,  
 Each whisper of the shade,  
 Grant me, my God ! Thy voice to know  
 And not to be afraid !

## THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.

"And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink ?

"And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."—EXODUS xv. 23—25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw  
 Into the bitter wave ?

Left it no scion where it grew,  
 The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath nature lost the hidden power  
 Its precious foliage shed ?

Is there no distant Eastern bower  
 With such sweet leaves o'erspread ?

Nay, wherefore ask ?—since gifts are ours  
 Which yet may well imbue  
 Earth's many troubled founts with showers  
 Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief  
 Let faith's deep spirit be ;  
 And every prayer shall win a leaf  
 From that blessed healing tree !

## LYRICS AND SONGS.

## RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN."

SINGLE VOICE.

IT is the Rhine ! our mountain vineyards  
 laving,  
 I see the bright flood shine ! (*bis.*)  
 Sing on the march with every banner  
 waving—  
 Sing, brothers ! 'tis the Rhine ! (*bis.*)

CHORUS.

The Rhine ! the Rhine ! our own imperial  
 Be glory on thy track ! [river !  
 We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—  
 We bear thee freedom back !

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail ! hail ! my childhood knew thy rush  
 of water,  
 Even as my mother's song ;  
 That sound went past me on the field of  
 slaughter,  
 And heart and arm grew strong !

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee  
sweeping,  
Poured out by sons of thine,  
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were  
leaping,  
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home! Home! Thy glad wave hath a  
tone of greeting,  
Thy path is by my home,  
Even now my children count the hours till  
meeting:  
O ransomed ones! I come.

CHORUS.

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee  
never!  
Sound on by hearth and shrine!  
Sing through the hills that thou art free for  
ever—  
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

["I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. 'At the first gleam of the river,' he said, 'they all burst forth into the national chant, *Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*' They were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time—for each band renewed it while crossing; and even the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, '*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*'"—*Manuscript letter.*"]

A SONG OF DELOS.

[The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem, a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.]

"Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,  
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon  
tombeau;  
L'air est si parfumé! la lumière est si pure!  
Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si beau!"  
LAMARTINE.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet  
song,  
On the blue seas by Delos. From that  
isle,

The Sun-god's own domain, a gentle girl—  
Gentle, yet all inspired of soul, of mien,  
Lit with a life too perilously bright—  
Was borne away to die. How beautiful  
Seems this world to the dying!—but for  
The child of beauty and of poesy, [*her*,  
And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may  
dream

Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed  
forth,  
Or glanced more quivering through starry  
tears,  
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane  
Coloured with loving light, she gazed her  
last,

Her young life's last, that hour! From her  
pale brow  
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets  
back,  
And bending forward—as the spirit swayed  
The reed-like form still to the shore be-  
loved,  
Breathed the swan-muric of her wild fare-  
well

O'er dancing waves:—'Oh, linger yet,'  
she cried.

"Oh, linger, linger on the oar!  
Oh, pause upon the deep!  
That I may gaze yet once, once more,  
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and  
steep!  
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet  
shore—

Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers  
Of soft light still on many a shrine;  
I see the path to haunts of flowers  
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming  
line;

I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—  
*Mine* is too low to reach that joyous  
throng!

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar  
Beneath my native sky!  
Let my life part from that bright shore  
With day's last crimson—gazing let me  
die!

Thou bark, glide slowly!—slowly should  
be borne  
The voyager that never shall return.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,  
Lord of the Lyre! to me;  
With song and wreath from bower to  
bower,  
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads  
free;



While I, through long, lone, voiceless  
hours apart,  
Have lain and listened to my beating heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,  
I sink to early rest ;

The ray that lit the incense-pyre  
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.  
—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers ! too soon  
I go,

While round me thus triumphantly ye  
glow !

"Bright isle ! might but thine echoes  
keep

A tone of my farewell,  
One tender accent, low and deep,  
Shrined midst thy founts and haunted rocks  
to dwell !

Might my last breath send music to thy  
shore !

—Oh, linger, seamen, linger on the oar !

---

### NAPLES.

#### A SONG OF THE SYREN

"Then gentle winds arose,  
With many a mingled close  
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odour keen,  
Where the clear Baian ocean  
Welters with air-like motion  
Within, above, around its bowers of starry  
green."—SHELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,  
Bright city of the waves ! Her magic  
song

Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,  
Fills thy soft summer air :—and while my  
glance

Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay  
Floats thus o'er fancy's ear ; and thus to  
thee,

Daughter of sunshine ! doth the Syren  
sing.

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,  
Thine is the laugh of the golden day—  
The golden day, and the glorious night,  
And the vine with its clusters all bathed in  
light !

—Forget, forget, that thou art not free !  
Queen of the Summer sea.

"Favoured and crowned of the earth and  
sky !

Thine are all voices of melody,

Wandering in moonlight through fane and  
tower,

Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower ;  
Hark ! how they melt o'er thy glittering  
sea—

Forget that thou art not free !

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls !  
Let the lute answer thy fountain-falls !  
And deck thy feasts with the myrtle bough,  
And cover with roses thy glowing brow !  
Queen of the day and the summer sea,  
Forget that thou art not free !"

\* \* \* \* \*

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling  
waves

Dance to her chant. But sternly, mourn-  
fully,

O city of the deep ! from Sibyl grots  
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore  
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,  
Murmuring—*Thou art not free !*"

---

### THE FALL OF D'ASSAS

#### A BALLAD OF FRANCE

[The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French  
Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitring a wood,  
near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his  
regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance,  
and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade  
of the enemy, who threatened him with instant  
death if he made the least sign of their vicinity.  
With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his  
voice, and calling aloud "A moi, Auvergne ! ces  
sont les ennemis !" fell, pierced with mortal  
blows.]

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades

A soldier went by night ;  
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades.  
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round  
The youth all cheerly passed ;  
Unchecked by aught of boding sound  
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour  
—In his far home, perchance ;  
His father's hall, his mother's bower,  
Midst the gay vines of France :

Wandering from battles lost and won,  
To hear and bless again  
The rolling of the wide Garonne  
Or murmur of the Seine.



Hush ! hark ! —did stealing steps go by ?  
 Came not faint whispers near ?  
 No ! the wild wind hath many a sigh,  
 Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again !—and from his hand,  
 What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?  
 —Oh, single midst a hostile band,  
 Young soldier ! thou'rt betrayed !

" Silence ! " in under-tones they cry—  
 " No whisper—not a breath !

The sound that warns thy comrades nigh  
 Shall sentence thee to death."

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,  
 And strong to meet the blow ;  
 And shouted, midst his rushing blood,  
 " Arm, arm, Auvergne ! the foe ! "

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—  
 He heard their tumults grow ;  
 And sent his dying voice through all—  
 " *Auvergne, Auvergne ! the foe !* "

## SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE ! \*

NEAR thee, still near thee !—o'er thy path-  
 way gliding,  
 Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low  
 sigh ;

Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes divid-  
 ing,

Yet viewless love floats round thee silently !  
 Not midst the festal throng,  
 In halls of mirth and song ;  
 But when thy thoughts are deepest,  
 When holy tears thou weapest,  
 Know then *that* love is nigh !

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-  
 strings creeping,  
 Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,  
 Or breezy anthems through the forest sweep-  
 ing,

Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore ;  
 When every thought and prayer  
 We loved to breathe and share,  
 On thy full heart returning,  
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning ;  
 Then feel me near once more !

Near thee, still near thee !—trust thy soul's  
 deep dreaming !

Oh ! love is not an earthly rose to die !  
 Even when I soar where fiery stars are  
 beaming,  
 Thine image wanders with me through the  
 sky.

\* This piece has been set to music of most  
 impressive beauty by John Lodge, Esq., for  
 whose composition several of the author's songs  
 were written

The fields of air are free,  
 Yet lonely, wanting thee ;  
 But when thy chains are falling,  
 When heaven its own is calling,  
 Know then, thy guide is nigh !

OH ! DROOP THOU NOT.

" They sin who tell us love can die !  
 With life all other passions fly—  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
 Earthly these passions, as of earth—  
 They perish where they drew their birth.  
 But love is indestructible !  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth—  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth." SOUTHEY.

Oh ! droop thou not, my gentle earthly  
 love !  
 Mine still to be !  
 I bore through death, to brighter lands  
 above,  
 My thoughts of thee.

Yes ! the deep memory of our holy tears,  
 Our mingled prayer,  
 Our suffering love, through long devoted  
 years,  
 Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallowed and the tried—  
 It was not vain !  
 Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy  
 side,  
 I watch again !

From our own paths, our love's attesting  
bowers,  
I am not gone,  
In the deep calm of midnight's whispering  
hours,  
Thou art not lone :

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou  
weepst—  
That stream whose tone  
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the  
deepest,  
We two have known :

Not lone, when mournfully some strain  
awaking  
Of days long past,  
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are  
breaking,  
Silent and fast :

Not lone, when upwards in fond visions  
turning  
Thy dreamy glance,  
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars  
are burning  
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one ! and  
around thee,  
Where'er thou art ;  
Though still mortality's thick cloud hath  
bound thee,  
Doubt not thy heart !

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself for-  
saken—  
Let faith be given  
To the still tones which oft our being  
waken—  
They are of heaven.

## SONGS OF SPAIN.

## ANCIENT BATTLE-SONG.

FLING forth the proud banner of Leon  
again !  
Let the high word *Castile* ! go resounding  
through Spain !  
And thou, free Asturias ! encamped on the  
height,  
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of  
fight !  
Wake, wake ! the old soil where thy  
children repose  
Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling  
of foes !

The voices are mighty that swell from the  
past,  
With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain-  
blast ;  
The ancient sierras give strength to our  
tread,  
Their pines murmur song where bright  
blood hath been shed.  
—Fling forth the proud banner of Leon  
again,  
And shout ye " *Castile* ! to the rescue for  
Spain ! "

## THE ZEGRI MAID.

[The Zegrís were one of the most illustrious Moorish tribes. Their exploits and feuds with their celebrated rivals, the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Spanish romances.]

THE summer leaves were sighing  
Around the Zegri maid,  
To her low, sad song replying  
As it filled the olive shade.  
" Alas ! for her that loveth  
Her land's, her kindred's foe !  
Where a Christian Spaniard rovetth,  
Should a Zegri's spirit go ?

" From thy glance, my gentle mother !  
I sink, with shame oppressed,  
And the dark eye of my brother  
Is an arrow to my breast."—  
Where summer leaves were sighing  
Thus sang the Zegri maid,  
While the crimson day was dying  
In the whispery olive shade.

" And for all this heart's wealth wasted,  
This woe in secret borne,  
This flower of young life blasted,  
Should I win back aught but scorn ?  
By aught but daily dying  
Would my lone truth be repaid ?"—  
Where the olive leaves were sighing,  
Thus sang the Zegri maid.

## THE RIO VERDE SONG.

[The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of that country for the frequent combats on its banks between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream in *Percy's Reliques* will be remembered by many readers.

"Gentle river, gentle river!  
Lo! thy streams are stained with gore."]

FLOW, Rio Verde!  
In melody flow;  
Win her that weepeth  
To slumber from woe;  
Bid thy wave's music  
Roll through her dreams—  
Grief ever loveth  
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit  
Afar on the sound  
Back to her childhood,  
Her life's fairy ground;  
Pass like the whisper  
Of love that is gone—  
Flow, Rio Verde!  
Softly flow on!

Dark glassy water  
So crimsoned of yore!  
Love, death, and sorrow  
Know thy green shore.  
Thou shouldst have echoes  
For grief's deepest tone—  
Flow, Rio Verde!  
Softly flow on!

## SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO.

SEEK by the silvery Darro,  
Where jasmine flowers have blown:  
There hath she left no footsteps?  
—Weep, weep! the maid is gone!

Seek where Our Lady's image  
Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep:  
Hear ye not there her vespers?  
—Weep for the parted, weep!

Seek in the porch where vine-leaves  
O'er shade her father's head:  
Are *his* gray hairs left lonely?  
Weep! her bright soul is fled.

## SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

AVE! now let prayer and music  
Meet in love on earth and sea!  
Now, sweet Mother! may the weary  
Turn from this cold world to thee!

From the wide and restless waters  
Hear the sailor's hymn arise?  
From his watch-fire midst the mountains  
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!

Yet, when th'us full hearts find voices,  
If o'erburdened souls there be,  
Dark and silent in their anguish,  
Aid those captives! set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing  
Where the frozen tears lie deep;  
Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,  
Aid! oh, aid to pray and weep!

BIRD THAT ART SINGING ON  
EBRO'S SIDE!

BIRD that art singing on Ebro's side!  
Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,  
Doth sorrow dwell midst the leaves with  
thee?  
Doth song avail thy full heart to free?  
—Bird of the midnight's purple sky!  
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it blighted affection's pain  
Whence the sad sweetness flows through  
thy strain?  
And is the wound of that arrow stilled  
When thy lone music the leaves hath  
filled?  
—Bird of the midnight's purple sky!  
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

## MOORISH GATHERING-SONG.

ZORZICO.\*

CHAINS on the cities! gloom in the air!  
Come to the hills! fresh breezes are there.  
Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers!  
Come to the rocks where freedom hath  
towers.

\* The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singularly antique Moorish melody.

Come from the Darro!—changed is its  
tone ;  
Come where the streams no bondage have  
known ;  
Wildly and proudly foaming they leap,  
Singing of freedom from steep to steep.

Come from Alhambra!—garden and grove  
Now may not shelter beauty or love.  
Blood on the waters! death midst the  
flowers !  
—Only the spear and the rock are ours.

---

### THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

We heard thy name, O Mina !  
Far through our hills it rang ;  
A sound more strong than tempests,  
More keen than armour's clang.

The peasant left his vintage,  
The shepherd grasped the spear—  
We heard thy name, O Mina !  
—The mountain-bands are here.

As eagles to the dayspring.  
As torrents to the sea,  
From every dark sierra  
So rushed our hearts to thee.

Thy spirit is our banner,  
Thine eye our beacon-sign,  
Thy name our trumpet, Mina !  
—The mountain-bands are thine.

MOTHER! OH, SING ME TO REST.

A CANCION.

MOTHER! oh, sing me to rest  
As in my bright days departed :  
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,  
Songs for a spirit oppressed.

Lay this tired head on thy breast !  
Flowers from the night-dew are closing  
Pilgrims and mourners reposing :  
Mother! oh, sing me to rest !

Take back thy bird to its nest !  
Weary is young life when blighted,  
Heavy this love unrequited ;  
—Mother, oh! sing me to rest !

---

### THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES.

THERE are sounds in the dark Ronces  
valles,  
There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore ;  
There are murmurs—but not of the torrent,  
Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'Tis a day of the spear and the banner,  
Of armings and hurried farewells ;  
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards !  
Or start from your old battle-dells.

There are streams of unconquered Asturias  
That have rolled with your father's free  
blood :  
Oh! leave on the graves of the mighty  
Proud marks where their children have  
stood !

## SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS.

### AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

[A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a  
band of shepherd-youths and maidens suddenly  
checked in their wanderings, and affected with  
various emotions, by the sight of a tomb which  
bears this inscription—"*Et in Arcadia ego.*"]

THEY have wandered in their glee  
With the butterfly and bee ;  
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,  
They have wound through forest dells ;  
Mountain-moss hath felt their tread,  
Woodland streams their way have led ;

Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,  
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
Unto them have yielded up  
Fragrant bell and stary cup :  
Chaplets are on every brow—  
What hath staid the wanderers now ?  
Lo! a gray and rustic tomb,  
Powered amidst the rich wood-gloom ;  
Whence these words their stricken spirits  
melt,  
—'I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt.'  
There is many a summer sound  
That pale sepulchre around ;



Through the shade young birds are glancing,

Insect-wings in sun-streaks dancing ;  
Glimpses of blue festal skies  
Pouring in when soft winds rise ;  
Violets o'er the turf below  
Shedding out their warmest glow ;  
Yet a spirit not its own  
O'er the greenwood now is thrown !  
Something of an under-note  
Through its music seems to float,  
Something of a stillness gray  
Creeps across the laughing day :  
Something dimly from those old words felt,  
—" I too, Shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid  
In that grave with dirges laid ?  
Some fair creature, with the tone  
Of whose voice a joy is gone,  
Leaving melody and mirth  
Poorer on this altered earth ?  
Is it thus ? that so they stand,  
Dropping flowers from every hand—  
Flowers, and lyres, and gathered store  
Of red wild-fruit prized no more ?  
—No ! from that bright band of morn  
Not one link hath yet been torn :  
'Tis the shadow of the tomb  
Falling o'er the summer-bloom—  
O'er the flush of love and life  
Passing with a sudden strife ;  
'Tis the low prophetic breath  
Murmuring from that house of death,  
Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can  
melt,  
—" I too, Shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt."

### THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind  
Of the golden summer eves—  
Whence is the thrilling magic  
Of its tones among the leaves ?  
Oh ! is it from the waters,  
Or from the long tall grass ?  
Or is it from the hollow rocks  
Through which its breathings pass ?  
Or is it from the voices  
Of all in one combined  
That it wins the tone of mastery ?  
The Wind, the wandering Wind !  
No, no ! the strange, sweet accents  
That with it come and go,  
They are not from the osiers,  
Nor the fir-trees whispering low ;

They are not of the waters,  
Nor of the caverned hill :  
'Tis the human love within us  
That gives them power to thrill.  
They touch the links of memory  
Around our spirits twined,  
And we start, and weep, and tremble,  
To the Wind, the wandering Wind !

### YE ARE NOT MISSED, FAIR FLOWERS!

YE are not missed, fair flowers, that late  
were spreading  
The summer's glow by fount and breezy  
grot ;  
There falls the dew, its fairy favours shed-  
ding—  
The leaves dance on, the young birds  
miss you not.  
Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling  
water,  
O lily ! whence thy cup of pearl is gone  
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest  
daughter,  
There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone  
And thou, meek hyacinth ! afar is roving  
The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath  
kissed.  
Cradled ye were, fair flowers ! 'midst all  
things loving,  
A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not missed !  
Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam  
gladness,  
And the winds fragrance, wandering  
where they list,  
Oh ! it were breathing words too deep in  
sadness,  
To say earth's *human* flowers not more  
are missed.

### THE WILLOW SONG.

WILLOW ! in thy breezy moan,  
I can hear a deeper tone ;  
Through thy leaves come whispering low,  
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago.  
Willow ! sighing willow !  
Many a mournful tale of old  
Heart-sick love to thee hath told,  
Gathering from thy golden bough  
Leaves to cool his burning brow.  
Willow ! sighing willow

Many a swan-like song to thee  
 Hath been sung, thou gentle tree !  
 Many a lute its last lament  
 Down thy moonlight stream hath sent.  
 Willow ! sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on !  
 Sigh for sweet affections gone,  
 And for tuneful voices fled,  
 And for love, whose heart hath bled,  
 Ever, willow ! willow !

### LEAVE ME NOT YET.

LEAVE me not yet ! through rosy skies from  
 far,

But now the song-birds to their nests  
 return ;

The quivering image of the first pale star  
 On the dim lake scarce yet begins to  
 burn :

Leave me not yet !

Not yet ! oh, hark ! low tones from hidden  
 streams,

Piercing the shivery leaves, even now  
 arise ;

Their voices mingle not with daylight  
 dreams,

They are of vesper's hymns and har-  
 monies :

Leave me not yet !

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds,  
 dear love !

By day shut up in their own still recess ;  
 They wait for dews on earth, for stars  
 above,

Then to breathe out their soul of tender-  
 ness :

Leave me not yet !

### THE ORANGE BOUGH.

Oh ! bring me one sweet orange-bough,  
 To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;  
 One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,  
 And bind it, mother ! on my breast !

Go, seek the grove along the shore,  
 Whose odours I must breathe no more ;  
 The grove where every scented tree  
 Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh ! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,  
 And wild farewell, are lingering there ;  
 Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone  
 My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed  
 Life's parting sweetness round my head ;  
 And bind it, mother ! on my breast  
 When I am laid in lonely rest.

### THE STREAM SET FREE.

FLOW on, rejoice, make music,  
 Bright living stream set free !  
 The troubled haunts of care and strife  
 Were not for thee !

The woodland is thy country,  
 Thou art all its own again ;  
 The wild birds are thy kindred race,  
 That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music  
 Unto the glistening leaves !  
 Thou, the beloved of balmy winds  
 And golden eyes !

Once more the holy starlight  
 Sleeps calm upon thy breast,  
 Whose brightness bears no token more  
 Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let freeborn music  
 Flow with thy wavy line,  
 While the stock-dove's lingering, loving  
 Comes blent with thine. [voice]

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,  
 Strings of the forest-lyre,  
 All filled with answering spirit-sounds,  
 In joy respire.

Yet, midst thy song's glad changes,  
 Oh ! keep one pitying tone  
 For gentle hearts, that bear to thee  
 Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,  
 To bring, like healing dew,  
 A sense that nature ne'er forsakes  
 The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,  
 Thou stream, thou glad and free !  
 The shadows of all glorious flowers  
 Be set in thee !

### THE SUMMER'S CALL.

COME away ! The sunny hours  
 Woo thee far to founts and bowers !  
 O'er the very waters now,

In their play,

Flowers are shedding beauty's glow --  
 Come away !

Where the lily's tender gleam  
Quivers on the glancing stream.  
Come away !

All the air is filled with sound,  
Soft, and sultry, and profound ;  
Murmurs through the shadowy grass  
Lightly stray ;  
Faint winds whisper as they pass—  
Come away !

Where the bee's deep music swells  
From the trembling foxglove bells,  
Come away !

In the skies the sapphire blue  
Now hath won its richest hue ;  
In the woods the breath of song  
Night and day  
Floats with leafy scents along—  
Come away !

Where the boughs with dewy gloom  
Darken each thick bed of bloom,  
Come away !

In the deep heart of the rose  
Now the crimson love-hue glows ;  
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night  
Sheds a ray,  
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—  
Come away !

Where the fairy cup-moss lies,  
With the wild-wood strawberries,  
Come away !

Now each tree by summer crowned,  
Sheds its own rich twilight round ;  
Glancing there from sun to shade,  
Bright wings play ;

There the deer its couch hath made—  
Come away !  
Where the smooth leaves of the lime  
Glisten in their honey-time,  
Come away—away !

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### OH ! SKYLARK, FOR THY WING.

OH ! Skylark, for thy wing !  
Thou bird of joy and light,  
That I might soar and sing  
At heaven's empyreal height !  
With the heathery hills beneath me,  
Whence the streams in glory spring,  
And the pearly clouds to wreath me,  
O Skylark ! on thy wing !

Free, free, from earth-born fear,  
I would range the blessed skies,  
Through the blue divinely clear,  
Where the low mists cannot rise !  
And a thousand joyous measures  
From my chainless heart should spring  
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,  
As I wandered on thy wing.

But oh ! the silver cords  
That around the heart are spun,  
From gentle tones and words,  
And kind eyes that make our sun  
To some low, sweet nest returning,  
How soon my love would bring  
There, *there* the dews of morning,  
O Skylark ! on thy wing !

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### SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.

[These songs (with the exception of the fifth)  
have all been set to music by the author's sister.]

#### INTRODUCTION.

ONE hour for distant homes to weep,  
'Midst Afric's burning sand,  
One silent sunset hour was given  
To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,  
In the gardens of their lord ;  
And, mingling with the fountain's tune,  
Their songs of exile poured.

And strangely, sadly did those lays  
Of Alp and ocean sound,  
With Afric's wild, red skies above,  
And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tones  
And most when most they tried  
To breathe of hope and liberty,  
From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,  
Parted by mount and main ;  
So did they sing in brotherhood,  
Made kindred by the chain.



## THE BROTHER'S DIRGE.

In the proud old fanes of England  
My warrior fathers lie,  
Banners hang drooping o'er their dust  
With gorgeous blazonry.  
But thou, but *thou*, my brother!  
O'er thee dark billows sweep—  
The best and bravest heart of all  
Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England  
My noble fathers bled;  
For her lion-kings of lance and spear,  
They went down to the dead.  
But thou, but thou, my brother!  
*Thy* life-drops flowed for me—  
Would I were with thee in thy rest,  
Young sleeper of the sea!

In a sheltered home of England  
Our sister dwells alone;  
With quick heart listening for the sound  
Of footsteps that are gone.  
She little dreams, my brother!  
Of the wild fate we have found;  
I, 'midst the Afric sands a slave,  
Thou, by the dark seas bound.

## THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine horn! the Alpine horn!  
Oh! through my native sky,  
Might I but hear its deep notes borne  
Once more—but once—and die!

Yet, no! 'Midst breezy hills thy breath,  
So full of hope and morn,  
Would win me from the bed of death—  
O joyous Alpine horn!

But *here* the echo of that blast,  
To many a battle known,  
Seems mournfully to wander past,  
A wild, shrill, wailing tone!

Haunt me no more! for slavery's air  
Thy proud notes were not born;  
The dream but deepens my despair—  
Be hushed, thou Alpine horn!

## O YE VOICES!

O YE voices round my own hearth singing,  
As the winds of May to memory sweet,  
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing?  
Would those vernal tones the wanderer  
greet,  
Once again?

Never, never! Spring hath smiled and  
parted  
Oft since then your fond farewell was  
said;  
O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted  
Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have  
shed,  
Oft again!

Or if still around my heart ye linger,  
Yet, sweet voices! there must change  
have come:  
Years have quelled the free soul of the  
singer,  
Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer  
home  
Ne'er again!

## I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE

I DREAM of all things free!  
Of a gallant, gallant bark  
That sweeps through storm and sea,  
Like an arrow to its mark!  
Of a stag that o'er the hills  
Goes bounding in his glee;  
Of a thousand flashing rills—  
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,  
A bright-eyed mountain-king!  
In my visions I have heard  
The rushing of his wing.  
I follow some wild river,  
On whose breast no sail may be;  
Dark woods around it shiver—  
I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,  
With the fawns and flowers at play  
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,  
With the stars to guide his way;  
Of a chief his warriors leading,  
Of an archer's greenwood tree—  
My heart in chains is bleeding,  
And I dream of all things free!

## FAR O'ER THE SEA.

WHERE are the vintage songs  
Wandering in glee?  
Where dance the peasant bands  
Joyous and free.  
Under a kind blue sky,  
Where doth my birthplace lie?  
—Far o'er the sea.



Where floats the myrtle scent  
 O'er vale and lea,  
 When evening calls the dove  
 Homewards to flee !  
 Where doth the orange gleam  
 Soft on my native stream ?  
 —Far o'er the sea !

Where are sweet eyes of love  
 Watching for me ?  
 Where o'er the cabin roof  
 Waves the green tree ?  
 Where speaks the vesper-chime  
 Still of a holy time ?  
 —Far o'er the sea !

Dance on, ye vintage bands !  
 Fearless and free ;  
 Still fresh and greenly wave,  
 My father's tree !  
 Still smile, ye kind, blue skies !  
 Though your son pines and dies  
 Far o'er the sea !

## THE INVOCATION.

Oh ! art thou still on earth, my love ?  
 My only love !  
 Or smiling in a brighter home,  
 Far, far above.

Oh ! is thy sweet voice fled, my love ?  
 Thy light step gone ?  
 And art thou not, in earth or heaven,  
 Still, still my own ?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,  
 In midnight dreams !  
 But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,  
 Thy soft eye seems.

Peace, in thy saddest hour, my love ;  
 Dwelt on thy brow ;  
 But something mournfully divine  
 There shineth now !

And silent ever is thy lip,  
 And pale thy cheek ;—  
 Oh ! art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's ?  
 Speak to me, speak !

## THE SONG OF HOPE.

DROOP not, my brothers ! I hear a glad strain—  
 We shall burst forth like streams from the winter night's chain ;  
 A flag is unfurled, a bright star of the sea,  
 A ransom approaches—we yet shall be free !

Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps,  
 Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps ;  
 Where the snows glisten, the mountain-rills foam,  
 Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.

Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are met,  
 Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet !  
 Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea—  
 Droop not, my brothers ! we yet shall be free !

## MISCELLANEOUS LYRICS

### THE CALL TO BATTLE.

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,  
Which ne'er might be repeated."—BYRON.

The vesper-bell, from church and tower,  
Had sent its dying sound ;  
And the household, in the hush of eve,  
Were met their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden trumpet's power—  
" We rise on all our hills ! Come forth ! 'tis thy country's gathering-hour  
There's a gleam of spears by every stream in each old battle-dell.  
Come forth, young Juan ! Bid thy home a brief and proud farewell ! "

Then the father gave his son the sword  
Which a hundred fights had seen—  
" Away ! and bear it back, my boy !  
All that it still hath been !

" Haste, haste ! The hunters of the foe are up : and wno shall stand  
The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant land ?  
Our chase shall sound through each defile where swept the clarion's blast,  
With the flying footsteps of the Moor, in stormy ages past."

Then the mother kissed her son with tears  
That o'er his dark locks fell :  
" I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,  
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell ! "

" One moment ! but one moment give to parting thought or word !  
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart is stirred.  
Bear but the memory of my love about thee in the fight,  
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of keener might.

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,  
Though deep, yet brief and low :  
" In the vigil, in the conflict, love !  
My prayer shall with thee go ! "

" Come forth ! come as the torrent comes when the winter's chain is burst !  
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence nursed.  
The night is passed, the silence o'er—on all our hills we rise :  
We wait thee, youth ! sleep, dream no more ! the voice of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darkened home,  
When the brave had left their bower ;  
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice  
Was with them in that hour

## MIGNON'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

[Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character in one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's *Fenella* is partially imitated,) has been stolen away, in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.]

“ Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhn ? ”

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,  
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove ?  
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,  
And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.  
Know'st thou it well ?

There, there with thee,  
O friend ! O loved one ! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling ? There the pillars rise,  
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow ;  
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes  
To say—“ Poor child, what thus hath wrought thee woe ? ”  
Know'st thou it well ?

There, there with thee,  
O my protector ! homewards might I flee !

Know'st thou the mountain ? High its bridge is hung,  
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way ;  
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among ;  
O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent-spray.  
Know'st thou it well ?

With thee, with thee,  
There lies my path, O father ! let us flee !

---

 THE SISTERS.

A BALLAD.

“ I GO, sweet sister ! yet, my heart would linger with thee fain,  
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain :  
Take, then, the braid of Eastern pearls which once I loved to wear,  
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of thy hair !  
Its pale, pure brightness will beseech those raven tresses well,  
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone convent-cell.”

“ Oh, speak not thus, my Leonor ! why part from kindred love ?  
Through festive scenes, when thou art gone, my steps no more shall move !  
How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless throng ?  
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song.  
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me proudly twine  
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine.”

- " Oh, wouldst thou strive a wounded bird from shelter to detain ?  
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life again ?  
Sweet sister ! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,  
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe and wrong.  
It could not still *my* beating heart ! but may it be a sign  
Of peace and hope, my gentle one ! when meekly pressed to thine.
- " Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's gift to thee—  
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be ;  
With funeral splendour to mine eye, it would but sadly shine,  
And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer mine.  
O sister ! if thy heart be thus with buried grief oppressed,  
Where wouldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast ?
- " Urge me no more ! A blight hath fallen upon my summer years ;  
I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless pangs and fears.  
But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,  
And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone of memory wake !  
Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our own sweet vesper-hymn  
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister dim."
- " Yes ! I *will* take the silvery lute—and I will sing to thee  
A song we heard in childhood's days, even from our father's knee.  
O sister ! sister ! are these notes amid forgotten things ?  
Do they not linger as in love, on the familiar strings ?  
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain ?  
Kind sister ! gentlest Leonor ! say shall it plead in vain ?"

## SONG.

" Leave us not, leave us not !  
Say not adieu !  
Have we not been to thee  
Tender and true ?

Take not thy sunny smile  
Far from our hearth !  
With that sweet light will fade  
Summer and mirth.

" Leave us not, leave us not !  
Can thy heart roam ?  
Wilt thou not pine to hear  
Voices from home ?

" Too sad our love would be  
If thou wert gone !  
Turn to us, leave us not !  
Thou art our own ! "

" O sister ! hush that thrilling lute !—oh, cease that haunting lay !  
Too deeply pierce those wild, sweet notes—yet, yet I cannot stay :  
For weary, weary is my heart ! I hear a whispered call  
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom fall.  
I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines to dwell  
Where the world's voice can reach no more ! Oh, calm thee !—Fare thee well !



## THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

[Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark, unslumbering sea !

My dirge is in thy moan ;  
My spirit finds response in thee  
To its own ceaseless cry—" Alone, alone ! "

Yet send me back one other word,  
Ye tones that never cease !  
Oh ! let your secret caves be stirred,  
And say, dark waters ! will ye give me  
*peace ?*

Away ! my weary soul hath sought  
In vain one echoing sigh,  
One answer to consuming thought  
In human hearts—and will the *wave* reply ?

Sound on, thou dark, unslumbering sea !  
Sound in thy scorn and pride !  
I ask not, alien world ! from thee  
What my own kindred earth hath still  
denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,  
With all its lovely things !  
Was it for this the death-wind fell  
On my rich lyre, and quenched its living  
strings ?

Let them lie silent at my feet !  
Since, broken even as they,  
The heart whose music made them sweet  
Hath poured on desert sands its wealth  
away.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name,  
The laurel-wreath is mine—  
With a lone heart, a weary frame—  
O restless deep ! I come to make them  
thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown,  
Place in thy darkest hold !  
Bury my anguish, my renown,  
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted  
gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest !  
*Thou* hast thy love, thy home ;  
They wait thee in the quiet nest,  
And I, th' unsought, unwatched-for—I too  
come !

I, with this winged nature fraught,  
These visions wildly free,  
This boundless love, this fiery thought—  
*Alone* I come—oh ! give me peace, dark  
sea !

## DIRGE.

WHERE shall we make her grave  
Oh ! where the wild-flowers wave  
In the free air !  
Where shower and singing-bird  
'Midst the young leaves are heard—  
There—lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her—  
Now may sleep minister  
Balm for each ill :  
Low on sweet nature's breast  
Let the meek heart find rest,  
Deep, deep and still !

Murmur, glad waters ! by ;  
Faint gales ! with happy sigh,  
Come wandering o'er  
That green and mossy bed,  
Where, on a gentle head,  
Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain  
Falls now the bright spring-rain  
Plays the soft wind ?  
Yet still, from where she lies,  
Should blessed breathings rise,  
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew  
Thence in the heart renew  
Life's vernal glow !  
And o'er that holy earth  
Scents of the violet's birth  
Still come and go !

Oh ! then, where wild flowers wave  
Make ye her mossy grave,  
In the free air !  
Where shower and singing-bird  
'Midst the young leaves are heard—  
There—lay her there !

## A SONG OF THE ROSE.

"Cosi fior diverrai che non soggiace  
All' acqua, al gelo, al vento ed allo scherno  
D' una stagion volubile e fugace;  
E a piu fido Cultor posto in governo,  
Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,  
Ad eterna Bellezza odore eterno."

METASTASIO.

ROSE! what dost thou here?  
Bridal, royal rose!  
How, 'midst grief and fear,  
Canst thou thus disclose  
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-  
leaf glows?

Rose! too much arrayed  
For triumphal hours,  
Look'st thou through the shade  
Of these mortal bowers,  
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one  
of all flowers!

As an eagle soaring  
Through a sunny sky,  
As a clarion pouring  
Notes of victory,  
So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly  
life too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing  
Youthful poet's cheek;  
Thoughts of glory, rushing  
Forth in song to break,  
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song  
too weak.

Yet, O festal rose!  
I have seen thee lying  
In thy bright repose  
Pillowed with the dying,  
*Thy* crimson by the lip whence life's quick  
blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,  
O'er that bed of pain,  
Met in thee, yet wove  
Too, too frail a chain  
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower?  
Oh! within the spells  
Of thy beauty's power,  
Something dimly dwells,  
At variance with a world of sorrows and  
farewells.

All the soul forth flowing  
In that rich perfume,  
All the proud life glowing  
In that radiant bloom—  
Have they no place but *here*, beneath th'  
o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
Of our tearful race?  
Heaven's own purest waters  
Well might wear the trace  
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer  
grace.

Will that clime enfold thee  
With immortal air?  
Shall we not behold thee  
Bright and deathless there?  
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly more  
fair!

Yes! my fancy sees thee  
In that light disclose,  
And its dream thus frees thee  
From the mist of woes,  
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal,  
royal rose!

## NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meekly,  
slowly,  
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy  
hours,  
When dark-blue heavens look softest and  
most holy,  
And glow-worm light is in the forest  
bowers;  
To solemn things and deep,  
To spirit-haunted sleep,  
To thoughts, all purified  
From earth, ye seem allied;  
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty  
veiling,  
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness  
shrined;  
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sail-  
ing,  
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.  
—So doth love's dreaming heart  
Dwell from the throng apart,  
And but to shades disclose  
The inmost thought, which glows  
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day  
rejoices,  
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,  
But send forth odours with the faint, soft  
voices  
Rising from hidden streams, when all is  
still.

—So doth lone prayer arise,  
Mingling with secret sighs,  
When grief unfolds, like you,  
Her breast, for heavenly dew  
In silent hours to fill.

—◆—

THE WANDERER AND THE  
NIGHT-FLOWERS.

"CALL back your odours, lovely flowers !  
From the night-winds call them back ;  
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours  
Come forth in the sunbeam's track !

"The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,  
And the honey-bee is gone,  
And all bright things are away to rest—  
Why watch ye here alone ?

"Is not your world a mournful one,  
When your sisters close their eyes,  
And your soft breath meets not a lingering  
tone

Of song in the starry skies ?

"Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth  
When it kindles the sparks of dew ?  
And the thousand strains of the forest's  
mirth,  
Shall they gladden all but you ?

"Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes  
out  
On the sunny turf to play,  
And the woodland child with a fairy shout  
Goes dancing on its way !"

"Nay ! let our shadowy beauty bloom  
When the stars give quiet light,  
And let us offer our faint perfume  
On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend  
To the breeze, when no step is nigh :  
Oh, thus for ever the earth should send  
Her grateful breath on high !

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy  
flowers,  
Of hopes unto sorrow given,  
That spring through the gloom of the dark-  
est hours  
Looking alone to heaven !"

—◆—

ECHO-SONG.

In thy cavern-hall,  
Echo ! art thou sleeping ?  
By the fountain's fall  
Dreamy silence keeping ?

Yet one soft note borne  
From the shepherd's horn,  
Wakes thee, Echo ! into music leaping !  
Strange, sweet Echo ! into music leaping !

Then the woods rejoice,  
Then glad sounds are swelling  
From each sister-voice  
Round thy rocky dwelling ;  
And their sweetness fills  
All the hollow hills,

With a thousand notes, of *one* life telling !  
—Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.

Echo ! in my heart  
Thus deep thoughts are lying,  
Silent and apart,  
Buried, yet undying ;

Till some gentle tone  
Wakening haply *one*,  
Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying !  
—Strange, sweet Echo ! even like thee  
replying.

—◆—

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

THE muffled drum was heard  
In the Pyrenees by night,  
With a dull, deep rolling sound,  
Which told the hamlets round  
Of a soldier's burial-rite.

But it told them not how dear,  
In a home beyond the main,  
Was the warrior-youth laid low that hour  
By a mountain-stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved  
O'er the slumbers of his race,  
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan  
Above *his* last, lone place ;

When the muffled drum was heard  
In the Pyrenees by night,  
With a dull, deep rolling sound,  
Which called strange echoes round  
To the soldier's burial-rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,  
By the stream from battle red,  
And tossing on its waves the plumes  
Of many a stately head :

But a mother—soon to die,  
And a sister—long to weep,  
Even then were breathing prayers for him  
In that home beyond the deep ;

While the muffled drum was heard  
In the Pyrenees by night,  
With a dull, deep rolling sound,  
And the dark pines mourned around  
O'er the soldier's burial-rite.

## THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

"Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades."—KEATS.

"Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest;  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
singest."—SHELLEY.

'MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian  
stream

Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,  
And where the sculpture of a broken  
shrine

Sent out through shadowy grass and thick  
wild-flowers

Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan  
Warbled his death-chant; and a poet  
stood

Listening to that strange music, as it  
shook

The lilies on the wave; and made the  
pines

And all the laurels of the haunted shore  
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were  
sweet,

Even painfully — as with the sweetness  
wring

From parting love; and to the poet's  
thought

*This* was their language.

"Summer! I depart—  
O light and laughing summer! fare thee  
well:

No song the less through thy rich woods  
will swell,

For one, one broken heart.

"And fare ye well, young flowers!  
Ye will not mourn! ye will shed odour  
still,

And wave in glory, colouring every rill,  
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

"And ye, bright founts! that lie  
Far in the whispering forests, lone and  
deep,

My wing no more shall stir your shadowy  
sleep—

Sweet waters! I must die.

"Will ye not send one tone  
Of sorrow through the pines?—one murmur  
low?

Shall not the green leaves from your voices  
know

That I, your child, am gone?

"No! ever glad and free,  
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell:  
Waves, joyous waves! flow on, and fare ye  
well!

Ye will not mourn for me.

"But thou, sweet boon! too late  
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of  
song!

Why com'st thou thus, o'er-mastering, rich  
and strong,

In the dark hour of fate?

"Only to wake the sighs  
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;  
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!  
O life and love! farewell."

Thus flowed the death-chant on; while  
mournfully

Low winds and waves made answer, and  
the tones

Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—  
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—

Woke to respond: and all the air was  
filled

With that one sighing sound—*Farewell!*  
*Farewell!*

Filled with that sound? High in the calm  
blue heaven

Even then a skylark hung; soft summer  
clouds

Were floating round him, all transpierced  
with light,

And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark  
wings

Quivered with song: such free, triumphant  
song,

As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts  
Had not a place below; and *thus* that

strain  
Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly:—

"The summer is come; she hath said  
*Rejoice!*

The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice;  
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on

high:  
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!

"There is joy in the mountains! The  
bright waves leap

Like the bounding stag when he breaks  
from sleep;

Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—  
Let the heavens ring with song!

"There is joy in the forests! The bird of  
night

Hath made the leaves tremble with deep  
delight;



But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—  
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven!

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,  
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring  
born :

Only young rapture can mount so high—  
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!"

So those two voices met; so Joy and  
Death

Mingled their accents; and, amidst the  
rush

Of many thoughts, the listening poet  
cried,—

"Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonder-  
ful,

Mysterious nature! Not in thy free range  
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest  
thus

The dirge-note and the song of festival;  
But in one *heart*, one changeful human  
heart—

Ay, and within one hour of that strange  
world—

Thou call'st their music forth, with all its  
tones,

To startle and to pierce!—the dying  
swan's,

And the glad skylark's—triumph and de-  
spair!"

### GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE.

"That voice re-measures  
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures  
The things of nature utter; birds or trees,  
Or where the tall grass mid the heath-plant  
waves,  
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze."  
COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering wind,  
A song of many tones—though one full  
soul

Breathed through them all imploringly;  
and made

All nature as they passed, all quivering  
leaves

And low responsive reeds and waters,  
thrill

As with the consciousness of human  
prayer.

—At times the passion-kindled melody  
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent  
heart,

Over the wild sea-wave;—at times the  
strain

Flowed with more plaintive sweetness, as  
if born

Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vau-  
cluse;

And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,  
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note  
Of Tasso's holy lyre. Yet still the tones  
Were of a suppliant—"Leave me not!"  
was still

The burden of their music; and I knew  
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,  
Its own still world, amidst the o'erpeopled  
world,

Hath ever breathed to Love.

"They crown me with the glistening  
crown,

Borne from a deathless tree;

I hear the pealing music of renown—

O Love! forsake me not!

Mine were a lone, dark lot,

Bereft of thee!

They tell me that my soul can throw

A glory o'er the earth;

From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden

Shed by thy gentle eyes, [glow!

It gives to flower and skies

A bright, new birth!

"Thence gleams the path of morning

Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone!

Thence to its heart of hearts the rose is  
burning

With lustre not its own!

Thence every wood-recess

Is filled with loveliness,

Each bower, to ring-doves and dim violets  
known.

"I see all beauty by the ray

That streameth from thy smile;

Oh! bear it, bear it not away!

Can that sweet light beguile?

Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,

To linger long by earthly streams;

I clasp it with th' alloy

Of fear 'midst quivering joy.

Yet must I perish if the gift depart—

Leave me not, Love! to mine own beating  
heart!

"The music from my lyre

With thy swift step would flee;

The world's cold breath would quench the  
starry fire

In my deep soul—a temple filled with  
thee!

Sealed would the fountains lie,

The waves of harmony,

Which thou alone canst free!

" Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,  
 Whence the oracle hath fled ;  
 Like a harp which none might waken  
 But a mighty master dead ;  
 Like the vase of a perfume scattered,  
 Such would my spirit be—  
 So mute, so void, so shattered,  
 Bereft of thee !

" Leave me not, Love ! or if this earth  
 Yield not for thee a home,  
 If the bright summer-land of thy pure  
 birth

Send thee a silvery voice that whispers  
 ' Come !'

Then, with the glory from the rose,  
 With the sparkle from the stream,  
 With the light thy rainbow-presence  
 throws

Over the poet's dream ;  
 With all th' Elysian hues  
 Thy pathway that suffuse,

With joy, with music, from the fading  
 grove,

Take *me*, too, heavenward, on thy wing,  
 sweet Love !"

#### MUSIC AT A DEATHBED.

" Music ! why thy power employ  
 Only for the sons of joy ?  
 Only for the smiling guests  
 At natal or at nuptial feasts ?  
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour  
 On those whom secret griefs devour ;  
 And with some softly-whispered air  
 Smooth the brow of dumb despair !"

WARTON, from *Euripides*.

BRING music ! stir the brooding air  
 With an ethereal breath !  
 Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear  
 Up from the couch of death !

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,  
 Such as the southern breeze  
 Might waft, at golden fall of day,  
 O'er blue, transparent seas !

Oh, no ! not such ! That lingering spell  
 Would lure me back to life,  
 When my weaned heart hath said farewell,  
 And passed the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love  
 Blend with the song its tone !  
 Let no disturbing echo move  
 One that must die alone !

But pour a solemn-breathing strain  
 Filled with the soul of prayer !  
 Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,  
 And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper ! In my thought  
 Lies more prevailing sound,  
 A harmony intensely fraught  
 With pleading more profound :

A passion unto music given,  
 A sweet, yet piercing cry ;  
 A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,  
 A bright faith's victory !

Deeper ! Oh ! may no richer power  
 Be in those notes enshrined ?  
 Can all which crowds on earth's last hour  
 No fuller language find ?

Away ! and hush the feeble song,  
 And let the chord be stilled !  
 Far in another land ere long  
 My dream shall be fulfilled.

#### MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

[" I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin  
 —a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle  
 of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he  
 closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms.  
 He fell here, at eighty years of age, at the head of  
 his own regiment, the standard of it waving in  
 his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle  
 —his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined  
 the young war-horse to the last."—*Notes and  
 Reflections during a Ramble into Germany*.]

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver  
 hair,

And a banner in thy hand ;  
 Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles  
 there,  
 By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's  
 blast

Thy long bright years had sped ;  
 And a warrior's bier was thine at last,  
 When the snows had crowned thy head

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief !  
 Brothers and friends, perchance ;  
 But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,  
 And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leapt high,  
 And thy voice the war-horse knew ;  
 And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,  
 Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now mayst thou slumber—thy work is done—

Thou of the well-worn sword !  
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,  
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,  
Where fiery blood hath flowed :  
O lover of battle and trumpet-sound !  
Thou art couched in a still abode !

A quiet home from the noonday's glare,  
And the breath of the wintry blast—  
Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair  
To win thee but *this* at last ?

THE FALLEN LIME-TREE.

O joy of the peasant ! O stately lime !  
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey-time !  
Thou whose wavy shadows,  
Long and long ago,  
Screened our gray forefathers  
From the noontide's glow ;  
Thou, beneath whose branches,  
Touched with moonlight gleams,  
Lay our early poets  
Wrapt in fairy dreams.

O tree of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !  
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary  
Rest through summer eves ?

O the bee find honey,  
As on thy sweet leaves ?

Where shall now the ringdove  
Build again her nest ?

She so long the inmate  
Of thy fragrant breast !

But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee

Far more than the ringdove, far more than the bee !

These may yet find coverts

Leafy and profound,

Fulf of dewy dimness,

Odour, and soft sound :

But the gentle memories

Clinging all to thee,

When shall they be gathered

Round another tree ?

O pride of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !  
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee !

THE BIRD AT SEA.

BIRD of the greenwood !  
Oh, why art thou here ?  
Leaves dance not o'er thee,  
Flowers bloom not near.  
All the sweet waters  
Far hence are at play—  
Bird of the greenwood !  
Away, away !

Where the mast quivers  
Thy place will not be,  
As 'midst the waving  
Of wild-rose and tree.  
How shouldst thou battle  
With storm and with spray ?  
Bird of the greenwood !  
Away, away !

Or art thou seeking  
Some brighter land,  
Where by the south wind  
Vine leaves are fanned ?  
'Midst the wild billows  
Why then delay ?  
Bird of the greenwood !  
Away, away !

" Chide not my lingering  
Where storms are dark ;  
A hand that hath nursed me  
Is in the bark—  
A heart that hath cherished  
Through winter's long day :  
So I turn from the greenwood,  
Away, away !"

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

" I desire, as I look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more ?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast ? or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."—*Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill health.*

BEAR them not from grassy dells  
Where wild bees have honey-cells ;  
Not from where sweet water-sounds  
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds ;  
Not to waste their scented breath  
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,  
And the glow-worm's emerald star,



And the bird whose song is free,  
And the many-whispering tree :  
Oh ! too deep a love, and vain,  
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes  
Closing fast on summer skies !  
Woo thou not the spirit back  
From its lone and viewless track,  
With the bright things which have birth  
Wide o'er all the coloured earth !

With the violet's breath would rise  
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;  
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,  
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;  
Dreams of youth—of spring-time's eyes—  
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,  
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.  
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,  
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love ;  
But that passion, deep and true,  
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these  
In their fragile mould she sees ;  
Shadows of yet richer things,  
Born beside immortal springs,  
Into fuller glory wrought,  
Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,  
She can read no word of grief ;  
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,  
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !  
And her dim, yet speaking eye  
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,  
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;  
From her chamber take the gloom  
With a light and flush of bloom :  
So should one depart, who goes  
Where no death can touch the rose !

---

### THE IVY-SONG.\*

OH ! how could fancy crown with *thee*,  
In ancient days, the God of Wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the Vine  
Ivy ! *thy* home is where each sound  
Of revelry hath long been o'er ;  
Where song and beaker once went round,  
But now are known no more ;

Where long-fallen gods recline,  
There the place is thine.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
With thee, amidst exulting strains,  
Shadowed the victor's tent.  
Though, shining there in deathless green,  
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave—  
Better thou lovest the silent scene  
Around the victor's grave—  
Urn and sculpture half divine  
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,  
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell  
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—  
Ivy ! they know thee well !  
And far above the festal vine  
Thou wavest where once proud banners  
hung,  
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine—  
The Rhine, still fresh and young !  
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine  
Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down  
Those eyries of a vanished race,  
Where harp, and battle, and renown,  
Have passed, and left no trace.  
But thou art there !—serenely bright,  
Meeting the mountain-storms with bloom,  
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
Or crown the lowliest tomb !  
Ivy ! Ivy ! all are thine,  
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same : our pilgrim-tread  
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,  
On the mute path of ages fled,  
Still meets decay and thee.  
And still let man his fabrics rear,  
August in beauty, stern in power—  
Days pass—thou Ivy never sere, †  
And thou shalt have thy dower.  
All are thine, or must be thine—  
Temple, pillar, shrine !

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### THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S.

[The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself, which, though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners

\* Remodelled by author from p. 432.

† "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."  
*Lyciads*



an old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognise it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old—a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king.]

"All the choir  
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."  
MILTON.

AGAIN! oh! send that anthem-*peal* again,  
Through the arched roof in triumph to the  
sky!

Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the  
strain,  
The banners thrill as if with victory!

Such sounds the warrior, awe-struck, might  
have heard,  
While armed for fields of chivalrous re-  
nown:

Such the high hearts of kings might well  
have stirred,  
While throbbing still beneath the recent  
crown!

Those notes once more!—they bear my  
soul away,  
They lend the wings of morning to its  
flight;

No earthly passion in the exulting lay  
Whispers one tone to win me from that  
height.

All is of Heaven! Yet wherefore to mine eye  
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their  
source,

Even while the waves of that strong  
harmony

Roll with my spirit on their sounding  
course?

Wherefore must rapture its full heart  
reveal

Thus by the burst of sorrow's token  
shower!

—Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel  
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

KEENE; OR, LAMENT OF AN  
IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

[This lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes, many of which are distinguished by a wild and deep pathos, and other characteristics analogous to those of the national music.]

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling  
on;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!  
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold  
Whence thy step went forth at morn  
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,  
O my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footsteps  
My heart within me smiled;—  
Thou wert brought me back all silent  
On thy bier, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling  
on;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!  
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children  
Laugh on me with thine eyes  
But my sorrow's voice is lonely  
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee,  
Thy kindred's graves among;  
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—  
I shall not hear it long.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling  
on;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!  
Silent and dark!

And I, too, shall find slumber  
With my lost one in the earth;—  
Let none light up the ashes  
Again on our hearth!

Let the roof go down!—let silence  
On the home for ever fall,  
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not  
His lone mother's call!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling  
on;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!  
Silent and dark!

FAR AWAY.

FAR away!—my home is far away.  
Where the blue sea laves a mountain-  
shore;

In the woods I hear my brothers play,  
'Midst the flowers my sister sings once  
more,

Far away!

Far away!—my dreams are far away,  
When at midnight stars and shadows  
reign!

"Gentle child!" my mother seems to say  
"Follow me where home shall smile  
again.

Far away!

Far away!—my hope is far away,  
Where love's voice young gladness may  
restore.

—O thou dove! now soaring through the  
day,

Lend me wings to reach that better  
shore,

Far away!

---

### THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

A LYRE its plaintive sweetness poured  
Forth on the wild wind's track;  
The stormy wanderer jarred the chord,  
But gave no music back.—  
O child of song!

Bear hence to heaven thy fire:  
What hopest thou from the reckless throng?  
Be not like that lost lyre!  
Not like that lyre!

A flower its leaves and odours cast  
On a swift-rolling wave;  
Th' unheeding torrent darkly passed,  
And back no treasure gave.—  
O heart of love!

Waste not thy precious dower:  
Turn to thine only home above!  
Be not like that lost flower!  
Not like that flower!

---

### SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER! since I met thee last,  
O'er thy brow a change hath past.  
In the softness of thine eyes,  
Deep and still, a shadow lies;  
From thy voice there thrills a tone  
Never to thy childhood known;  
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,  
—Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught  
Hues too bright from troubled thought;  
Far along the wandering stream  
Thou art followed by a dream;  
In the woods and valleys lone  
Music haunts thee, not thine own:  
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?  
—Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!  
On my bosom pour that shower!  
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;  
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;

Wring not forth one burning word  
Let thy heart no more be stirred!  
Home alone can give thee rest.  
—Weep, sweet sister! on my breast!

### THE LONELY BIRD.

FROM a ruin thou art singing,  
O lonely, lonely bird!  
The soft blue air is ringing,  
By thy summer music stirred.  
But all is dark and cold beneath,  
Where harps no more are heard:  
Whence win'st thou that exulting breath,  
O lonely, lonely bird?

Thy songs flow richly swelling  
To a triumph of glad sounds,  
As from its cavern-dwelling  
A stream in glory bounds!  
Though the castle-echoes catch no tone  
Of human step or word,  
Though the fires be quenched and the  
feasting done,  
O lonely, lonely bird!

How can that flood of gladness  
Rush through thy fiery lay,  
From the haunted place of sadness,  
From the bosom of decay—  
While the dirge-notes in the breeze's moan  
Through the ivy garlands heard,  
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,  
O lonely, lonely bird?

There's many a heart, wild singer!  
Like thy forsaken tower,  
Where joy no more may linger,  
Where Love hath left his bower:  
And there's many a spirit e'en like thee,  
To mirth as lightly stirred,  
Though it soar from ruins in its glee,  
O lonely, lonely bird!

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### DIRGE AT SEA.

SLEEP!—we give thee to the wave,  
Red with life-blood from the brave  
Thou shalt find a noble grave.  
Fare thee well!

Sleep! thy billowy field is won:  
Proudly may the funeral gun,  
'Midst the hush at set of sun,  
Boom thy knell!

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,  
 Never there may flower be shed,  
 Marble reared, or brother's head  
 Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,  
 Borne through battle high and free,  
 Long the red-cross flag shall be.  
 Sleep ! oh, sleep !

PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE  
 EVENING STAR.

O SOFT star of the west !  
 Gleaming far,  
 Thou'rt guiding all things home,  
 Gentle star !  
 Thou bringst from rock and wave  
 The sea-bird to her nest,  
 The hunter from the hills,  
 The fisher back to rest.  
 Light of a thousand streams,  
 Gleaming far !  
 O soft star of the west !  
 Blessed star !

No bowery roof is mine,  
 No hearth of love and rest,  
 Yet guide me to my shrine,  
 O soft star of the west !  
 There, there my home shall be,  
 Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,  
 When prayer and tear gush free,  
 O soft star of the west !

O soft star of the west,  
 Gleaming far !  
 I'hou'rt guiding all things home,  
 Gentle star !  
 Shine from thy rosy heaven,  
 Pour joy on earth and sea !  
 Shine on, though no sweet eyes  
 Look forth to watch for me !  
 Light of a thousand streams,  
 Gleaming far !  
 O soft star of the west !  
 Blessed star !

COME AWAY.

COME away !—the child, where flowers are  
 springing  
 Round its footsteps on the mountain-  
 slope,  
 Hears a glad voice from the upland sing-  
 ing,  
 Like the skylark's with its tone of hope :  
 Come away !

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,  
 All the wealth of glowing life outspread,  
 Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,  
 By that strain the youth in joy is led :  
 Come away !

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling  
 O'er the sweetness of the voice within ;  
 Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,  
 Urge the hunter still to chase, to win :  
 Come away !

Come away !—the heart at last forsaken,  
 Smile by smile, hath proved each hope  
 untrue ;  
 Yet a breath can still those words awaken,  
 Though to other shores far hence they  
 woo :  
 Come away !

In the light leaves, in the reed's faint sigh  
 ing,  
 In the low sweet sounds of early spring,  
 Still their music wanders—till the dying  
 Hears them pass, as on a spirit's wing :  
 Come away !

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

A SOUND comes on the rising breeze,  
 A sweet and lovely sound !  
 Piercing the tumult of the seas  
 That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,  
 From hills with murmuring trees,  
 From paths by still and happy honies—  
 That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh  
 Thus bid my quick pulse leap ?  
 No part in earth's glad melody  
 Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot .  
 Whence those rich breathings flow !  
 Kind hearts, although they know me not  
 Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that roams  
 O'er solitary seas,  
 To those that far in happy homes  
 Give sweet sounds to the breeze !



LOOK ON ME WITH THY  
CLOUDLESS EYES.

LOOK on me with thy cloudless eyes,  
Truth in their dark transparence lies ;  
Their sweetness gives me back the tears  
And the free trust of early ears,  
My gentle child !

The spirit of my infant prayer  
Shines in the depths of quiet there ;  
And home and love once more are mine,  
Found in that dewy calm divine,  
My gentle child !

Oh ! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,  
Its light by day around thee gleams—  
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies :  
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,  
My gentle child !

IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A  
FLOWER.

“ Oh, cast thou not  
Affection from thee ! In this bitter world  
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast ;  
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim  
The bright gem's purity ! ”

If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted ;  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted :  
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token !

If thou hast loosed a bird  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,  
Still, still he may be won  
From the skies to warble near thee :  
But if upon the troubled sea  
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,  
Hope not that wind or wave will bring  
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is healing,  
And its clusters yet may glow  
Through the leaves their bloom revealing :  
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown  
With a bright draught filled—oh ! never  
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth  
To cool thy parched lip's fever !

The heart is like that cup,  
If thou waste the love it bore thee :  
And like that jewel gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee :

And like that string of harp or lute  
Whence the sweet sound is scattered,  
Gently, oh ! gently touch the chords,  
So soon for ever shattered !

BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED.

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled !  
Ere one grief had bowed thy head !  
Brightly didst thou part !  
With thy young thoughts pure from spot  
With thy fond love wasted not,  
With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,  
Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet.  
Ere with dust o'erspread :  
Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,  
White rose which no stain hath known,  
Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,  
And the primrose shall have birth  
O'er thy gentle head ;  
Thou that, like a dewdrop borne  
On a sudden breeze of morn,  
Brightly thus hast fled !

SING TO ME, GONDOLIER '.

SING to me, Gondolier !  
Sing words from Tasso's lay ;  
While blue, and still, and clear,  
Night seems but softer day.  
The gale is gently falling,  
As if it paused to hear  
Some strain the past recalling -  
Sing to me, Gondolier !  
“ Oh, ask me not to wake  
The memory of the brave ;  
Bid no high numbers break  
The silence of the wave.  
Gone are the noble-hearted,  
Closed the bright pageants here,  
And the glad song is departed  
From the mournful Gondolier ! ”

O'ER THE FAR BLUE  
MOUNTAINS.

O'ER the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long-parted one !  
Back to thine home.



When the bright fire shineth,  
Sad looks thy place,  
While the true heart pineth,  
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful  
Since thou art gone ;  
Sisters are mourning thee—  
Come to thine own !

Hark ! the home-voices call  
Back to thy rest ;  
Come to thy father's hall,  
Thy mother's breast !

O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long-parted one !  
Back to thine home.

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING !

O THOU breeze of spring,  
Gladdening sea and shore !  
Wake the woods to sing,  
Wake my heart no more !  
Streams have felt the sighing  
Of thy scented wing,  
Let each fount replying  
Hail thee, breeze of spring !  
Once more !

O'er long-buried flowers  
Passing not in vain,  
Odours in soft showers  
Thou hast brought again.  
Let the primrose greet thee,  
Let the violet pour  
Incense forth to meet thee—  
Wake my heart no more !  
No more !

From a funeral urn  
Bowered in leafy gloom,  
Even *thy* soft return  
Calls not song or bloom.  
Leave my spirit sleeping  
Like that silent thing ;  
Stir the founts of weeping  
*There*, O breeze of spring,  
No more !

COME TO ME, DREAMS OF  
HEAVEN !

Come to me, dreams of heaven !  
My fainting spirit bear  
On your bright wings, by morning given,  
Up to celestial air.

Away—far, far away,  
From bowers by tempests riven,  
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,  
O blessed dreams of heaven !

Come but for one brief hour,  
Sweet dreams ! and yet again  
O'er burning thought and memory shower  
Your soft effacing rain !  
Waft me where gales divine  
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,  
Where living founts of ever shine—  
O blessed dreams of heaven !

GOOD NIGHT.

DAY is past !  
Stars have set their watch at last ;  
Founts that through the deep woods flow  
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now ;  
Flowers have shut with fading light—  
Good night !

Go to rest !  
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !  
If within that secret cell  
One dark form of memory dwell,  
Be it mantled from thy sight—  
Good night !

Joy be thine !  
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine !  
Go, and in the spirit-land  
Meet thy home's long-parted band ;  
Be their eyes all love and light—  
Good night !

Peace to all !  
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall !  
Exile ! o'er thy couch may gleams  
Pass from thine own mountain-streams  
Bard ! away to worlds more bright—  
Good night !

LET HER DEPART.

HER home is far, oh ! far away !  
The clear light in her eyes  
Hath nought to do with earthly day—  
'Tis kindled from the skies.  
Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,  
Even as some gentle star  
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth  
How softly, yet how far !  
Let her depart !

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—

Oh! could they mount and fly!

She never sees a wandering dove,

But for its wings to sigh.

Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear

Low music on its way,

But deems it sent from heavenly air

For her who cannot stay.

Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,

She breathes and moves alone,

Pining for those bright bowers and streams

Where her beloved is gone.

Let her depart!

### HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE.

How can that love so deep, so lone,

So faithful unto death,

Thus fitfully in laughing tone,

In airy word, find breath?

Nay! ask how on the dark wave's breast,

The lily's cup may gleam,

Though many a mournful secret rest

Low in the unfathomed stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,

In its deep current's power;

And like the play of words above,

That lily's trembling flower.

### WATER-LILIES.

#### A FAIRY SONG.

COME away, elves!—while the dew is  
sweet,

Come to the dingles where fairies meet!

Know that the lilies have spread their bells

O'er all the pools in our forest dells;

Stilly and lightly their vases rest

On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,

Catching the sunshine through leaves that  
throw

To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;

And a star from the depth of each pearly  
cup,

A golden star unto heaven looks up,

As if seeking its kindred where bright they  
lie,

Set in the blue of the summer sky.

Come away! Under arching boughs we'll  
float,

Making those urns each a fairy boat;  
We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountains  
free,

And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be;  
And we'll send out wild music so sweet and  
low,

It shall seem from the bright flower's heart  
to flow,

As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,  
Or water-drops trained into melody.

Come away! for the midsummer sun grows  
strong,

And the life of the lily may not be long.

### THE BROKEN FLOWER.

OH! wear it on thy heart, my love!

Still, still a little while!

Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,

Though faded be their smile.

Yet, for the sake of what hath been,

Oh, cast it not away!

'Twas born to grace a summer scene,

A long, bright, golden day,

My love!

A long, bright, golden day.

A little while around thee, love!

Its fragrance yet shall cling,

Telling, that on thy heart hath lain

A fair, though faded thing.

But not even that warm heart hath power

To win it back from fate,—

Oh! I am like thy broken flower,

Cherished too late, too late,

My love!

Cherished, alas! too late!

### I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I WOULD we had not met again!

I had a dream of thee,

Lovely, though sad, on desert plain—

Mournful on midnight sea.

What though it haunted me by night,

And troubled through the day?

It touched all earth with spirit-light,

It glorified my way!

Oh! what shall now my faith restore

In holy things and fair?

We met—I saw thy soul once more—

The world's breath had been there!

Yes ! it was sad on desert-plain,  
Mournful on midnight sea ;  
Yet would I buy with life again  
That one deep dream of thee !

---

FAIRIES' RECALL.

WHILE the blue is richest  
In the starry sky,  
While the softest shadows  
On the greensward lie,  
While the moonlight slumbers  
In the lily's urn,  
Bright elves of the wild-wood !  
Oh ! return, return !

Round the forest-fountain,  
On the river-shore,  
Let your silvery laughter  
Echo yet once more ;  
While the joyous bounding  
Of your dewy feet  
Rings to that old chorus—  
" The daisy is so sweet ! " \*

Oberon ! Titania !  
Did your starlight mirth  
With the song of Avon  
Quit this work-day earth ?  
Yet, while green leaves glisten,  
And while bright stars burn,  
By that magic memory,  
Oh ! return, return !

---

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

OH ! tell me not the woods are fair  
Now Spring is on her way !  
Well, well I know how brightly there  
In joy the young leaves play ;  
How sweet on winds of morn or eve  
The violet's breath may be ;—  
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave  
My lone rock by the sea.  
The wild wave's thunder on the shore,  
The curlew's restless cries,  
Unto my watching heart are more  
Than all earth's melodies.  
Come back, my ocean rover ! come !  
There's but one place for me,  
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—  
My lone rock by the sea !

BY A MOUNTAIN-STREAM AT  
REST.

By a mountain-stream at rest,  
We found the warrior lying,  
And around his noble breast  
A banner clasped in dying :  
Dark and still  
Was every hill,  
And the winds of night were sighing.  
Last of his noble race,  
To a lonely bed we bore him—  
'Twas a green, still, solemn place,  
Where the mountain heath waves o'er  
him,  
Woods alone  
Seem to moan,  
Wild streams to deplore him.  
Yet, from festive hall and lay  
Our sad thoughts oft are flying  
To those dark hills far away,  
Where in death we found him lying :  
On his breast  
A banner pressed,  
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

---

IS THERE SOME SPIRIT  
SIGHING ?

Is there some Spirit sighing  
With sorrow in the air ?  
Can weary hearts be dying,  
Vain love repining *there* ?  
If not, then how can that wild wail,  
O sad, Æolian lyre !  
Be drawn forth by the wandering gale  
From thy deep thrilling wire ?  
No, no !—thou dost not borrow  
That sadness from the wind,  
Nor are those tones of sorrow  
In thee, O harp ! enshrined ;  
But in our own hearts deeply set  
Lies the true quivering lyre,  
Whence love, and memory, and regret  
Wake answers from thy wire.

---

THE NAME OF ENGLAND

THE trumpet of the battle  
Hath a high and thrilling tone ;  
And the first, deep gun of an ocean-fight,  
Dread music all its own.

\* See the fairies' chorus in Chaucer's " Flower and the Leaf "

But a mightier power, my England !  
Is in that name of thine,  
To strike the fire from every heart  
Along the bannered line.

Proudly it woke the spirits  
Of yore, the brave and true,  
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,  
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated  
Through the battles of the sea,  
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths  
played  
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,  
Its echoes have been known ;  
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low  
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains  
Its pealing note hath stirred,—  
Sound on, and on, for evermore,  
O thou victorious word !

### OLD NORWAY.

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

{“ To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé* (Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate and powerful ; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice ; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained—not a drop is left ; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus ‘ *For Norgé!* ’ the national song of Norway. Here (at Christiansand), and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted ; and one might suppose for the moment that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom.” — DERWENT CONWAY'S *Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden*.

The following words were written to the national air.]

ARISE ! Old Norway sends the word  
Of battle on the blast ;  
Her voice the forest pines hath stirred,  
As if a storm went past ;  
Her thousand hills the call have heard,  
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters ! for the chase,  
The kingly chase of foes !  
‘Tis not the bear or wild wolf's race  
Whose trampling shakes the snows :  
Arm, arm ! 'tis on a nobler trace  
The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,  
With many an icy bed ;  
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles  
Above the invader's head !  
Or let the seas, that guard our isles  
Give burial to his dead !

### COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP

COME to me, gentle Sleep !  
I pine, I pine for thee ;  
Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,  
And set my spirit free !  
Each lonely, burning thought  
In twilight languor steep—  
Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,  
O gentle, gentle Sleep !

Come with thine urn of dew,  
Sleep, gentle Sleep ! yet bring  
No voice, love's yearning to renew,  
No vision on thy wing !  
Come, as to folding flowers,  
To birds in forests deep—  
Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours  
O gentle, gentle Sleep !





SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.,

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE  
FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT DERIVED FROM REVERENTIAL  
COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY, THIS VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

PREFACE.—I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of religious poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted), but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest-showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the deathbed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the way-farer for "perils in the wilderness"—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers than by their reverential application to things divine.

FELICIA HEMANS. 1834.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS;

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

"Thy face

Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy!  
I am no more disconsolate."—WILSON.

SCENE I.—A Prison.

EDITH *alone*.

*Edith.* Morn once again! Morn in the  
lone, dim cell,  
The cavern of the prisoner's fever-dream;  
And morn on all the green, rejoicing hills,  
And the bright waters round the prisoner's  
home,  
Far, far away! Now wakes the early bird,  
That in the hme's transparent foliage sings,  
Close to my cottage-lattice—he awakes,  
To stir the young leaves with his gushing  
soul,

And to call forth rich answers of delight  
From voices buried in a thousand trees  
Through the dim, starry hours. Now doth  
the lake

Darken and flash in rapid interchange  
Unto the matin breeze; and the blue mist  
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows  
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that  
rise

As if new-born. Bright world! and I am  
here!  
And thou, O thou! the awakening thought  
of whom

Was more than dayspring, dearer than the  
sun,

Herbert! the very glance of whose clear eye  
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount  
Of living, bounding gladness!—where art  
*thou?*

My friend! my only and my blessed love  
Herbert, my soul's companion!

GOMEZ, *a Spanish Priest, enters.*

Gom. Daughter, hail!

I bring thee tidings.

Ed. Heaven will aid my soul  
Calmly to meet what'er thy lips announce.

Gom. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to  
heaven,  
And bow thy knee down for deliverance  
won!

Hast thou not prayed for life? and wouldst  
thou not

Once more be free!

Ed. Have I not prayed for life!  
I, that am so beloved! that love again  
With such a heart of tendrils? Heaven!  
*thou know'st*

The gushings of my prayer! And would  
I not

Once more be free? I that have been a  
child

Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn  
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy!  
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,  
Beneath the adoring silence of the night;  
And a glad wanderer with the happy  
streams,

Whose laughter fills the mountains! Oh!  
to hear

Their blessed sounds again!

Gom. Rejoice, rejoice!  
Our queen hath pity, maiden! on thy  
youth;

She wills not thou shouldst perish. I am  
To loose thy bonds. [come

Ed. And shall I see *his* face,  
And shall I listen to *his* voice again,  
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,  
Weeping there in my gladness? *Will* this  
be?

Blessings upon thee, father! my quick heart  
Hath deemed thee stern—say, wilt thou not  
forgive

The wayward child, too long in sunshine  
reared—

Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou  
not?

But Herbert, Herbert! Oh, my soul hath  
rushed

On a swift gust of sudden joy away,  
Forgetting all beside! Speak, father!  
speak!

Herbert—is he, too, free?

Gom. His freedom lies  
In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Ed. Thy words  
Fall changed and cold upon my boding  
heart

Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing  
me;

Let all be told.

Gom. The monarchs of the earth  
Shower not their mighty gifts without a  
claim

Unto some token of true vassalage,  
Some mark of homage.

Ed. Oh! unlike to *Him*  
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,  
And the bright, quickening rain, on those  
who serve

And those who heed *Him* not!

Gom. (*laying a paper before her*). Is it  
so much

That thine own hand should set the crown-  
seal

To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is  
here!

Sign but these words for liberty and life.

Ed. (*examining and then throwing it  
from her*). Sign but these words! and  
wherefore saidst thou not

—"Be but a traitor to God's light within?"  
Cruel, oh cruel! thy dark sport hath been  
With a young bosom's hope! Farewell,  
glad life!

Bright opening path to love and home,  
farewell!

And thou—now leave me with my God  
alone!

Gom. Dost thou reject heaven's mercy?

Ed. Heaven's! doth *heaven*  
Woo the free spirit for dishonoured breath  
To sell its birthright?—doth *heaven* set a  
price

On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,  
And the bright calm of conscience? Priest,  
away!

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness  
Of England's mountains. Not in sport  
alone

I trod their heath-flowers; but high  
thoughts rose up

From the broad shadow of the enduring  
rocks,

And wandered with me into solemn glens,  
Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.

I have heard voices of immortal truth,  
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds

That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I  
quail?

Shall England's daughter sink? No! He  
who there

Spoke to my heart, in silence and in storm,  
Will not forsake His child!

Gom. (*turning from her*). Then perish  
lost

In thine own blindness !

*Ed. (suddenly throwing herself at his feet).* Father ! hear me yet !

Oh ! if the kindly touch of human love

Hath ever warmed thy breast—

*Gom.* Away—away !

I know not love.

*Ed.* Yet hear ! if thou hast known

The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—

If the true vigil of affection's eye

Hath watched thy childhood—if fond tears  
have e'er

Been showered upon thy head—if parting  
words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—

Let me but look upon *his* face once more,

Let me but say—Farewell, my soul's be-  
loved !

And I will bless thee still !

*Gom. (aside).* Her soul may yield,

Beholding him in fetters ; woman's faith

Will bend to woman's love.

Thy prayer is heard ;

Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

*Ed.* O stormy hour of agony and joy !

But I shall see him—I shall hear his voice !

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Prison.*

HERBERT, EDITH.

*Ed.* Herbert ! my Herbert ! is it thus  
we meet ?

*Her.* The voice of my own Edith ! Can  
such joy

Light up this place of death ! And do I  
feel

Thy breath of love once more upon my  
cheek,

And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,

My blessed Edith ? Oh, so pale ! so  
changed !

My flower, my blighted flower ! thou that  
wert made

For the kind fostering of sweet, summer  
airs,

How hath the storm been with thee ? Lay  
thy head

On this true breast again, my gentle one !

And tell me all.

*Ed.* Yes ! take me to thy heart,

For I am weary, weary ! Oh ! that heart !

The kind, the brave, the tender !—how my  
soul

Hath sickened in vain yearnings for the  
balm

Of rest on that warm heart !—full, deep  
repose !

One draught of dewy stillness after storm !

And God hath pitied me, and I am here—  
Yet once before I die.

*Her.* They cannot slay

One young, and meek, and beautiful as  
thou,

My broken lily ! Surely the long days

Of the dark cell have been enough for *thee* !

Oh ! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious

head

Yet in calm sunshine.

*Ed.* Herbert ! I have cast

The snare of proffered mercy from my soul,  
This very hour. God to the weak hath

Victory o'er life and death. The tempter's  
price

Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

*Her.* O Edith ! Edith ! I, that led thee  
first

From the old path wherein thy fathers trod—  
I, that received it as an angel's task,

To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,  
Which drank it as a sunflower—*I* have been

Thy guide to death.

*Ed.* To heaven ! my guide to heaven,

My noble and my blessed ! Oh ! look up,  
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert ! But for

*thee,*

How could my spirit have sprung up to  
God

Through the dark cloud which o'er its  
vision hung,

The night of fear and error?—thy dear  
hand

First raised that veil, and showed the glori-  
ous world

My heritage beyond. Friend ! love, and  
friend !

It was as if thou gav'st me mine own soul  
In those bright days ! Yes ! a new earth

and heaven,

And a new sense for all their splendours  
born—

These were thy gifts ; and shall I not rejoice  
To die, upholding their immortal worth,

Even for *thy* sake ? Yes ! filled with nobler  
life

By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,

Lay me upon the altar of thy God,

The first-fruits of thy ministry below—

*Thy* work, thine own !

*Her.* My love, my sainted love !

Oh ! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven ;  
Earth would but sully thee ! Thou must

depart,

With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts

Untainted by a breath. And yet, alas !

Edith ! what dreams of holy happiness,



Even for *this* world, were ours!—the low  
sweet home,  
The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,  
And lattice gleaming through the leaves—  
and thou  
My life's companion! Thou, beside my  
hearth,  
Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me  
Back from brief absence with thy bounding  
step,  
In the green meadow-path, or by my side  
Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,  
In the sweet hush of prayer! And now—  
oh, now!—  
How have we loved—how fervently! how  
long!

And *this* to be the close!

*Ed.* Oh! bear me up  
Against the unutterable tenderness  
Of earthly love, my God!—in the sick hour  
Of dying human hope, forsake me not!  
Herbert, my Herbert! even from that sweet  
home

Where it had been too much of Paradise  
To dwell with thee—even thence the op-  
pressor's hand

Might soon have torn us; or the touch of  
death

Might one day there have left a widowed  
heart,

Pining alone. We will go hence, beloved!  
To the bright country where the wicked  
cease

From troubling, where the spoiler hath no  
sway;

Where no harsh voice of worldliness dis-  
turbs

The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go  
hence,

Together with our wedded souls, to heaven:  
No solitary lingering, no cold void,  
No dying of the heart! Our lives have been  
Lovely through faithful love, and in our  
deaths

We will not be divided.

*Her.* Oh! the peace  
Of God is lying far within thine eyes,  
Far underneath the mist of human tears,  
Lighting those blue, still depths, and sink-  
ing thence

On my worn heart. Now am I girt with  
strength,

Now I can bless thee, my true bride for  
heaven!

*Ed.* And let me bless *thee*, Herbert!—in  
this hour

Let my soul bless thee with prevailing  
might!

Oh! thou hast loved me nobly! thou didst  
take

An orphan to thy heart—a thing unprized  
And desolate; and thou didst guard her  
there,

That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl  
Of richest price; and thou didst fill her soul  
With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.  
I bless, I bless thee! Never did thine eye  
Look on me but in glistening tenderness,  
My gentle Herbert! Never did thy voice  
But in affection's deepest music speak

To thy poor Edith! Never was thy heart  
Aught but the kindest sheltering home to  
mine,

My faithful, generous Herbert! Woman's  
peace

Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true  
Reposed before. Alas! thy showering tears  
Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive!  
I should not melt thy noble strength away  
In such an hour.

*Her.* Sweet Edith, no! my heart  
Will fail no more. God bears me up  
through thee,

And by thy words, and by thy heavenly  
light

Shining around thee, through thy very tears,  
Will yet sustain me! Let us call on Him!  
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,  
Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on  
Him.

Th' all-pitying One, to aid.

[*They kneel*

Oh, look on us,

Father above!—in tender mercy look  
On us, thy children!—through th' o'er-  
shadowing cloud

Of sorrow and mortality, send aid—  
Save, or we perish! We would pour our  
lives

Forth as a joyous offering to thy truth;  
But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds of  
earth,

Are swayed by every gust. Forgive, O  
God!

The blindness of our passionate desires,  
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering  
thoughts

Which cleave to dust! Forgive the strife;  
accept

The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,  
From mortal pangs wrung forth! And if  
our souls,

In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,  
Of their long-clasping love, have wandered  
not,

Holiest! from Thee—oh! take them to  
[Thyself,



After the fiery trial—take them home  
To dwell, in that imperishable bond  
Before thee linked, for ever. Hear!—thro'  
Him

Who meekly drank the cup of agony,  
Who passed through death to victory, hear  
and save!

Pity us, Father! we are girt with snares:  
Father in Heaven! we have no help but  
thee.

[*They rise.*]

Is thy soul strengthened, my beloved one?  
O Edith! could'st thou lift up thy sweet  
voice,

And sing me that old solemn-breathing  
hymn

We loved in happier days—the strain which  
tells

Of the dread conflict in the olive shade?

EDITH *sings.*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
When but his Father's eye  
Looked through the lonely garden's shade  
On that dread agony;

The Lord of all above, beneath,  
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
The stars might well grow dim,

When this mortality had power  
So to o'ershadow HIM!

That He who gave man's breath, might  
know

The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all!—the doubt, the strife,  
The faint perplexing dread,

The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
All gathered round his head;

And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

It passed not—though the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath his tread;

It passed not—though to Him the grave  
Had yielded up its dead.

But there was sent Him from on high  
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset  
With anguish and dismay?

How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
In the dark, narrow way?

Through Him—through Him that path who  
trod.

—Save, or we perish, Son of God!

Hark, hark! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*]

Fare thee well!

O thou unutterably loved, farewell!  
Let our hearts bow to God!

*Her.* One last embrace—

On earth the last! We have eternity  
For love's communion yet! Farewell!—  
farewell!

[*She is led out*]

'Tis o'er!—the bitterness of death is past!

## FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

“Once when I looked along the laughing earth,  
Up the blue heavens and through the middle air,  
Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,  
I wept! and thought how sad for one so young  
To bid farewell to so much happiness.  
But Christ hath called me from this lower world,  
Delightful though it be.”—WILSON.

*Apartment in an English country-house.*  
—LILIAN *reclining, as sleeping on a  
couch. Her mother watching beside  
her. Her sister enters with flowers.*

*Mother.* Hush! lightly tread! Still tran-  
quilly she sleeps,  
As when a babe I rocked her on my heart.  
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath,  
in fear

To break the heavenly spell. Move silently!  
And oh! those flowers! Dear Jessy! bear  
them hence—

Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears  
That shook her trembling frame, when last  
we brought

The roses to her couch? Dost thou not  
know

What sudden longings for the woods and  
hills,

Where once her free steps moved so buoy-  
antly,

These leaves and odours with strange in-  
fluence wake

In her fast-kindled soul?

*Jessy.* Oh! she would pine,  
Were the wild scents and glowing hues  
withheld,

*Mother!* far more than *now* her spirit  
years

For the blue sky, the singing birds and  
brooks,

And swell of breathing turf, whose light-  
some spring

Their blooms recall.

*Lilian (raising herself).* Is that my  
Jessy's voice.

It woke me not, sweet mother ! I had lain  
Silently, visited by waking dreams,  
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,  
Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she  
brought flowers ?

Nay, fear not now thy fond child's way-  
wardness,  
My thoughtful mother !—in her chastened  
soul

The passion-coloured images of life,  
Which, with their sudden, startling flush,  
awoke

So oft those burning tears, have died away ;  
And night is there—still, solemn, holy  
night !

With all her stars, and with the gentle tune  
Of many fountains, low and musical,  
By day unheard.

*Mother.* And wherefore *night*, my child ?  
Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,  
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt  
rise,

And walk forth with the dayspring.

*Lilian.* Hope it not !  
Dream it no more, my mother !—there are  
things

Known but to God, and to the parting soul,  
Which feels His thrilling summons.

But my words  
Too much o'ershadow those kind, loving  
eyes.

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy ! Ah !  
thy step,

Well do I see, hath not alone explored  
The garden bowers, but freely visited  
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow-  
sweet

Is from the cool, green, shadowy river-nook,  
Where the stream chimes around th' old  
mossy stones

With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is  
that spot

Lovely as when our glad eyes hailed it first ?  
Still doth the golden willow bend, and  
sweep

The clear brown wave with every passing  
wind ?

And through the shallower waters, where  
they lie

Dimpling in light, do the veined pebbles  
gleam

Like bedded gems ? And the white butter-  
flies—

From shade to sunstreak are they glancing  
Among the poplar boughs ? [still

*Jessy.* All, all is there  
Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours  
can bring ;

All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightning-smile !  
Therefore I stood in sadness midst the  
leaves,

And caught an under-music of lament  
In the stream's voice. But Nature waits  
thee still,

And for thy coming piles a fairy throne  
Of richest moss.

*Lilian.* Alas ! it may not be !  
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly  
To all these blessed haunts of song and  
thought ;

Yet not the less I love to look on these,  
Their dear memorials,—strew them o'er  
my couch

Till it grow like a forest-bank in spring,  
All flushed with violets and anemones.  
Ah ! the pale brier-rose ! touched so ten-  
derly,

As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,  
Melting away to pearliness ! I know  
How its long, light festoons o'erarching  
hung

From the gray rock that rises, altar-like,  
With its high, waving crown of mountain-  
ash,

Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich  
bough

Of honeyed woodbine tells me of the oak,  
Whose deep, midsummer gloom sleeps  
heavily,

Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face  
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now  
I look up through the stirring of its leaves  
Unto the intense blue, crystal firmament.  
The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my head,  
Casting at times a silvery shadow down  
Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful !  
How beautiful is all this fair, free world  
Under God's open sky !

*Mother.* Thou art o'erwrought  
Once more, my child ! The dewy, trem-  
bling light

Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.  
Oh, hush, dear *Lilian* ! turn thee to repose.

*Lilian.* Mother ! I cannot. In my soul  
the thoughts

Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire ;  
Importunately to my lips they throng,  
And with their earthly kindred seek to  
blend

Ere the veil drop between. When I am  
gone— [words

(For I *must* go)—then the remembered  
Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,  
Will to thy fond heart be as amulets  
Held there, with life and love. And weep  
not thus,

Mother! dear sister!—kindest, gentlest ones!

Be comforted that now I weep no more  
For the glad earth and all the golden light  
Whence I depart.

No! God hath purified my spirit's eye,  
And in the folds of this consummate rose  
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,  
Dimly and mournfully, the word "*fare-well*"

On the rich petals traced. No—in soft veins  
And characters of beauty, I can read—

"*Look up, look heavenward!*"

Blessed God of Love!

I thank Thee for these gifts, the precious links

Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn!  
I thank Thee that the loveliness of earth  
Higher than earth can raise me! Are not these

But germs of things unperishing, that bloom  
Beside th' immortal streams? Shall I not find

The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,  
In the serene and never-moaning air,  
And the clear starry light of angel eyes,  
A thousand-fold more glorious? Richer far  
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,  
When it hath ne'er been pressed to broken hearts,

A record of lost love?

*Mother.* My Lilian! thou  
Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known  
Of lost things or of changed!

*Lilian.* Oh! little yet,  
For *thou* hast been my shield! But had it been

My lot on this world's billows to be thrown  
Without thy love, O mother! there are hearts

So perilously fashioned, that for them  
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough  
To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings!—

We will not speak of this!

By what strange spell

Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,  
I dream of music? Something in their hues,

All melting into coloured harmonies,  
Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,  
Of blended singing-tones, that swell and die  
In tenderest falls away. Oh, bring thy harp,

Sister! A gentle heaviness at last  
Hath touched mine eyelids: sing to me,  
and sleep  
Will come again.

*Jessy.* What would'st thou hear?—the  
Italian peasant's lay,

Which makes the desolate Campagna ring  
With "*Roma! Roma!*" or the madrigal  
Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?

Or the old ditty left by troubadours  
To girls of Languedoc?

*Lilian.* Oh, no! not these.

*Jessy.* What then?—the Moorish melody  
still known

Within the Alhambra city? or those notes  
Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's  
heart

Even unto death?

*Lilian.* No, sister! nor yet these—

Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,  
Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes  
In the caressing sweetness of their tones,  
For one who dies. They would but woo  
me back

To glowing life with those Arcadian  
sounds—

And vainly, vainly. No! a loftier strain,  
A deeper music!—something that may bear  
The spirit upon slow yet mighty wings,  
Unswayed by gusts of earth; something  
all filled

With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.  
Sing me that antique strain which once I  
deemed

Almost too sternly simple, too austere  
In its grave majesty! I love it now—  
*Now* it seems fraught with holiest power to  
hush

All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice  
That said of old—"Be still!" Sing me  
that strain,

"The Saviour's dying hour."

*JESSY sings to the Harp.*

O Son of Man!

In thy last mortal hour  
Shadows of earth closed round thee fear  
fully!

All that on us is laid,

All the deep gloom,

The desolation and the abandonment,  
The dark amaze of death—

All upon *thee* too fell,

Redeemer! Son of man!

But the keen pang

Wherewith the silver cord

Of earth's affections from the soul's  
wrung;

The uptearing of those tendrils which have  
grown

Into the quick, strong heart;



This, *this*—the passion and the agony  
Of battling love and death,  
Surely was not for *thee*,  
Holy One! Son of God!

Yes, my Redeemer!  
E'en this cup was thine!  
Fond, wailing voices called thy spirit  
back:  
E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts  
Of that last crowning hour—  
E'en on thine awful way to victory,  
Wildly they called Thee back!  
And weeping eyes of love  
Unto thy heart's deep core  
Pierced through the folds of death's mys-  
terious veil.  
Suffer! thou Son of Man!

Mother-tears were mingled  
With thy costly blood-drops,  
In the shadow of the atoning cross;  
And the friend, the faithful,  
He that on thy bosom  
Thence imbibing heavenly love, had  
lain—  
He, a pale sad watcher,  
Met with looks of anguish  
All the anguish in *thy* last meek  
glance—  
Dying Son of Man!

Oh! therefore unto thee,  
Thou that hast known all woes  
Bound in the girdle of mortality!  
Thou that wilt lift the reed  
Which storms have bruised,  
To Thee may sorrow through each con-  
flict cry,  
And, in that tempest-hour, when love  
and life  
Mysteriously must part,  
When tearful eyes  
Are passionately bent  
To drink earth's last fond meaning from  
our gaze,  
Then, then forsake us not!  
Shed on our spirits then  
The faith and deep submissiveness of  
thine!  
Thou that didst love—  
Thou that didst weep and die—  
Thou that didst rise a victor glorified;  
Conqueror! thou Son of God!

## CATHEDRAL HYMN.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."  
WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old time!  
A temple shadowy with remembrances  
Of the majestic past! The very light  
Streams with a colouring of heroic days  
In every ray, which leads through arch and  
aisle  
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back  
To other years!—and the rich fretted roof,  
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,  
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—  
The tenderest image of mortality—  
Binding the slender columns, whose light  
shafts  
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves;—all  
these things  
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,  
On their heart's worship poured a wealth of  
love!  
Honour be with the dead! The people  
kneel  
Under the helms of antique chivalry,  
And in the crimson gloom from banners  
thrown,  
And midst the forms, in pale, proud slum-  
ber carved,  
Of warriors on their tombs. The people  
kneel  
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where  
jewelled crowns  
On the flushed brows of conquerors have  
been set;  
Where the high anthems of old victories  
Have made the dust give echoes. Hence,  
vain thoughts!  
Memories of power and pride, which long  
ago,  
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk  
In twilight-depths away. Return, my soul!  
The Cross recalls thee. Lo! the blessed  
Cross!  
High o'er the banners and the crests of  
earth,  
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!  
And lo! the throng of beating human  
hearts,  
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,  
All their full treasures of immortal hope!  
Gathered before their God! Hark! how  
the flood  
Of the rich organ-harmony bears up  
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty  
burst!



A forest-sounding music! Every tone  
Which the blasts call forth with their harp-  
ing wings  
From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is  
blent :

And the old minster—forest-like itself—  
With its long avenues of pillared shade,  
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that  
strain

O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not  
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sym-  
pathy

Answering the electric notes. Join, join,  
my soul !

In thine own lowly, trembling conscious-  
ness,

And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire !

In solemn joy aspire,

Deepening thy passion still, O choral  
strain !

On thy strong rushing wind

Bear up from humankind

Thanks and implorings—be they not in  
vain !

Father, which art on high !

Weak is the melody

Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,

Unless the heart be there,

Winging the words of prayer

With its own fervent faith or suppliant  
fear.

Let, then, thy Spirit brood

Over the multitude—

Be thou amidst them, thro' that heavenly  
Guest !

So shall their cry have power

To win from Thee a shower

Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,

That ask no aid but thine,

Father of mercies ! here before Thee swell !

As to the open sky,

All their dark waters lie

To Thee revealed, in each close bosom-cell.

The sorrow for the dead,

Mantling its lonely head

From the world's glare, is, in thy sight,  
set free ;

And the fond, aching love,

Thy minister to move

All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.

And doth not thy dread eye

Behold the agony

In that most hidden chamber of the heart,  
Where darkly sits remorse,  
Beside the secret source  
Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart ?

Yes ! here before thy throne

Many—yet each alone—

To Thee that terrible unveiling make :

And still, small whispers clear

Are startling many an ear,

As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place

The glory of thy face

Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight.

Where shall the guilty flee ?

Over what far-off sea ?

What hills, what woods, may shroud him  
from that light ?

Not to the cedar-shade

Let his vain flight be made ;

Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea ;

What, but the Cross, can yield

The hope—the stay—the shield ?

Thence may the Atoner lead him up to  
Thee !

Be Thou, be Thou his aid !

Oh, let thy love pervade

The haunted caves of self-accusing thought !

There let the living stone

Be cleft—the seed be sown—

The song of fountains from the silence  
brought !

So shall thy breath once more

Within the soul restore

Thine own first image—Holiest and Most  
High !

As a clear lake is filled

With hues of heaven, instilled

Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng

Linked by the ascending song,

There are whose thoughts in trembling  
rapture soar ;

Thanks, Father ! that the power

Of joy, man's early dower,

Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently adore !

Thanks for each gift Divine !

Eternal praise be thine,

Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest  
prayer !

Let the hymn pierce the sky,

And let the tombs reply !

For seed, that waits the harvest-time, is  
there.

## WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

" Move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart : with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."  
WORDSWORTH.

## FATHER—CHILD.

*Child.* There are the aspens, with their  
silvery leaves  
Trembling, for ever trembling ; though the  
lime  
And chestnut boughs, and those long arch-  
ing sprays  
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood  
Were all one picture !

*Father.* Hast thou heard, my boy,  
The peasant's legend of that quivering  
tree ?

*Child.* No, father : doth he say the fairies  
dance  
Amidst the branches ?

*Father.* Oh ! a cause more deep,  
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign  
To the strange restlessness of those wan  
leaves !

The cross he deems, the blessed cross,  
whereon

The meek Redeemer bowed his head to  
death,

Was framed of aspen wood ; and since that  
hour,

Through all its race the pale tree hath sent  
down

A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze  
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

*Child (after a pause).* Dost thou believe  
it, father ?

*Father.* Nay, my child,  
*We* walk in clearer light. But yet, even  
now,

With something of a lingering love, I read  
The characters, by that mysterious hour  
Stamped on the reverential soul of man  
In visionary days ; and thence thrown back  
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign  
Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven,  
The woodman and the mountaineer can  
trace

On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it  
so !

*They* do not wisely that, with hurried  
hand,

Would pluck these salutary fancies forth  
From their strong soil within the peasant's  
breast.

And scatter them—far, far too fast !—  
away

As worthless weeds. Oh ! little do we  
know

*When* they have soothed, when saved !  
But come, dear boy !

My words grow tinged with thought too  
deep for thee.

Come—let us search for violets.

*Child.* Know you not  
More of the legends which the woodmen  
tell

Amidst the trees and flowers ?

*Father.* Wilt thou know more ?  
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark-  
brown stains

There—by the mossy roots of yon old  
beech,

Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou  
not ?

There is a spray of woodbine from the tree  
Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's  
weight.

*Child.* The Arum leaf ?

*Father.* Yes. These deep inwrought  
marks,

The villager will tell thee (and with voice  
Lowered in his true heart's reverent earnest-  
ness),

Are the flower's portion from th' atoning  
blood

On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it  
grew ;

And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,  
Catching from that dread shower of agony  
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus  
Unto the groves and hills, their sealing  
stains,

A heritage, for storm or vernal wind  
Never to waft away !

And hast thou seen  
The passion-flower ? It grows not in the  
woods,

But 'midst the bright things brought from  
other climes

*Child.* What ! the pale star-shaped flower,  
with purple streaks,  
And light green tendrils ?

*Father.* Thou hast marked it well.  
Yes ! a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,  
As from a land of spirits ! To mine eye  
Those faint, wan petals—colourless, and  
yet

Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic  
lines

(As letters of some wizard language gone)  
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,  
Bear something of a strange solemnity,

Awfully lovely! and the Christian's  
 thought  
 Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find  
 Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal  
 pangs  
 Set by God's hand—the coronal of thorns—  
 The cross, the wounds—with other mean-  
 ings deep  
 Which I will teach thee when we meet  
 again  
 That flower, the chosen for the martyr's  
 wreath,  
 The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause :

Now have we reached the very inmost  
 heart

Of the old wood. How the green shadows  
 close

Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,  
 A luxury of gloom! Scarce doth one ray,  
 Even when a soft wind parts the foliage,  
 steal

O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep ar-  
 cades ;

Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellowed hue  
 Of glow-worm coloured light.

Here, in the days

Of pagan visions, would have been a place  
 For worship of the wood-nymphs! Through  
 these oaks

A small, fair gleaming temple might have  
 thrown

The quivering image of its Dorian shafts  
 On the stream's bosom, or a sculptured  
 form,

Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom,  
 Have bowed its head o'er that dark crystal  
 down,

Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops  
 Under bright rain. But *we*, my child, are  
 here

With God, our God, a Spirit, who requires  
 Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth;  
 And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast  
 enough

To fill and hallow all the solitude—  
 Makes consecrated earth where'er we  
 move,

Without the aid of shrines.

What! dost thou feel

The solemn whispering influence of the  
 scene

Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost  
 draw

More closely to my side, and clasp my  
 hand

Faster in thine? Nay, fear not, gentle  
 child!

'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath  
 pervades

The stillness around. Come, sit beside me  
 here,

Where brooding violets mantle this green  
 slope

With dark exuberance ; and beneath these  
 plumes

Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss  
 holds

In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and  
 bright,

The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile,  
 And let me hear once more the woodland  
 verse

I taught thee late—'twas made for such a  
 scene.

*Child speaks.*

#### WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here ?

The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud ;  
 And o'er the pools, all still and darkly  
 clear,

The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems  
 bowed ;

And something of a tender cloistral gloom  
 Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams

Through the dim, dewy veil of foliage  
 round

Comes tremulous with emerald - tinted  
 gleams—

As if it knew the place were holy ground ;  
 And would not startle, with too bright a  
 burst,

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

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Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Flowers, all Divinely nursed.

Shall the green, voiceful wild seem *less* thy  
 fanc.



Where thou alone hast built?—where arch  
and roof

Are of thy living woof?

The silence and the sound,  
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;  
The temple-twilight of the gloom profound,  
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,  
The reed by every wandering whisper  
thrilled—

All, all with Thee are filled!

Oh! purify mine eyes,  
More and yet more, by love and lowly  
thought,

Thy presence, holiest One! to recognise  
In these majestic aisles which Thou hast  
wrought,

And, 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach  
mine ear

Ever thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart

To meet the awful sweetness of that tone  
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,  
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to  
own—

Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious  
bowers

Ere sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change  
O'er nature thrown by guilt!—the boding  
sky,

The hollow leaf - sounds ominous and  
strange,

The weight wherewith the dark tree-  
shadows lie!

Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and  
free,

To walk the woods with Thee!

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#### PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

"Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world  
Sustain—THOU only canst—the sick at heart;  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto Thee and thine."  
WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT—holy night—the time  
For mind's free breathings in a purer  
clime!

Night!—when in happier hour the unveil-  
ing sky

Woke all my kindled soul  
To meet its revelations, clear and high,  
With the strong joy of immortality!

Now hath strange sadness wrapped me,  
strange and deep—

And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er  
them roll,

E'en when I deemed them seraph-plumed,  
to sweep

Far beyond earth's control

Wherefore is this? I see the stars return-  
ing,

Fire after fire in heaven's rich temple burn-  
ing:

Fast shine they forth—my spirit-friends, my  
guides,

Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;  
They shine—but faintly, through a quiver-  
ing haze:

Oh! is the dimness *mine* which cloud those  
rays?

They from whose glance my childhood drank  
delight!

A joy unquestioning—a love intense—  
They that, unfolding to more thoughtful  
sight

The harmony of their magnificence,  
Drew silently the worship of my youth

To the grave sweetness on the brow of  
truth;

Shall they shower blessing, with their beams  
Divine,

Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,  
And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine

Through some wild pass of rocky Apen-  
nine,

And to the wanderer lone  
On wastes of Afric thrown.

And not to *me*?

Am I a thing forsaken?

And is the gladness taken

From the bright-pinioned nature which hath  
soared

Through realms by royal eagle ne'er ex-  
plored,

And, bathing there in streams of fiery  
light,

Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien! Wherefore must this  
be?

How shall I rend the chain?

How drink rich life again

From those pure urns of radiance, welling  
free?

—Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,  
My soul, not yet to lowly thought sub-  
dued,



Hath stood without Thee on her hill of  
power—

A fearful and a dazzling solitude !  
And therefore from that haughty summit's  
crown

To dim desertion is by Thee cast down ;  
Behold ! thy child submissively hath  
bowed—

Shine on him through the cloud !

Let the now darkened earth and curtained  
heaven

Back to his vision with thy face be given !  
Bear him on high once more,  
But in thy strength to soar,

And wrapt and stilled by that o'ershadow-  
ing might,

Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with  
chastened sight.

Or if it be that, like the ark's lone dove,  
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-  
place,

No sheltering home of sympathy and love  
In the responsive bosoms of my race,

And back return, a darkness and a weight,  
Till my unanswered heart grows desolate—

Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest !—I am vowed  
To solemn service high ;

And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endowed,  
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,  
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,

Because no human tone

Unto the altar-stone

Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,  
Where it should make eternal truth its  
mate,

May cheer the sacred, solitary way ?

Oh ! be the whisper of thy voice within  
Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope to  
win

A more deep-seeing homage for thy name,  
Far, far beyond the burning dream of  
fame !

Make me thine only !—Let me add but  
one

To those refulgent steps all undefiled,  
Which glorious minds have piled  
Through bright self-offering, earnest, child-  
like, lone,

For mounting to thy throne !

And let my soul, upborne

On wings of inner morn,

Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense

Of that blessed work, its own high recom-  
pense.

The dimness melts away  
That on your glory lay,

O ye majestic watchers of the skies !

Through the dissolving veil,  
Which made each aspect pale,

Your gladdening fires once more I recog-  
nise ;

And once again a shower

Of hope, and joy, and power,

Streams on my soul from your immortal  
eyes.

And if that splendour to my sobered sight  
Come tremulous, with more of pensive  
light—

Something, though beautiful, yet deeply  
fraught

With more that pierces through each fold  
of thought

Than I was wont to trace

On heaven's unshadowed face—

Be it e'en so !—be mine, though set apart

Unto a radiant ministry, yet still

A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart,

Bowed before Thee, O Mightiest ! whose  
blessed will

All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.\*

### THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER ! guide me ! Day declines,

Hollow winds are in the pines ;

Darkly waves each giant bough

O'er the sky's last crimson glow :

Hushed is now the convent's bell,

Which erewhile with breezy swell

From the purple mountains bore

Greeting to the sunset-shore.

Now the sailor's vesper-hymn

Dies away.

Father ! in the forest dim,

Be my stay !

In the low and shivering thrill

Of the leaves that late hung still

In the dull and muffled tone

Of the sea-waves' distant moan ;

In the deep tints of the sky,

There are signs of tempest nigh.

Ominous, with sullen sound,

Falls the closing dusk around.

Father ! through the storm and shade

O'er the wild,

Oh ! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—

Save thy child !

\* Written after hearing the introductory Lec-  
ture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity College,  
Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, royal astron-  
omer, on the 2th November, 1832.

Many a swift and sounding plume  
Homewards, through the boding gloom,  
O'er my way hath flitted fast  
Since the farewell sunbeam passed  
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,  
And the pools, now lone and dark,  
Where the wakening night-winds sigh  
Through the long reeds mournfully.  
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—  
God of might !  
Shield the homeless 'midst the waste !  
Be his light !

In his distant cradle-nest,  
Now my babe is laid to rest ;  
Beautiful its slumber seems  
With a glow of heavenly dreams—  
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,  
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
Where his mother bends to pray  
For the loved and far away.  
Father ! guard that household bower,  
Hear that prayer !  
Back, through thine all-guiding power,  
Lead me there !

Darker, wilder grows the night :  
Not a star sends quivering light  
Through the massy arch of shade  
By the stern, old forest made.  
Thou ! to whose unslumbering eyes  
All my pathway open lies,  
By the Son who knew distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
Where no roof to that blessed head  
Shelter gave—  
Father ! through the time of dread,  
Save—oh, save !

### BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent, with a child in her arms apparently sleeping.*

*Agnes.* Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream !  
The desolation and the agony—  
The strange, red sunrise, and the gloomy woods,  
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,  
And the broad, lonely river !—all a dream !  
And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,

Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come  
Through the wreathed sweetbrier at my lattice-panes  
In happy, happy England ! Speak to me !  
Speak to thy mother, bright one ! she hath watched  
All the dread night beside thee, till her brain  
Is darkened by swift waves of fantasies,  
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.  
Oh ! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss  
On his fair brow !  
(*Shudderingly.*) The strange, damp, thrilling touch !  
The marble chill ! Now, now it rushes back—  
Now I know all !—dead—dead !—a fearful word !  
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,  
To journey on without the blessed light  
In his deep, loving eyes. He's gone !—he's gone !

*Her HUSBAND enters.*

*Husband.* Agnes ! my Agnes ! hast thou looked thy last  
On our sweet slumberer's face ? The hour is come—  
The couch made ready for his last repose.  
*Agnes.* Not yet ! thou canst not take him from me yet !  
If he but left me for a few short days,  
This were too brief a gazing-time to draw  
His angel image into my fond heart,  
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh !  
*now,*  
Never again the laughter of his eye  
Shall send its gladdening summer through my soul  
—Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay !  
Thou canst not take him from me.  
*Husband.* My beloved !  
Is it not God hath taken him ? the God  
That took our firstborn, o'er whose early grave  
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head,  
and say,  
" His will be done !"  
*Agnes.* Oh ! that near household grave,  
Under the turf of England, seemed not half—  
Not half so much to part me from my child  
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,

And I could watch the sunshine, through  
all hours,  
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot ;  
And I could dress its greensward with fresh  
flowers,  
Familiar meadow-flowers. O'er *thee*, my  
babe !

The primrose will not blossom ! Oh ! that  
now,

Together, by thy fair young sister's side,  
We lay 'midst England's valleys !

*Husband.* Dost thou grieve,  
Agnes ! that thou hast followed o'er the  
deep

An exile's fortunes ? If it *thus* can be,  
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,  
My spirit sinks at last.

*Agnes.* Forgive ! forgive !  
My Edmund, pardon me ! Oh ! grief is  
wild—

Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a  
fount

Of unknown bitterness ! Thou art my  
home !

Mine only and my blessed one ! Where'er  
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,  
*There* is my country ! *there* my head shall  
rest,

And throb no more. Oh ! still, by thy  
strong love,

Bear up the feeble reed !

*(Kneeling with the child in her arms.)*

And Thou, my God !

Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilder-  
ness !

Oh ! hear, and pardon me ! If I have  
made

This treasure, sent from Thee, too much  
the ark

Fraught with mine earthward-clinging hap-  
piness,

Forgetting Him who gave, and might re-  
sume,

Oh ! pardon me !

If nature hath rebelled,

And from thy light turned wilfully away,  
Making a midnight of her agony,

When the despairing passion of her clasp  
Was from its idol stricken at one touch

Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me !  
By thy Son's anguish, pardon ! In the soul

The tempests and the waves will know thy  
voice—

Father ! say, " Peace, be still ! "

*(Giving the child to her husband.)*

Farewell, my babe !

Go from my bosom now to other rest !  
With this last kiss on thine unsullied  
brow,  
And on thy pale, calm cheek these contrite  
tears,

I yield thee to tny Maker !

*Husband.* Now, my wife !  
Thine own meek holiness beams forth once  
more

A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,  
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to re-  
pose—

With a calm, trustful heart.  
*Agnes.* My Edmund ! where—

Where wilt thou lay him ?  
*Husband.* See'st thou where the spire

Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun  
To burning gold—there—o'er yon willow  
tuft ?

Under that native desert monument  
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the  
dawn,

With the gray mosses of the wilderness  
Hath lined it closely through ; and there  
breathed forth,

E'en from the fulness of his own pure  
heart,

A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,  
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the  
boy

Chanting it o'er his solitary task,  
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,  
Perchance unconsciously.

*Agnes.* My gentle son !  
The affectionate, the gifted ! With what  
joy—

Edmund, rememberest thou ?—with what  
bright joy

His baby brother ever to his arms  
Would spring from rosy sleep, and play-  
fully

Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair  
In that kind, useful breast ! Oh ! now no  
more !

But strengthen me, my God ! and melt my  
heart,

Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,  
For many a blessing left.

*(Bending over the child.)* Once more, fare-  
well !

Oh, the pale, piercing sweetness of that  
look !

How can it be sustained ? Away, away !

*(After a short pause.)*

Edmund ! my woman's nature still !  
weak—

I cannot see thee render dust to dust !



Go thou, my husband! to thy solemn  
task;

I will rest here, and still my soul with  
prayer

Till thy return.

*Husband.* Then strength be with thy  
prayer!

Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly  
hope

Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a while!

We must be pilgrims of the woods again,

After this mournful hour.

*(He goes out with the child.—AGNES kneels  
in prayer.—After a time, voices without  
are heard singing.)*

#### FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
By the forest-river,  
Sleeps our babe alone.

England's field-flowers may not deck his  
grave,

Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,  
'Midst the mighty wild;  
Yet with God we leave him,  
Blessed, blessed child!

And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,  
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brightened  
Oft our weary way,  
And his clear laugh lightened  
Half our hearts' dismay;  
Still in hope we give back what was given,  
Yielding up the beautiful to heaven.

And to her who bore him,  
Her who long must weep,  
Yet shall heaven restore him  
From his pale, sweet sleep!  
Those blue eyes of love and peace again  
Through her soul will shine, undimmed by  
pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
Leave him by the river  
Earth to earth alone!

God and Father! may our journeyings on  
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone!

From the exile's sorrow,  
From the wanderer's dread  
Of the night and morrow,  
Early brightly fled;

Thou hast called him to a sweeter home  
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him,  
With his angel look,  
Where those arms enfold him,  
Which benignly took  
Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's  
breast,  
When His voice their tender meekness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother!  
From thy dead, oh, turn!  
Linger not, young brother,  
Here to dream and mourn:  
Only kneel once more around the sod,  
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God!

#### EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD.

THERE is a waking on the mighty hills,  
A kindling with the spirit of the morn!  
Bright gleams are scattered from the thou-  
sand rills,  
And a soft visionary hue is born  
On the young foliage, worn  
By all the embosomed woods—a silvery  
green,  
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously  
serene.

And lo! where, floating through a glory,  
sings  
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky!  
Lo! where the darkness of his buoyant  
wings,  
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,  
Trembles with melody!  
While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice  
To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun  
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth!  
And for your dwellers nobler joy is won  
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's  
mirth,  
By this glad morning's birth!  
And gifts more precious by its breath are  
shed  
Than music on the breeze, dew on the vio-  
let's head.

Gifts for the soul, from whose illumined  
eye  
O'er nature's face the colouring glory flows.  
Gifts from the fount of immortality,



Which, filled with balm, unknown to human woes,  
Lay hushed in dark repose,  
Till thou, bright dayspring! mad'st its waves our own,  
By thine unsealing of the burial-stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills!

And let a full victorious tone be given,  
By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills  
Your urn-like depths with sound! The tomb is riven,  
The radiant gate of heaven  
Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast  
By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves! upon whose turf I stand,

Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,  
Time, with a soft and reconciling hand,  
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread

O'er every narrow bed:  
But not by time, and not by nature sown  
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen! Oh, not one cherished head

Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pil-  
lowed here

Without a hope (howe'er the heart hath  
bled

In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious  
bier),

A hope, upspringing clear  
From those majestic tidings of the morn,  
Which lit the living way to all of woman  
born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love!  
E'en on this greensward: night hath heard  
thy cry,

Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust  
above—

Night, and the hills, which sent forth no  
reply

Unto thine agony!  
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy  
guide,

Christ hath arisen, O love! thy tears shall  
all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those  
tears,

Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb

On thine impassioned soul, in elder years,  
When, burdened with the mystery of its  
doom,

Mortality's thick gloom  
Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the  
breath

Of the triumphant rose came blending  
thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love! and by thy sister, Fear,  
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought

To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,  
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,

And where the board was fraught  
With wine and myrtles in the summer  
bower,

Felt, e'en when disavowed, a presence and  
a power.

But that dark night is closed: and o'er the  
dead,

Here, where the gleamy primrose-tufts have  
blown,

And where the mountain-heath a couch has  
spread,

And, settling oft on some gray, lettered  
stone,

The redbreast warbles lone;  
And the wild-bee's deep drowsy murmurs  
pass,

Like a low thrill of harp-strings, through  
the grass:

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's  
sleep,

We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting  
For Hope sits, dovelike, on the gloomy  
deep,

And the green hills wherein these valleys lie  
Seem all one sanctuary

Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh,  
bright sod,

Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedi-  
cate to God.

Christ hath arisen! O mountain-peaks! at-  
test—

Witness, resounding glen and torrent-wave!  
The immortal courage in the human breast

Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the  
brave

To camp, 'midst rock and cave,  
Nerved by those words, their struggling  
faith have borne,

Planting the cross on high above the clouds  
of morn!

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for  
to-day—

Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone

Have thrilled their pines, when those that  
 knelt to pray  
 Rose up to arm! The pure, high snows  
 have known  
 A colouring not their own,  
 But from true hearts, which, by that crim-  
 son stain,  
 Gave token of a trust that called no suffer-  
 ing vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear  
 no more  
 The solemn splendour of the martyr's blood ;  
 And may that awful record, as of yore,  
 Never again be known to field or flood !  
 E'en though the faithful stood,  
 A noble army, in the exulting sight  
 Of earth and heaven, which blessed their  
 battle for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken  
 Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;  
 And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;  
 And, for the strength whereby the just and  
 pure

Thus steadfastly endure,  
 Glory to Him whose victory won that  
 dower !  
 Him from whose rising streamed that robe  
 of spirit-power.

Glory to Him ! Hope to the suffering  
 breast !  
 Light to the nations ! He hath rolled away  
 The mists which, gathering into deathlike  
 rest,  
 Between the soul and heaven's calm ether  
 lay—

His love hath made it day  
 With those that sat in darkness. Earth  
 and sea !  
 Lift up glad strains for man by truth Divine  
 made free !

### THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

' A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death."  
 WORDSWORTH.

I SAW him at his sport awhile,  
 The bright, exulting boy !  
 Like summer's lightning came the smile  
 Of his young spirit's joy—

A flash that, wheresoe'er it broke,  
 To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,  
 By a clear fountain's side,  
 Where jewel-coloured pebbles lay  
 Beneath the shallow tide ;  
 And pearly spray at times would meet  
 The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-flowers,  
 Which drank that streamlet's dew ;  
 He flung them o'er the wave in showers,  
 Till, gazing, scarce I knew  
 Which seemed more pure, or bright, or wild  
 The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom  
 Made earth one festal scene,  
 Where the dull shadow of the tomb  
 Seemed as it ne'er had been.  
 How could one image of decay  
 Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—  
 The boy's meek head was bowed  
 In silence o'er the Book of Light,  
 And, like a golden cloud—  
 The still cloud of a pictured sky—  
 His locks drooped round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deemed him fair,  
 When, in the fountain-glade,  
 A creature of the sky and air,  
 Almost on wings he played ;  
 Oh ! how much holier beauty now  
 Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,  
 To break forth from the tomb  
 Unto far nobler destiny  
 Than waits the skylark's plume !  
 I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,  
 Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw—  
 My watching eye could trace  
 The shadows of its new-born awe  
 Sweeping o'er that fair face :  
 As o'er a flower might pass the shade  
 By some dread angel's pinion made

The soul, the mother of deep fears,  
 Of high hopes infinite,  
 Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears  
 Of sleepless inner sight ;  
 Lovely, but solemn, it arose,  
 Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,\* undefiled,  
 As yet, by evil thought—  
 Oh! little dreamed the brooding child  
 Of what within me wrought,  
 While his young heart first burned and  
 stirred,  
 And quivered to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught  
 The reverence of his gaze—  
 A sight with dew of blessing fraught  
 To hallow after-days;  
 To make the proud heart meekly wise,  
 By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seemed as if a temple rose  
 Before me brightly there;  
 And in the depths of its repose  
 My soul o'erflowed with prayer,  
 Feeling a solemn presence nigh—  
 The power of infant sanctity!  
 O Father! mould my heart once more  
 By thy prevailing breath!  
 Teach me, oh! teach me to adore  
 E'en with that pure one's faith—  
 A faith, all made of love and light,  
 Child-like, and therefore full of might!

#### A POET'S DYING HYMN.

“Be mute who will, who can,  
 Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice!  
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine  
 In such a temple as we now behold,  
 Reared for thy presence; therefore am I bound  
 To worship, here and everywhere.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift  
 mine eye,  
 And bless Thee, O my God! that I have  
 met  
 And owned thine image in the majesty  
 Of their calm temple still!—that, never  
 yet,  
 There hath thy face been shrouded from  
 my sight  
 By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of  
 night:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure ex-  
 pause,  
 I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,

\* “All this, and more than this, is now en-  
 graved upon the red-leaved tablets of my  
 heart.”—HAYWOOD.

Touching death's features with a lovely  
 glance  
 Of light, serenely, solemnly Divine,  
 And lending to each holy star a ray  
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice nor been  
 afraid,  
 In the earth's garden—'midst the moun-  
 tains old,  
 And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,  
 And the wild sound of waters uncon-  
 trolled—  
 And upon many a desert plain and shore—  
 No solitude—for there I felt Thee more:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed  
 The gift, the vision of the unsealed eye,  
 To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings  
 spread,  
 To reach the hidden fountain-urns that  
 lie  
 Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free  
 And pure, a consecration unto Thee:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been  
 fraught  
 With an awakening power—if Thou hast  
 made,  
 Like the winged seed, the breathings of my  
 thought,  
 And by the swift winds bid them be con-  
 veyed  
 To lands of other lays, and there become  
 Native as early melodies of home:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,  
 Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels  
 dead,  
 But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy  
 breath,  
 A still small whisper, in my song hath  
 led  
 One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,  
 Or but one hope, one prayer,—for this  
 alone  
 I bless Thee, O my God

That I have loved—that I have known the  
 love  
 Which troubles in the soul the tearful  
 springs,  
 Yet, with a colouring halo from above,  
 Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,



Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,  
Still weaving links for intercourse with  
Thee :

I bless Thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress,  
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty  
prayer,

And by the yearning of its tenderness,  
Too full for words upon their stream to  
bear,

I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,  
Well-spring of love, the unfathomed, the  
Divine,

I bless Thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song  
forsaken,

High hope, which even from mystery,  
doubt, or dread,  
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken

Whereby its torchlight for the race was  
fed :

That passing storms have only fanned the  
fire

Which pierced them still with its triumphal  
spire,

I bless Thee, O my God !

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,  
Each sound and token of the dying  
day ;

Thou leav'st me not—though early life  
grows pale,

I am not darkly sinking to decay ;  
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving  
shroud

Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.

I bless Thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,  
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn  
skies,

And mountain sanctuaries for poet's  
dreams,

Be lovely still in my departing eyes—  
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,  
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear :

I bless Thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,  
'The tracery veining every leaf and flower,  
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,  
No longer vassals to the changeful  
hour ;

That life's last roses to my thoughts can  
bring

Rich visions of imperishable spring :

I bless Thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young, vernal voices in the skies  
Woo me not back, but, wandering past  
mine ear,

Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,  
The spirit-music, imperturbed and clear—  
The full of soul, yet passionate no more :  
Let me, too, joining those pure strains,  
adore !

I bless Thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still. To Thee I  
come—

Make Thou my dwelling where thy child-  
ren are :

And for the hope of that immortal home,  
And for thy Son, the bright and morning  
star,

The sufferer and the victor-king of death,  
I bless Thee with my glad song's dying  
breath !

I bless Thee, O my God !

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#### THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

" Many an eye  
May wail the dimming of our shining star."  
SHAKSPEARE.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased !  
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant  
Breathe reverently—there is a dreamy  
sound,

A hollow murmur of the dying year,  
In the deep woods—let it be wild and  
sad !

A more Æolian, melancholy tone  
Than ever wailed o'er bright things perish-  
ing !

For *that* is passing from the darkened  
land,

Which the green summer will not bring us  
back—

Though all her songs return—the funeral  
chant

Breathe reverently ! They bear the mighty  
forth,

The kingly ruler in the realms of mind ;  
They bear him through the household  
paths, the groves,

Where every tree had music of its own  
To his quick ear of knowledge taught by  
love—

And he is silent—past the living stream  
They bear him now ; the stream whose  
kindly voice,



On alien shores, his true heart burned to  
 hear—  
 And he is silent ! O'er the heathery hills,  
 Which his own soul had mantled with a  
 light  
 Richer than autumn's purple, now they  
 move—  
 And he is silent !—he, whose flexile lips  
 Were but unsealed, and lo ! a thousand  
 forms,  
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad  
 height,  
 In glowing life upsprang, — vassal and  
 chief,  
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,  
 Fast-rushing through the brightly troubled  
 air,  
 Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And  
 still they live,  
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,  
 And, from the mountain-mist still flashing  
 by,  
 Startle the wanderer who hath listened  
 there  
 To the seer's voice : phantoms of coloured  
 thought,  
 Surviving him who raised. O eloquence !  
 O power, whose breathings thus could  
 wake the dead !  
 Who shall wake *thee* ? lord of the buried  
 past !  
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations  
 joined,  
 Thy subject-host so long ? The wand is  
 dropped,  
 The bright lamp broken, which the gifted  
 hand  
 Touched, and the genii came ! Sing rever-  
 ently  
 The funeral chant ! The mighty is borne  
 home,  
 And who shall be his mourners ? Youth  
 and age,  
 For each hath felt his magic—love and  
 grief,  
 For he hath communed with the heart of  
 each :  
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity  
 May join the august procession, for to him  
 Its mysteries have been tributary things,  
 And all its accents known. From field or  
 wave,  
 Never was conqueror on his battle-bier,  
 By the veiled banner and the muffled  
 drum,  
 And the proud drooping of the crested  
 head,  
 More nobly followed home. The last abode,

The voiceless dwelling of the bard is  
 reached :  
 A still, majestic spot, girt solemnly  
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay ;  
 A stately couch 'midst ruins ! meet for him  
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king  
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword  
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the  
 chant  
 Over the honoured grave ! The *grave* !—  
 oh, say  
 Rather the shrine !—an altar for the love,  
 The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive  
 wreaths  
 Of years unborn—a place where leaf and  
 flower,  
 By that which dies not of the sovereign  
 dead,  
 Shall be made holy things, where every  
 weed  
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift  
 From buried glory breathed. And now  
 what strain,  
 Making victorious melody ascend  
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb  
 Where he that swayed the nations thus is  
 laid—  
 The crowned of men ?  
 A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be  
 Thy children's cry to Thee,  
 Father Divine !  
 A hymn of suppliant breath,  
 Owing that life and death  
 Alike are thine !

A spirit on its way,  
 Sceptred the earth to sway,  
 From Thee was sent :  
 Now call'st Thou back thine own—  
 Hence is that radiance flown—  
 To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,  
 The bright head bowed we saw,  
 Beneath thy hand !  
 Filled by one hope, one fear,  
 Now o'er a brother's bier  
 Weeping we stand.

How hath he passed !—the lord  
 Of each deep bosom-chord,  
 To meet thy sight,  
 Unmantled and alone,  
 On thy bless'd mercy thrown,  
 O Infinite !

So, from his harvest-home,  
 Must the tired peasant come ;

So, in one trust,  
Leader and king must yield  
The naked soul revealed  
To Thee, All just !

The sword of many a fight—  
What *then* shall be its might ?  
The lofty lay  
That rushed on eagle wing—  
What shall its memory bring ?  
What hope, what stay ?

O Father ! in that hour,  
When earth all succouring power  
Shall disavow ;  
When spear, and shield, and crown  
In faintness are cast down—  
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod ;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away—  
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on Thee to save,  
Father Divine !  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath !  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only thine !

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### THE PRAYER IN THE WILDER- NESS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGGIO'S.

IN the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,  
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone  
With all the still, small whispers of the  
night,  
And with the searching glances of the  
stars,  
And with her God, alone : she lifted up  
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er  
her head,  
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the  
tearful prayer  
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !  
Look on the inmost heart to Thee revealed,  
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,  
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !  
If I have loved too well, if I have shed.

In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,  
Gifts on thy shrine, my God ! more fitly  
laid ;

If I have sought to live  
But in *one* light, and made a human eye  
The lonely star of mine idolatry,  
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive !

Chastened and schooled at last,  
No more, no more my struggling spirit  
burns,  
But, fix'd on Thee, from that wild worship  
turns—  
What have I said ?—the deep dream is not  
past !

Yet hear !—if *still* I love,  
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,  
An earthly image comes my heart between  
And thy calm glory, Father ! throned  
above ;

If still a voice is near  
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to  
control),  
An earthly voice disquieting my soul  
With its deep music, too intensely dear ;

O Father ! draw to Thee  
My lost affections back !—the dreaming  
eyes  
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart  
that dies,  
Give the worn soul once more its pinions  
free !

I must love on, O God !  
This bosom must love on !—but let thy  
breath  
Touch and make pure the flame that knows  
not death,  
Bearing it up to heaven—love's own abode !  
Ages and ages past, the wilderness,  
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling  
night,  
With her clear stars, and the mysterious  
winds,  
That waft all sound, were conscious of  
those prayers.  
How many such hath woman's bursting  
heart  
*Since then*, in silence and in darkness  
breathed,  
Like the dim night-flower's odour up to  
God !

## PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

"From their spheres

The stars of human glory are cast down.  
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms  
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed:  
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
Long to protect her own."—WORDSWORTH

SCENE—Prison of the Luxembourg in  
Paris, during the Reign of Terror.

D AUBIGNÉ, an aged Royalist—BLANCHE,  
his daughter, a young girl.

*Blanche.* What was our doom, my  
father?—In thine arms  
I lay unconsciously through that dread  
hour.

Tell me the sentence!—Could our judges  
look,

Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?

Was there not mercy, father? Will they  
not

Restore us to our home?

*D'Aubigné.* Yes, my poor child!

They send us home.

*Blanche.* Oh! shall we gaze again  
On the bright Loire? Will the old hamlet  
spire,

And the gray turret of our own chateau,  
Look forth to greet us through the dusky  
elms?

Will the kind voices of our villagers,  
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,  
Welcome us back at last? But how is  
this!

Father! thy glance is clouded—on thy  
brow

There sits no joy!

*D'Aubigné.* Upon my brow, dear girl!  
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn  
peace

As may befit the Christian who receives,  
And recognises in submissive awe,  
The summons of his God.

*Banche.* Thou dost not mean—

No, no! it cannot be! Didst thou not say  
They sent us home?

\* The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly described by Helen Maria Williams, in her *Letters from France*, gave rise to this little scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn, which they sang together in a low and restrained voice every night.

*D'Aubigné.* Where is the spirit's home?  
Oh! most of all, in these dark, evil days,  
Where should it be—but in that world  
serene,

Beyond the sword's reach and the tempest's  
power

—Where, but in heaven!

*Blanche.* My father!

*D'Aubigné.* We must die.

We must look up to God, and calmly die.  
Come to my heart, and weep there! For  
awhile

Give nature's passion way, then brightly  
rise

In the still courage of a woman's heart.

Do I not know thee? Do I ask too much  
From mine own noble Blanche?

*Blanche* (falling on his bosom). Oh!  
clasp me fast!

Thy trembling child! Hide, hide me in  
thine arms—

Father!

*D'Aubigné.* Alas! my flower, thou'rt  
young to go—

Young, and so fair! Yet were it worse,  
methinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and the  
brave,

The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,  
And they that loved their God, have all  
been swept,

Like the sere leaves, away. For them no  
hearth

Through the wide land was left inviolate,  
No altar holy; therefore did they fall,  
Rejoicing to depart. The soil is steep'd  
In noble blood; the temples are gone  
down;

The voice of prayer is hushed, or fearfully  
Muttered, like sounds of guilt. Why, who  
would live!

Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,

To quit for ever the dishonoured soil,

The burdened air! Our God upon the  
cross—

Our king upon the scaffold †—let us think  
Of these—and fold endurance to our hearts.  
And bravely die!

*Blanche.* A dark and fearful way!

† A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus addressed him:—"My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man."



An evil doom for thy dear, honoured head !  
O thou, the kind, the gracious ! whom all  
eyes

Bless'd as they looked upon ! Speak yet  
again—

Say, will they part us ?

*D'Aubigné.* No, my Blanche ; in death  
We shall not be divided.

*Blanche.* Thanks to God !  
He, by thy glance, will aid me— I shall see  
His light before me to the last. And  
when—

Oh, pardon these weak shrinkings of thy  
child !—

When shall the hour befall ?

*D'Aubigné.* Oh ! swiftly now,  
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,  
Comes down the mortal stroke. But of  
that hour

As yet I know not. Each low throbbing  
pulse

Of the quick pendulum may usher in  
Eternity !

*Blanche (kneeling before him).* My  
father ! lay thy hand

On thy poor Blanche's head, and once  
again

Bless her with thy deep voice of tender-  
ness—

Thus breathing saintly courage through her  
soul,

Ere we are called.

*D'Aubigné.* If I may speak through  
tears !—

Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,  
Child of my heart !—thou who dost look on  
me

With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !  
Thou, that hast been a brightness in my  
path,

A guest of heaven unto my lonely soul,  
A stainless lily in my widowed house,  
There springing up, with soft light round  
thee shed,

For immortality ! Meek child of God !  
I bless thee—He will bless thee ! In his  
love

He calls thee now from this rude stormy  
world

To thy Redeemer's breast ! And thou wilt  
die,

As thou hast lived— my dutious, holy  
Blanche !

In trusting and serene submissiveness,  
Humble, yet full of heaven.

*Blanche (rising).* Now is there strength  
Infused through all my spirit. I can rise  
And say, " Thy will be done ! "

*D'Aubigné (pointing upwards).* See'st  
thou, my child !

Yon faint light in the west ? The signal  
star

Of our due vesper-service, gleaming in  
Through the close dungeon - grating !  
Mournfully

It seems to quiver ; yet shall this night  
pass,

*This* night alone, without the lifted voice  
Of adoration in our narrow cell,  
As if unworthy fear or wavering faith  
Silenced the strain ? No, let it waft to  
heaven

The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,  
In its dark hour once more ! And we will  
sleep,

Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is  
closed.

[*They sing together*

#### PRISONER'S EVENING SONG.

We see no more in thy pure skies,  
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;  
How every coloured hill and wood  
Seems melting in the golden flood :  
Yet, by the precious memories won  
From bright hours now for ever gone,  
Father ! o'er all thy works we know,  
Thou art still shedding beauty's glow ;  
Still touching every cloud and tree  
With glory, eloquent of Thee ;  
Still feeding all thy flowers with light,  
Though man hath barred it from our  
sight.

We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging  
One, the All-just !  
And bless Thee still with free and boundless  
trust !

We read no more, O God ! thy ways  
On earth, in these wild, evil days.  
The red sword in the oppressor's hand  
Is ruler of the weeping land ;  
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,  
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.  
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,  
Which tells us these things cannot last—  
And by the hope which finds no ark  
Save in thy breast, when storms grow  
dark—

We trust Thee ! As the sailor knows  
That in its place of bright repose  
His pole-star burns, though mist and  
cloud  
May veil it with a midnight shroud.



We know Thou reign'st, All-holy One, All-just !  
And bless Thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,  
When our faint hearts within us die.  
We suffer—and we know our doom  
Must be one suffering till the tomb.  
Yet, by the anguish of thy Son  
When His last hour came darkly on ;  
By His dread cry, the air which rent  
In terror of abandonment ;  
And by His parting word, which rose  
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—  
We know that thou may'st wound, may'st break

The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !  
Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,  
In our deep need to Thee we turn !  
To whom but Thee? All-merciful, All-just !  
In life, in death, we yield Thee boundless trust !

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#### HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

'Thanks be to God for the mountains !'  
*Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !  
Thou hast made thy children mighty,  
By the touch of the mountain-sod.  
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge  
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose light must never die ;  
We are guardians of an altar  
'Midst the silence of the sky ;  
The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by the rod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,  
Where thy still, small voice is heard ;  
For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by thy breath are stirred ;  
For the storms, on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth  
On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master,  
Seeks there his wild delights ;  
But we, for *thy* communion,  
Have sought the mountain-sod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain  
Far, far below us waves ;  
The war-horse of the spearman  
Cannot reach our lofty caves ;  
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence,  
Round our camp of rock outspread ;  
For the stern defiles of battle,  
Bearing record of our dead ;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
For the free heart's burial-sod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

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#### PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

"The land shall never rue,  
So England to herself do prove but true."  
*SHAKESPEARE.*

THROUGH evening's bright repose  
A voice of prayer arose,  
When the sea-fight was done :  
The sons of England knelt,  
With hearts that now could melt,  
For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main  
Heaved with a dark red stain,  
Caught not from sunset's cloud ;  
While with the tide swept past  
Pennon and shivered mast,  
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bowed.

But free and fair on high,  
A native of the sky,  
*Her* streamer met the breeze ;  
It flowed o'er fearless men,  
Though, hushed and child-like then,  
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home  
O'er each be-l! spirit come,  
As from the land sweet gales?  
In every word of prayer  
Had not some hearth a share,  
Some bower, inviolate, 'midst England's  
vales

Yes ! bright, green spots that lay  
In beauty far away,  
Hearing no billow's roar,  
Safer from touch or spoil,  
For that day's fiery toil,  
Rose on high hearts, that now with love  
gushed o'er.

A solemn scene and dread !  
The victors and the dead,  
The breathless burning sky !  
And, passing with the race  
Of waves that keep no trace,  
The wild, brief signs of human victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !  
Billows, where strife hath been,  
Sinking to awful sleep ;  
And words, that breathe the sense  
Of God's omnipotence,  
Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,  
Thy flag hath been a star,  
Where eagle's wings ne'er flew :  
England ! the unprofaned,  
Thou of the earth unstained,  
Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be true !

### THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.\*

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN  
MISSIONARY.

" But by my wrongs and by my wrath,  
To-morrow Areouski's breath  
That fires you heaven with storms of death,  
Shall light me to the foe !"  
Indian Song in *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

SCENE.—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees. HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. The hour is evening twilight.*

\* Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded are recorded in *Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland*, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

*Herrmann.* Was that the light from some  
lone, swift canoe  
Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash  
From the night's first, quick fire-fly, lost  
again

In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark  
Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze  
Comes through the forest. In this new,  
strange world,

Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal, seems  
The mighty melancholy of the woods !  
The desert's own great spirit, infinite !  
Little they know, in mine own fatherland,  
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst  
The wild Harz mountains, or the sylvan  
glades

Deep in the Odenwald—they little know  
Of what is solitude ! In hours like this,  
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage-  
hearths

Pour forth red light through vine-hung  
lattices,

To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,  
On the home-path ; while round his lowly  
porch,

With eager eyes awaiting his return,  
The clustered faces of his children shine  
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond  
thoughts !

Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly  
hope

By your vain, earthward yearnings. O my  
God !

Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,  
Till all the hollow of these deep desires  
May with Thyself be filled !—Be it enough  
At once to gladden and to solemnise  
My lonely life, if for thine altar here  
In this dread temple of the wilderness,  
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may  
win

The offering of one heart, one human  
heart,

Bleeding, repenting, loving !

Hark ! a step,  
An Indian tread ! I know the stealthy  
sound—

'Tis on some quest of evil, through the  
grass

Gliding so serpent-like.

(*He comes forward, and meets an Indian  
warrior armed.*)

Enonio, is it thou ? I see thy form  
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce  
mine eye  
Discerns thy face.

*Enonio.* My father speaks my name.

*Herrmann.* Are not the hunters from the chase returned?

The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

*Enonio.* The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey

Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave

The lone path free.

*Herrmann.* The forest way is long

From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile

Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak Of these things further.

*Enonio.* Tell me not of rest!

My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.

I must begone.

*Herrmann (solemnly).* No, warrior! thou must stay!

The Mighty One hath given me power to search

Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,

And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart

Be grown thus restless, is it not because Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up Some burning thought of ill?

*Enonio (with sudden impetuosity).* How should I rest?—

Last night the spirit of my brother came, An angry shadow in the moonlight streak, And said, "*Avenge me!*" In the clouds this morn

I saw the frowning colour of his blood— And that, too, had a voice. I lay at noon Alone beside the sounding waterfall, And through its thunder-music spake a tone—

A low tone piercing all the roll of waves— And said "*Avenge me!*" Therefore have I raised

The tomahawk, and strung the bow again, That I may send the shadow from my couch,

And take the strange sound from the cata- ract,

And sleep once more.

*Herrmann.* A better path, my son!

Unto the still and dewy land of sleep, My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way

Thy dying brother trod. Say, didst thou love

That lost one well?

*Enonio.* Know'st thou not we grew up

Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness?

Unto the chase we journeyed in one path; We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay

Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung

Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe

Covered my bosom from the chill night-air—

Our lives were girdled by one belt of love Until he turned him from his father's gods.

And then my soul fell from him—then the grass

Grew in the way between our parted homes;

And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it seemed That all the woods were silent. I went forth—

I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar, And so returned—and where was he? The earth

Owned him no more.

*Herrmann.* But thou thyself, since then, Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,

And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant To the one God. [knee

*Enonio.* Yes! I have learnt to pray With my white father's words, yet all the more

My heart, that shut against my brother's love,

Hath been within me as an arrowy fire, Burning my sleep away. In the night-hush,

'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things

Of the great forests, I have called aloud, "Brother! forgive, forgive!" He answered not—

His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,

Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go forth now

To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes

Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,

I may look up and meet their glance, and say,

"I have avenged thee!"

*Herrmann.* Oh! that human love Should be the root of this dread bitterness, Till heaven through all the fevered being pours



Transmuting balsam! Stay, Enonio!  
stay!

Thy brother calls thee not! The spirit-  
world

Where the departed go, sends back to  
earth

No visitants for evil. 'Tis the might  
Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief  
At work in thine own breast, which lends  
the voice

Unto the forest and the cataract,  
The angry colour to the clouds of morn,  
The shadow to the moonlight. Stay, my  
son!

Thy brother is at peace. Beside his couch,  
When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he  
died,

I knelt and prayed; he named his Saviour's  
name,

Meehly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee  
In pity and in love.

*Enonio (hurriedly)*. Did he not say  
My arrow should avenge him?

*Herrmann*. His last words  
Were all forgiveness.

*Enonio*. What! and shall the man  
Who pierced him with the shaft of treach-  
Walk fearless forth in joy? [ery,

*Herrmann*. Was he not once  
Thy brother's friend? Oh! trust me, not  
in joy

He walks the frowning forest. Did keen  
love,

Too late repentant of its heart estranged,  
Wake in thy haunted bosom, with its train  
Of sounds and shadows — and shall he  
escape?

Enonio, dream it not! Our God, the All-  
just,

Unto Himself reserves this royalty—  
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,  
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,  
Leave it with Him! Yet make it not thy  
*hope*:

For that strong heart of thine—oh! listen  
yet—

Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish  
For death or torture to the guilty one,  
Ere it can sleep again.

*Enonio*. My father speaks  
Of change, for man too mighty.

*Herrmann*. I but speak  
Of that which hath been, and again must  
be,

If thou would'st join thy brother, in the  
life

Of the bright country where, I well be-  
lieve,

His soul rejoices. *He* had known such  
change:

He died in peace. He, whom his tribe  
once named

The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek  
heart,

In its last pangs, the spirit of those words  
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up  
to heaven—

"*Forgive them, for they know not what they  
do!*"

*Father, forgive!*"—And o'er the eternal  
bounds

Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,  
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,  
Hath to his Master passed. He waits thee  
there—

For love, we trust, springs heavenward from  
the grave,

Immortal in its holiness. He calls  
His brother to the land of golden light  
And ever-living fountains—could'st thou  
hear

His voice o'er those bright waters, it would  
say,

"My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful:  
That we may meet again."

*Enonio (hesitating)*. Can I return  
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

*Herrmann*. To Him,  
To Him return, from whom thine erring  
steps

Have wandered far and long! Return, my  
son,

To thy Redeemer! Died He not in love—  
The sinless, the Divine, the Son of God—  
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies?

And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By His aid  
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place  
'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace the  
way

Back to thy Saviour! He rejects no heart  
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true  
tears

Be o'er them showered. Ay! weep, thou  
Indian chief!

For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold  
Thy proud lips working—weep, relieve thy  
soul!

Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the  
hour

Of its great conflict.

*Enonio (giving up his weapons to HERR-  
MANN)*. Father! take the bow,  
Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call  
Forth to the chase once more. And let me  
dwell

A little while, my father! by thy side.



That I may hear the blessed words again—  
Like water-brooks amidst the summer  
hills—

From thy true lips flow forth ; for in my  
heart

The music and the memory of their sound  
Too long have died away.

*Herrmann.* Oh, welcome back,  
Friend, rescued one ! Yes, thou shalt be  
my guest,

And we will pray beneath my sycamore  
Together, morn and eve ; and I will spread  
Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at  
last—

After the visiting of holy thoughts—  
With dewy wings shall sink upon thine  
eyes !

Enter my home, and welcome, welcome  
back

To peace, to God, thou lost and found  
again !

*(They go into the cabin together. HERR-  
MANN, lingering for a moment on the  
threshold, looks up to the starry skies.)*

Father ! that from amidst yon glorious  
worlds

Now look'st on us, thy children ! make this  
hour

Blessed for ever ! May it see the birth  
Of thine own image in the unfathomed  
deep

Of an immortal soul,—a thing to name  
With reverential thought, a solemn world !  
To Thee more precious than those thousand  
stars

Burning on high in thy majestic heaven !

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### EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

FATHER of heaven and earth,  
I bless Thee for the night,  
The soft, still night !

The holy pause of care and mirth,  
Of sound and light !

Now, far in glade and dell,  
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,  
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's  
nest ;

The bee's long murmuring toils are  
done,  
And I, the o'erwearied one,  
O'erwearied and o'erwrought.

Bless Thee, O God ! O Father of the op-  
pressed !

With my last waking thought,  
In the still night !

Yes ! e'er I sink to rest,  
By the fire's dying light,  
Thou Lord of earth and heaven !  
I bless Thee, who hast given,

Unto life's fainting travellers, the night—  
The soft, still, holy night.

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### THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

#### A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.

“ One spirit—His  
Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,  
Rules universal nature. Not a flower  
But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,  
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar.  
Happy who walks with Him !”—COWPER

COME to the woods, my boy !  
Come to the streams and bowery dingles  
forth,

My happy child ! The spirit of bright  
hours

Woos us in every wind ; fresh wild-leaf  
scents,

From thickets, where the lonely stock-dove  
broods,

Enter our lattice ; fitful songs of joy  
Float in with each soft current of the air ;—  
And we will hear their summons ; we will  
give

One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad  
thoughts,

And thou shalt revel 'midst free nature's  
wealth,

And for thy mother twine wild wreaths ;  
while she,

From thy delight, wins to her own fond  
heart

The vernal ecstasy of childhood back.  
Come to the woods, my boy !

What ! would'st thou lead already to the  
path

Along the copsewood brook ? Come, then !  
in truth

Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,  
Is a glad, singing stream, heard or un-  
heard,

Singing its melody of happiness

Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free  
grace

To that sweet chime. With what a spark-  
ling life

It fills the shadowy dingle!—now the wing  
Of some low-skimming swallow shakes  
bright spray

Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled  
wave;

Now, from some pool of crystal darkness  
deep,

The trout springs upward with a showery  
gleam

And plashing sound of waters. What swift  
rings

Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide  
Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of  
light

From burnished films! And mark yon  
silvery line

Of gossamer, so tremulously hung  
Across the narrow current, from the tuft  
Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough!

See, in the air's transparence, how it waves,  
Quivering and glistening with each faintest  
gale,

Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy shapes,  
How delicate, how wondrous!

Yes, my boy!

Well may we make the stream's bright,  
winding vein

Our woodland guide, for He who made the  
stream

Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,  
For ever deepening. Oh, forget Him not,  
Dear child! That airy gladness which  
thou feel'st

Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,  
As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less  
*His* gift, *His* blessing on thy spring-time  
hours,

Than this rich, outward sunshine, mantling  
The leaves, and grass, and mossy-tinted  
stones

With summer glory. Stay thy bounding  
step,

My merry wanderer!—let us rest a while  
By this clear pool, where, in the shadow  
flung

From alder boughs and osiers o'er its  
breast,

The soft red of the flowering willow-herb  
So vividly is pictured. Seems it not  
E'en melting to a more transparent glow  
In that pure glass? Oh! beautiful are  
streams!

And, through all ages, human hearts have  
loved

Their music, still accordant with each mood  
Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown  
Into vain worship, which hath left its trace  
On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still  
Beneath dim olive-boughs, by many a fount  
Of Italy and Greece. But we will take  
Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which  
bless'd

The river-deities or fountain-nymphs,  
For the cool breeze, and for the freshening  
shade,

And the sweet water's tune. The One  
supreme,

The all-sustaining, ever-present God,  
Who dowered the soul with immortality,  
Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth  
Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet  
Each wandering flower-scent as a boon  
from Him,

Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light  
summer leaves,

And every rich celestial tint unnamed,  
Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn  
and eve,

Kindle and melt away!

And now, in love,

In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend  
Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers  
Around the ruined mansion. Thou, my  
boy!

Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn  
But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*  
Will wear no shadow of subduing thought—  
No colouring from the past. This way our  
path

Winds through the hazels. Mark how  
brightly shoots

The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,  
Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,  
The life of song, and breezes, and free  
wings,

Is all the murmuring shade! and thine, oh  
*thine!*

Of all the brightest and the happiest here,  
My blessed child! *my* gift of God! that  
makest

My heart o'erflow with summer!

Hast thou twined

Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter not,  
Though here the blue-bell wave, and  
gorgeously

Round the brown, twisted roots of yon  
scathed oak

The heath-flower spread its purple. We  
must leave

The copse, and through yon broken avenue,  
Shadowed by drooping walnut-foilage,  
reach

The ruin's glade.

And lo! before us, fair  
 Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,  
 It stands, that house of silence! wedded  
 now  
 To verdant Nature by the o'ermantling  
 growth  
 Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's  
 hands  
 Once loved to train. How the rich wall-  
 flower-scent  
 From every niche and mossy cornice floats,  
 Embalming its decay! The bee alone  
 Is murmuring from its casement, whence  
 no more  
 Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children  
 shine,  
 Watching some homeward footstep. See!  
 unbound  
 From the old fretted stone-work, what  
 thick wreaths  
 Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance  
 down,  
 Trail through the grass their gleaming  
 stars, and load  
 The air with mournful fragrance—for it  
 speaks  
 Of life gone hence; and the faint, southern  
 breath  
 Of myrtle-leaves, from yon forsaken porch,  
 Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich  
 -knots  
 Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-  
 sown  
 Through all the sunny hollow, spread  
 around  
 A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,  
 Undimmed by human change. How  
 kindly here,  
 With the low thyme and daisies, they have  
 blent!  
 And, under arches of wild eglantine,  
 Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely  
 seems  
 The frail gum-cistus o'er the turf to snow  
 Its pearly flower-leaves down! Go, happy  
 boy!  
 Rove thou at will amidst these roving  
 sweets;  
 Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,  
 Under the tall moss-rose tree, long un-  
 pruned,  
 Rest where thick clustering pansies weave  
 around  
 Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark  
 grass  
 Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,

Wild with delight!—the crimson on his  
 cheek

Purer and richer e'en than that which lies  
 In this deep-hearted rose-cup! Bright  
 moss-rose  
 Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious  
 tree!  
 Once thou wert cherished! and, by human  
 [love,  
 Through many a summer duly visited  
 For thy bloom-offerings, which o'er festal  
 board,  
 And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded  
 couch  
 Of long-secluded sickness, may have shed  
 A joy, now lost.

Yet shall there still be joy,  
 Where God hath poured forth beauty, and  
 the voice

Of human love shall still be heard in praise  
 Over His glorious gifts! O Father! Lord!  
 The All-beneficent! I bless thy name,  
 That Thou hast mantled the green earth  
 with flowers,  
 Linking our hearts to nature! By the love  
 Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps  
 first

Into her deep recesses are beguiled—  
 Her minster-cells—dark glen and forest  
 bower,  
 Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of  
 Thee,

Amidst the low, religious whisperings  
 And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,  
 The spirit wakes to worship, and is made  
 Thy living temple. By the breath of  
 flowers,

Thou callest us, from city throngs and  
 cares,

Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain-  
 streams,

That sing of Thee! back to free childhood's  
 heart,

Fresh with the dews of tenderness! Thou  
 bidd'st

The lilies of the field with placid smile  
 Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse  
 Through his worn soul a more unworldly  
 life,

With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast  
 not left

His purer nature, with its fine desires,  
 Uncared for in this universe of Thine!  
 The glowing rose attests it, the beloved  
 Of poet-hearts, touched by their fervent  
 dreams

With spiritual light, and made a source  
 Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to  
 faint age



Thou lend'st the vernal bliss : the old man's  
 eye  
 Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul  
 Remembers youth and love, and hopefully  
 Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried  
 germs  
 From dust to splendour ; as the mortal  
 seed  
 Shall at thy summons, from the grave  
 spring up  
 To put on glory, to be girt with power,  
 And filled with immortality. Receive  
 Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy  
 lavish boons,  
 And, most of all, their heavenward influ-  
 ences,  
 O Thou that gav'st us flowers !  
 Return, my boy !—  
 With all thy chaplets and bright bands,  
 return !  
 See, with how deep a crimson eve hath  
 touched  
 And glorified the ruin !—glow-worm light  
 Will twinkle on the dewdrops, ere we reach  
 Our home again. Come ! with thy last  
 sweet prayer  
 At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall  
 thanks  
 Unto our Father in His heaven arise,  
 For all the gladness, all the beauty shed  
 O'er one rich day of flowers.

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### THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.

[Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the  
 painter Blake, which is beautifully related by  
 Allan Cunningham.]

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
 Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;  
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh !  
 think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship  
 just—  
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hope of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid  
 in dust!"—CAMPBELL.

*The Scene is an English Cottage. The  
 lattice opens upon a Landscape at sunset.*

EUGENE, TERESA.

*Teresa.* THE fever's hue hath left thy  
 check, beloved !  
 Thine eyes, that make the dayspring in my  
 heart,

Are clear and still once more ! Wilt thou  
 look forth ?  
 Now, while the sunset with low streaming  
 light—  
 The light thou lovest—hath made the elm-  
 wood stems  
 All burning bronze, the river molten gold !  
 Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to  
 meet  
 The rich air filled with wandering scents  
 and sounds ?  
 Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once  
 more  
 On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest  
 With our own evening hymn ?  
*Eugene.* Not now, dear love !  
 My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,  
 Not on the sun, but thee ! Doth the light  
 sleep  
 On the stream tenderly ? and are the stems  
 Of our own elm-trees, by its alchemy,  
 So richly changed ? and is the sweetbrier-  
 scent  
 Floating around ? But I have said farewell,  
 Farewell to earth, Teresa !—not to thee ;  
 Not yet to our deep love—nor yet awhile  
 Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows  
 Back on my soul in mastery. One last  
 work !  
 And I will shrine my wealth of glowing  
 thoughts,  
 Clinging affections, and undying hopes,  
 All, all in that memorial !  
*Teresa.* Oh, what dream  
 Is this, mine own Eugene ? Waste thou  
 not thus  
 Thy scarce-returning strength ; keep thy  
 rich thoughts  
 For happier days—they will not melt away  
 Like passing music from the lute. Dear  
 friend !  
 Dearest of friends ! thou canst win back at  
 will  
 The glorious visions.  
*Eugene.* Yes ! the unseen land  
 Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice  
 To call me hence. Oh, be thou not de-  
 ceived !  
 Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa !  
 I must, *must* leave thee ! Yet be strong,  
 my love !  
 As thou hast still been gentle.  
*Teresa.* O Eugene !  
 What will this dim world be to me,  
 Eugene !  
 When wanting thy bright soul, the life of  
 all—  
 My only sunshine ? How can I bear on ?



How can we part?—we that have loved so  
well,  
With clasping spirits linked so long by  
grief,

By tears, by prayer?

*Eugene.* E'en therefore we can part,  
With an immortal trust, that such high  
love  
Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave

One record still of its ethereal flame  
Brightening through death's cold shadow.

Once again,  
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy  
breast,

And eyes half veiled, in thine own soul  
absorbed,

As in thy watchings ere I sink to sleep;  
And I will give the bending, flower-like  
grace

Of that soft form, and the still sweetness  
throned

On that pale brow, and in that quivering  
smile

Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast  
Their delicate earthly being. There! thy  
head

Bowed down with beauty, and with tender-  
ness,

And lowly thought—even thus—my own  
Teresa!

Oh! the quick-glancing radiance and  
bright bloom,

That once around thee hung, have melted  
now

Into more solemn light—but holier far,  
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,  
Than all that summer-flush! For by my  
couch,

In patient and serene devotedness,  
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny  
smiles

Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give  
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna  
brow,

And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,  
Unto the canvas; I may catch the flow  
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify,  
With a soft halo, what is imaged thus—  
But how much rests unbreathed, my faith-  
ful one!

What thou hast been to me! This bitter  
world!

This cold, unanswering world, that hath  
no voice

To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back  
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn  
here

A little while—how have I turned away  
From its keen, soulless air, and in thy heart  
Found ever the sweet fountain of response  
To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows  
Beneath my hand,—the last!

*Teresa* (falling on his neck in tears).

Eugene! Eugene!

Break not mine heart with thine excess of  
love!

Oh! must I lose thee—thou that hast been  
still

The tenderest—best!

*Eugene.* Weep, weep not thus, beloved!  
Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power  
Of soothing to the last! Mine own Teresa!

Take strength from strong affection! Let  
our souls,

Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain  
Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich  
boon—

Our perfect love! Oh, blessed have we  
been

In that high gift! thousands o'er earth may  
pass,

With hearts unrefreshed by the heavenly  
dew,

Which hath kept *ours* from withering.

Kneel, true wife!

And lay thy hands in mine.

(*She kneels beside the couch—he prays.*)

Oh, thus receive  
Thy children's thanks, Creator! for the  
love

Which thou hast granted, through all  
earthly woes,

To spread heaven's peace around them—  
which hath bound

Their spirits to each other and to Thee,  
With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath  
breathed,

Nor wandering thought. We thank Thee,  
gracious God!

For all its treasured memories, tender cares,  
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks,  
unchanged

Through tears and joy! O Father! most  
of all,

We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless  
trust,

Through thy redeeming Son vouchsafed to  
those

That love in Thee, of union, in thy sight  
And in thy heavens, immortal! Hear our  
prayer!

Take home our fond affections, purified  
To spirit-radiance from all earthly stain:

Exalted, solemnised, made fit to dwell,  
 Father! where all things that are lovely  
 meet,  
 And all things that are pure—for evermore  
 With Thee and thine!

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S  
 HOUSEHOLD ON HIS RETURN,

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Joy! the lost one is restored!  
 Sunshine comes to hearth and board.  
 From the far-off countries old  
 Of the diamond and red gold;  
 From the dusky archer-bands,  
 Roamers of the fiery sands;  
 From the desert winds, whose breath  
 Smites with sudden, silent death;  
 He hath reached his home again,  
 Where we sing  
 In thy praise a fervent strain,  
 God our King!

Mightiest! unto Thee he turned  
 When the noon-day fiercest burned:  
 When the fountain-springs were far,  
 And the sounds of Arab war  
 Swelled upon the sultry blast,  
 And the sandy columns past,  
 Unto Thee he cried; and Thou,  
 Merciful! didst hear his vow!  
 Therefore unto Thee again  
 Joy shall sing  
 Many a sweet and thankful strain,  
 God our King!

Thou wert with him on the main,  
 And the snowy mountain-chain,  
 And the rivers dark and wide,  
 Which through Indian forests glide:  
 Thou didst guard him from the wrath  
 Of the lion in his path,  
 And the arrows on the breeze,  
 And the dropping poison-trees.  
 Therefore from our household train  
 Oft shall spring  
 Unto Thee a blessing strain,  
 God our King!

Thou to his lone, watching wife  
 Hast brought back the light of life!  
 Thou hast spared his loving child  
 Home to greet him from the wild.  
 Though the suns of Eastern skies  
 On his cheek have set their dyes,

Though long toils and sleepless cares  
 On his brow have blanched the hairs,  
 Yet the night of fear is flown—  
 He is living, and our own!  
 Brethren! spread his festal board,  
 Hang his mantle and his sword,  
 With the armour, on the wall—  
 While this long, long silent hall  
 Joyfully doth hear again  
 Voice and string  
 Swell to Thee the exulting strain,  
 God our King!

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BLESSINGS, O Father! shower—  
 Father of Mercies! round his precious  
 head!  
 On his lone walks and on his thoughtful  
 hour,  
 And the pure visions of his midnight bed,  
 Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not  
 For earthly treasure to that most beloved—  
 Fame, fortune, power: oh! be his spirit  
 proved  
 By these, or by their absence, at thy will!  
 But let thy peace be wedded to his lot,  
 Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,  
 With its dove-pinion still!

Let such a sense of Thee,  
 Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love  
 His bosom-guest inalienably be,  
 That wheresoe'er he move,  
 A heavenly light serene  
 Upon his heart and mien  
 May sit undimmed! a gladness rest his  
 own,  
 Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!  
 Such as from childhood's morning land of  
 dreams,  
 Remembered faintly, gleams—  
 Faintly remembered, and too swiftly flown!

So let him walk with Thee,  
 Made by thy Spirit free;  
 And when Thou call'st him from his mortal  
 place,  
 To his last hour be still that sweetness  
 given,  
 That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,  
 With lamp clear burning, and unlingering  
 heart,  
 Mature to meet in heaven  
 His Saviour's face!

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE  
SICK-BED OF A CHILD.

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,  
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn—  
Thou, with whose last anguish strove  
One dear thought of earthly love—  
Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,  
With his spirit wandering wild  
From its gladsome tasks and play,  
And its bright thoughts far away—  
Saviour, aid !

Pain sits heavy on his brow,  
E'en though slumber seal it now ;  
Round his lip is quivering strife  
In his hand unquiet life—  
Aid ! oh, aid !

Saviour ! loose the burning chain  
From his fevered heart and brain,  
Give, oh ! give his young soul back  
Into its own cloudless track !  
Hear and aid !

Thou that saidst, "Awake ! arise !"  
E'en when death had quenched the eyes—  
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,  
When o'erwearied hope is dying,  
Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him thine, all thine,  
Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !  
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,  
Strength, trust, patience, from above !  
Hear and aid !

## NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY  
FELTON.

NIGHT sinks on the wave,  
Hollow gusts are sighing,  
Sea-birds to their cave  
Through the gloom are flying.  
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,  
Thou, in heaven unsleeping,  
O'er thy children vigil keeping,  
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,  
Few, and sad, and shrouded,  
Faith our light must be,  
When all else is clouded.  
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,  
Wind and billow stilling,  
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfilling—  
Power dwells with Thee !

## SONNETS.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF  
SCRIPTURE.

"Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,  
Of all their choral dances, have not left  
One trace beside the fountains ; your full cup  
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike  
Is broken. Yet, amidst undying things,  
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still  
All the fresh glories of the early world  
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,  
Never to change !"

## INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas  
Invokes the coming of bright birds from  
shore,  
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,  
Of dim, sweet woods that hear no billows  
roar ;

So, from the depth of days, when earth  
yet wore  
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,  
I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh, come !  
restore  
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew  
Life's morning dreams. Come with the  
voice, the lyre,  
Daughters of Judah ! with the timbrel  
rise !  
Ye of the dark, prophetic, Eastern eyes,  
Imperial in their visionary fire ;  
Oh ! steep my soul in that old, glorious time,  
When God's own whisper shook the cedars  
of your clime !



## INVOCATION CONTINUED.

AND come, ye faithful! round Messiah  
 seen,  
 With a soft harmony of tears and light  
 Streaming through all your spiritual mien—  
 As in calm clouds of pearly stillness  
 bright,  
 Showers weave with sunshine, and trans-  
 pierce their slight  
 Ethereal cradle. From *your* heart subdued  
 All haughty dreams of power had winged  
 their flight,  
 And left high place for martyr fortitude,  
 True faith, long-suffering love. Come to  
 me, come!  
 And as the seas, beneath your Master's  
 tread,  
 Fell into crystal smoothness, round Him  
 spread!  
 Like the clear pavement of His heavenly  
 home;  
 So, in your presence, let the soul's great  
 deep  
 Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

## THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A SONG for Israel's God! Spear, crest, and  
 helm  
 Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,  
 When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral  
 realm  
 Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee.  
 With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,  
 Queen-like she stood, and glorious was  
 the strain,  
 E'en as instinct with the tempestuous glee  
 Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain,  
 A song for God's own victory! Oh, thy lays,  
 Bright poesy! were holy in their birth:  
 How hath it died, thy seraph-note of praise,  
 In the bewildering melodies of earth!  
 Return from troubling, bitter founts—re-  
 turn,  
 Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!

## RUTH.

THE plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,  
 By soft winds to a dreamy motion fanned,  
 Still brings me back thine image—O for-  
 lorn,  
 Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see thee stand

Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest-  
 band—

Lone, as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam  
 Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland  
 Smiles far away! yet to the sense of home—  
 That finest, purest, which can recognise  
 Home in affection's glance—for ever true  
 Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes  
 Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not  
 to rue  
 Those words, immortal in their deep love's  
 tone,  
 "Thy *people* and thy God shall be mine  
 own!"

## THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took  
 sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock,  
 from the beginning of harvest until water drop-  
 ped upon them out of heaven; and suffered  
 neither the birds of the air to rest on them by  
 day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—2  
 SAM. xxi. 10.

WHO watches on the mountain with the  
 dead,  
 Alone before the awfulness of night?—  
 A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?  
 A warrior guarding some dark pass of  
 dread?  
 No—a lorn woman! On her drooping head,  
 Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the  
 rain;  
 She recks not—living for the unburied  
 slain,  
 Only to scare the vulture from their bed.  
 So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept  
 With the pale stars, and with the dews hath  
 wept:  
 Oh! surely some bright Presence from  
 above  
 On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!  
 E'en so; a strengthener through all storm  
 and shade,  
 Th' unconquerable angel, mightiest  
 Love!

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE  
 WOMAN.

"And she answered, I dwell among mine own  
 people."—2 KINGS iv. 13.  
 "I DWELL among mine own,"—oh, happy  
 thou!  
 Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,



Not for the olives on the mountain's brow,  
Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery  
line

Of streams, that make the green land  
where they shine

Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,  
Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,

Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee  
and thine—

Oh! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,  
But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,  
Where that sweet depth of still contentment  
lies ;

And for thy holy household love which  
clings

Unto all ancient and familiar things,  
Weaving from each some link for home's  
dear charities.

---

### THE ANNUNCIATION.

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified !  
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,  
A brightness round thee grew—and by thy  
side,

Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,  
Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From  
her throne

A queen had risen with more imperial eye,  
A stately prophethess of victory

From her proud lyre had struck a tem-  
pest's tone,

For such high tidings as to *thee* were  
brought,

Chosen of heaven ! that hour : but thou,  
oh ! thou,

E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'er-  
fraught,

Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst  
bow,

And take to thy meek breast th' all-holy  
word,

And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

---

### THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

YES, as a sunburst flushing mountain-snow,  
Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long

On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,  
And thy calm spirit lightened into song.

Unconsciously, perchance, yet free and  
strong

Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,

Which living harps the choirs of heaven  
among

Might well have linked with their divinest  
chords.

Full many a strain, borne far on glory's  
blast,

Shall leave, where once its haughty music  
passed,

No more to memory than a reed's faint  
sigh ;

While thine, O childlike Virgin ! through  
all time

Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,  
Being of God, and therefore not to die.

---

### THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

THERE was a mournfulness in angel eyes,  
That saw thee, woman ! bright in this  
world's train,

Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,  
Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.

But from thy beauty's garland, brief and  
vain,

When one by one the rose-leaves had been  
torn ;

When thy heart's core had quivered to  
the pain

Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy  
scorn ;

When thou didst kneel to pour sweet  
odours forth

On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,  
And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth

Than all those costly balms of Araby ;  
*Then* was there joy, a song of joy in heaven,

For thee, the child won back, the penitent  
forgiven !

---

### MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

OH ! blessed beyond all daughters of the  
earth !

What were the Orient's thrones to that  
low seat

Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial birth,  
Mary ! meek listener at the Saviour's feet ?

No feverish cares to that Divine retreat  
Thy woman's heart of silent worship

brought,  
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to  
meet

With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.

Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,  
 'Midst the world's eager tones and foot-  
 steps flying,  
 Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-  
 spring, lying  
 So deep and still in its transparent rest,  
 That e'en when noontide burns upon the  
 hills,  
 Some one bright solemn star all its lone  
 mirror fills.

#### THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead !  
 Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps,  
 made fleet  
 By keen hope fluttering in the heart which  
 bled,  
 Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to  
 greet ;  
 And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat  
 Didst wait his summons, then with reverent  
 love  
 Fall weeping at the bless'd Deliverer's  
 feet,  
 Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could  
 move.  
 And which to *Him*, the All-seeing and All-  
 just,  
 Was loveliest—that quick zeal, or lowly  
 trust ?  
 Oh ! question not, and let no law be given  
 To those unweilings of its deepest shrine,  
 By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :  
 Free service from the heart is all in all to  
 heaven.

#### THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

"Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—MATTHEW xxvi. 13. See also JOHN xii. 3.

THOU hast thy record in the monarch's hall,  
 And on the waters of the far mid sea,  
 And where the mighty mountain-shadows  
 fall,  
 The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of  
 thee :  
 Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree.

The Christian traveller rests—where'er the  
 child

Looks upward from the English mother's  
 knee,

With earnest eyes in wondering reverence  
 mild,

There art Thou known—where'er the Book  
 of light

Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all  
 blight,

Is borne thy memory, and all praise above.  
 Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,  
 Mary ! to that pure, silent place of fame ?  
 One lowly offering of exceeding love.

#### THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

LIKE those pale stars of tempest-hours,  
 whose gleam

Waves calm and constant on the rocking  
 mast,

Such by the cross doth your bright linger-  
 ing seem,

Daughters of Zion ! faithful to the last !

Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide  
 earth cast

By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,  
 E'en till away the heavenly spirit passed,

Stood in the shadow of His agony.  
 O blessed faith ! a guiding lamp, that hour

Was lit for woman's heart ! To her, whose  
 dower

Is all of love and suffering from her  
 birth,

Still hath your act a voice—through fear,  
 through strife,

Bidding her bind each tendril of her life  
 To that which her deep soul hath proved  
 of holiest worth.

#### MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

WEEPER ! to thee how bright a morn was  
 given

After thy long, long vigil of despair,

When that high voice which burial-rocks  
 had riven

Thrilled with immortal tones the silent  
 air !

Never did clarion's royal blast declare

Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,  
 As the deep sweetness of *one* word could  
 bear

Into thy heart of hearts, O woman I bowed  
By strong affection's anguish! one low  
word—

"*Mary!*" and all the triumph wrung  
from death

Was thus revealed; and thou, that so hadst  
erred,

So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling  
faith

Didst cast thee down before the all-con-  
quering Son,

Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love  
had won!

—◆—

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING  
TIDINGS OF THE RESUR-  
RECTION.

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,  
Nobler than e'er the still, small voice  
assigned

To lips in awful music making known  
The stormy splendours of some prophet's  
mind.

"*Christ is arisen!*"—by thee, to wake  
mankind,

First from the sepulchre those words were  
brought!

Thou wert to send the mighty rushing  
wind

First on its way, with those high tidings  
fraught—

"*Christ is arisen!*" Thou, *thou*, the sin-  
enthrall'd!

Earth's outcast, heaven's own ransomed  
one, wert called

In human hearts to give that rapture  
birth:

Oh raised from shame to brightness! *there*  
doth lie

The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,  
Whose undesp'ring love still owned the  
spirit's worth.

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the harp of poesy regain  
That old victorious tone of prophet-  
years—

A spell Divine o'er guilt's perturbing  
fears,

And all the hovering shadows of the brain?  
Dark, evil wings took flight before the  
strain,

And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,  
Sank on the soul. Oh! who may now  
recall

The mighty music's consecrated reign?  
Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung

A throne, the ark's dread cherubim  
between,

So let thy presence brood, though now  
unseen,

O'er those two powers by whom the harp  
is strung,

Feeling and Thought! till the rekindled  
chords

Give the long-buried tone back to immor-  
tal words

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee,  
as their shrine,

Cling reverently? Of anxious looks  
beguiled,

My mother's eyes upon thy page Divine  
Each day were bent—her accents.

gravely mild,  
Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a  
dreamy child,

Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,  
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-  
flowers wild,

Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland  
play,

Some secret nest. Yet would the solemn  
[Word,

At times, with kindlings of young wonder  
heard,

Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be  
A seed not lost,—for which, in darker  
years,

O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful  
tears,

Heart-blessings on the holy dead and  
[thee!

## REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE.

UNDER a palm-tree, by the green, old Nile,  
 Lulled on his mother's breast, the fair child lies,  
 With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile  
 Brooding above the slumber of his eyes ;  
 While, through the stillness of the burning skies,  
 Lo ! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,  
 Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,  
 Regal and still as everlasting things.  
 Vain pomps ! from him, with that pure, flowery cheek,  
 Soft shadowed by his mother's drooping head,  
 A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet meek,  
 O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread ;  
 And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown,  
 Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

---

 PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

ALL the bright hues from Eastern garlands glowing,  
 Round the young child luxuriantly are spread ;  
 Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing  
 In adoration, o'er his cradle shed.  
 Roses, deep-filled with rich midsummer's red,  
 Circle his hands : but, in his grave, sweet eye,  
 Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophesy  
 Of ruder coronals for that meek head.  
 And thus it was ! a diadem of thorn  
 Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers ;  
 To Him who poured forth blessings in soft showers  
 O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn !  
 And *we* repine, for whom that cup He took,  
 O'er blooms that mocked our hope, o'er idols that forsook !

## ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

AN ECCE HOMO, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I MET that image on a mirthful day  
 Of youth ; and, sinking with a stilled surprise,  
 The pride of life, before those holy eyes,  
 In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,  
 Abashed to mute confession of a sway  
 Awful, though meek. And now that, from the strings  
 Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings  
 Have struck forth tones which then un-wakened lay ;  
 Now that, around the deep life of my mind,  
 Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,  
 Oft does the pale, bright vision still float by ;  
 But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*  
 Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,  
 Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity !

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 THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight  
 Ye grew, fair children ! hallowed from that hour  
 By your Lord's blessing. Surely thence a shower  
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light  
 Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,  
 Through all the after years, which saw ye move  
 Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,  
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !  
 And honoured be all childhood, for the sake  
 Of that high love ! Let reverential care  
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,  
 And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;  
 Owing, in each young suppliant glance,  
 The sign  
 Of claims upon a heritage Divine.



## MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up to a mountain apart to pray."

A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,

Where the wild falcons make their lordly  
On high. The spirit of the solitude [nest  
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,  
Though then I prayed not; but deep  
thoughts have pressed

Into my being since it breathed that air,  
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest  
Of such dread scenes, without the springs  
of prayer

O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise  
Like them in pure communion with the  
skies,

Vast, silent, open unto night and day;  
So might the o'erburdened Son of Man  
have felt,

When, turning where inviolate stillness  
dwelt,  
He sought high mountains, there apart to  
pray.

## THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm, be-  
nignant eye [you

Fell on your gentle beauty—when from  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he  
Eternal, universal, as the sky— [drew,  
Then, in the bosom of your purity,

A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,  
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass  
you by

Unwarned of that sweet oracle Divine.  
And though too oft its low, celestial sound  
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is  
drowned,

And the loud steps of vain, unlistening  
Haste,

Yet the great ocean hath no tone of  
power

Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's  
hushed hour,

Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and  
graced!

## THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"And behold the birds of the air."

YE too, the free and fearless birds of air,  
Were charged that hour, on missionary  
wing,

The same bright lesson o'er the seas to  
bear,

Heaven-guided wanderers, with the  
winds of spring.

Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!  
And call us to your echoing woods away  
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits  
bring

Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your  
lay.

So may those blessed vernal strains renew  
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and  
true

E'en than the first, within the awakened  
mind;

While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,  
That knows no doubts, no questionings,  
no strife,

But hangs upon its God, unconsciously  
resigned.

## THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

"And he that was dead sat up and began to  
speak."

*He that was dead rose up and spoke*—He  
spoke!

Was it of that majestic world unknown?  
Those words, which first the bier's dread  
silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each tone?  
Were the far cities of the nations gone,  
The solemn halls of consciousness or  
sleep,

For man uncurtained by that spirit lone,  
Back from their portal summoned o'er  
the deep?

Be hushed, my soul! the veil of darkness  
lay

Still drawn: thy Lord called back the voice  
departed

To spread His truth, to comfort His weak-  
hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.  
Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith,  
Put on submissive strength, to *meet*, not  
*question*, death!

## THE OLIVE TREE.

THE palm—the vine—the cedar—each hath  
power  
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by;

And each quick glistening of the laurel  
bower

Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.

But thou, pale Olive! in *thy* branches lie  
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old  
Might e'er enshrine: I could not hear  
the sigh

To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold  
One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery green,  
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that  
scene

When, in the garden, the Redeemer  
prayed—

When pale stars looked upon his fainting  
head,

And angels, ministering in silent dread,  
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trem-  
bling shade.

---

### THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

ON Judah's hills a weight of darkness  
hung,

Felt shudderingly at noon: the land had  
driven

A Guest Divine back to the gates of  
heaven—

A life, whence all pure founts of healing  
sprung,

All grace, all truth. And when, to anguish  
wrung,

From the sharp cross th' enlightening  
spirit fled,

O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread  
By the great shadow of that death was  
flung.

O Saviour! O Atoner!—Thou that fain  
Would'st make thy temple in each human  
heart,

Leave not such darkness in my soul to  
reign;

Ne'er may thy presence from its depths  
depart,

Chased thence by guilt! Oh! turn not  
*Thou* away,

The bright and Morning Star, my guide to  
perfect day!

---

### PLACES OF WORSHIP.

"God is a spirit."

SPIRIT! whose life-sustaining presence fills  
Air, ocean, central depths by man un-  
tried,

Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified  
All place, all time! The silence of the  
hills [rills

Breathes veneration, — founts and choral  
Of Thee are murmuring, — to its inmost  
glade

The living forest with thy whisper thrills,  
And there is holiness in every shade.

Yet must the thoughtful soul of man in-  
vest

With dearer consecration those pure  
fanés,

Which, severed from all sound of earth's  
unrest,

Hear naught but suppliant or adoring  
strains

Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rock or cave  
possess

*Their* claim on human hearts to solemn  
tenderness.

---

### OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK.\*

CROWNING a flowery slope, it stood alone  
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,

Caressingly, about the holy ground;

And warbled, with a never-dying tone,  
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone

Seemed, from that ivied porch, that  
solemn gleam

Of tower and cross, pale-quivering on the  
stream,

O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be  
thrown—

And something yet more deep. The air was  
fraught

With noble memories, whispering many a  
thought

Of England's fathers: loftily serene,

They that had toiled, watched, struggled,  
to secure,

Within such fabrics, worship free and  
pure,

Reigned there, the o'ershadowing spirit  
of the scene.

---

### A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.†

BLESSINGS be round it still! that gleaming  
fane,

Low in its mountain-glen! Old, mossy  
trees

\* Fawsley Park, near Coventry

† That of Aber, near Bangor.

Mellow the sunshine through the untinted  
pane ;

And oft, borne in upon some fitful  
breeze,

The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,  
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,

There meets the voice of psalms ! Yet  
not alone

For memories lulling to the heart as these,  
I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, gray house  
of prayer !

But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair  
From the hill-cabins and the ocean-  
shore.

Oh ! may the fisher and the mountaineer  
Words to sustain earth's toiling children  
hear,

Within thy lowly walls, for evermore !

— ← —  
LOUISE SCHEPLER.

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and  
friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter ad-  
dressed by him to his children for their perusal  
after his decease, affectingly commemorates her  
unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the  
children of the mountain hamlets, through all  
seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and  
danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain-  
snow

Wert thou, Louise ! The sun's decaying  
light

Oft, with its latest, melancholy glow,  
Reddened thy steep, wild way : the starry  
night

Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's  
height,

Piercing some dark ravine : and many a  
dell

Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses  
well,

Thy gentle presence, which hath made  
them bright

Oft in mid-storms—oh ! not with beauty's  
eye,

Nor the proud glance of genius keenly  
burning ;

No ! pilgrim of unwearied charity !

Thy spell was *love*—the mountain-deserts  
turning

To blessed realms, where stream and rock  
rejoice

When the glad human soul lifts a thanks-  
giving voice !

— ◆ —  
TO THE SAME.

FOR thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,  
Through the pine forests, by the upland  
rills,

Didst roam to seek the children of the  
hills,

A wild, neglected flock ! to seek, and find,  
And meekly win ! there feeding each young  
mind

With balms of heavenly eloquence : not  
*thine,*

Daughter of Christ ! but His, whose love  
Divine

Its own clear spirit in thy breast had  
shrined,

A burning light ! Oh ! beautiful, in truth,  
Upon the mountains are the feet of those  
Who bear His tidings ! From thy morn of  
youth,

For this were all thy journeyings ; and  
the close

Of that long path, heaven's own bright  
sabbath-rest,

Must wait thee, wanderer ! on thy Saviour's  
breast.

## RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834.

[These sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the Autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series entitled "Sonnets, Devotional and Memorial."]

### A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring! 'midst thy victorious glow,  
Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,  
And streams, that bound to meet thee from their chains,  
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe  
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow  
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,  
Were we of mould all earthly—*we* alone,  
Severed from thy great spell, and doomed to go  
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,  
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,  
Never to flower again! But we, O Spring!  
Cheered by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,  
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,  
As here thy flowers and birds press on to bloom and sing.

---

### TO THE SKY.

FAR from the rustlings of the poplar-bough,  
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,  
Far from the green hills with their heathery glow  
And flashing streams whereby my childhood [played;  
In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow  
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,  
O thou rich Sky! and from thy splendours learn  
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.  
With thee all shapes of glory find their home,  
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!  
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which [rove  
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,  
That Nature's God hath left *no* spot un-  
blessed  
With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

### ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.\*

OH! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those [die  
Who, richly dowered for life, are called to Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose  
In truth's divinest ether, still and high!  
Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh!  
Deem them but sad, sweet fragments of a strain,  
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,  
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain  
Of many inspirations met, and held  
From its true sphere,—oh! soon it might have swelled  
Majestically forth! Nor doubt that He,  
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve  
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve  
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free!

---

### ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKY-LARK.

UPWARD and upward still!—in pearly light  
The clouds are steeped! the vernal spirit sighs  
With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies  
Woo thee, O bird! to thy celestial height.  
Bird, piercing heaven with music! thy free flight  
Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all  
For those wherein the rapture and the might  
Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,  
For their high place. O heirs of genius learn

\* Written after reading some of the earlier poems of the late Mrs. Tighe, which had been lent her in manuscript.



From the sky's bird your way! No joy  
 may fill  
 Your hearts, no gift of holy strength be  
 won  
 To bless *your* songs, ye children of the  
 sun!  
 Save by the unswerving flight, upward and  
 upward still!

---

### A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

MY earliest memories to thy shores are  
 bound,  
 Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting  
 main!  
 The first rich sunsets, kindling thought  
 profound  
 In my lone being, made thy restless plain  
 As the vast, shining floor of some dread  
 fane,  
 All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue  
 deep!  
 Thou that no trace of human hearts dost  
 keep,  
 Never to thee did love with silvery chain  
 Draw my soul's dream, which through all  
 nature sought  
 What waves deny,—some bower of *stead-*  
*fast* bliss,  
 A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,  
 As with sweet flowers. But chastened hope  
 for this  
 Now turns from earth's green valleys, as  
 from thee,  
 To that sole changeless world, where "there  
 is no more sea."

---

### DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

YET, rolling far up some green mountain-  
 dale,  
 Oft let me hear, as oftimes I have heard,  
 Thy swell, thou deep! when evening calls  
 the bird  
 And bee to rest; when summer-tints grow  
 pale,  
 Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil;  
 And peasant-steps are hastening to repose,  
 And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-  
 cups close  
 To the last whisper of the ~~the~~ *winning* gale.  
 Then 'midst the dying of all other sound,  
 When the soul hears thy distant voice pro-  
 found.

Lone worshipping, and knows that through  
 the night  
 'Twill worship still, then most its anthem-  
 tone  
 Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,  
 Who girds tired nature with unslumbering  
 might.

---

### THE RIVER CLWYD IN NORTH WALES.

O CAMBRIAN river! with slow music  
 gliding  
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined  
 towers;  
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows  
 hiding,  
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of  
 flowers;  
 Long flowed the current of my life's clear  
 hours  
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts  
 my dream,  
 Tho' time and change, and other mightier  
 powers,  
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou,  
 smooth stream!  
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along,  
 Murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy  
 song,  
 Low, sweet, unchanged. *My* being's tide  
 hath passed  
 Through rocks and storms; yet will I not  
 complain, [stain,  
 If, thus wrought free and pure from earthly  
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent-  
 deep at last.

### ORCHARD-BLOSSOMS.

DOTh thy heart stir within thee at the  
 sight  
 Of orchard-blooms upon the mossy bough?  
 Doth their sweet household-smile waft back  
 the glow  
 Of childhood's morn—the wondering, fresh  
 delight  
 In earth's new colouring, then all strangely  
 bright,  
 A joy of fairyland? Doth some old nook,  
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,  
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossoms  
 white  
 Showered o'er the turf, and the lone prim-  
 rose-knot,  
 And robin's nest, stil' faithful to the spot

And the bee's dreary chime? O gentle  
friend!  
The world's cold breath, not *Time's*, this  
life bereaves  
Of vernal gifts: Time hallows what he  
leaves,  
And will for us endear spring-memories to  
the end.

---

TO A DISTANT SCENE.

STILL are the cowslips from thy bosom  
springing,  
O far-off, grassy dell?—and dost thou see,  
When southern winds first wake their vernal  
singing,  
The star-gleam of the wood anemone?  
Doth the shy ringdove haunt thee yet? the  
bee  
Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed  
farewell  
To their wild blooms? and, round my  
beechen tree,  
Still, in green softness, doth the moss-bank  
swell?  
Oh, strange illusion! by the fond heart  
wrought, [face!  
Whose own warm life suffuses nature's  
*My* being's tide of many-coloured thought  
Hath passed from thee; and now, rich,  
leafy place  
I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene,  
Silent, forsaken, dim, shadowed by what  
hath been.

---

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-  
urn  
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!  
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,  
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep  
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep  
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float  
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,  
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep  
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair  
scene,  
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!  
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed,  
jar  
The perfect music of thy charm serene!  
Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region  
wear  
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and  
tears, and prayer.

THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH  
TREES.

TREES, gracious trees!—how rich a gift ye  
are,  
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and  
eyes!  
How doth the thought of home, in lands  
afar,  
Linked with your forms and kindly whisper-  
ings rise!  
How the whole picture of a childhood lies  
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried  
deep!  
Till, gazing through them up the summer  
skies,  
As hushed we stand, a breeze perchance  
may creep,  
And old, sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner  
world  
Where memory coils—and lo! at once un-  
furled,  
The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight  
Spreads clear; while, gushing from their  
long-sealed urn,  
Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting  
prayers return,  
And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy  
light.

---

THE SAME.

AND ye are strong to shelter!—all meek  
things,  
All that need home and covert, love your  
shade!  
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet  
springs,  
And nun-like violets, by the winds betrayed.  
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents  
hath played  
With his first primrose-wreath: there love  
hath sought  
A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought;  
And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,  
A refuge for her tears; and oft-times there  
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,  
A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim,  
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremours  
thrill  
The woody twilight, there man's heart hath  
still  
Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard a  
ceaseless hymn.

## ON READING PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN CHILDHOOD.

O GENTLE story of the Indian isle !  
 I loved thee in my lonely childhood well  
 On the sea-shore, when day's last, purple  
 smile  
 Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell  
 And dying cadence lent a deeper spell  
 Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy  
 palms  
 And strange bright birds, my fancy joyed  
 to dwell,  
 And watch the Southern Cross through  
 midnight calms,  
 And track the spicy woods. Yet more !  
 blessed  
 Thy vision of sweet love—kind, trustful,  
 true,  
 Lighting the citron groves, a heavenly  
 guest,  
 With such pure smiles as Paradise once  
 knew.  
 Even then my young heart wept o'er this  
 world's power  
 To reach with blight that holiest Eden-  
 flower.

## A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

STILL that last look is solemn ! through  
 thy rays,  
 O sun ! to-morrow will give back, we know,  
 The joy to nature's heart. Yet through  
 the glow  
 Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze  
 Tracks thee with love half-fearful : and in  
 days  
 When earth too much adored thee, what a  
 swell  
 Of mournful passion, deepening mighty  
 lays,  
 Told how the dying bade thy light fare-  
 well,  
 O sun of Greece ! O glorious, festal sun !  
 Lost, lost ! — for them thy golden hours  
 were done,  
 And darkness lay before them ! Happier  
 far  
 Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels  
 enchained,  
 Not thus for thy last parting unsustained—  
 Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting  
 star.

## IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

CALM scenes of patriarch life ! how long a  
 power  
 Your unworn pastoral images retain  
 O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's  
 hour  
 Drank their pure freshness deep ! The  
 camels' train  
 Winding in patience o'er the desert plain—  
 The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,  
 The gleaming fount, the shadow of the  
 rock—  
 Oh ! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,  
 And in the influence of its touch how  
 blessed,  
 Are these things linked, in many a thought-  
 ful breast,  
 To household-memories, thro' all change  
 endeared !  
 —The matin bird, the ripple of a stream  
 Beside our native porch, the hearth-light's  
 gleam,  
 The voices, earliest by the soul revered !

## ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns  
 Unto the golden East with ceaseless flow ?  
 Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain  
 burns,  
 The pilgrim-spirit would adore and glow ;  
 Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint,  
 and slow,  
 Still doth the traveller through the deserts  
 wind,  
 Led by those old Chaldean stars, which  
 know  
 Where passed the shepherd-fathers of man-  
 kind.  
 Is it some quenchless instinct, which from  
 far  
 Still points to where our alienated home  
 Lay in bright peace ? O thou true Eastern  
 star !  
 Saviour ! atoning Lord ! where'er we roam,  
 Draw still our hearts to Thee, else, else how  
 vain  
 Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain !

## TO AN AGED FRIEND.

NOT long thy voice amongst us may be  
 heard,  
 Servant of God !—thy day is almost done ;



The charm now lingering in thy look and  
word  
Is that which hangs about thy setting sun—  
That which the meekness of decay hath  
won  
Still from revering love. Yet doth the  
sense  
Of life immortal—progress but begun—  
Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,  
That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy  
decline ;  
And the loved flowers which round thee  
smile farewell  
Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,  
By the pure spirit touched with light  
Divine ;  
While we, to whom its parting gleams are  
given,  
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of  
heaven.

---

### FOLIAGE.

COME forth, and let us through our hearts  
receive  
The joy of verdure ! See ! the honeyed  
lime  
Showers cool green light o'er banks where  
wild-flowers weave  
Thick tapestry, and woodbine-tendrils climb  
Up the brown oak from beds of moss and  
thyme.  
The rich deep masses of the sycamore  
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime ;  
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,  
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with  
each gale  
That sweeps the boughs : the chestnut-  
flowers are past,  
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,  
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast  
From every hedge. Oh ! never may we  
lose,  
Dear friend ! our fresh delight in simplest  
nature's hues !

---

### A PRAYER.

FATHER in heaven ! from whom the simplest  
flower,  
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,  
Draws not sweet odour or young life alone,  
But the deep virtue of an inborn power,  
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour  
With thoughts of Thee—to strengthen, to  
infuse

Faith, love, and courage, by the tender  
hues  
That speak thy presence ! oh, with such a  
dower  
Grace Thou my song !—the precious gift  
bestow  
From thy pure Spirit's treasury Divine,  
To wake one tear of purifying flow,  
To soften one wrung heart for Thee and  
thine ;  
So shall the life breathed through the  
lowly strain  
Be as the meek wild-flower's—if transient,  
yet not vain.

---

### PRAYER CONTINUED.

"What in me is dark,  
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support."  
MILTON.

FAR are the wings of intellect astray  
That strive not, Father ! to thy heavenly  
seat ;  
They rove, but mount not, and the tempests  
beat  
Still on their plumes. O Source of mental  
day !  
Chase from before my spirit's track the  
array  
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly  
care,  
In troubled hosts, that cross the purer air,  
And veil the opening of the starry way,  
Which brightens on to Thee ! Oh, guide  
Thou right  
My thought's weak pinion ; clear my inward  
sight,  
The eternal springs of beauty to discern,  
Welling beside thy throne ; unseal mine  
ear,  
Nature's true oracles in joy to hear ;  
Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to  
learn.

---

### MEMORIAL OF A CON- VERSATION.

YES ! all things tell us of a birthright lost—  
A brightness from our nature passed away !  
Wanderers we seem that from an alien  
coast  
Would turn to where their Father's mansion  
lay ;  
And but by some lone flower, that 'midst  
decay



Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured  
stone,  
Revealing dimly, with gray moss o'ergrown,  
The faint, worn impress of its glory's day,  
Can trace their once-free heritage, though  
dreams,  
Fraught with its picture, oft in startling  
gleams

Flash o'er their souls. But One, oh ! *One*  
alone,  
For us the ruined fabric may rebuild,  
And bid the wilderness again be filled  
With Eden-flowers—One mighty to atone !

## RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834.

## THE RETURN TO POETRY.

ONCE more the eternal melodies from far  
Woo me like songs of home : once more  
discerning, [star  
Through fitful clouds, the pure majestic  
Above the poet's world serenely burning,  
Thither my soul, fresh-winged by love, is  
turning, [nest,  
As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her  
For those green heights of dewy stillness  
yearning,  
Whence glorious minds o'erlook this earth's  
unrest.  
Now be the Spirit of heaven's truth my  
guide  
Through the bright land !—that no brief  
gladness, found  
In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet  
sound,  
May lure my footsteps from their aim  
aside :  
Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to  
gain,  
The inmost, purest shrine of that august  
domain.

TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READING  
HIS "PRIGIONE."

THERE are who climb the mountain's  
heathery side,  
Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant,  
urge  
The bark's fleet rushing through the crested  
surge,  
Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride  
Over the green savannahs, gleaming wide

By some vast lake ; yet thus, on foaming  
sea,  
Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free  
Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified  
By thy brave suffering. Thou from its  
dark cell  
Fierce thought and baleful passion didst  
exclude,  
Filling the dedicated solitude  
With God ; and where *His* Spirit deigns to  
dwell, [lie,  
Though the worn frame in fetters withering  
There throned in *peace* Divine is liberty !

## TO THE SAME, RELEASED.

How flows thy being now ?—like some glad  
hymn  
One strain of solemn rapture ?—doth thine  
eye  
Wander through tears of voiceless feeling  
dim  
O'er the crowned Alps, that, 'midst the  
upper sky,  
Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy ?  
Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound  
Unto these dear, parental faces bound,  
Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced  
by,  
Haunting thy prison dreams ? Where'er  
thou art,  
Blessings be shed upon thine inmost heart !  
Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flow-  
ery sod,  
For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom  
sent  
Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,  
Of love to man, and quenchless trust in  
God !

## ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE.\*

'Twas a bright moment of my life when first,  
 O thou pure stream through rocky portals  
 flowing !  
 That temple-chamber of thy glory burst  
 On my glad sight ! Thy pebbly couch lay  
 glowing  
 With deep mosaic hues ; and, richly throw-  
 ing  
 O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's  
 vest,  
 High bloomed the heath-flowers, and the  
 wild wood's crest  
 Was touched with gold. Flow ever thus,  
 bestowing  
 Gifts of delight, sweet stream ! on all who  
 move  
 Gently along thy shores ; and oh ! if love—  
 True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow  
 fraught—  
 Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs  
 to thee,  
*Then* full of kindness let thy music be,  
 Singing repose to every troubled thought !

## ON THE DATURA ARBOREA.

MAJESTIC plant ! such fairy dreams as lie,  
 Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cow-  
 slip's bell,  
 Are not *thy* train. Those flowers of vase-  
 like swell,  
 Clear, large, with dewy moonlight filled  
 from high,  
 And in their monumental purity  
 Serenely drooping, round thee seem to  
 draw  
 Visions linked strangely with that silent  
 awe  
 Which broods o'er sculpture's works. A  
 meet ally  
 For those heroic forms, the simply grand  
 Art thou ; and worthy, carved by plastic  
 hand,  
 Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine  
 In spotless marble ; honouring one whose  
 strain,  
 Soared, upon wings of thought that knew  
 no stain,  
 Free through the starry heavens of truth  
 Divine.

\* A beautiful valley in the county of Wicklow

ON READING COLERIDGE'S  
 EPITAPH,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Stop, Christian passer-by ! stop, child of God !  
 And read with gentle breast :—Beneath this  
 sod  
 A Poet lies, or that which once seemed he :  
 Oh ! lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C. !  
 That he, who once in vain, with toil of breath,  
 Found death in life, may here find life in  
 death :  
 Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for fame—  
 He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou  
 the same."

SPIRIT ! so oft in radiant freedom soaring  
 High through seraphic mysteries uncon-  
 fined,  
 And oft, a diver through the deep of mind  
 Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring ;  
 And oft such strains of breezy music pour-  
 ing,  
 As, with the floating sweetness of their  
 sighs,  
 Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring  
 Awhile that freshness left in Paradise ;  
 Say, of those glorious wanderings what the  
 goal ?  
 What the rich fruitage to man's kindred  
 soul  
 From wealth of thine bequeathed ? O  
 strong and high,  
 And sceptred intellect ! thy goal confessed  
 Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last be-  
 quest  
 One lesson breathing thence profound  
 humility !

## DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

THEY float before my soul, the fair designs  
 Which I would body forth to life and  
 power,  
 Like clouds, that with their wavering hues  
 and lines  
 Portray majestic buildings :—dome and  
 tower,  
 Bright spire, that through the rainbow and  
 the shower  
 Points to th' unchanging stars ; and high  
 arcade,  
 Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made  
 For holiest rites. Meanwhile the waning  
 hour  
 Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'er-  
 wrought,

I sink. O friend! O linked with each  
 high thought!  
 Aid me, of those rich visions to detain  
 All I may grasp; until thou see'st fulfilled,  
 While time and strength allow, my hope to build  
 For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring  
 fane!

---

#### HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

IF e'er again my spirit be allowed  
 Converse with Nature in her chambers  
 deep,  
 Where lone, and mantled with the rolling  
 cloud,  
 She broods o'er newborn waters, as they  
 leap  
 In sword-like flashes down the heathery  
 steep  
 From caves of mystery;—if I roam once  
 more  
 Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's  
 roar, [reap  
 And voiceful oaks respond;—may I not  
 A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,  
 Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal  
 hour  
 From such communion? Yes! I then shall  
 know  
 That not in vain have sorrow, love, and  
 thought  
 Their long, still work of preparation  
 wrought,  
 For that more perfect sense of God revealed  
 below.

---

#### DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

OFt in still night-dreams a departed face  
 Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,

Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,  
 But all the tender pity that may lie  
 On the clear brow of Immortality,  
 Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illumine that  
 mien;  
 Th' unshadowed moonlight of some far-off  
 'sky  
 Around it floats transparently serene  
 As a pure veil of waters. O rich Sleep!  
 The spells are mighty in thy regions deep,  
 To glorify with reconciling breath,  
 Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine  
 Beauty's high truth; and how much more  
 Divine  
 Thy power when linked, in this, with thy  
 strong brother—Death!

---

#### THE POETRY OF THE PSALM.

NOBLY thy song, O minstrel! rushed to  
 meet  
 Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast.  
 With darkness round him as a mantle  
 cast,  
 And cherubim to waft his flying seat.  
 Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his  
 feet,  
 With trumpet-voice thy spirit called aloud,  
 And bade the trembling rocks his name  
 repeat,  
 And the bent cedars, and the bursting  
 cloud.  
 But far more gloriously to earth made  
 known  
 By that high strain, than by the thunder's  
 tone,  
 The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,  
 Jehovah spake, through thee imbreathing  
 fire,  
 Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire  
 With the deep worship of a living soul.

## THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

### INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

FROM NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 1835.

O THOUGHT ! O Memory ! gems for ever  
heaping  
High in the illumined chambers of the  
mind—  
And thou, divine Imagination ! keeping  
Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts  
enshrined ;  
How in one moment rent and disentwined,  
At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,  
Your glorious combinations ! broken all,  
As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind  
Scattered to whirling dust ! Oh, soon un-  
crowned !  
Well may your parting swift, your strange  
return,  
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,  
Guiding its chastened vision to discern  
How by meek Faith heaven's portals must  
be passed,  
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

### SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like Night, O sickness ! deeply  
stilling  
Within my heart the world's disturbing  
sound,  
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling  
With low, sweet voices by Life's tumult  
drowned.  
Thou art like awful Night ! thou gatherest  
round  
The things that are unseen—though close  
they lie ;  
And with a truth, clear, startling, and pro-  
found, [eye,  
Giv'st their dread presence to our mental  
Thou art like starry, spiritual Night !  
High and immortal thoughts attend thy  
way,  
And revelations, which the common light  
Brings not, though wakening with its rosy  
ray [rod,  
All outward life :—Be welcome, then, thy  
Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself  
to God.

### ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

WELL might thine awful image thus arise  
With that high calm upon thy regal brow,  
And the deep, solemn sweetness in those  
eyes,  
Unto the glorious artist ! Who but thou  
The fleeting forms of beauty can endow  
For him with permanence ? who make those  
gleams  
Of brighter life, that colour his lone dreams,  
Immortal things ? Let others *trembling*  
bow,  
Angel of Death ! before thee ;—not to those  
Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose,  
Art thou a fearful shape ! And oh ! for *me*,  
How full of welcome would thine aspect  
shine,  
Did not the cords of strong affection twine  
So fast around my soul, it *cannot* spring to  
thee !

### REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE.

O NATURE ! thou didst rear me for thine  
own,  
With thy free singing-birds and mountain-  
brooks ;  
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted  
nooks,  
With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone ;  
And thou didst teach me every wandering  
tone  
Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and  
waves, [caves  
And guide my steps to founts and sparry  
And where bright mosses wove thee a rich  
throne  
'Midst the green hills : and now that, far  
estranged  
From all sweet sounds and odours of thy  
breath,  
Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,  
So glows the love of thee, that not for death  
Seems that pure passion's fervour—but or-  
dained  
'To meet on brighter shores thy majesty  
unstained



## FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHITHER, oh ! whither wilt thou wing thy way ?

What solemn region first upon thy sight  
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight ?  
What hosts, magnificent in dread array,  
My spirit ! when thy prison-house of clay,  
After long strife is rent ? Fond, fruitless  
quest !

The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,  
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,  
And through their parting leaves, by fits  
revealed,

A glimpse of summer sky ; nor knows the field

Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.

Thou art that bird !—of what beyond thee lies

Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies,  
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide !

## FLOWERS.

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms ! again  
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room !  
For not alone ye bring a joyous train  
Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—

Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,  
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,  
Of stars that look down on your folded bells  
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume

Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove  
Like sudden music : more than this ye bring—

Far more ; ye whisper of the all-fostering love

Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing

Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered  
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

## RECOVERY.

BACK, then, once more to breast the waves  
of life,

To battle on against the unceasing spray, |

To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,  
And rise to strive again ; yet on my way,  
Oh ! linger still, thou light of better day !  
Born in the hours of loneliness : and you,  
Ye childlike thoughts ! the holy and the true—

Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,  
The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn  
Back on my soul, a clear, bright sense,  
new-born,

Now leave me not ! but as, profoundly  
pure,

A blue stream rushes through a darker  
lake

Unchanged, e'en thus with me your journey  
take,

Wafting sweet airs of heaven thro' this low  
world obscure.

## SABBATH SONNET

FROM REMAINS, COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A  
FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND  
DICTATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are  
bending,

Thro' England's primrose meadow-paths,  
their way

Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy  
elms ascending,

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the  
hallowed day !

The halls from old heroic ages gray  
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets

low,  
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft

winds play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,

Like a freed vernal stream. I may not  
tread

With them those pathways—to the feverish  
bed

Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath-peace hath  
filled

My chastened heart, and all its throbbings  
stilled

To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness !

26th April, 1835.

*ODE ON THE DEFEAT OF KING SEBASTIAN OF  
PORTUGAL, AND HIS ARMY, IN AFRICA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF HERRERA.

[FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was a Spanish poet who lived in the reign of Charles V., and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He aimed at the introduction of a new style into Spanish poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture, and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified indeed by the nature of the subjects to which some of these productions are devoted. This last characteristic is blended with a deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts than tempers the haughty confidence of the poet in the high destinies of his country. Spain is to him what Judæa was to the bards who sang beneath the shadow of her palm-trees—the chosen and favoured land, whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly called to wreak the vengeance of Heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.]

The impression of deep solemnity left upon the mind of the Spanish reader, by another of Herrera's lyric compositions, will, it is feared, be very inadequately conveyed through the medium of the following translation.]

"Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido," etc.

A VOICE of woe, a murmur of lament,  
A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire ;  
Let such record the day, the day of wail  
For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent !  
She who hath seen her power, her fame  
expire,  
And mourns them in the dust, discrowned  
and pale.

And let the awful tale  
With grief and horror every realm o'er shade,  
From Afric's burning main  
To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,  
And the red limits of the Orient's reign,  
Whose nations, haughty though subdued,  
behold  
Christ's glorious banner to the winds un-  
fold.

Alas ! for those that in embattled power,  
And vain array of chariots and of horse,  
O desert Libya ! sought thy fatal coast !

And trusting not in Him, the eternal source  
Of might and glory, but in earthly force,  
Making the strength of multitudes their  
boast,

A flushed and crested host,  
Elate in lofty dreams of victory, trode  
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered  
land

Given for the spoil ; nor raised their eyes  
to God :

And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand,  
Their sole support ;—and heavily and prone  
They fell—the car, the steed, the rider, all  
o'erthrown !

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of  
woe,

Which to deep solitude and tears consigned  
The peopled realm, the realm of joy and  
mirth.

A gloom was on the heavens, no mantling  
glow

Announced the morn—it seemed as nature  
pined,

And boding clouds obscured the sunbeam's  
birth ;

While, startling the pale earth,  
Bursting upon the mighty and the proud

With visitation dread,  
Their crests the Eternal, in his anger  
bowed,

And raised barbarian nations o'er their  
head,

The inflexible, the fierce, who seek not  
gold,

But vengeance on their foes, relentless,  
uncontrolled.

Then was the sword let loose, the flaming  
sword

Of the strong infidel's ignoble hand,  
Amidst that host, the pride, the flower, the  
crown

Of thy fair knighthood ; and the insatiate  
horde,

Not with thy life content, O ruined land !  
Sad Lusitania ! even thy bright renown

Defaced and trampled down ;  
And scattered, rushing as a torrent-flood,

Thy pomp of arms and banners ;—till the  
sands  
Became a lake of blood—thy noblest  
blood !—  
The plain a mountain of thy slaughtered  
bands.  
Strength on thy foes, resistless might was  
shed ;  
On thy devoted sons—amaze, and shame,  
and dread.

Are *these* the conquerors, *these* the lords of  
fight,  
The warrior men, the invincible, the famed,  
Who shook the earth with terror and  
dismay,  
Whose spoils were empires ?—They that in  
their might  
The haughty strength of savage nations  
tamed,  
And gave the spacious Orient realms of  
day  
To desolation's sway,  
Making the cities of imperial name  
E'en as the desert-place ?  
Where now the fearless heart, the soul of  
flame ?  
Thus has their glory closed its dazzling  
race  
In one brief hour ? Is this their valour's  
doom,  
On distant shores to fall, and find not even  
a tomb ?

Once were they, in their splendour and their  
pride,  
As an imperial cedar on the brow  
Of the great Lebanon ! It rose, arrayed  
In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide  
Majestic branches, leaving far below  
All children of the forest. To its shade  
The waters tribute paid,  
Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter  
there  
Whose flight is of the loftiest through the  
sky,

And the wild mountain-creatures made their  
lair  
Beneath ; and nations by its canopy  
Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood,  
and ne'er  
Had earth beheld a tree so excellently  
fair.

But all elated, on its verdant stem,  
Confiding solely in its regal height,  
It soared presumptuous, as for empire  
born ;  
And God for this removed its diadem,  
And cast it from its regions of delight,  
Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn,  
By the deep roots uptorn !  
And lo ! encumbering the lone hills it lay,  
Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state ;  
While, pale with fear, men hurried far  
away,  
Who in its ample shade had found so late  
Their bower of rest ; and nature's savage  
race  
'Midst the great ruin sought their dwelling-  
place.

But thou, base Libya ! thou whose arid  
sand  
Hath been a kingdom's death-bed, where  
one fate  
Closed her bright life and her majestic  
fame,—  
Though to thy feeble and barbarian hand  
Hath fall'n the victory, be not thou elate !  
Boast not thyself, though thine that day of  
shame,  
Unworthy of a name !  
Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath ad-  
vance,  
Aroused to vengeance by a nation's cry,  
Pierced by his searching lance,  
Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,  
And thine affrighted streams to ocean's  
flood  
An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim  
blood.

## SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

1831.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEBASTIAN.  
GONZALEZ, *his friend.*ZAMOR, *a young Arab.*  
SYLVEIRA.SCENE I. *The seashore near Lisbon.*

SEBASTIAN, GONZALEZ, ZAMOR.

*Seb.* With what young life and fragrance  
in its breath  
My native air salutes me! From the  
groves  
Of citron, and the mountains of the vine,  
And thy majestic tide thus foaming on  
In power and freedom o'er its golden  
sands,  
Fair stream, my Tajo! youth, with all its  
glow  
And pride of feeling, through my soul and  
frame  
Again seems rushing, as these noble waves  
Past their bright shores flow joyously.  
Sweet land,  
My own, my fathers' land, of sunny skies  
And orange bowers! — Oh! is it not a  
dream  
That thus I tread thy soil? Or do I wake  
From a dark dream but now! Gonzalez,  
say,  
Doth it not bring the flush of early life  
Back on th' awakening spirit, thus to gaze  
On the far-sweeping river, and the shades  
Which, in their undulating motion, speak  
Of gentle winds amidst bright waters born,  
After the fiery skies and dark red sands  
Of the lone desert? Time and toil must  
needs  
Have changed *our* mien; but this, our  
blessed land,  
Hath gained but richer beauty since we  
bade  
Her glowing shores farewell. Seems it not  
thus?  
Thy brow is clouded.  
*Gon.* To mine eye the scene  
Wears, amidst all its quiet loveliness,

A hue of desolation; and the calm,  
The solitude and silence, which pervade  
Earth, air, and ocean, seem belonging less  
To peace than sadness! We have proudly  
stood  
Even on this shore, beside the Atlantic  
wave,  
When it hath looked not thus.  
*Seb.* Ay, now thy soul  
Is in the past! Oh no! it looked not thus  
When the morn smiled upon our thousand  
sails,  
And the winds blew for Afric. How that  
hour,  
With all its hues of glory, seems to burst  
Again upon my vision! I behold  
The stately barks, the arming, the array,  
The crests, the banners of my chivalry,  
Swayed by the sea-breeze till their motion  
showed  
Like joyous life! How the proud billows  
foamed!  
And the oars flashed like lightnings of the  
deep,  
And the tall spears went glancing to the  
sun,  
And scattering round quick rays, as if to  
guide  
The valiant unto fame! Ay, the blue  
heaven  
Seemed for that noble scene a canopy  
Scarce too majestic, while it rang afar  
To peals of warlike sound! My gallant  
bands!  
Where are you now?  
*Gon.* Bid the wide desert tell  
Where sleep its dead! To mightier hosts  
than them  
Hath it lent graves ere now; and on its  
breast  
Is room for nations yet!  
*Seb.* It cannot be



That all have perished ! Many a noble  
man,  
Made captive on that war-field, may have  
burst  
His bonds like ours. Cloud not this fleet-  
ing hour,  
Which to my soul is as the fountain's  
draught  
To the parched lip of fever, with a thought  
So darkly sad !

*Gon.* Oh never, never cast

That deep remembrance from you ! When  
once more  
Your place is 'midst earth's rulers, let it  
dwell

Around you, as the shadow of your throne,  
Wherein the land may rest. My king !  
this hour

(Solemn as that which to the voyager's eye,  
In far and dim perspective, doth unfold  
A new and boundless world) may haply be  
The last in which the courage and the  
power

Of truth's high voice may reach you. Who  
may stand

As man to man, as friend to friend, before  
Th' ancestral throne of monarchs ? Or per-  
chance

Toils, such as tame the loftiest to endur-  
ance,

Henceforth may wait us here ! But how-  
soe'er

This be, the lessons now from sufferings  
past

Befit all time, all change. Oh ! by the  
blood,

The free, the generous blood of Portugal,  
Shed on the sands of Afric—by the names  
Which with their centuries of high renown,  
There died, extinct for ever—let not those  
Who stood in hope and glory at our side  
Here, on this very sea-beach, whence they  
passed

To fall, and leave no trophy—let them not  
Be soon, be e'er forgotten ! for their fate  
Bears a deep warning in its awfulness,  
Whence power might well learn wisdom !

*Seb.* Think'st thou, then,

That years of sufferance and captivity,  
Such as have bowed down eagle hearts ere  
now,

And made high energies their spoil have  
passed

So lightly o'er my spirit ? It is not thus !  
The things thou would'st recall are not of  
those

To be forgotten ! But my heart hath still  
A sense, a bounding pulse for hope and joy,

And it is joy, which whispers in the breeze  
Sent from my own free mountains. Brave  
Gonzalez !

Thou'rt one to make thy fearless heart a  
shield

Unto thy friend, in the dark stormy hour  
When knightly crests are trampled, and  
proud helms

Cleft, and strong breastplates shivered.  
Thou art one

To infuse the soul of gallant fortitude  
Into the captive's bosom, and beguile  
The long slow march beneath the burning  
noon

With lofty patience ; but for those quick  
bursts,

Those buoyant efforts of the soul to cast  
Her weight of care to earth, those brief de-  
lights

Whose source is in a sunbeam, or a sound  
Which stirs the blood, or a young breeze,  
whose wing

Wanders in chainless joy ; for things like  
these

Thou hast no sympathies ! And thou, my  
Zamor,

Art wrapt in thought ! I welcome thee to  
this,

The kingdom of my fathers. Is it not  
A goodly heritage ?

*Zam.* The land is fair ;

But he, the archer of the wilderness,  
Beholdeth not the palms beneath whose  
shade

His tents are scattered, and his camels  
rest ;

And therefore is he sad !

*Seb.* Thou must not pine

With that sick yearning of th' impatient  
heart,

Which makes the exile's life one fevered  
dream

Of skies, and hills, and voices far away,  
And faces wearing the familiar hues

Lent by his native sunbeams. I have  
known

Too much of this, and would not see  
another

Thus daily die. If it be so with thee,

My gentle Zamor, speak. Behold, our  
bark

Yet, with her white sails catching sunset's  
glow,

Lies within signal-reach. If it be thus,

Then fare thee well—farewell, thou brave,  
and true,

And generous friend ! How often is our  
path

Crossed by some being whose bright spirit  
 sheds  
 A passing gladness o'er it, but whose  
 course  
 Leads down another current, never more  
 To blend with ours ! Yet far within our  
 souls,  
 Amidst the rushing of the busy world  
 Dwells many a secret thought, which lin-  
 gers yet  
 Around that image. And e'en so, kind  
 Zamor !  
 Shalt thou be long remembered.

*Zam.* By the fame  
 Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior  
 tribes  
 Tell round the desert's watchfire, at the  
 hour  
 Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars,  
 ! will not leave thee ! 'Twas in such an  
 hour  
 The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay  
 Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within  
 The chambers of the dead. Who saved  
 me then,  
 When the pard, soundless as the midnight,  
 stole

Soft on the sleeper ? Whose keen dart  
 transfixed  
 The monarch of the solitudes ? I woke,  
 And saw *thy* javelin crimsoned with his  
 blood,  
 Thou, my deliverer ! and my heart e'en then  
 Called thee its brother.

*Seb.* For that gift of life  
 With one of tenfold price, even freedom's  
 self,  
 Thou hast repaid me well.

*Zam.* Then bid me not  
 Forsake thee ! Though my father's tents  
 may rise  
 At times upon my spirit. yet my home  
 Shall be amidst thy mountains, prince ! and  
 thou  
 Shalt be my chief, until I see thee robed  
 With all thy power. When thou canst  
 need no more  
 Thine Arab's faithful heart and vigorous  
 arm,  
 From the green regions of the setting sun  
 Then shall the wanderer turn his steps, and  
 seek  
 His Orient wilds again.

*Seb.* Be near me still,  
 And ever, O my warrior ! I shall stand  
 Again amidst my host a mail-clad king,  
 Begirt with spears and banners, and the  
 pomp

And the proud sounds of batt e. Be thy  
 place  
 Then at my side. When doth a monarch  
 cease

To need true hearts, bold hands ? Not in  
 the field  
 Of arms, nor on the throne of power, nor  
 yet

The couch of sleep. Be our friend, we will  
 not part.

*Gon.* Be all thy friends thus faithful, for  
 e'en yet

They may be fiercely tried.

*Seb.* I doubt them not.

Even now my heart beats high to meet their  
 welcome.

Let us away !

*Gon.* Yet hear once more, my liege.  
 The humblest pilgrim, from his distant  
 shrine

Returning, finds not e'en his peasant home  
 Unchanged amidst its vineyards. Some  
 loved face,

Which made the sunlight of his lowly  
 board,

Is touched by sickness ; some familiar  
 voice

Greets him no more ; and shall not fate and  
 time

Have done their work since last we parted  
 hence,

Upon an empire ? Ay, within those years,  
 Hearts from their ancient worship have  
 fall'n off,

And bowed before new stars ; high names  
 have sunk

From their supremacy of place, and others  
 Gone forth and made themselves the mighty  
 sounds

At which thrones tremble. Oh ! be slow  
 to trust

E'en those to whom your smiles were wont  
 to seem

As light is unto flowers. Search well the  
 depths

Of bosoms in whose keeping you would  
 shrine

The secret of your state. Storms pass not by  
 Leaving earth's face unchanged.

*Seb.* Whence didst thou learn

The cold distrust which casts so deep a  
 shadow

O'er a most noble nature ?

*Gon.* Life hath been

My stern and only teacher. I have known  
 Vicissitudes in all things, but the most  
 In human hearts. Oh ! yet awhile tame  
 down

That royal spirit, till the hour be come  
When it may burst its bondage! On thy  
brow

The suns of burning climes have set their  
seal,

And toil, and years, and perils have not  
passed

O'er the bright aspect, and the ardent eye,  
As doth a breeze of summer. Be that  
change

The mask beneath whose shelter thou  
may'st read

Men's thoughts, and veil thine own.

*Seb.* Am I thus changed  
From all I was? And yet it needs must be  
Since e'en my soul hath caught another  
hue

From its long sufferings. Did I not array  
The gallant flower of Lusian chivalry,  
And lead the mighty of the land, to pour  
Destruction on the Moslem? I return,  
And as a fearless and a trusted friend,  
Bring, from the realms of my captivity,  
An Arab of the desert!—But the sun  
Hath sunk below th' Atlantic. Let us  
hence—

Gonzalez, fear me not. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Street in Lisbon  
illuminated.*

MANY CITIZENS.

*1st Cit.* In sooth our city wears a goodly  
mien,

With her far-blazing fanes, and festive  
lamps

Shining from all her marble palaces,  
Countless as heaven's fair stars. The  
humblest lattice

Sends forth its radiance. How the spark-  
ling waves

Fling back the light!

*2d Cit.* Ay, 'tis a gallant show;  
And one which serves, like others, to con-  
ceal

Things which must not be told.

*3d Cit.* What would'st thou say?

*2d Cit.* That which may scarce, in peril-  
ous times like these,

Be said with safety. Hast thou looked  
within

Those stately palaces? Were they but  
peopled

With the high race of warlike nobles, once  
Their princely lords, think'st thou, good  
friend, that now

They would be glittering with this hollow  
pomp,

To greet a conqueror's entrance?

*3d Cit.* Thou say'st well.

None but a land forsaken of its chiefs  
Had been so lost and won.

*4th Cit.* The lot is cast;

We have but to yield. Hush! for some  
strangers come:

Now, friends, beware.

*1st Cit.* Did the king pass this way  
At morning, with his train?

*2d Cit.* Ay: saw you not  
The long and rich procession?

SEBASTIAN enters with GONZALEZ and  
ZAMOR.

*Seb. to Gon.* This should be  
The night of some high festival. E'en  
thus

My royal city to the skies sent up,  
From her illumined fanes and towers, a  
voice

Of gladness, welcoming our first return  
From Afric's coast. Speak thou, Gonzalez!  
ask

The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart  
Deep feelings rush, so mingling and so  
fast,

My voice perchance might tremble.

*Gon.* Citizen,  
What festal night is this, that all your  
streets

Are thronged and glittering thus?

*1st Cit.* Hast thou not heard  
Of the king's entry, in triumphal pomp,  
This very morn?

*Gon.* The king! triumphal pomp!—  
Thy words are dark.

*Seb.* Speak yet again: mine ears  
Ring with strange sounds. Again!

*1st Cit.* I said, the king,  
Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,  
This morning entered with a conqueror's  
train

Our city's royal palace: and for this  
We hold our festival.

*Seb.* (*in a low voice*). Thou said'st—the  
king!

His name?—I heard it not.

*1st Cit.* Philip of Spain.

*Seb.* Philip of Spain! We slumber, till  
aroused

By th' earthquake's bursting shock. Hath  
there not fall'n.

A sudden darkness? All things seem to  
float

Obscurely round me. Now 'tis past. The  
streets



Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench  
those lamps ;

They glare upon me till my very brain  
Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dare  
ye thus

Light up your shrines for *him* ?

*Gon.* Away, away

This is no time, no scene——

*Seb.* Philip of Spain !

How name ye this fair land ? Why is it  
not

The free, the chivalrous Portugal ?—the  
land

By the proud ransom of heroic blood  
Won from the Moor of old ? Did that red  
stream

Sink to the earth, and leave no fiery current  
In the veins of noble men, that so its tide,  
Full swelling at the sound of hostile steps,  
Might be a kingdom's barrier ?

*2d Cit.* That high blood

Which should have been our strength, pro-  
fusely shed

By the rash King Sebastian, bathed the  
plains

Of fatal Alcazar. Our monarch's guilt  
Hath brought this ruin down.

*Seb.* Must this be heard,

And borne, and unchastised ? Man, dar'st  
thou stand

Before me face to face, and thus arraign  
Thy sovereign ?

*Zam.* (*aside to Seb.*). Shall I lift the  
sword, my prince,  
Against thy foes ?

*Gon.* Be still—or all is lost.

*2d Cit.* I dare speak that which all men  
think and know.

'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,  
And power, and treasure, that we owe  
these bonds.

*3d Cit.* Talk not of bonds. May our  
new monarch rule  
The weary land in peace ! But who art  
thou ?

Whence com'st thou, haughty stranger, that  
these things,  
Known to all nations, should be new to  
thee ?

*Seb.* (*wildly*). I come from regions  
where the cities lie  
In ruins, not in chains !

*Exit with GONZALEZ and ZAMOR.*

*2d Cit.* He wears the mien  
Of one that hath commanded ; yet his  
looks  
And words were strangely wild.

*1st. Cit.* Marked you his fierce  
And haughty gesture, and the flash that  
broke

From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's  
name

Became our theme ?

*2d Cit.* Trust me, there's more in this  
Than may be lightly said. These are no  
times

To breathe men's thoughts i' th' open face  
of heaven

And ear of multitudes. They that would  
speak

Of monarchs and their deeds, should keep  
within

Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence ;  
and then

We'll commune of this stranger.

SCENE III.—*The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBASTIAN, GONZALEZ, ZAMOR.

*Seb.* Withstand me not ! I tell thee  
that my soul,

With all its passionate energies, is roused  
Unto that fearful strength which *must* have  
way,

E'en like the elements in their hour of  
might

And mastery o'er creation.

*Gon.* But they *wait*

That hour in silence. Oh ! be calm  
awhile——

Thine is not come. My king——

*Seb.* I am no king,  
While in the very palace of my sires,  
Ay, where mine eyes first drank the glori-  
ous light,

Where my soul's thrilling echoes first  
awoke

To the high sound of earth's immortal  
names,

Th' usurper lives and reigns. I am no  
king

Until I cast him thence.

*Zam.* Shall not thy voice

Be as a trumpet to th' awak'ning land ?  
Will not the bright swords flash like sun-  
bursts forth,

When the brave hear their chief ?

*Gon.* Peace, Zamor ! peace !  
Child of the desert, what hast thou to do  
With the calm hour of counsel ?

Monarch, pause :

A kingdom's destiny should not be the  
sport

Of passion's reckless winds. There is a  
time



When men, in very weariness of heart  
 And careless desolation, tamed to yield  
 By misery strong as death, will lay their  
 souls  
 E'en at the conqueror's feet — as nature  
 sinks,  
 After long torture, into cold, and dull,  
 And heavy sleep. But comes there not an  
 hour  
 Of fierce atonement? Ay! the slumberer  
 wakes  
 With gathered strength and vengeance;  
 and the sense  
 And the remembrance of his agonies  
 Are in themselves a power, whose fearful  
 path  
 Is like the path of ocean, when the heavens  
 Take off its interdict. Wait, then, the  
 hour  
 Of that high impulse.

*Seb.* Is it not the sun  
 Whose radiant bursting through the em-  
 battled clouds  
 Doth make it morn? The hour of which  
 thou speak'st,  
 Itself, with all its glory, is the work  
 Of some commanding nature, which doth  
 bid  
 'The sullen shades disperse. Away! — e'en  
 now  
 The land's high hearts, the fearless and the  
 true,  
 Shall know they have a leader. Is not  
 this  
 The mansion of mine own, mine earliest,  
 friend

Sylveira?

*Gon.* Ay, its glittering lamps too well  
 Illume the stately vestibule to leave  
 Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever  
 loved  
 Such pageantries.

*Seb.* His dwelling thus adorned  
 On such a night! Yet will I seek him  
 here.

He must be faithful, and to him the first  
 My tale shall be revealed. A sudden chill  
 Falls on my heart; and yet I will not  
 wrong  
 My friend with dull suspicion. He hath  
 been  
 Linked all too closely with mine inmost  
 soul.

And what have I to lose?

*Gon.* Is their blood naught  
 Who without hope will follow where thou  
 lead'st,  
 E'en unto death?

*Seb.* Was that a brave man's voice?  
 Warrior and friend! how long, then, hast  
 thou learned  
 To hold thy blood thus dear?

*Gon.* Of mine, mine own,  
 Think'st thou I spoke? When all is shed  
 for thee  
 Thou'lt know me better.

*Seb.* (*entering the palace*). For a while  
 farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* Thus princes lead men's hearts.  
 Come, follow me;  
 And if a home is left me still, brave  
 Zamor!

There will I bid thee welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall within the Palace.*

SEBASTIAN, SYLVEIRA.

*Sylv.* Whence art thou, stranger? what  
 would'st thou with me?

There is a fiery wildness in thy mien  
 Startling and almost fearful.

*Seb.* From the stern,  
 And vast, and desolate wilderness, whose  
 lord

Is the fierce lion, and whose gentlest wind  
 Breathes of the tomb, and whose dark  
 children make

The bow and spear their law, men bear  
 not back

That smilingness of aspect, wont to mask  
 The secret of their spirits 'midst the stir  
 Of courts and cities. I have looked on  
 scenes

Boundless, and strange, and terrible; I  
 have known

Sufferings which are not in the shadowy  
 scope

Of wild imagination; and these things  
 Have stamped me with their impress.

Man of peace,  
 Thou look'st on one familiar with the  
 extremes

Of grandeur and of misery.

*Sylv.* Stranger, speak [*time*  
 Thy name and purpose briefly, for the  
 Ill suits these mysteries. I must hence;  
 I feast the lords of Spain. [*to-night:*]

*Seb.* Is that a task  
 For King Sebastian's friend?

*Sylv.* Sebastian's friend i  
 That name hath lost its meaning. Will the  
 dead

Rise from their silent dwellings, to upbraid  
 The living for their mirth? The grave sets  
 bounds

Unto all human friendship.

*Seb.* On the plain  
Of Alcazar full many a stately flower,  
The pride and crown of some high house,  
was laid

Low in the dust of Afric ; but of these  
Sebastian was not one.

*Sylv.* I am not skilled  
To deal with men of mystery. Take, then,  
off

The strange dark scrutiny of thine eye from  
mine.

What mean'st thou ?—Speak !

*Seb.* Sebastian died not there.—  
I read no joy in that cold doubting mien.  
Is not thy name Sylveira.

*Sylv.* Ay.

*Seb.* Why, then,  
Be glad ! I tell thee that Sebastian lives !  
Think thou on this—he lives ! Should he  
return—

For he may yet return—and find the friend  
In whom he trusted with such perfect trust  
As should be heaven's alone—mark'st thou  
my words ?—

Should he then find this man, not girt and  
armed,

And watching o'er the heritage of his lord,  
But, reckless of high fame and loyal faith,  
Holding luxurious revels with his foes,  
How would thou meet his glance ?

*Sylv.* As I do thine,  
Keen though it be, and proud.

*Seb.* Why, thou dost quail  
Before it ! even as if the burning eye  
Of the broad sun pursued thy shrinking  
soul

Through all its depths.

*Sylv.* Away ! he died not there !  
He *should* have died there, with the chivalry  
And strength and honour of his kingdom,  
lost

By his impetuous rashness

*Seb.* This from *thee*,  
Who hath given power to falsehood, that  
one gaze

At its unmasked and withering mien, should  
blight

High souls at once ? I wake. And this  
from thee ?

There are, whose eyes discern the secret  
springs

Which lie beneath the desert, and the gold  
And gems within earth's caverns, far be-  
low

The everlasting hills : but who hath dared  
To dream that heaven's most awful attri-  
bute

Invested his mortality, and to boast

That through its inmost folds his glance  
could read

One heart, one human heart ? Why, then,  
to love

And trust is but to lend a traitor arms  
Of keenest temper and unerring aim,  
Wherewith to pierce our souls. But thou,  
beware !

Sebastian lives !

*Sylv.* If it be so, and thou  
Art of his followers still, then bid him seek  
Far in the wilds, which gave one sepulchre  
To his proud hosts, a kingdom and a  
home,

For none is left him here.

*Seb.* This is to live  
An age of wisdom in an hour ! The man  
Whose empire, as in scorn, o'erpassed the  
bounds

E'en of the infinite deep ; whose Orient  
realms

Lay bright beneath the morning, while the  
clouds

Were brooding in their sunset mantle still,  
O'er his majestic regions of the West ;

This heir of far dominion shall return,

And, in the very city of his birth,

Shall find no home ! Ay, I *will* tell him  
this,

And he will answer that the tale is false,  
False as a traitor's hollow words of love ;  
And that the stately dwelling, in whose  
halls

We commune now—a friend's, a monarch's  
gift,

Unto the chosen of his heart, Sylveira,  
Should yield him still a welcome.

*Sylv.* Fare thee well !

I may not pause to hear thee, for thy  
words

Are full of danger, and of snares, per-  
chance

Laid by some treacherous foe. But all in  
vain.

I mock thy wiles to scorn.

*Seb.* Ha ! ha ! The snake  
Doth pride himself in his distorted cunning,  
Deeming it wisdom. Nay, thou go'st not  
thus.

My heart is bursting, and I *will* be heard.  
What ! know'st thou not my spirit was born  
to hold

Dominion over thee ? Thou shalt not cast  
Those bonds thus lightly from thee. Stand  
thou there,

And tremble in the presence of thy lord !

*Sylv.* This is all madness.

*Seb.* Madness ! no, I say—

'Tis Reason starting from her sleep, to  
 feel,  
 And see, and know, in all their cold dis-  
 tinctness,  
 Things which come o'er her, as a sense of  
 pain  
 O th' sudden wakes the dreamer. Stay  
 thee yet ;  
 Be still. Thou'rt used to smile and to  
 obey ;  
 Ay, and to weep. I have seen thy tears  
 flow fast,  
 As from the fulness of a heart o'ercharged  
 With loyal love. Oh ! never, never more  
 Let tears or smiles be trusted ! When thy  
 king  
 Went forth on his disastrous enterprise,  
 Upon thy bed of sickness thou wast laid,  
 And he stood o'er thee with the look of  
 one  
 Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes  
 Were filled with tears like thine. No ! *not*  
 like thine ;  
*His* bosom knew no falsehood, and he  
 deemed  
 Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's  
 shield,  
 Wherein high deeds and noble forms  
 alone  
 Are brightly imaged forth.  
*Sylv.* What now avail  
 These recollections ?  
*Seb.* What ! I have seen thee shrink,  
 As a murderer from the eye of light, before  
 me :  
 I have earned (how dearly and how bit-  
 terly  
 It matters not, but I *have* earned at last)  
 Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom. Now,  
 begone !  
 Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though  
 arraigned  
 E'en of Sebastian's friendship. Make his  
 scorn  
 (For he *will* scorn thee, as a crouching  
 slave  
 By all high hearts is scorned) thy right, thy  
 charter  
 Unto vile safety. Let the secret voice,  
 Whose low upbraidings will not sleep with-  
 in thee,  
 Be as a sign, a token of thy claim

To all such guerdons as are showered on  
 traitors,  
 When noble men are crushed. And fear  
 thou not :  
 'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm  
 Hurls from his mountain throne—th' igne-  
 ble shrub,  
 Grovelling beneath, may live.  
*Sylv.* It is *thy* part  
 To tremble for thy life.  
*Seb.* They that have looked  
 Upon a heart like thine, should know too  
 well  
 The worth of life to tremble. Such things  
 make  
 Brave men, and reckless. Ay, and they  
 whom fate  
 Would trample should be thus. It is  
 enough—  
 Thou may'st depart.  
*Sylv.* And thou, if thou dost prize  
 Thy safety, speed thee hence.  
 [Exit SYLVEIRA.  
*Seb.* (*alone*). And this is he  
 Who was as mine own soul : whose image  
 rose,  
 Shadowing my dreams of glory with the  
 thought  
 That on the sick man's weary couch he  
 lay,  
 Pining to share my battles !

CHORUS.

Ye winds that sweep  
 The conquered billows of the western deep,  
 Or wander where the morn  
 'Midst the resplendent Indian heavens is  
 born,  
 Waft o'er bright isles and glorious worlds  
 the fame  
 Of the crowned Spaniard's name :  
 Till in each glowing zone  
 Its might the nations own,  
 And bow to him the vassal knee  
 Whose sceptre shadows realms from sea to  
 sea.

*Seb.* Away—away ! this is no place for  
 him  
 Whose name hath thus resounded, but is  
 now  
 A word of desolation. [Exit.



## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

## TO VENUS.

BOOK I., ODE XXX.

OH! leave thine own loved isle,  
Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian  
shores!

And here in Glycera's fair temple  
smile,  
Where vows and incense lavishly she pours.

Waft here thy glowing son ;  
Bring Hermes ; let the Nymphs thy path  
surround, [won,  
And youth, unlovely till thy gifts be  
And the light Graces with the zone un-  
bound.

## TO HIS ATTENDANT.

BOOK I., ODE XXXVIII.

I HATE the Persian's costly pride :  
The wreaths with bands of linden tied—  
These, boy, delight me not ;  
Nor where the lingering roses bide  
Seek thou for me the spot.  
For me be naught but myrtle twined—  
The modest myrtle, sweet to bind  
Alike thy brows and mine,  
While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined  
Beneath th' o'erarching vine.

## TO DELIUS.

BOOK II., ODE III.

FIRM be thy soul!—serene in power,  
When adverse fortune clouds the sky ;  
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,  
Since, Delius, thou must die—

Alike, if still to grief resigned,  
Or if, through festal days, 'tis thine  
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,  
The old Falernian wine—

Haunts where the silvery poplar-boughs  
Love with the pine's to blend on high,  
And some clear fountain brightly flows  
In graceful windings by.

There be the rose with beauty fraught,  
So soon to fade, so brilliant now ;  
There be the wine, the odours brought,  
While time and fate allow !

For thou resigning to thine heir  
Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasured  
store,  
Must leave that home, those woodlands fair,  
On yellow Tiber's shore.

What then avails it, if thou trace  
From Inachus thy glorious line ?  
Or, sprung from some ignoble race,  
If not a roof be thine ?

Since the dread lot for all must leap  
Forth from the dark revolving urn,  
And we must tempt the gloomy deep,  
Whence exiles ne'er return.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF  
BANDUSIA.

BOOK III., ODE XIII.

OH! worthy fragrant gifts of flowers and  
wine,  
Bandusian fount, than crystal far more  
bright !

To-morrow shall a sportive kid be thine,  
Whose forehead swells with horns of in-  
fant might :

Ev'n now of love and war he dreams in  
vain,

Doomed with his blood thy gelid wave to  
stain.

Let the red dog-star burn!—his scorching  
beam

Fierce in resprescence shall molest not  
thee !

Still sheltered from his rays, thy banks, fair  
stream !

To the wild flock around thee wandering  
free,

And the tired oxen from the furrowed field,  
The genial freshness of their breath shall  
yield.

And thou, bright fount ! ennobled and re-  
nowned

Shalt by thy poet's votive song be made ;  
Thou and the oak with deathless verdure  
crowned, [shade

Whose boughs, a pendant canopy, o'er-  
Those hollow rocks, whence, murmuring  
many a tale,

Thy chiming waters pour upon the vale.



## TO FAUNUS.

BOOK III., ODE XVIII.

FAUNUS ! who lov'st the flying nymphs to chase,

Oh, let thy steps with genial influence tread

My sunny fields, and be thy fostering grace  
Soft on my nursling groves and borders shed ;

If, at the mellow closing of the year,

A tender kid in sacrifice be thine,

Nor fail the liberal bowls to Venus dear,

Nor clouds of incense to thine antique shrine.

Joyous each flock in meadow herbage plays,

When the December feast returns to thee ;

Calmly the ox along the pasture strays,  
With festal villagers from toil set free.

Then from the wolf no more the lambs retreat,

Then shower the woods to thee their foliage round ;

And the glad labourer triumphs that his feet

In triple dance have struck the hated ground.

## ITALIAN LITERATURE.

## THE BASVIGLIANA OF MONTI,

Hugh Basville was the French Envoy who was put to death at Rome by the people, for attempting, at the beginning of the Revolution, to excite a sedition against the Pontifical government. Monti supposes that, at the moment of Basville's death, he is saved by a sudden repentance, from the condemnation which his philosophical principles had merited. But, as a punishment for his guilt, and a substitute for the pains of purgatory, he is condemned by Divine Justice to traverse France until the crimes of that country have received their due chastisement, and doomed to contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed by assisting to extend the progress of the Revolution.

An angel of heaven conducts Basville from province to province, that he may behold the desolation of his lovely country. He then conveys him to Paris, and makes him witness the sufferings and death of Louis XVI., and afterwards shows him the Allied armies prepared to burst upon France, and avenge the blood of her king. The poem concludes before the issue of the contest is known. In the first canto the spirit of Basville thus takes leave of the body:—

" Sleep, O beloved companion of my woes,  
Rest thou in deep and undisturbed repose ;  
Till at the last great day, from slumber's bed,

Heaven's trumpet-summons shall awake the dead.

" Be the earth light upon thee, mild the shower,

And soft the breeze's wing, till that dread hour ;

Nor let the wanderer passing o'er thee, breathe

Words of keen insult to the dust beneath.

' Sleep thou in peace ! Beyond the funeral pyre,

There live no flames of vengeance or of ire ;  
And 'midst high hearts I leave thee, on a shore

Where mercy's home hath been from days of yore."

Thus to its earthly form the spirit cried,  
Then turned to follow its celestial guide ;  
But with a downcast mien, a pensive sigh,  
A lingering step, and oft reverted eye—  
As when a child's reluctant feet obey  
Its mother's voice, and slowly leave its play.

Night o'er the earth her dewy veil had cast,

When from th' Eternal City's towers they passed,

And rising in their flight, on that proud dome,

Whose walls enshrine the guardian saint of Rome,

Lo ! where a cherub-form sublimely towered  
But dreadful in his glory ! Sternly lowered

Wrath in his kingly aspect. One he seemed  
Of the bright seven, whose dazzling splen-  
dour beamed

On high amidst the burning lamps of  
heaven,

Seen in the dread, o'erwhelming visions  
given

To the rapt seer of Patmos. Wheels of fire  
Seemed his fierce eyes, all kindling in their  
ire ;

And his loose tresses, floating as he stood,  
A comet's glare, presaging woe and blood.  
He waved his sword—its red, terrific light  
With fearful radiance tinged the clouds of  
night ;

While his left hand sustained a shield so  
vast,

Far o'er the Vatican beneath was cast  
Its broad, protecting shadow. As the  
plume

Of the strong eagle spreads in sheltering  
gloom

O'er its young brood, as yet untaught to  
soar ;

And while, all trembling at the whirlwind's  
roar,

Each humbler bird shrinks cowering in its  
nest,

Beneath that wing of power, and ample  
breast,

They sleep unheeding ; while the storm on  
high

Breaks not their calm and proud security.

In the second canto, Basville enters Paris with  
his angelic guide, at the moment preceding the  
execution of Louis XVI.

The air was heavy, and the brooding  
skies

Looked fraught with omens, as to harmo-  
nise

With his pale aspect. Through the forest  
round

Not a leaf whispered—and the only sound  
That broke the stillness was a streamlet's  
moan

Murmuring amidst the rocks with plaintive  
tone,

As if a storm within the woodland bowers  
Were gathering. On they moved—and  
lo ! the towers

Of a far city ! Nearer now they drew ;  
And all revealed, expanding on their view,  
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and  
woes—

Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose !

In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,

Viewless and hushed, the angel and the  
shade

Entered that evil city. Onward passed  
The heavenly being first, with brow o'er-  
cast

And troubled mien, while in his glorious  
eyes

Tears had obscured the splendour of the  
skies.

Pale with dismay, the trembling spirit saw  
That altered aspect, and, in breathless awe,  
Marked the strange silence round. The  
deep-toned swell

Of life's full tide was hushed ; the sacred  
bell,

The clamorous anvil, mute, all sounds  
were fled

Of labour or of mirth, and in their stead  
Terror and stillness, boding signs of woe,  
Inquiring glances, rumours whispered low,  
Questions half-uttered, jealous looks that  
keep

A fearful watch around, and sadness deep  
That weighs upon the heart ; and voices,  
heard

At intervals, in many a broken word—  
Voices of mothers, trembling as they  
pressed

Th' unconscious infant closer to their  
breast ;

Voices of wives, with fond imploring cries,  
And the wild eloquence of tears and sighs,  
On their own thresholds striving to detain  
Their fierce impatient lords ; but weak and  
vain

Affection's gentle bonds, in that dread hour  
Of fate and fury—Love hath lost his power !  
For evil spirits are abroad, the air  
Breathes of their influence. Druid phan-  
toms there,

Fired by that thirst for victims which of  
old

Raged in their bosoms fierce and uncon-  
trolled,

Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey  
The deepest crime that e'er hath dimmed  
the day.

Blood, human blood, hath stained their  
vests and hair,

On the winds tossing, with a sanguine  
glare,

Scattering red showers around them !  
Flaming brands

And serpent scourges in their restless hands  
Are wildly shaken. Others lift on high

The steel, th' envenomed bowl ; and,  
hurrying by,

With touch of fire contagious fury dart

<p>Through human veins, fast kindling to the heart. Then comes the rush of crowds ! restrained no more, Fast from each home the frenzied inmates pour. From every heart affrighted mercy flies, While her soft voice amidst the tumult dies. Then the earth trembles, as from street to street The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening feet, The roll of wheels, all mingling in the breeze, Come deepening onward, as the swell of seas Heard at the dead of midnight ; or the moan Of distant tempests, or the hollow tone Of the far thunder ! Then what feelings pressed, O wretched Basville ! on thy guilty breast ; What pangs were thine, thus fated to behold Death's awful banner to the winds unfold ! To see the axe, the scaffold, raised on high— The dark impatience of the murderer's eye, Eager for crime ! And he, the great, the good, Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for blood Dragged to a felon's death ! Yet still his mien, 'Midst that wild throng, is loftily serene ; And his step falters not. O hearts unmoved ! Where have you borne your monarch ?— He who loved— Loved you so well ! Behold ! the sun grows pale, Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil ; The misty air is silent, as in dread,</p>	<p>And the dim sky with shadowy gloom o'er-spread ; While saints and martyrs, spirits of the blest, Look down, all weeping, from their bowers of rest.  In that dread moment, to the fatal pile The regal victim came ; and raised the while His patient glance, with such an aspect high, So firm, so calm, in holy majesty, That e'en th' assassins' hearts a moment shook Before the grandeur of that kingly look ; And a strange thrill of pity, half-renewed, Ran through the bosoms of the multitude.  Like Him, who, breathing mercy to the last, Prayed till the bitterness of death was past— E'en for his murderers prayed, in that dark hour When his soul yielded to affliction's power, And the winds bore his dying cry abroad— " Hast Thou forsaken me, my God ! my God ?"— E'en thus the monarch stood ; his prayer arose, Thus calling down forgiveness on his foes— " To Thee my spirit I commend," he cried ; " And my lost people, Father ! be their guide !"  But the sharp steel descends—the blow is given, And answered by a thunder-peal from heaven ; Earth, stained with blood, convulsive terrors owns, And her kings tremble on their distant thrones !</p>
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THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI.

[In the following scene, Alcestis announces to Pheres, the father of Admetus, the terms upon which the oracle of Delphos has declared that his son may be restored.]

## ACT I.—SCENE II.

ALCESTIS, PHERES.

*Alc.* WEEP thou no more ! O monarch,  
dry thy tears !  
For know, he shall not die ; not now shall  
fate

Bereave thee of thy son.

*Phc.* What mean thy words ?

Hath then Apollo—is there then a hope ?

*Alc.* Yes ! hope for thee—hope by the  
voice announcedFrom the prophetic cave. Nor would I  
yield



To other lips the tidings, meet alone  
For thee to hear from mine.

*Phe.* But say! oh! say,  
Shall then my son be spared?

*Alc.* He shall, to thee.

Thus hath Apollo said—Alcestis thus  
Confirms the oracle—be thou secure.

*Phe.* O sounds of joy! He lives!

*Alc.* But not for this,

Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger  
Joy

Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.

*Phe.* Can there be grief when from his  
bed of death

Admetus rises? What deep mystery lurks  
Within thy words? What mean'st thou?  
Gracious heaven!

Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who  
bear'st

The tidings of his safety, and dost bear  
Transport and life in that glad oracle  
To his despairing sire; thy cheek is tinged  
With death, and on thy pure ingenuous  
brow,

To the brief lightning of a sudden joy,  
Shades dark as night succeed, and thou art  
wrapt

In troubled silence. Speak! oh, speak!

*Alc.* The gods

Themselves have limitations to their power  
Impassable, eternal—and their will  
Resists not the tremendous laws of fate:  
Nor small the boon they grant thee in the  
Of thy restored Admetus. [life

*Phe.* In thy looks

There is expression, more than in thy  
words,

Which thrills my shuddering heart. De-  
clare, what terms

Can render fatal to thyself and us  
The rescued life of him thy soul adores?

*Alc.* O father! could my silence aught  
avail

To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,  
Still should it rest unheard, till all fulfilled  
Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the  
wish;

And since too soon, too well it must be  
known,

Hear it from me.

*Phe.* Throughout my curdling veins  
Runs a cold, deathlike horror; and I feel  
I am not all a father. In my heart  
Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,  
O fair and high-souled consort of my son!  
More than a daughter; and thine infant  
race,

The cherished hope and glory of my age;

And, unimpaired by time, within my breast,  
High, holy, and unalterable love  
For her, the partner of my cares and joys,  
Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink thee,  
then,

In what suspense, what agony of fear,  
I wait thy words; for well, too well, I see  
Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries,  
To some one of my race.

*Alc.* Death hath his rights,  
Of which not e'en the great Supernal  
Powers

May hope to rob him. By his ruthless  
hand,

Already seized, the noble victim lay,  
The heir of empire, in his glowing prime  
And noonday, struck: Admetus, the re-  
vered,

The blessed, the loved, by all who owned  
his sway—

By his illustrious parents, by the realms  
Surrounding his—and oh! what need to  
add,

How much by his Alcestis!—Such was he,  
Already in th' unsparing grasp of death  
Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence  
Hath snatched him, and another in his  
stead,

Though not an equal—(who can equal  
him?)

Must fall a voluntary sacrifice.  
Another, of his lineage or to him  
By closest bonds united, must descend  
To the dark realm of Orcus in *his* place,  
Who thus alone is saved.

*Phe.* What do I hear  
Woe to us, woe!—what victim?—who shall  
Accepted in his stead? [be

*Alc.* The dread exchange  
E'en now, O father! hath been made; the  
prey

Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him  
For whom 'tis freely offered. Nor wilt  
thou—

O mighty *de*ss of th' infernal shades!  
Whose image sanctifies this threshold floor,  
Disdain the victim.

*Phe.* All prepared the prey,  
And to our blood allied! Oh, heaven!—  
and yet

Thou bad'st me weep no more!

*Alc.* Yes! thus I said,  
And thus again I say, thou shalt not weep  
Thy son's, nor I deplore my husband's  
doom.

Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe  
Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be  
heard,



Than those *his* death had caused.—With  
some few tears,

But brief, and mingled with a gleam of joy,  
E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,  
The victim shall be honoured who resigned  
Life for Admetus.—Would'st thou know  
the prey,

The vowed, the willing, the devoted one,  
Offered and hallowed to th' infernal gods,  
Father!—'tis I.

*Phc.* What hast thou done? Oh, heaven!  
What hast thou done? And think'st thou  
he is saved

By such a compact? Think'st thou he can  
live

Bereft of thee?—Of thee, his light of life,  
His very soul?—Of thee, beloved far more  
Than his loved parents—than his children  
more—

More than himself? Oh no! it shall not  
be!

*Thou* perish, O Alcestis! in the flower  
Of thy young beauty!—perish, and destroy  
Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,  
Who as a child adore thee! Desolate  
Would be the throne, the kingdom, rest of  
thee.

And think'st thou not of those whose tender  
years

Demand thy care?—thy children! think of  
them!

O thou, the source of each domestic joy,  
Thou, in whose life alone Admetus lives,  
His glory, his delight, thou shalt not die  
While I can die for thee! Me, me alone,  
The oracle demands—a withered stem,  
Whose task, whose duty, is for *him* to die.  
My race is run—the fulness of my years,  
The faded hopes of age, and all the love  
Which hath its dwelling in a father's heart,  
And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,  
Inspired by thee, whose youth with hea-  
venly gifts

So richly is endowed;—all, all unite  
To grave in adamant the just decree,  
That I must die. But thou, I bid thee  
live!

*Pheres* commands thee, O Alcestis—live!  
Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love  
surpass

An aged sire's devotedness.

*Alc.* I know

Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love;  
*Pheres*, I know them well, and not in vain  
Strove to anticipate their high resolves.  
But in silence I have heard thy words,  
Now calmly list to mine, and thou shalt  
own

They may not be withstood.

*Phc.* What canst thou say  
Which I should hear? I go, resolved to  
save

Him who with thee would perish;—to the  
shrine

E'en now I fly.

*Alc.* Stay, stay thee! 'tis too late.  
Already hath consenting Proserpine,  
From the remote abysses of her realms,  
Heard and accepted the terrific vow  
Which binds me, with indissoluble ties,  
To death. And I am firm, and well I know  
None can deprive me of the awful right  
That vow hath won.

Yes! thou mayst weep my fate,  
Mourn for me, father! but thou canst not  
blame

My lofty purpose. Oh! the more endeared  
My life by every tie—the more I feel  
Death's bitterness, the more my sacrifice  
Is worthy of Admetus. I descend  
To the dim shadowy regions of the dead  
A guest more honoured.

In thy presence here  
Again I uttered the tremendous vow,  
Now more than half fulfilled. I feel, I  
know,

Its dread effects. Through all my burning  
veins

Th' insatiate fever revels. Doubt is o'er.  
The Monarch of the Dead hath heard—he  
calls,

He summons me away—and thou art saved,  
O my Admetus!

In the opening of the third act, Alcestis enters,  
with her son Eumeles, and her daughter, to com-  
plete the sacrifice by dying at the feet of Proser-  
pine's statue. The following scene ensues be-  
tween her and Admetus.

*Alc.* Here, O my faithful handmaids!  
at the feet

Of Proserpine's dread image spread my  
couch;

For I myself e'en now must offer here  
The victim she requires. And you, mean-  
while,

My children! seek your sire. Behold him  
there,

Sad, silent, and alone. But through his  
veins

Health's genial current flows once more, as  
free

As in his brightest days: and he shall  
live—

Shall live for you. Go, hang upon his  
neck,

And with your innocent encircling arms  
Twine round him fondly.

*Eum.* Can it be indeed,  
Father, loved father! that we see thee  
hus

Restored? What joy is ours!

*Adm.* There is no joy!  
Speak not of joy! Away, away! my grief  
Is wild and desperate. Cling to me no  
more!

I know not of affection, and I feel  
No more a father.

*Eum.* Oh! what words are these?  
Are we no more thy children? Are we not  
Thine own? Sweet sister! twine around  
his neck  
More close; he must return the fond em-  
brace.

*Adm.* O children! O my children! to  
my soul  
Your innocent words and kisses are as  
darts,  
That pierce it to the quick. I can no  
more

Sustain the bitter conflict. Every sound  
Of your soft accents but too well recalls  
The voice which was the music of my life.  
Alcestis! my Alcestis!—was she not  
Of all her sex the flower? Was woman  
e'er

Adored like her before? Yet this is she,  
The cold of heart, th' ungrateful, who hath  
left

Her husband and her infants! This is  
she,

O my deserted children! who at once  
Bereaves you of your parents.

*Alc.* Woe is me!  
I hear the bitter and reproachful cries  
Of my despairing lord. With life's last  
powers,

Oh! let me strive to soothe him still. Ap-  
proach,

My handmaids, raise me, and support my  
steps

To the distracted mourner. Bear me  
hence,

That he may hear and see me.

*Adm.* Is it thou?  
And do I see thee still? and com'st thou  
thus

To comfort me, Alcestis? Must I hear  
The dying accents *thus*? Alas! return  
To thy sad couch—return! 'tis meet for  
me

There by thy side for ever to remain.

*Alc.* For me thy care is vain. Though  
meet for thee—

*Adm.* O voice! O looks of death! are  
these, are *these*,  
Thus darkly shrouded with mortality,  
The eyes that were the sunbeams and the  
life

Of my fond soul? Alas! how faint a ray  
Falls from their faded orbs, so brilliant  
once,

Upon my drooping brow! How heavily,  
With what a weight of death, thy languid  
voice

Sinks on my heart! too faithful, far too  
fond.

Alcestis! thou art dying—and for me!

Alcestis! and thy feeble hand supports  
With its last power, supports my sinking  
head,

E'en now, while death is on thee! Oh!  
the touch

Rekindles tenfold frenzy in my heart.  
I rush, I fly impetuous to the shrine,  
The image of yon ruthless Deity,  
Impatient for her prey. Before thy death,  
There, there, I too, self-sacrificed, will fall.

Vain is each obstacle—in vain the gods  
Themselves would check my fury. I am  
lord

Of my own days—and thus I swear—

*Alc.* Yes! swear,  
Admetus! for thy children to sustain  
The load of life. All other impious vows,  
Which thou, a rebel to the sovereign will  
Of those who rule on high, might'st dare to  
form

Within thy breast, thy lip, by them en-  
chained,

Would vainly seek to utter. Seest thou not,  
It is from them the inspiration flows

Which in my language breathes? They  
lend me power,

They bid me through thy strengthened soul  
transfuse

High courage, noble constancy. Submit,  
Bow down to them thy spirit. Be thou  
calm;

Be near me. Aid me. In the dread ex-  
treme

To which I now approach, from whom but  
thee

Should comfort be derived? Afflict me  
not,

In such an hour with anguish worse than  
death.

O faithful and beloved, support me still!

The choruses with which this tragedy is interspersed are distinguished for their melody and classic beauty. The following translation will give our readers a faint idea of the one by which the third act is concluded.

*Alc.* My children! all is finished. Now, farewell!

To thy fond care, O Pheres! I commit  
My widowed lord: forsake him not.

*Eum.* Alas!

Sweet mother! wilt thou leave us? From  
hy side

Are we for ever parted?

*Phe.* Tears forbid

All utterance of our woes. Bereft of sense,  
More lifeless than the dying victim, see  
The desolate Admetus. Farther yet,  
Still farther, let us bear him from the sight  
Of his Alcestis.

*Alc.* O my handmaids! still  
Lend me your pious aid, and thus compose  
With sacred modesty these torpid limbs  
When death's last pang is o'er.

*Chorus.*

Alas! how weak

Her struggling voice! that last keen pang  
is near.

Peace, mourners, peace!

Be hushed, be silent, in this hour of dread!  
Our cries would but increase

The sufferer's pang; let tears unheard be  
shed,

Cease, voice of weeping, cease!

Sustain, O friend!

Upon thy faithful breast,

The head that sinks with mortal pain op-  
prest!

And thou assistance lend

To close the languid eye,

Still beautiful in life's last agony.

Alas, how long a strife!

What anguish struggles in the parting  
Ere yet immortal life [breath,

Be won by death!

Death! death! thy work complete!

Let thy sad hour be fleet,

Speed, in thy mercy, the releasing sigh!

No more keen pangs impart

To her, the high in heart,

Th' adored Alcestis, worthy ne'er to die.

*Chorus of Admetus.*

'Tis not enough, oh no!

To hide the scene of anguish from his  
eyes;

Still must our silent band

Around him watchful stand,

And on the mourner ceaseless care bestow  
That his ear catch not grief's funereal cries.

Yet, yet hope is not dead,

All is not lost below,

While yet the gods have pity on our woe.

Oft when all joy is fled,

Heaven lends support to those

Who on its care in pious hope repose.

Then to the blessed skies

Let our submissive prayers in chorus rise.

Pray! bow the knee, and pray!

What other task have mortals born to  
tears,

Whom fate controls with adamant  
sway?

O ruler of the spheres!

Jove! Jove! enthroned immortally on  
high,

Our supplication hear!

Nor plunge in bitterest woes

Him, who nor footstep moves, nor lifts his  
eye

But as a child, which only knows

Its father to revere.

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## THE BATTLE OF MACLODIO (OR MACALO). AN ODE.

FROM THE CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA

HARK! from the right bursts forth a trum-  
pet's sound,

A loud shrill trumpet from the left replies!

On every side hoarse echoes from the  
ground

To the quick tramp of steeds and warriors  
rise,

Hollow and deep—and banners all around

Meet hostile banners waving to the skies;

Here steel-clad bands in marshalled order  
shine,

And there a host confronts their glittering  
line.

Lo! half the field already from the sight

Hath vanished, hid by closing groups of  
foes!

Swords crossing swords flash lightning o'er  
the fight,

And the strife deepens and the life-blood  
flows!

Oh! who are these? What stranger in his  
might

Comes bursting on the lovely land's re-  
pose?



What patriot hearts have nobly vowed to  
 save  
 Their native soil, o: make its dust their  
 grave?  
 One race, alas! these foes—one kindred  
 race,  
 Were born and reared the same fair scenes  
 among!  
 The stranger calls them brothers—and each  
 face  
 That brotherhood reveals;—one common  
 tongue  
 Dwells on their lips—the earth on which we  
 trace  
 Their heart's blood is the soil from whence  
 they sprung.  
 One mother gave them birth—this chosen  
 land,  
 Circled with Alps and seas by Nature's  
 guardian hand.  
 Oh, grief and horror! who the first could  
 dare  
 Against a brother's breast the sword to  
 wield?  
 What cause unhallowed and accursed, de-  
 clare,  
 Hath bathed with carnage this ignoble  
 field?  
 Think'st thou they know?—they but inflict  
 and share  
 Misery and death, the motive unrevealed!  
 —Sold to a leader, sold *himself* to die,  
 With him they strive—they fall—and ask  
 not why.  
 But are there none who love them? Have  
 they none—  
 No wives, no mothers, who might rush  
 between  
 And win with tears the husband and the  
 son  
 Back to his home, from this polluted  
 scene?  
 And they whose hearts, when life's bright  
 day is done,  
 Unfold to thoughts more solemn and  
 serene,  
 Thoughts of the tomb—why cannot *they*  
 assuage  
 The storms of passion with the voice of  
 age?  
 Ask not!—the peasant at his cabin-door  
 Sits calmly pointing to the distant cloud  
 Which skirts th' horizon, menacing to pour  
 Destruction down o'er fields he hath not  
 ploughed.  
 Thus, where no echo of the battle's roar

Is heard afar, even thus the reckless crowd  
 In tranquil safety number o'er the slain,  
 Or tell of cities burning on the plain.

There mayst thou mark the boy, with earn-  
 est gaze

Fixed on his mother's lips, intent to know,  
 By names of insult, those whom future  
 days

Shall see him meet in arms, their deadliest  
 foe.

There proudly many a glittering dame dis-  
 plays

Bracelet and zone, with radiant gems that  
 glow,

By lovers, husbands, home in triumph  
 borne,

From the sad brides of fallen warriors torn.

Woe to the victors and the vanquished!  
 woe!

The earth is heaped, is loaded with the  
 slain;

Loud and more loud the cries of fury  
 grow—

A sea of blood is swelling o'er the plain  
 But from the embattled front, already, lo!

A band recedes—it flies—all hope is vain,  
 And venal hearts, despairing of the strife,

Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,  
 Borne from the winnowing by the gales  
 around,

Thus fly the vanquished in their wild de-  
 spair,

Chased, severed, scattered, o'er the ample  
 ground.

But mightier bands, that lay in ambush  
 there,

Burst on their flight; and hark! the deep-  
 ening sound

Of fierce pursuit!—still nearer and more  
 near,

The rush of war-steeds trampling in the  
 rear.

The day is won! They fall—disarmed they  
 yield,

Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant  
 lying!

'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the  
 field,

Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the  
 dying,

Haste! let the tale of triumph be revealed!  
 E'en now the courier to his steed is flying,

He spurs—he speeds—with tidings of the  
 day,

To rouse up cities in his lightning way.



Why pour ye forth from your deserted homes,  
 O eager multitudes ! around him pressing ?  
 Each hurrying where his breathless courser foams,  
 Each tongue, each eye, infatuate hope confessing !  
 Know ye not whence th' ill-omened herald comes,  
 And dare ye dream he comes with words of blessing ?—  
 Brothers, by brothers slain, lie low and cold,—  
 Be ye content ! the glorious tale is told.

I hear the voice of joy, th' exulting cry !  
 They deck the shrine, they swell the choral strains :  
 E'en now the homicides assail the sky  
 With pæans, which indignant heaven disdains !  
 But from the soaring Alps the stranger's eye  
 Looks watchful down on our ensanguined plains,  
 And, with the cruel rapture of a foe,  
 Numbers the mighty, stretched in death below.

Haste ! form your lines again, ye brave and true !  
 Haste, haste ! your triumphs and your joys suspending.  
 Th' invader comes : your banners raise anew,  
 Rush to the strife, your country's call attending !  
 Victors ! why pause ye ?—Are ye weak and few ?—  
 Ay ! such he deemed you, and for *this* descending,  
 He waits you on the field ye know too well,  
 The same red war-field where your brethren fell.

O thou devoted land that canst not rear  
 In peace thine offspring ; thou, the lost and won,  
 The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear  
 Too narrow still for each contending son ;  
 Receive the stranger, in his fierce career  
 Parting thy spoils ! Thy chastening is begun !  
 And, wresting from thy kings the guardian sword,  
 Foes whom thou ne'er hadst wronged sit proudly at thy board.

Are these infatuate too !—Oh ! who hath known  
 A people e'er by guilt's vain triumph blest !  
 The wronged, the vanquished, suffer not alone,  
 Brief is that joy that swells th' oppressor's breast.  
 What though not yet his day of pride be flown,  
 Though yet Heaven's vengeance spare his haughty crest,  
 Well hath it marked him—and decreed the hour,  
 When his last sigh shall own the terror of its power.

Are we not creatures of one hand Divine,  
 Formed in one mould, to one redemption born ?  
 Kindred alike where'er our skies may shine,  
 Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn ?  
 Brothers ! one bond around our souls should twine,  
 And woe to him by whom that bond is torn !  
 Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to earth,  
 Who bows down spirits of immortal birth .

The first scene of the fifth act opens at Venice in the hall of the Council of Ten. Carmagnola is consulted by the Doge on the terms of peace offered by the Duke of Milan. His advice is received with disdain, and after various insults, he is accused of treason. His astonishment and indignation at this unexpected charge are expressed with all the warmth and simplicity of innocence.

*Car.* A traitor ! I !—that name of infamy  
 Reaches not me. Let him the title bear  
 Who best deserves such meed—it is not mine.  
 Call me a dupe and I may well submit,  
 For such my part is here ; yet would I not  
 Exchange that name, for 'tis the worthies' still.  
 A traitor !—I retrace in thought the time  
 When for your cause I fought ! 'tis all one path  
 Strewed o'er with flowers. Point out the day on which  
 A traitor's deeds were mine ; the day which passed  
 Unmarked by thanks, and praise, and promises

Of high reward! What more? Behold  
me here!

And when I came to seeming honour  
called,

When in my heart most deeply spoke the  
voice

Of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting  
faith—

Of trusting faith!—Oh no! Doth he who  
comes

Th' invited guest of friendship dream of  
faith?

I came to be ensnared! Well! it is  
done,

And be it so! but since deceitful hate  
Hath thrown at length her smiling mask  
aside,

Praise be to Heaven! an open field at  
least

Is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to  
speak,

Mine to defend my cause; declare ye then  
My treasons!

*Doge.* By the secret college soon  
All shall be told thee.

*Car.* I appeal not there.  
What I have done for you hath all been  
done

In the bright noonday, and its tale shall  
not

Be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds  
Warriors alone should judge; and such I  
choose

To be mine arbiters—my proud defence  
Shall not be made in secret. All shall  
hear.

*Doge.* The time for choice is past.  
*Car.* What! Is there force

Employed against me?—Guards! (*raising  
his voice.*)

*Doge.* They are not nigh.  
Soldiers! (*enter armed men.*) Thy guards  
are these.

*Car.* I am betrayed!

*Doge.* 'Twas then a thought of wisdom  
to disperse

Thy followers. Well and justly was it  
deemed

That the bold traitor, in his plots surprised,  
Might prove a rebel too.

*Car.* E'en as ye list.

Now be it yours to charge me.  
*Doge.* Bear him hence,

Before the secret college.  
*Car.* Hear me yet

One moment first. That ye have doomed  
my death

I well perceive; but with that death ye  
doom

Your own eternal shame. Far o'er these  
towers,

Beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats  
The banner of the Lion, in its pride

Of conquering power, and well doth Europe  
know

I bore it thus to empire. *Here,* 'tis true,  
No voice will speak men's thoughts; but  
far beyond

The limits of your sway, in other scenes,  
Where that still, speechless terror hath not  
reached,

Which is your sceptre's attribute, my  
deeds

And your reward will live in chronicles  
For ever to endure. Yet, yet, respect  
Your annals and the future! Ye will  
need

A warrior soon, and who will then be  
yours?

Forget not, though your captive now I  
stand,

I was not born your subject. No! my  
birth

Was 'midst a warlike people, one in soul,  
And watchful o'er its rights, and used to  
deem

The honour of each citizen its own.  
Think ye this outrage will be there un-  
heard?

There is some treachery here. Our com-  
mon foes

Have urged you on to this. Full well ye  
know

I have been faithful still. There yet is  
time.

*Doge.* The time is past. When thou  
didst meditate

Thy guilt, and in thy pride of heart defy  
Those destined to chastise it; then the  
hour

Of foresight should have been.

*Car.* O mean in soul!

And dost thou dare to think a warrior's  
breast,

For worthless life can tremble? Thou  
shalt soon

Learn how to die. Go! When the hour  
of fate

On thy vile couch o'ertakes thee, thou wilt  
meet

Its summons with far other mien than  
such

As I shall bear to ignominious death.

SCENE II.—*The House of Carmagnola.*

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA.

*Mat.* The hours fly fast, the morn is risen, and yet

My father comes not!

*Ant.* Ah! thou hast not learned, By sad experience, with how slow a pace Joys ever come; expected long, and oft Deceiving expectation! while the steps Of grief o'ertake us e'er we dream them nigh.

But night is past, the long and lingering hours

Of hope deferred are o'er, and those of bliss

Must soon succeed. A few short moments more,

And he is with us. E'en from this delay I augur well. A council held so long Must be to give us peace. He will be ours,

Perhaps for years our own.

*Mat.* O mother! thus My hopes too whisper. Nights enough in tears,

And days in all the sickness of suspense, Our anxious love hath passed. It is full time

That each sad moment, at each rumoured tale,

Each idle murmur of the people's voice, We should not longer tremble, that no more

This thought should haunt our souls—E'en now, perchance,

He for whom thus your hearts are yearning—dies!

*Ant.* Oh! fearful thought—but vain and distant now,

Each joy, my daughter, must be bought with grief.

Hast thou forgot the day when, proudly led

In triumph 'midst the noble and the brave, Thy glorious father to the temple bore The banners won in battle from his foes?

*Mat.* A day to be remembered!

*Ant.* By his side Each seemed inferior. Every breath of air

Swelled with his echoing name; and we, the while

Stationed on high and severed from the throng,

Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of all,

While, with the tide of rapture half o'erwhelmed,

Our hearts beat high, and whispered—  
"We are his."

*Mat.* Moments of joy!

*Ant.* What have we done, my child, To merit such? Heaven, for so high a fate,

Chose us from thousands, and upon thy brow

Inscribed a lofty name—a name so bright, That he to whom thou bear'st the gift, whate'er

His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark

For envy is the glory of our lot! And we should weigh its joys against these hours

Of fear and sorrow.

*Mat.* They are past e'en now. Hark! 'twas the sound of oars!—it swells—'tis hushed!

The gates unclose. O mother! I behold A warrior clad in mail—he comes, 'tis he!

*Ant.* Whom should it be if not himself;—my husband!

(*She comes forward.*)

(*Enter GONZAGA and others.*)

*Ant.* Gonzaga!—Where is he we looked for? Where?

Thou answer'st not! Oh, Heaven! thy looks are fraught

With prophecies of woe!

*Gon.* Alas! too true

The omens they reveal!

*Mat.* Of woe to whom?

*Gon.* Oh! why hath such a task of bitterness

Fallen to my lot?

*Ant.* Thou wouldst be pitiful, And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense;

Speak! I adjure thee, in the name of God!

Where is my husband?

*Gon.* Heaven sustain your souls With fortitude to bear the tale! My chief—

*Mat.* Is he returned unto the field?

*Gon.* Alas! Thither the warrior shall return no more. The senate's wrath is on him. He is now A prisoner!

*Ant.* He is a prisoner!—and for what?

*Gon.* He is accused of treason.

*Mat.* Treason! He A traitor!—Oh! my father!



*Ant.* Haste ! proceed,  
And pause no more. Our hearts are nerved  
for all.

Say, what shall be his sentence ?

*Gon.* From my lips  
It shall not be revealed.

*Ant.* Oh ! he is slain !

*Gon.* He lives, but yet his doom is fixed.

*Ant.* He lives !

Weep not, my daughter ! 'tis the time to  
act.

For pity's sake, Gonzaga, be thou not  
Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to  
thee

Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones.  
He was thy friend—ah ! haste, then, be our  
guide ;

Conduct us to his judges. Come, my  
child !

Poor innocent, come with me. There yet  
is left

Mercy upon the earth. Yes ! they them-  
selves

Are husbands, they are fathers ! When  
they signed

The fearful sentence, they remembered not  
*He* was a father and a husband too.

But when their eyes behold the agony  
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts  
will melt :

They will, they *must* revoke it. Oh ! the  
sight

Of mortal woe is terrible to man !  
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdained

To vindicate his deeds, or to recall  
His triumphs won for them. It is for us

To wake each high remembrance. Ah !  
we know

That he implored not, but *our* knees shall  
bend,

And we will pray.

*Gon.* Oh, Heaven ! that I could leave  
Your hearts one ray of hope ! There is no

ear,  
No place for prayers. The judges here are  
deaf,

Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt  
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis

launched  
Is veiled in clouds. There is one comfort

still,  
The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,

I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.  
The moments fly. Arouse your strength of

heart.  
Oh ! fearful is the trial, but the God  
Of mourners will be with you.

*Mit.* Is there not

One hope ?

*Ant.* Alas ! my child !

SCENE IV.—*A Prison*

CARMAGNOLA.

They must have heard it now.—Oh ! that  
at least

I might have died far from them ! Though  
their hearts

Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the  
hour,

The solemn hour of nature's parting pangs  
Had then been past. It meets us darkly

now,  
And we must drain its draught of bitter-  
ness

Together drop by drop. O ye wide fields,  
Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of

arms !  
O proud delights of danger ! Battle-cries,  
And thou, my war-steed ! and ye trumpet-

notes  
Kindling the soul ! 'Midst your tumult-  
uous joys

Death seemed all beautiful.—And must I  
then,

With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate  
Be dragged, e'en as a felon, on the winds

Pouring vain prayers and impotent com-  
plaints ?

And Marco ! hath he not betrayed me  
too ?

Vile doubt ! That I could cast it from my  
soul

Before I die !—But no ! What boots it  
now

Thus to look back on life with eye that  
turns

To linger where my footstep may not  
tread ?

Now, Philip ! thou wilt triumph ! Be it  
so !

I too have proved such vain and impious  
joys,

And know their value now. But oh !  
again

To see those loved ones, and to hear the  
last,

Last accents of their voices By those  
arms

Once more to be encircled, and from  
thence

To tear myself for ever !—Hark ! they  
come !—

O God of mercy, from thy throne look  
down

In pity on their woes !



## SCENE V

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGA, and  
CARMAGNOLA.

*Ant.* My husband !

*Mat.* O my father !

*Ant.* Is it thus

That thou return'st ? and is this the hour  
Desired so long ?

*Car.* O ye afflicted ones

Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you  
alone.

Long have my thoughts been used to look  
on Death,

And calmly wait his time. For you alone  
My soul hath need of firmness ; will ye,  
then,

Deprive me of its aid ? When the Most  
High

On virtue pours afflictions, He bestows  
The courage to sustain them. Oh ! let  
yours

Equal your sorrows ! Let us yet find joy  
In this embrace : 'tis still a gift of Heaven.  
Thou weep'st, my child ! and thou, beloved  
wife !

Ah ! when I made thee mine, thy days  
flowed on

In peace and gladness ; I united thee  
To my disastrous fate, and now the  
thought

Embitters death ! Oh ! that I had not  
seen

The woes I cause thee !

*Ant.* Husband of my youth !

Of my bright days, thou who didst make  
them bright,

Read thou my heart ! the pangs of death  
are there,

And yet e'en now—I would not but be  
thine.

*Car.* Full well I know how much I lose  
in thee ;

Oh ! make me not too deeply feel it now.

*Mat.* The homicides !

*Car.* No, sweet Matilda, no !

Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance  
rise

To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb  
These moments—they are sacred. Yes !  
my wrongs

Are deep, but thou, forgive them, and con-  
fess,

That, e'en 'midst all the fulness of our  
woe,

High, holy joy remains. Death ! death !  
—our foes,

Our most relentless foes, can only speed  
Th' inevitable hour. Oh ! man hath not  
Invented death for man ; it would be *then*  
Madd'ning and insupportable : from heaven  
'Tis sent, and heaven doth temper all its  
pangs

With such blest comfort as no mortal  
power

Can give or take away. My wife ! my  
child !

Hear my last words—they wring your bo-  
soms now

With agony, but yet, some future day,  
'Twill soothe you to recall them. Live, my  
wife !

Sustain thy grief, and live ! this ill-starred  
girl

Must not be rest of all. Fly swiftly hence,  
Conduct her to thy kindred : she is theirs,  
Of their own blood—and they so loved thee  
once !

Then, to their foe united, thou becam'st  
Less dear ; for feuds and wrongs made  
warring sounds

Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.  
But to their bosoms thou wilt now return  
A mourner ; and the object of their hate  
Will be no more.—Oh ! there is joy in  
death !—

And thou, my flower ! that, midst the din  
of arms,

Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely  
head

Droops to the earth ! Alas ! the tempest's  
rage

Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy  
heart

Can scarce contain the heavings of its woe.  
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast—  
I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou  
claim

Pity from me, Matilda ? Oh ! thy sire  
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou  
know'st

That the forsaken have a Father still  
On high. Confide in Him, and live to days  
Of peace, if not of joy ; for such to thee  
He surely destines. Wherefore hath He  
poured

The torrent of affliction on thy youth,  
If to thy future years be not reserved  
All His benign compassion ! Live ! and  
soothe

Thy suffering mother. May she to the  
arms

Of no ignoble consort lead thee still !—  
Gonzaga ! take the hand which thou hast  
pressed

Of in the morn of battle, when our hearts  
Had cause to doubt if we should meet at  
eve.

Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy  
faith

To guide and guard these mourners, till  
they join

Their friends and kindred?

*Gon.* Rest assured, I will.

*Car.* I am content. And if, when this  
is done,

Thou to the field returnest, there for me  
Salute my brethren; tell them that I died  
Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my  
deeds,

Hast read my inmost thoughts—and know'st  
it well.

Tell them I never with a traitor's shame  
Stained my bright sword. Oh, never!—I  
myself

Have been ensnared by treachery. Think  
of me

When trumpet-notes are stirring every  
heart,

And banners proudly waving in the air,  
Think of thine ancient comrade! And the  
day

Following the combat, when upon the  
field,

Amidst the deep and solemn harmony  
Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral  
rites,

With lifted hands, is offering for the slain  
His sacrifice to Heaven; forget me not!  
For I, too, hoped upon the battle-plain  
E'en so to die.

*Ant.* Have mercy on us, Heaven!

*Car.* My wife! Matilda! Now the hour  
is nigh,

And we must part.—Farewell!

*Mat.* No, father! no!

*Car.* Come to this breast, yet, yet once  
more, and then,

For pity's sake, depart!

*Ant.* No! force alone

Shall tear us hence.

*(A sound of arms is heard.)*

*Mat.* Hark! what dread sound!

*Ant.* Great God!

*(The door is half opened, and armed men  
enter, the chief of whom advances to the  
Count. His wife and daughter fall sense-  
less.)*

*Car.* O God! I thank thee. O most  
merciful!

Thus to withdraw their senses from the  
pangs

Of this dread moment's conflict!

Thou, my friend,  
Assist them, bear them from this scene of  
woe,

And tell them when their eyes again un-  
close

To meet the day—that naught is left to  
fear.

## CAIUS GRACCHUS,

A TRAGEDY,

BY MONTI.

*(The tragedy opens with the soliloquy of Caius  
Gracchus, who is returned in secret to Rome,  
after having been employed in rebuilding Car-  
thage, which Scipio had utterly demolished.)*

CAIUS, in Rome behold thyself! The  
night

Hath spread her favouring shadows o'er  
thy path:

And thou, be strong, my country! for thy  
son

Gracchus is with thee! All is hushed  
around,

And in deep slumber; from the cares of  
day

The worn plebeians rest. Oh! good and  
true,

And only Romans! your repose is sweet,  
For toil hath given it zest; 'tis calm and  
pure,

For no remorse hath troubled it. Mean-  
while,

My brother's murderers, the patricians,  
hold

Inebriate vigils o'er their festal boards,  
Or in dark midnight councils sentence me

To death, and Rome to chains. They little  
deem

Of the unlooked-for and tremendous foe  
So near at hand!—It is enough. I tread

In safety my paternal threshold.—Yes!  
This is my own! O mother! O my wife!

My child!—I come to dry your tears. I  
come

Strengthened by three dread furies:—One  
is wrath,

Fired by my country's wrongs; and one  
deep love,

For those, my bosom's inmates; and the  
third—

Vengeance, fierce vengeance, for a brother's  
blood!

His soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of Fulvius, his friend, with whose profligate character and unprincipled designs he is represented as unacquainted. From the opening speech made by Fulvius (before he is aware of the presence of Caius) to the slave by whom he is attended, it appears that he is just returned from the perpetration of some crime, the nature of which is not disclosed until the second act.

The suspicions of Caius are, however, awakened, by the obscure allusions to some act of signal but secret vengeance, which Fulvius throws out in the course of the ensuing discussion.

*Ful.* This is no time for grief and feeble tears,

But for high deeds.

*Caius.* And we will make it such.

But prove we first our strength. Declare, what friends

(If yet misfortune hath her friends) remain True to our cause?

*Ful.* Few, few, but valiant hearts !

Oh ! what a change is here ! There was a time

When, over all supreme, thy word gave law

To nations and their rulers ; in thy presence The senate trembled, and the citizens

Flocked round thee in deep reverence. Then a word,

A look from Caius—a salute, a smile, Filled them with pride. Each sought to be the friend,

The client, ay, the very slave, of him, The people's idol ; and beholding them

Thus prostrate in thy path, thou, thou, thyself,

Didst blush to see their vileness ! But thy fortune

Is waning now, her glorious phantoms melt

Into dim vapour ; and the earthly god, So worshipped once, from his forsaken

shrines Down to the dust is hurled.

*Caius.* And what of this ?

There is no power in fortune to deprive Gracchus of Gracchus. Mine is such a

heart As meets the storm exultingly—a heart Whose stern delight it is to strive with

fate, And conquer. Trust me, fate is terrible

But because man is vile. A coward first Made her a deity.

But say, what thoughts,

Are fostered by the people ? Have they lost

The sense of their misfortunes ? Is the name

Of Gracchus in their hearts—reveal the truth—

Already numbered with forgotten things ?

*Ful.* A breeze, a passing breeze, now here, now there,

Borne on light pinion—such the people's love !

Yet have they claims on pardon, for their faults

Are of their miseries ; and their feebleness Is to their woes proportioned. Haply still

The secret sigh of their full hearts is thine. But their lips breathe it not. Their grief is

mute :

And the deep paleness of their timid mien, And eyes in fixed despondence bent on

earth, And sometimes a faint murmur of thy name,

Alone accuse them. They are hushed—for now

Not one, nor two, their tyrants ; but a host

Whose numbers are the numbers of the rich,

And the patrician Romans. Yes ! and well

May proud oppression dauntlessly go forth.

For Rome is widowed ! Distant wars engage

The noblest of her youth, by Fabius led, And but the weak remain. Hence every

heart Sickness with voiceless terror ; and the people,

Subdued and trembling, turn to thee in thought,

But yet are silent.

*Caius.* I will make them heard.

Rome is a slumbering lion, and my voice Shall wake the mighty. Thou shalt see I

came Prepared for all ; and as I tracked the deep

For Rome, my dangers to my spirit grew Familiar in its musings. With a voice

Of wrath the loud winds fiercely swelled ; the waves

Muttered around ; heaven flashed in lightning forth,

And the pale steersman trembled : I the while

Stood on the tossing and bewildered bark



Retired and shrouded in my mantle's folds,  
With thoughtful eyes cast down, and all  
absorbed

In a far deeper storm ! Around my heart,  
Gathering in secret then, my spirit's powers  
Held council with themselves ; and on my  
thoughts

My country rose,—and I foresaw the snares,  
The treacheries of Opimius, and the senate,  
And my false friends, awaiting my return.

Fulvius ! I wept ; but they were tears of  
rage !

For I was wrought to frenzy by the thought  
Of my wronged country, and of him, that  
brother

Whose shade through ten long years hath  
sternly cried

" Vengeance ! "—nor found it yet.

*Ful.* It is fulfilled.

*Caius.* And how ?

*Ful.* Thou shalt be told.

*Caius.* Explain thy words.

*Ful.* Then know—(incautious that I am !)

*Caius.* Why thus

Falters thy voice ? Why speak'st thou not ?

*Ful.* Forgive !

E'en friendship sometimes hath its secrets.

*Caius.* No !

True friendship never !

Caius afterwards inquires what part his brother-in-law, Scipio Emilianus, is likely to adopt in their enterprises.

His high renown—

The glorious deeds, whereby was earned  
his name

Of second Africanus ; and the blind,  
Deep reverence paid him by the people's  
hearts,

Who, knowing him their foe, respect him  
still—

All this disturbs me : hardly will be won

Our day of victory, if by him withstood.

*Ful.* Yet won it *shall* be. If but this  
thou fear'st,

Then be at peace.

*Caius.* I understand thee not.

*Ful.* Thou wilt ere long. But here we  
vainly waste

Our time and words. Soon will the morn-  
ing break,

Nor know thy friends as yet of thy return ;  
I fly to cheer them with the tidings.

*Caius.* Stay !

*Ful.* And wherefore ?

*Caius.* To reveal thy meaning.

*Ful.* Peace !

I hear the sound of steps.

In the second act, the death of Emilianus is announced to Opimius the consul, in the presence of Gracchus, and the intelligence is accompanied by a rumour of his having perished by assassination. The mysterious expressions of Fulvius, and the accusation of Cornelia, immediately recur to the mind of Caius. The following scene, in which his vehement emotion, and high sense of honour, are well contrasted with the cold-blooded sophistry of Fulvius, is powerfully wrought up.

*Caius.* Back on my thoughts the words  
of Fulvius rush,

Like darts of fire. All hell is in my heart !  
(*Fulvius enters.*)

Thou comest in time. Speak, thou perfid-  
ious friend !

Scipio lies murdered on his bed of death !—  
Who slew him ?

*Ful.* Ask'st thou me ?

*Caius.* Thee ! thee, who late

Didst in such words discourse of him as  
now

Assure me thou'rt his murderer. Traitor,  
speak !

*Ful.* If thus his fate doth weigh upon  
thy heart,

Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou  
ravest !

More grateful praise and warmer thanks  
might well

Reward the generous courage which hath  
freed

Rome from a tyrant, Gracchus from a foe.

*Caius.* Then he was slain by thee ?

*Ful.* Ungrateful friend !

Why dost thou tempt me ? Danger men-  
aces

Thy honour. Freedom's wavering light is  
dim ;

Rome wears the fetters of a guilty senate ;

One Scipio drove thy brother to a death

Of infamy, another seeks *thy* fall ;

And when one noble, one determined stroke  
To thee and thine assures the victory,

wreaks

The people's vengeance, gives thee life and  
fame,

And pacifies thy brother's angry shade,

Is it a cause for waiting ? Am I called

For *this* a murderer ? Go !—I say once  
more,

Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou  
ravest !

*Caius.* I know thee now, barbarian !

Would'st thou serve



My cause with crimes ?

*Ful.* And those of that proud man

Whom I have slain, and thou dost mourn,  
are they

To be forgotten ? Hath oblivion then  
Shrouded the stern destroyer's ruthless work,  
The famine of Numantia ? Such a deed  
As on our name the world's deep curses  
drew !

Or the four hundred Lusian youths be-  
trayed,

And with their bleeding, mutilated limbs  
Back to their parents sent ? Is this forgot ?  
Go, ask of Carthage ! — bid her wasted  
shores

Of him, this reveller in blood, recount  
The terrible achievements ! At the cries,  
The groans, th' unutterable pangs of those,  
The more than hundred thousand wretches  
doomed

(Of every age and sex) to fire, and sword,  
And fetters, I could marvel that the earth  
In horror doth not open ! They were foes,  
They were barbarians, but unarmed, sub-  
dued,

Weeping, imploring mercy ! And the law  
Of Roman virtue is, to spare the weak,  
To tame the lofty ! But in other lands,  
Why should I seek for records of his  
crimes,

If here the suffering people ask in vain  
A little earth to lay their bones in peace ?  
If the decree which yielded to their claims  
So brief a heritage, and the which to seal  
Thy brother's blood was shed — if this  
remain

Still fruitless, still delusive, who was he  
That mocked its power ? — Who to all  
Rome declared [—Who  
Thy brother's death was just, was needful ?  
But Scipio ? And remember thou the  
words [then,

Which burst in thunder from thy lips e'en  
Heard by the people ! Caius, in my heart  
They have been deeply treasured. He must  
die, [have need

(Thus didst thou speak) this tyrant ! We  
That he should perish ! I have done the  
deed ; [blow

And call'st thou *me* his murderer ? If the  
Was guilt, then *thou* art guilty. From thy  
lips

The sentence came — the crime is thine  
I, thy devoted friend, did but obey [alone.  
Thy mandate.

*Caius.* Thou my friend ! I am not one  
To call a villain friend. Let thunders,  
fraught

With fate and death, awake to scatter those  
Who, bringing liberty through paths of  
blood, [self

Bring chains ! — degrading Freedom's lofty  
Below e'en Slavery's level ! Say thou not,  
Wretch ! that the sentence and the guilt  
were mine !

I wished him slain ! — 'tis so — but by the axe  
Of high and public justice — that whose  
stroke [graced

On thy vile head will fall. Thou hast dis-  
Unutterably my name : I bid thee tremble !

*Ful.* Caius, let insult cease, I counsel  
thee : [guilty,

Let insult cease ! Be the deed just or  
Enjoy its fruits in silence. Force me not  
To utter more.

*Caius.* And what hast thou to say ?

*Ful.* That which I now suppress.

*Caius.* How ! are there yet,

Perchance, more crimes to be revealed ?

*Ful.* I know not.

*Caius.* Thou know'st not ? — Horror  
chills my curdling veins ;

I dare not ask thee further.

*Ful.* Thou dost well.

*Caius.* What saidst thou

*Ful.* Nothing.

*Caius.* On my heart the words

Press heavily. Oh ! what a fearful light  
Bursts o'er my soul ! — Hast thou accom-

*Ful.* Insensate ! ask me not. [plices i

*Caius.* I must be told.

*Ful.* Away ! — thou wilt repent.

*Caius.* No more of this, for I *will*

*Ful.* Thou wilt ? [know.

Ask then thy sister.

*Caius* (alone). Ask my sister ! What !

Is she a murderess ? Hath my sister slain  
Her lord ? Oh ! crime of darkest dye !

Oh ! name

Till now unstained, name of the Gracchi,  
Consigned to infamy ! — to infamy ? [thus

The very hair doth rise upon my head,  
Thrilled by the thought ! Where shall I

find a place

To hide my shame, to lave the branded  
stains [I do ?

From this dishonoured brow ? What should  
There is a voice whose deep tremendous  
tones

Murmur within my heart, and sternly cry,  
"Away ! — and pause not — slay thy guilty  
sister !"

Voice of lost honour, of a noble line  
Disgraced, I will obey thee ! — terribly

Thou call'st for blood, and thou shalt be  
appeased.

## VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

WHEN from the mountain's brow the gathering shades [dwell :

Of twilight fall, on one deep thought !  
Day beams o'er other lands, if here she fades,  
Nor bids the universe at once farewell.

But thou, I cry, my country ! what a night  
Spreads o'er thy glories one dark sweeping pall ! [might

Thy thousand triumphs, won by valour's  
And wisdom's voice—what now remains  
of all ? [war

And see'st thou not th' ascending flame of  
Burst through thy darkness, reddening from  
afar ?

Is not thy misery's evidence complete ?  
But if endurance can thy fall delay,  
Still, still endure, devoted one ! and say,  
If it be victory thus but to retard defeat.

## CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

I CRY aloud, and ye shall hear my call,  
Arno, Sessino, Tiber, Adrian deep,  
And blue Tyrrhene ! Let him first roused  
from sleep

Startle the next ! one peril broods o'er all.  
It nought avails that Italy should plead,  
Forgett'ing valour, sinking in despair,  
At strangers' feet !—our land is all too  
fair ; [bition's speed

Nor tears, nor prayers, can check am-  
In vain her faded cheek, her humbled eye,  
For pardon sue ; 'tis not her agony,  
Her death alone may now appease her  
foes.

Be theirs to suffer who to combat shun !  
But oh, weak pride ! thus feeble and un-  
done,

Nor to wage battle nor endure repose !

## ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI.

ITALIA ! oh, no more Italia now !  
Scarce of her form a vestige dost thou  
wear ;

She was a queen with glory mantled—thou,  
A slave, degraded, and compelled to bear.  
Chains gird thy hands and feet ; deep  
clouds of care [skies ;

Darken thy brow, once radiant as thy  
And shadows, born of terror and de-  
spair— [ous eyes.

Shadows of death have dimmed thy glori-  
talia ! oh, Italia now no more ! [flow ;  
For thee my tears of shame and anguish

And the glad strains my lyre was wont to  
pour

Are changed to dirge-notes : but my  
deepest woe [while  
Is, that base herds of thine own sons the  
Behold thy miseries with insulting smile.

## ALESSANDRO PEGOLOTTI.

SHE that cast down the empires of the  
world,

And, in her proud triumphal course  
through Rome,  
Dragg'd them, from freedom and dominion  
hurled,

Bound by the hair, pale, humbled, and  
o'ercome :

I see her now, dismantled of her state,  
Spoiled of her sceptre, crouching to the  
ground

Beneath a hostile car—and lo ! the weight  
Of fetters, her imperial neck around !

Oh ! that a stranger's envious hands had  
wrought

This desolation ! for I then would say,  
"Vengeance, Italia !" — in the burning  
thought

Losing my grief : but 'tis th' ignoble sway  
Of vice hath bowed thee ! Discord, sloth-  
ful ease,

Theirs is that victor's car ; thy tyrant lords  
are these.

## FRANCESCO MARIA DE CONTI.

## THE SHORE OF AFRICA.

PILGRIM ! whose steps those desert sands  
explore, [array ;

Where verdure never spreads its bright  
Know, 'twas on this inhospitable shore  
From Pompey's heart the life-blood ebbed  
away.

'Twas here betrayed he fell, neglected  
lay ;

Nor found *his* relics a sepulchral stone,  
Whose life, so long a bright triumphal  
day,

O'er Tiber's wave supreme in glory shone !  
Thou, stranger ! if from barbarous climes  
thy birth,

Look round exultingly, and bless the earth  
Where Rome, with him, saw power and  
virtue die ;

But if 'tis Roman blood that fills thy veins,  
Then, son of heroes ! think upon thy  
chains,

And bathe with tears the grave of liberty

TRANSLATIONS FROM CAMOENS, AND  
OTHER POETS.

[“Siamo nati veramente in un secolo in cui gl'ingegni e gli studj degli uomini sono rivolti all'attività. L'Agricoltura, le Arti, il Commercio acquistano tutto di novi lumi dalle ricerche de' Saggi; e il voler farsi un nome *tentando di dilettere*, quand' altri v'aspira con più giustizia giovando, sembra impresa dura e difficile.”—SAVIOLI.]

## SONNET 70.

“Na metade do Ceo subido ardia.”

HIGH in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam,  
The sun had reached the zenith of his reign,  
And for the living fount, the gelid stream,  
Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain :

'Midst the dark foliage of the forest-shade,  
The birds had sheltered from the scorching ray ;  
Hushed were their melodies—and grove and glade  
Resounded but the shrill cicada's lay :

When, through the grassy vale, a love-lorn swain,  
To seek the maid who but despised his pain,  
Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved :  
“Why pine for her,” the slighted wanderer cried,  
“By whom thou art not loved?” and thus replied  
An echo's murmuring voice—“*Thou art not loved!*”

## SONNET 282.

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

“Na ribeira do Euprates assentado.”

WRAPT in sad musings, by Euphrates' stream  
I sat, retracing days for ever flown,  
While rose thine image on the exile's dream,  
O much-loved Salem! and thy glories gone :

When they, who caused the ceaseless tears I shed,  
Thus to their captive spoke,—“Why sleep thy lays?  
“Sing of thy treasures lost, thy splendour fled,  
“And all thy triumphs in departed days !

“Know'st thou not, Harmony's resistless charm  
“Can soothe each passion, and each grief disarm?  
“Sing then, and tears will vanish from thine eye.”  
With sighs I answered,—“When the cup of woe  
Is filled, till misery's bitter draught o'erflow,  
The mourner's cure is not to sing—but die

## PART OF ECLOGUE 15

" Se lá no assento da maior alteza."

IF in thy glorious home above  
Thou still recallest earthly love,  
If yet retained a thought may be  
Of him, whose heart hath bled for thee ;

Remember still how deeply shrined  
Thine image in his joyless mind ;  
Each well-known scene, each former care,  
Forgotten—thou alone art there !

Remember that thine eye-beam's light  
Hath fled for ever from his sight,  
And, with that vanished sunshine lost  
Is every hope he cherished most.

Think that his life, from thee apart,  
Is all but weariness of heart,  
Each stream, whose music once was dear,  
Now murmurs discord to his ear.

Through thee, the morn, whose cloudless rays,  
Woke him to joy in other days,  
Now, in the light of beauty drest,  
Brings but new sorrows to his breast.

Through thee, the heavens are dark to him,  
The sun's meridian blaze is dim ;  
And harsh were e'en the bird of eve,  
But that her song still loves to grieve.

All it hath been, his heart forgets,  
So altered by its long regrets ;  
Each wish is changed, each hope is o'er,  
And joy's light spirit wakes no more.

## SONNET 271.

" A formosura desta fresca serra."

THIS mountain-scene with sylvan grandeur crowned ;  
These chestnut-woods, in summer verdure bright ;  
These founts and rivulets, whose mingling sound  
Lulls every bosom to serene delight ;

Soft on these hills the sun's declining ray ;  
This clime, where all is new ; these murmuring seas ;  
Flocks, to the fold that bend their lingering way ;  
Light clouds, contending with the genial breeze ;

And all that Nature's lavish hands dispense,  
In gay luxuriance, charming every sense,



Ne'er in thy absence, can delight my breast :  
 Nought, without thee, my weary soul beguiles :  
 And joy may beam yet, 'midst her brightest smiles,  
 A secret grief is mine, that will not rest.

## SONNET 186.

“Os olhos onde o casto Amor ardia.”

THOSE eyes, whence Love diffused his purest light,  
 Proud in such beaming orbs his reign to show ;  
 That face, with tints of mingling lustre bright,  
 Where the rose mantled o'er the living snow ;

The rich redundancy of that golden hair,  
 Brighter than sunbeams of meridian day ;  
 That form so graceful, and that hand so fair,  
 Where now those treasures?—mouldering into clay !

Thus, like some blossom prematurely torn,  
 Hath young Perfection withered in its morn,  
 Touched by the hand that gathers but to blight !  
 Oh ! how could Love survive his bitter tears?  
 Shed, not for her, who mounts to happier spheres,  
 But for his own sad fate, thus wrapt in starless night !

## SONNET 108.

Brandas aguas do Tejo que passando.

FAIR Tajo ! thou whose calmly-flowing tide  
 Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,  
 Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide,  
 Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs and swains.

Sweet stream ! I know not when my steps again  
 Shall tread thy shores ; and while to part I mourn,  
 I have no hope to meliorate my pain,  
 No dream that whispers—I may yet return !

My frowning destiny, whose watchful care  
 Forbids me blessings, and ordains despair,  
 Commands me thus to leave thee, and repine :  
 And I must vainly mourn the scenes I fly,  
 And breathe on other gales my plaintive sigh,  
 And blend my tears with other waves than thine !

## SONNET 23.

TO A LADY WHO DIED AT SEA.

“Chara minha inimiga, em cuja mao.”

THOU to whose power my hopes, my joys, I give,  
 O fondly loved ! my bosom's dearest care !  
 Earth, which denied to lend thy form a grave,  
 Yields not one spell to soothe my deep despair !

Yes ! the wild seas entomb those charms divine,  
 Dark o'er thy head th' eternal billows roll ;  
 But while one ray of life or thought is mine,  
 Still shalt thou live, the inmate of my soul.

And if the tones of my uncultured song  
 Have power the sad remembrance to prolong,  
 Of love so ardent, and of faith so pure ;  
 Still shall my verse thine epitaph remain,  
 Still shall thy charms be deathless in my strain,  
 While Time, and Love, and Memory shall endure

---

SONNET 19.

“ Alma minha gentil, que te partiste.”

SPIRIT beloved ! whose wing so soon hath flown  
 The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,  
 How is yon Heaven eternally thine own,  
 Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here !

Oh ! if allowed in thy divine abode  
 Of aught on earth an image to retain,  
 Remember still the fervent love which glowed  
 In my fond bosom, pure from every stain.

And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,  
 Caused by thy loss, and hopeless of relief,  
 Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies !  
 Oh ! ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away.  
 That I may join thee in those realms of day,  
 Swiftly as *thou* hast vanished from mine eyes.

---

“ Que estranho caso de amor !”

How strange a fate in love is mine !  
 How dearly prized the pains I feel !  
 Pangs, that to rend my soul combine,  
 With avarice I conceal :  
 For did the world the tale divine,  
 My lot would then be deeper woe,  
 And mine is grief, that none must know.

To mortal ears I may not dare  
 Unfold the cause, the pain I prove ;  
 'Twould plunge in ruin and despair  
 Or me, or her I love.  
 My soul delights alone to bear  
 Her silent, unsuspected woe,  
 And none shall pity, none shall know.

Thus buried in my bosom's urn,  
 Thus in my inmost heart concealed,  
 Let me alone the secret mourn,  
 In pangs unsoothed and unrevealed,

For whether happiness or woe,  
Or life or death its power bestow,  
It is what none on earth must know.

---

## SONNET 58.

"Se as penas com que Amor tao mal me trata."

SHOULD Love, the tyrant of my suffering heart,  
Yet long enough protract his votary's days,  
To see the lustre from those eyes depart,  
The lode-stars now that fascinate my gaze ;

To see rude Time the living roses blight,  
That o'er thy cheek their loveliness unfold,  
And, all un pitying, change thy tresses bright,  
To silvery whiteness, from their native gold ;

Oh ! then thy heart an equal change will prove,  
And mourn the coldness that repelled my love,  
When tears and penitence will all be vain ;  
And I shall see thee weep for days gone by,  
And in thy deep regret and fruitless sigh,  
Find amplest vengeance for my former pain.

---

## SONNET 178.

" Já cantel, já chorei a dura guerra."

OFT have I sung and mourned the bitter woes,  
Which Love for years hath mingled with my fate,  
While he the tale forbade me to disclose,  
That taught his votaries their deluded state.

Nymphs ! who dispense Castalia's living stream,  
Ye, who from Death oblivion's mantle steal,  
Grant me a strain in powerful tone supreme,  
Each grief by love inflicted to reveal :

That those whose ardent hearts adore his sway,  
May hear experience breathe a warning lay,  
How false his smiles, his promises how vain !  
Then, if ye deign this effort to inspire,  
When the sad task is o'er, my plaintive lyre,  
For ever hushed, shall slumber in your fanè.

---

## SONNET 80.

" Como quando do mar tempestuoso."

SAVED from the perils of the stormy wave,  
And faint with toil, the wanderer of the main,  
But just escaped from shipwreck's billowy grave,  
Trembles to hear its horrors named again.

How warm his vow, that Ocean's fairest mien,  
 No more shall lure him from the smiles of home !  
 Yet, soon, forgetting each terrific scene,  
 Once more he turns, o'er boundless deeps to roam.

Lady ! thus I, who vainly oft in flight  
 Seek refuge from the dangers of thy sight,  
 Make the firm vow, to shun thee and be free :  
 But my fond heart, devoted to its chain,  
 Still draws me back where countless perils reign,  
 And grief and ruin spread their snares for me.

---

SONNET 239.

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

" Em Babylonia sobre os rios, quando. "

BESIDE the streams of Babylon, in tears  
 Of vain desire, we sat ; remembering thee,  
 O hallowed Sion ! and the vanished years,  
 When Israel's chosen sons were blest and free :

Our harps, neglected and untuned, we hung  
 Mute on the willows of the stranger's land ;  
 When songs, like those that in thy fanes we sung,  
 Our foes demanded from their captive-band.

How shall our voices, on a foreign shore,  
 (We answered those whose chains the exile wore.)  
 The songs of God, our sacred songs, renew ?  
 If I forgot, 'midst grief and wasting toil,  
 Thee, O Jerusalem ! my native soil !  
*May my right hand forget its cunning too !*

---

SONNET 128.

" Huma admiravel herva se conhece. "

THERE blooms a plant, whose gaze, from hour to hour,  
 Still to the sun with fond devotion turns,  
 Wakes, when Creation hails his dawning power,  
 And most expands, when most her idol burns :

But when he seeks the bosom of the deep,  
 His faithful plant's reflected charms decay ;  
 Then fade her flowers, her leaves discoloured weep,  
 Still fondly pining for the vanished ray.

Thou whom I love, the daystar of my sight !  
 When thy dear presence wakes me to delight,  
 Joy in my soul unfolds her fairest flower :  
 But in thy heaven of smiles alone it blooms,  
 And, of their light deprived, in grief consumes,  
 Born but to live within thine eye-beam's power.



“Polo meu apartamento.”

AMIDST the bitter tears that fell  
 In anguish at my last farewell,  
 Oh ! who would dream that joy could dwell,  
     To make that moment bright !  
 Yet be my judge, each heart ! and say,  
 Which then could most my bosom sway,  
     Affliction or delight ?

It was, when Hope, opprest with woe,  
 Seemed her dim eyes in death to close,  
 That Rapture's brightest beam arose  
     In sorrow's darkest night.  
 Thus, if my soul survive that hour,  
 'Tis that my fate o'ercame the power  
     Of anguish with delight.

For oh ! her love, so long unknown,  
 She *then* confest was all my own,  
 And in that parting hour alone  
     Revealed it to my sight.  
 And now what pangs will rend my soul,  
 Should fortune still, with stern control,  
     Forbid me this delight !

I know not if my bliss were vain,  
 For all the force of parting pain  
 Forbade suspicious doubts to reign,  
     When exiled from her sight :  
 Yet now what double woe for me,  
 Just at the close of eve, to see  
     The dayspring of delight !

---

SONNET 205.

“Quem diz que Amor he falso, o enganoso.”

HE who proclaims that Love is light and vain,  
 Capricious, cruel, false in all his ways,  
 Ah ! sure too well hath merited his pain,  
 Too justly finds him all he thus portrays :

For Love is pitying, Love is soft and kind.  
 Believe not him who dares the tale oppose ;  
 Oh ! deem him one whom stormy passions blind,  
 One to whom earth and heaven may well be foes.

If Love bring evils, view them all in me !  
 Here let the world his utmost rigour see,  
 His utmost power exerted to annoy :  
 But all his ire is still the ire of Love ;  
 And such delight in all his woes I prove,  
 I would not change their pangs for aught of other joy.

---

## SONNET 133.

"*Doces, e claras aguas do Mondego.*"

WAVES of Mondego ! brilliant and serene,  
 Haunts of my thought, where memory fondly strays,  
 Where hope allured me with perfidious mien,  
 Witching my soul, in long-departed days ;

Yes ! I forsake your banks ; but still my heart  
 Shall bid remembrance all your charms restore,  
 And, suffering not one image to depart,  
 Find lengthening distance but endear you more.

Let Fortune's will, through many a future day,  
 To distant realms this mortal frame convey,  
 Sport of each wind, and tost on every wave ;  
 Yet my fond soul, to pensive memory true,  
 On thought's light pinion still shall fly to you,  
 And still, bright waters ! in your current lave,

## SONNET 181.

"*Cnde acharei lugar taõ apartado.*"

WHERE shall I find some desert-scene so rude,  
 Where loneliness so undisturbed may reign,  
 That not a step shall ever there intrude  
 Of roving man, or nature's savage train ?

Some tangled thicket, desolate and drear,  
 Or deep wild forest, silent as the tomb,  
 Boasting no verdure bright, no fountain clear,  
 But darkly suited to my spirit's gloom ?

That there, 'midst frowning rocks, alone with grief,  
 Entombed in life, and hopeless of relief,  
 In lonely freedom I may breathe my woes—  
 For oh ! since nought my sorrows can allay,  
 There shall my sadness cloud no festal day,  
 And days of gloom shall soothe me to repose.

## SONNET 278.

"*Eu vivia de lagrimas isento.*"

EXEMPT from every grief, 'twas mine to live,  
 In dreams so sweet, enchantments so divine,  
 A thousand joys propitious Love can give,  
 Were scarcely worth one rapturous pain of mine.

Bound by soft spells, in dear illusions blest,  
 I breathed no sigh for fortune or for power ;  
 No care intruding to disturb my breast,  
 I dwelt entranced in Love's Elysian bower .

But Fate, such transports eager to destroy,  
 Soon rudely woke me from the dream of joy,  
 And bade the phantoms of delight begone !  
 Bade hope and happiness at once depart,  
 And left but memory to distract my heart,  
 Retracing every hour of bliss for ever flown.

---

“ Mi nueve y dulce querella.”

No searching eye can pierce the veil,  
 That o'er my secret love is thrown ;  
 No outward signs reveal its tale,  
 But to my bosom known.  
 Thus, like the spark whose vivid light  
 In the dark flint is hid from sight  
 It dwells within, alone.

---

METASTASIO.

“ Dunque si sfoga in pianto.”

In tears, the heart opprest with grief  
 Gives language to its woes ;  
 In tears, its fulness finds relief,  
 When rapture's tide o'erflows !

Who, then, unclouded bliss would seek,  
 On this terrestrial sphere ;  
 When e'en Delight can only speak,  
 Like Sorrow—in a tear ?

---

“ Al furor d'avversa sorte.”

He shall not dread Misfortune's angry mien,  
 Nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,  
 Whose soul hath learned, through many a trying scene,  
 To smile at Fate, and suffer unsubdued.

In the rough school of billows, clouds, and storms,  
 Nursed and matured, the pilot learns his art :  
 Thus Fate's dread ire, by many a conflict, forms  
 The lofty spirit and enduring heart !

---

“ Quella onda che ruina.”

THE torrent-wave, that breaks with force,  
 Impetuous down the Alpine height,  
 Complains and struggles in its course,  
 But sparkles, as the diamond bright.

The stream in shadowy valley deep  
 May slumber in its narrow bed;  
 But silent, in unbroken sleep,  
 Its lustre and its life are fled.

---

“Leggiadra rosa, le cui pure foglie.”

SWEET rose ! whose tender foliage to expand,  
 Her fostering dew the morning lightly shed,  
 Whilst gales of balmy breath thy blossoms fanned,  
 And o'er thy leaves the soft suffusion spread :

That hand, whose care withdrew thee from the ground,  
 To brighter worlds thy favoured charms hath borne,  
 Thy fairest buds, with grace perennial crowned,  
 There breathe and bloom, released from every thorn.

Thus, far removed, and now transplanted flower !  
 Exposed no more to blast or tempest rude,  
 Sheltered with tenderest care from frost or shower,  
 And each rough season's chill vicissitude,  
 Now may thy form in bowers of peace assume  
 Immortal fragrance, and unwithering bloom.

---

“Che spero, instabil Dea, di sassi, e spine.”

FORTUNE ! why thus, where'er my footsteps tread,  
 Obstruct each path with rocks and thorns like these ?  
 Think'st thou that / thy threatening mien shall dread,  
 Or toil and pant thy waving locks to seize ?

Reserve the frown severe, the menace rude,  
 For vassal-spirits that confess thy sway !  
 My constant soul should triumph unsubdued,  
 Were the wide universe destruction's prey.

Am I to conflicts new, in toils untried ?  
 No ! I have long thine utmost power defied,  
 And drawn fresh energies from every fight.  
 Thus from rude strokes of hammers and the wheel,  
 With each successive shock the tempered steel  
 More keenly piercing proves, more dazzling bright.

---

“Parlagli d'un periglio ”

WOULDST thou to Love of danger speak ?—  
 Veiled are his eyes, to perils blind !  
 Wouldst thou from Love a reason seek ? -  
 He is a child of wayward mind !

But with a doubt, a jealous fear,  
 Inspire him once—the task is o'er ;  
 His mind is keen, his sight is clear,  
 No more an infant, blind no more.



"Sprezza il furor del vento."

UNBENDING 'midst the wintry skies,  
Rears the firm oak his vigorous form,  
And stern in rugged strength, defies  
The rushing of the storm ;

Then severed from his native shore,  
O'er ocean-worlds the sail to bear,  
Still with those winds he braved before,  
He proudly struggles there.

---

"Sol può dir che sia contento."

OH ! those alone whose severed hearts  
Have mourned through lingering years in vain,  
Can tell what bliss fond Love imparts,  
When Fate unites them once again.

Sweet is the sigh, and blest the tear,  
Whose language hails that moment bright,  
When past afflictions but endear  
The presence of delight !

---

"Ah ! frenate le piante imbelles !"

AH ! cease—those fruitless tears restrain,  
I go misfortune to defy,  
To smile at fate with proud disdain,  
To triumph—not to die !

I with fresh laurels go to crown  
My closing days at last,  
Securing all the bright renown  
Acquired in dangers past.

---

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

"Italia ! Italia ! O tu cui diè la sorte."

ITALIA ! thou, by lavish Nature graced  
With ill-starred beauty, which to thee hath been  
A fatal dowry, whose effects are traced  
In the deep sorrows graven on thy mien ;

Oh ! that more strength, or fewer charms were thine  
That those might fear thee more, or love thee less,  
Who seem to worship at thy beauty's shrine,  
Then leave thee to the death-pang's bitterness !

Not then the herds of Gaul would drain the tide  
Of that Eridanus thy blood hath dyed :

Nor from the Alps would legions, still renewed,  
 Pour down; nor wouldst thou wield a foreign brand,  
 Nor fight thy battles with the stranger's hand,  
 Still doomed to serve, subduing or subdued!

---

PASTORINI.

"Genova mia! se con asciutto ciglio."

Is thus thy fallen grandeur I behold,  
 My native Genoa! with a tearless eye,  
 Think not thy son's ungrateful heart is cold,  
 But know—I deem rebellious every sigh!

Thy glorious ruins proudly I survey,  
 Trophies of firm resolve, of patriot might!  
 And in each trace of devastation's way,  
 Thy worth, thy courage, meet my wandering sight.

Triumphs far less than suffering virtue shine!  
 And on the spoilers high revenge is thine,  
 While thy strong spirit unsubdued remains.

And lo! fair Liberty rejoicing flies,  
 To kiss each noble relic, while she cries,  
 "Hail! though in ruins, thou wert ne'er in chains!"

---

LOPE DE VEGA.

"Estese el cortesano."

LET the vain courtier waste his days,  
 Lured by the charms that wealth displays,  
 The couch of down, the board of costly fare;  
 Be his to kiss th' ungrateful hand,  
 That waves the sceptre of command,  
 And rear full many a palace in the air;  
 Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,  
 The glowing sun, the genial wind,  
 And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assigned;  
 And prize far more, in peace and health,  
 Contented indigence, than joyless wealth.

Not mine in Fortune's fane to bend,  
 At Grandeur's altar to attend,  
 Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;  
 Nor mine a fond aspiring thought,  
 A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught  
 With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless crown!  
 Nectareous draughts and viands pure  
 Luxuriant nature will ensure;  
 These the clear fount and fertile field  
 Still to the wearied shepherd yield;  
 And when repose and visions reign,  
 Then we are equals all, the monarch and the swain

---

## FRANCISCO MANUEL.

## ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING TO A CONVENT.

"No baxes temeroso, o peregrino."

PAUSE not with lingering foot, O pilgrim, here ;  
Pierce the deep shadows of the mountain-side ;  
Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear,  
To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.

Soon shall thy feet approach the calm abode,  
So near the mansions of supreme delight ;  
Pause not,—but tread this consecrated road,  
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold, to cheer thee on the toilsome way,  
How many a fountain glitters down the hill !  
Pure gales, inviting, softly round thee play,  
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou linger still !  
Oh ! enter there, where, freed from human strife,  
Hope is reality, and time is life.

## DELLA CASA.

## VENICE.

"Questi palazzi, e queste logge or colte."

THESE marble domes, by wealth and genius graced,  
With sculptured forms, bright hues, and Parian stone,  
Were once rude cabins 'midst a lonely waste,  
Wild shores of solitude, and isles unknown.

Pure from each vice, 'twas here a venturous train  
Fearless in fragile barks explored the sea ;  
Not theirs a wish to conquer or to reign,  
They sought these island-precincts—to be free.

Ne'er in their souls ambition's flame arose,  
No dream of avarice broke their calm repose ;  
Fraud, more than death, abhorred each artless breast ;  
Oh ! now, since Fortune gilds their brightening day,  
Let not those virtues languish and decay,  
O'erwhelmed by luxury, and by wealth opprest !

## IL MARCHESE CORNELIO BENTIVOGLIO.

"L'anima bella, che dal vero Eliso."

THE sainted spirit which, from bliss on high,  
Descends like dayspring to my favoured sight,  
Shines in such noontide radiance of the sky,  
Scarce do I know that form, intensely bright !

But with the sweetness of her well-known smile,  
That smile of peace ! she bids my doubts depart,  
And takes my hand, and softly speaks the while,  
And heaven's full glory pictures to my heart.

Beams of that heaven in *her* my eyes behold,  
And now, e'en now, in thought my wings unfold,  
To soar with her, and mingle with the blest !  
But ah ! so swift her buoyant pinion flies,  
That I, in vain aspiring to the skies,  
Fall to my native sphere, by earthly bonds deprest,

---

QUEVEDO.

ROME BURIED IN HER OWN RUINS.

"Buscas en Roma à Roma, o peregrino !"

AMIDST these scenes, O pilgrim ! seek'st thou Rome !  
Vain is thy search—the pomp of Rome is fled ;  
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb ;  
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,  
Forsaken mourns, where once it towered sublime :  
Each mouldering medal now far less displays  
The triumphs won by Latium, than by Time.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave,  
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,  
Wailing, with plaintive sound, her fallen fancies.  
Rome ! of thine ancient grandeur, all is past,  
That seemed for years eternal framed to last,  
Nought but the wave, a fugitive,—remains.

---

EL CONDE JUAN DE TARSIS.

"Tu, que la dulce vida en tiernas anos."

THOU, who hast fled from life's enchanted bowers,  
In youth's gay spring, in beauty's glowing morn,  
Leaving thy bright array, thy path of flowers,  
For the rude convent-garb, and couch of thorn ;

Thou that, escaping from a world of cares,  
Hast found thy haven in devotion's fane,  
As to the port the fearful bark repairs,  
To shun the midnight perils of the main ;—

Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture pour,  
While on thy soul the beams of glory rise !  
For if the pilot hail the welcome shore,  
With shouts of triumph swelling to the skies ;  
Oh ! how shouldst *thou* the exulting pæan raise,  
Now heaven's bright harbour opens on thy gaze !



## TORQUATO TASSO.

"Negli anni acerbi tuoi, purpurea rosa."

THOU in thy morn wert like a glowing rose,  
To the mild sunshine only half displayed,  
That shunned its bashful graces to disclose,  
And in its veil of verdure sought a shade :

Or like Aurora did thy charms appear,  
(Since mortal form ne'er vied with aught so bright),  
Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,  
O'er vale and mountain shedding dew and light.

Now riper years have doomed no grace to fade ;  
Nor youthful charms, in all their pride arrayed,  
Excel, or equal, thy neglected form.  
Thus, full expanded, lovelier is the flower,  
And the bright daystar, in its noontide hour,  
More brilliant shines, in genial radiance warm.

## BERNARDO TASSO.

"Quest' ombra che giammai non vide il sole."

THIS green recess, where through the bowery gloom  
Ne'er, e'en at noontide hours, the sunbeam played,  
Where violet-beds in soft luxuriance bloom,  
'Midst the cool freshness of the myrtle shade.

Where through the grass a sparkling fountain steals,  
Whose murmuring wave, transparent as it flows,  
No more its bed of yellow sand conceals,  
Than the pure crystal hides the glowing rose.

This bower of peace, thou soother of our care,  
God of soft slumbers and of visions fair !  
A lowly shepherd consecrates to thee !  
Then breathe around some spell of deep repose,  
And charm his eyes in balmy dew to close,  
Those eyes, fatigued with grief, from tear-drops never free,

## PETRARCH.

"Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura."

THOU that wouldst mark, in form of human birth,  
All heaven and nature's perfect skill combine,  
Come gaze on her, the daystar of the earth,  
Dazzling, not me alone, but all mankind !

And haste ! for Death, who spares the guilty long,  
First calls the brightest and the best away  
And to her home, amidst the cherub throng,  
The angelic mortal flies, and will not stay

Haste ! and each outward charm, each mental grace,  
 In one consummate form thine eye shall trace,  
 Model of loveliness, for earth too fair !  
 Then thou shalt own, how faint my votive lays,  
 My spirit dazzled by perfection's blaze :—  
 But if thou still delay, for long regret prepared,

---

"Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde."

Is to the sighing breeze of summer-hours  
 Bend the green leaves ; if mourns a plaintive bird ;  
 Or from some fount's cool margin, fringed with flowers,  
 The soothing murmur of the wave is heard ;

Her, whom the heavens reveal, the earth denies,  
 I see and hear : though dwelling far above,  
 Her spirit, still responsive to my sighs,  
 Visits the lone retreat of pensive love.

"Why thus in grief consume each fruitless day,"  
 (Her gentle accents thus benignly say),

"While from thine eyes, the tear unceasing flows?  
 Weep not for me, who, hastening on my flight,  
 Died, to be deathless ; and on heavenly light  
 Whose eyes but opened, when they seemed to close ?"

---

VERSI SPAGNUOLI DI PIETRO BEMBO.

"O Morte ! que sueles ser."

THOU, the stern monarch of dismay,  
 Whom nature trembles to survey,  
 O Death ! to me, the child of grief,  
 Thy welcome power would bring relief,  
 Changing to peaceful slumber many a care.  
 And though thy stroke may thrill with pain  
 Each throbbing pulse, each quivering vein ;  
 The pangs that bid existence close,  
 Ah ! sure are far less keen than those,  
 Which cloud its lingering moments with despair.

---

FRANCESCO LORENZINI.

"O Zefiretto, che movendo vai."

SYLPH of the breeze ! whose dewy pinions light  
 Wave gently round the tree I planted here,  
 Sacred to her, whose soul hath winged its flight ;  
 To the pure ether of her lofty sphere ;

Be it thy care, soft spirit of the gale !  
 To fan its leaves in summer's noontide hour  
 Be it thy care, that wintry tempests fail  
 To rend its honours from the sylvan bower.

Then shall it spread, and rear th' aspiring form,  
 Pride of the wood, secure from every storm,  
 Graced with her name, a consecrated tree !  
 So may thy Lord, the monarch of the wind,  
 Ne'er with rude chains thy tender pinions bind,  
 But grant thee still to rove, a wanderer wild and free !

---

 GESNER.

## MORNING SONG.

"Willkommen, fruhe morgensonnn."

HAIL ! morning sun, thus early bright ;  
 Welcome, sweet dawn ! thou younger day !  
 Through the dark woods that fringe the height  
 Beams forth, e'en now, thy ray.

Bright on the dew, it sparkles clear,  
 Bright on the water's glittering fall,  
 And life, and joy, and health appear,  
 Sweet morning ! at thy call.

Now thy fresh breezes lightly spring  
 From beds of fragrance, where they lay,  
 And roving wild on dewy wing,  
 Drive slumber far away.

Fantastic dreams, in swift retreat,  
 Now from each mind withdraw their spell,  
 While the young loves delighted meet,  
 On Rosa's cheek to dwell.

Speed, zephyr ! kiss each opening flower,  
 Its fragrant spirit make thine own ;  
 Then wing thy way to Rosa's bower,  
 Ere her light sleep is flown.

There, o'er her downy pillow, fly,  
 Wake the sweet maid to life and day ;  
 Breathe on her balmy lip a sigh,  
 And o'er her bosom play ;

And whisper, when her eyes unveil,  
 That I, since morning's earliest call,  
 Have sighed her name to every gale  
 By the lone waterfall.

---

 GERMAN SONG.

"Madchen, lernet Amor kennen."

LISTEN, fair maid, my song shall tell  
 How Love may still be known full well,  
 His looks the traitor prove :  
 Dost thou not see that absent smile,

## TRANSLATIONS.

That fiery glance replete with guile?  
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

When varying still the sly disguise,  
Child of caprice, he laughs and cries,  
Or with complaint would move;  
To-day is bold, to-morrow shy,  
Changing each hour, he knows not why,  
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

There's magic in his every wile,  
His lips, well practised to beguile,  
Breathe roses when they move;  
See, now with sudden rage he burns,  
Disdains, implores, commands, by turns;  
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love!

He comes, without the bow and dart,  
That spare not e'en the purest heart;  
His looks the traitor prove;  
That glance is fire, that mien is guile,  
Deceit is lurking in that smile—  
Oh! trust him not—'tis Love!

---

 CHAULIEU.

"Grotte, d'où sort se clair ruisseau."

THOU grot, whence flows this limpid spring,  
Its margin fringed with moss and flowers,  
Still bid its voice of murmurs bring  
Peace to my musing hours.

Sweet Fontenay! where first for me  
The dayspring of existence rose,  
Soon shall my dust return to thee,  
And 'midst my sires repose.

Muses, that watched my childhood's morn,  
'Midst these wild haunts, with guardian eye—  
Fair trees! that here beheld me born,  
Soon shall ye see me die.

---

 GARCILASO DE VEGA.

"Coyed de vuestra alegre primavera."

ENJOY the sweets of life's luxuriant May,  
Ere envious Age is hastening on his way,  
With snowy wreaths to crown the beauteous brow:  
The rose will fade when storms assail the year,  
And Time, who changeth not his swift career,  
Constant in this, will change all else below!



## LORENZO DE MEDICI.

## VIOLETS.

“ Non di verdi giardin ornatl e coltl.”

WE come not, fair one, to thy hand of snow,  
From the soft scenes by Culture's hand arrayed ;  
Not reared in bowers where gales of fragrance blow,  
But in dark glens, and depths of forest shade !

There once, as Venus wandered, lost in woe,  
To seek Adonis through th' entangled wood,  
Piercing her foot, a thorn that lurked below,  
With print relentless drew celestial blood !

Then our light stems, with snowy blossoms fraught,  
Bending to earth, each precious drop we caught,  
Imbibing thence our bright purpleal dyes ;  
We were not fostered in our shadowy vales,  
By guided rivulets, or summer gales—  
Our dew and air have been, Love's balmy tears and sighs !

## PINDEMONTE.

## ON THE HEBE OF CANOVA.

“ Dove per te, celeste ancilla, or vassi ?”

WHITHER, celestial maid, so fast away ?  
What lures thee from the banquet of the skies ?  
How canst thou leave thy native realms of day,  
For this low sphere, this vale of clouds and sighs ?

O thou, Canova ! soaring high above  
Italian art—with Grecian magic vying !  
We knew thy marble glowed with life and love,  
But who had seen thee image footsteps flying !

Here to each eye the wind seems gently playing  
With the light vest, its wavy folds arraying  
In many a line of undulating grace ;  
While Nature, ne'er her mighty laws suspending,  
Stands, before marble thus with motion blending,  
One moment lost in thought, its hidden cause to trace.

## SWISS HOME-SICKNESS.

“ REPELATED FROM THE LAST OF THE MELODIES SUNG BY THE TYROLESE FAMILY”

“ Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig.”

WHEREFORE so sad and faint, my heart !  
The stranger's land is fair ;  
Yet weary, weary still thou art—  
What find'st thou wanting there ?

## TRANSLATIONS.

What wanting?—all, oh! all I love  
 Am I not lonely here?  
 Through a fair land in sooth I rove,  
 Yet what like home is dear?

My home! oh! thither would I fly,  
 Where the free air is sweet,  
 My father's voice, my mother's eye,  
 My own wild hills to greet.

My hills, with all their soaring steeps,  
 With all their glaciers bright,  
 Where in his joy the chamois leaps,  
 Mocking the hunter's might.

Oh! but to hear the herd-bell sound,  
 When shepherds lead the way  
 Up the high Alps, and children bound  
 And not a lamb will stay!

Oh! but to climb the uplands free,  
 And, where the pure streams foam,  
 By the blue shining lake, to see,  
 Once more, my hamlet-home!

Here, no familiar look I trace;  
 I touch no friendly hand;  
 No child laughs kindly in my face—  
 As in my own bright land!--

THE END.











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